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VOL. XVI.

CONTAINING

Avellaneda's Quixote.

Virtuous Orphan.

LONDON:

Printed for Harrison and Co.

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A

CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ADVENTURES

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN SPANISH,

BY THE LICENTIATE

ALONZO FERNANDEZ DE AVELLANEDA.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY WILLIAM AUGUSTUS YARDLEY, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster Row.
M DCC LXXXIV.

TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

IN the following pages the publick are preſented with that Continuation of the Hiſtory of Don Quixote, which is ſo frequently mentioned and reviled in the Second Part of the Knight's Adventures by Cervantes. How far this contumely is juſt, or how much of it may be attributed to other motives than thoſe of diſpaſſionate criticiſm, the generality of readers have hitherto had little opportunity of deciding. To many of them (and thoſe, too, converſant enough with the Quixote of Cervantes) the exiſtence of Avellaneda's work has probably been unknown: and the diſadvantage they muſt have laboured under from the want of it, is too obvious to enlarge upon; ſince, without it, Cervantes himſelf frequently appears (like the doughty hero of his tale) combating a phantom of his own heated imagination. It has therefore always aſtoniſhed me to obſerve, that, whilſt a long ſucceſſion of tranſlators and printers ſeem to have vied with each other in improving and multiplying editions of Cervantes's Don Quixote in Engliſh, this Continuation by Avellaneda has never been more than once rendered into our language. The tranſlation is now not very eaſily to be met with; and, when found, is diſſatisfactory in point of ſtile. If, by thoſe who are acquainted with it, the preſent attempt ſhall be judged to poſſeſs ſome ſuperiority in that particular, I ſhall eſteem my labour ſufficiently rewarded. With regard to Avellaneda, truth requires me to declare, that neither of the tranſlations ſtand in the firſt degree of relationſhip: they are both copies from the French *. This circumſtance is honeſtly avowed by Captain Stevens †, my predeceſſor in the undertaking; and the plea which he alledges in excuſe for his conduct, will not, I hope, be condemned as frivolous, when applied to mine. In his preface, the Spaniſh original of Avellaneda is aſſerted to be ſcarce even in Spain; and my own enquiries all concur in confirming this aſſertion. 'In England,' adds he, 'it perhaps was never ſeen; at leaſt, that I can hear of.' I have, indeed, been ſomewhat more fortunate; I once obtained poſſeſſion, for a few hours only, of the Spaniſh original: and I then diſcovered that the anonymous French tranſlator had in ſome places rendered his author very paraphraſtically. One ſtory in the French, which I had noticed with more particular attention, as it is introduced by Mr. Pope in his Eſſay of Criticiſm ‡, I ſearched for in the Spaniſh original;

* The earlieſt edition of the French tranſlation that I have met with, was printed at Amſterdam in the year 1705.

† I apprehend this Captain Stevens to be the perſon who tranſlated from the Spaniſh a Hiſtory of the Diſcovery and Conqueſt of India by the Portugueſe; an edition of which tranſlation was publiſhed in 1695, in three volumes octavo.

‡ The ſtory above alluded to is to be found in Book III. Chapter 10. of this work; and is told by Pope as follows.

'Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they ſay,
'A certain bard encountering on the way,
'Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
'As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian ſtage;

nal; but searched in vain. Such a discovery of interpolation in the Frenchman, at first almost determined me to commit to the flames the present translation from him, in which I had then made considerable progress, and (as the procurement of a copy of the Spanish original remained a hopeless speculation) to surrender my design to utter oblivion. As soon, however, as the vexation of disappointment had subsided, my cooler reason could not help acknowledging, that light, though faint or refracted, was preferable to absolute darkness; that to see, though through a medium somewhat distorted, was still better than to be blind; and that, upon any subject whatsoever, the best evidence that the circumstances would admit of, was always desirable. I therefore returned again to my work: how far I have been wise in judgment, or successful in execution, it remains with a candid publick to determine. My sole motive for undertaking it was the desire of rendering accessible and amusive, an author, whose connection with Cervantes, had he no other claim to immortality, seems to require that his book should not be forgotten. I will not affront the observation of my readers, by pointing out the various passages in which he is alluded to in the second part of that author's Don Quixote; but I cannot forbear requesting they will refer to Book IV. Chapters 7. and 20. which will be found particularly relative and striking. In the mean time, I must crave leave to remark, that if I may be suffered to indulge any confidence in my own judgment, or in the concurrent decisions of several literary friends; the intrinsick merit of Avellaneda, at least as he appears under the hands of his French paraphrast, is alone sufficient to recommend him to notice. Who this paraphrast was, I confess I am in some degree doubtful. Dr. Warton, in his Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, Vol. I. page 144, Edit. 1772, mentioning the story of Don Quixote which that poet has introduced in his Essay of Criticism, informs us, that the incident is taken from the Second Part of Don Quixote, first written by Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, and afterwards translated, or rather imitated and new-modelled, by no less an author than the celebrated Le Sage. 'The book,' continues he, 'is not so contemptible as some 'authors insinuate; it was well received in France, and abounds in 'many strokes of humour and character worthy Cervantes himself.' Dr. Warton then proceeds to relate at length the latter part of the dialogue between Don Quixote and the scholar, for which he refers us, in a note, to 'Continuation of Hist. of Don Quixote, B. III. Ch. 10.' and, according to this reference, it will be found in Captain Stevens's translation before-mentioned. It is evident, then, that Dr. Warton considered the French book from which the present work is translated, as the production of Le Sage; and yet, notwithstanding

'Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
'Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
'Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
'Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
'Made him observe the subject and the plot,
'The manners, passions, unities, what not?
'All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
'Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight.
"Yes, or we must renounce the stagirite."
"Not so, by Heav'n!" he answers in a rage;
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
"So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain."
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

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the deference always due to such an authority, I have some reasons for doubting in the case before us*. Thus much, however, is universally allowed—that Le Sage actually wrote, or at least has always been reputed to have written, a history in French of the adventures of Don Quixote: I believe, also, that it was the first production of his pen. Le Sage, as Dr. Warton informs us, generally took his plans from the Spanish writers, the manners of which nation he has well imitated. Le Diable Boiteux was drawn from the Diabolo Cojuelo of Guevara; his Gil Blas from Don Gusman d'Alfarache. Le Sage made a journey into Spain to acquaint himself with the Spanish customs. He is a natural writer, of true humour. He died in a little house near Paris, where he supported himself by writing, in the year 1747. He had been deaf ten years.

Having thus laid before my readers such imperfect intelligence concerning Avellaneda and his translators, as it has been in my power to procure, I shall now proceed to communicate some additional notices relative to the present subject.

It is well known, that the First Part of Don Quixote's History, by Cervantes, was published at Madrid in the year 1605. In 1614, Avellaneda put forth his Continuation; and in 1615 appeared the Second Part of Cervantes. These are the dates of the original Spanish Don Quixotes. But the French nation, never satisfied (as it should seem) with harassing the unfortunate knight-errant, have presumed, in defiance of the prohibition issued by Cervantes at the close of his work, to drag the mouldering warrior from his tomb, and compel him to set forth in pursuit of new mischances and ribroastings. I have seen a Histoire de l'admirable Don Quichotte de la Manche, in six volumes duodecimo, the purport of which is as follows. The first four volumes contain a translation (not in all parts faithful to the original) of Cervantes's Don Quixote, as far as the last chapter. The close of that chapter is altered; and the translator, instead of suffering his hero to die in peace, informs us, that he recovered from his illness, and returned so perfectly to his right senses, that one would suppose he had been crazy for no other purpose but to evince the danger of indulging one's self in the study of books of chivalry. The fifth volume opens with telling us, that another Arab, called Zulema, (and, since his baptism, Henriquez de la Torre) having discovered that Don Quixote had fallen again into his former extravagances, determined to continue the history of his adventures. That he had made considerable progress, when he took it into his head to go to the Indies. Being unwilling, however, that the work should remain unfinished, he committed his papers to a friend, requesting him to add thereto such farther account as he could procure of Don Quixote's atchievements; so as to finish the work against his return. The beginning of the sixth volume acquaints us, that Henriquez dying on his passage from the Indies, Cid Ruy Gomez, the person to whom he had entrusted his papers, omitted to pub-

* The loose paraphrastical manner in which the French book is rendered from the Spanish, is, however, a strong internal evidence of the hand of Le Sage. How little Le Sage scrupled taking liberties of this sort with his author, is sufficiently evinced by his Roland L'Amoreux; a prose translation, published in 1716, of the Orlando Innamorato. In this work he has indulged himself in most unwarrantable licence; not only changing the order of the incidents, but very often altering the fables, retrenching from the Italian, and adding circumstances of his own invention. See Preface to Hoole's Ariosto.

liſh them. That Ruy Gomez dying alſo, the Hiſtory of Don Quixote's Atchievements fell at laſt into the hands of a Spaniſh valet, who attended his maſter in the train of Philip V. of Spain. By this valet it was ſold to a French gentleman attendant upon Philip, and from him procured, upon promiſe to tranſlate it into the French language, by the anonymous editor of the work. At the cloſe of the ſixth volume, Don Quixote dies with the ſentiments of a good Chriſtian.

Still I have more torment in ſtore for the perſecuted Knight of La Mancha. Beſides the work juſt mentioned, I am in poſſeſſion of ſix volumes of Suite Nouvelle et Veritable de L'Hiſtoire, &c. de Don Quichotte de la Mancha; traduite d'un Manuſcrit Eſpagnol de Cid Hamet Benengely, ſon veritable Hiſtorien. The preface to this work is ſaid to conſiſt of extracts from the Letters of Caraſco and Benengeli, explaining the whole progreſs of Don Quixote's hiſtory from beginning to end, and furniſhing information alſo reſpecting the enſuing Nouvelle Suite of his adventures. The author, after dragging the wretched knight through five volumes, at the end of the fifth informs us, that he renders up his ſpirit, together with a doſe of his own precious Balſam of Fier-à-bras, which had been in vain adminiſtered to him in the agonies of death. The ſixth volume of this Nouvelle Suite contains the exaltation of Sancho Panza to the poſt of Alcalde of Blandande; his abdication of that office; his return home to his wife; and his final determination to renounce governments and dignities for ever.

By this time, I fear, I have exhauſted my reader's patience on the ſubject of the French Don Quixotes. I was willing, however, to accumulate in this preface whatever I conceived might be connected with, or illuſtrative of, the work I had undertaken. I have endeavoured to prevent miſtake by diſcrimination; and, if unable to produce the ſubſtance, I have at leaſt ſerved to point out the ſhadow. That the preſent attempt may ſtimulate ſome poſſeſſor of the original Spaniſh work to favour the publick with a genuine and critical tranſlation of the rival of Cervantes, is the ſincere wiſh of my heart: it's accompliſhment would be the moſt ſatisfactory reward of my labours.

W. A. YARDLEY.

P. S. Since the above was written, I have met with the ſecond volume of an edition of Avellaneda in Engliſh, printed for Paul Vaillant in 1745. It is ſaid in the title-page to be 'Now firſt tranſlated from the original Spaniſh, by Mr. 'Baker.' That this aſſertion contains more of impudence than of truth, I need little ſcruple in affirming; ſince I find, upon examination, that the work is Captain Stevens's Tranſlation from the French, literally reprinted; and the *curious* cuts (in truth they deſerve that epithet) with which it is ſaid to be illuſtrated, are copies from the ſame book. Mr. Baker's book made a ſecond appearance in 1760, for T. Warcus, Fleet Street.

AVELLANEDA's

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

WHICH MENTIONS ANOTHER ARABIAN BESIDES BENENGELI, AND TREATS OF THE SUCCESS OF DON QUIXOTE'S IMPRISONMENT IN THE CAGE.

THE ſage Aliſolan, an hiſtorian of equal veracity with Cid Hamet Benengely, relates in his memoirs, that the Moors, from whom he was deſcended, having been expelled the kingdom of Arragon, he accidentally found certain annals, written in the Arabian language, which contained the third ſally made by the invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from his village of Argamaſilla, in order to be preſent at the tournament which was ſoon after to be held in the city of Saragoſſa. The relation he gives us is as follows,

Don Quixote having been conveyed home in the cage by the kind care of Peter Perez the curate, and Maſter Nicholas the barber, was cloſely confined to his chamber with a chain at his heels. He was there daily plied with ſtrong broths and cordial liquors, in which, queſtionleſs, there was a ſufficient portion of hellebore; and, in ſhort, nothing was ſpared that might conduce to reſtore him to his reaſon. The poor gentleman was himſelf well diſpoſed; for he ſo much dreaded relapſing into his madneſs, that he never ceaſed preſſing his niece Magdalen to find him out ſome excellent book, which might employ and divert him during the ſeven hundred years continuance of his enchantment. She gave him, by the curate's direction, Villegas's Flos Sanctorum; the Goſpels of the Year; and the Sinner's Guide, by Father Louis of Granada. The reading of theſe books inſenſibly blotted out all the ideas he had conceived of knight-errantry, ſo that in ſix months time he ſeemed to be perfectly recovered. Then was his chain taken off, he was no longer locked up in his chamber, but was allowed the liberty of going to church, where he heard maſs; and was ſo attentive to his curate's lectures, that all people were very much edified at it. In ſhort, Mr, Martin Quixada (for he was now no longer called Don Quixote) was looked upon as a man perfectly reſtored to his wits, and all men bleſſed Heaven for it. However, none as yet durſt talk to him of any thing that might ſeem to have relation to his former madneſs;

madneſs; which indeed was a great argument of their diſcretion: though it muſt be owned that the pleaſant companions of the village made amends for this caution by diverting themſelves with his adventures in his abſence. It happened about this time, that the great heat of the weather caſt his niece into ſuch a fever as the phyſicians call Ephemera; which, though it generally laſts but a day, very often proves dangerous; and, to be brief, poor Magdalen died of it. Don Quixote could not but be much concerned at her death, notwithſtanding it was worth to him eight hundred ducats as her heir; but having ſtill a good old houſe-keeper, who was an excellent houſewife, and took great care of him, the trouble wore off inſenſibly.

One holiday, after dinner, as he ſat in his chamber, reading the lives of ſaints, his old ſquire Sancho Panza came to viſit him, as he was wont to do frequently at other times. 'Are you 'there, my friend?' ſaid Don Quixote; 'you come very opportunely to hear 'the life of a great man.'—'By no 'means, Sir,' replied Sancho; 'I will 'not enquire into other men's lives and 'converſation, for that is an unlawful 'curioſity. Every man muſt mind his 'own buſineſs, without concerning 'himſelf with other people's matters.' —'What ſimplicity!' exclaimed Don Quixote: 'the book which I deſign to 'read to you is holy, and for your improvement. Draw a chair, that you 'may liſten to me more at your eaſe.'— 'What book is it that lies before you?' ſaid Sancho; 'is it not ſome book 'of knight-errantry?'—'No,' replied Don Quixote; 'it is the Flos Sanctorum.'—'And pray who was that 'Sanctorum?' quoth the ſquire. 'Was 'he a king, or was he one of thoſe 'giants that were converted into windmills laſt year?'—'What a ſilly fellow thou art,' anſwered Don Quixote. 'This book contains the lives of ſaints: 'ſuch, for inſtance, as St. Lawrence, 'who was broiled on a gridiron; St. 'Bartholomew, who was flayed; and 'ſo of all other ſaints, whether martyrs or confeſſors, whoſe feſtivals 'are kept by the church.'—'As God 'ſhall ſave me,' ſaid Sancho, interrupting him, 'I believe you deſign to 'become a ſaint-errant, to gain the 'terreſtrial paradiſe. But pray, tell 'me, Sir, when St. Bartholomew was 'flayed, and St. Lawrence broiled, 'were they dead or alive?'—'Both of 'them alive,' anſwered Don Quixote. 'Heaven preſerve me!' exclaimed the ſquire; 'that's ten times worſe than 'toſſing in a blanket. Hang me if 'ever I follow the example of your 'ſaints! As far as mumbling over the 'Creed and Lord's Prayer half a ſcore 'times on my knees, I'll not be out-'done by e'er a capuchin of them all; 'but for being roaſted, or broiled alive, 'I am your humble ſervant; my talent 'does not lie that way.'—'Enough 'of that!' quoth Don Quixote: 'let 'us read the life of St. Bernard, whoſe 'feſtival is kept to-day.' Though the honeſt gentleman had read one half of it before, yet was he ſo complaiſant as to begin it again; and, at every leaf he turned over, he made ſuch judicious comments upon the text, that the beſt moral philoſopher would have been puzzled to outdo him. This, though for the moſt part it was but labour loſt on Sancho, ſo far moved him, that he cried out, 'Let me die, if you 'do not preach as well as the curate, 'when he makes a ſermon for the tithes! 'But now you talk of St. Bernard, I 'remember, that laſt Sunday, Peter 'Alonſo's ſon, that goes to ſchool, 'read a book to us under the tree by 'the mill. By'r lady 'tis the fineſt 'book! Oh 'tis quite another thing 'than your Flos Sanctorum. In the 'firſt place, before you read a word, 'juſt at the beginning of the book, you 'ſee a knight on horſe-back, who with 'a ſword broader than my hand ſtrikes 'a rock, and cleaves it aſunder.'—'I 'know who that is,' quoth Don Quixote; 'it is Don Floriſbran of Candaria, 'a moſt worthy knight. Beſides, that 'book mentions ſeveral other valiant 'knights; as, the Admiral of Quaſia, 'Palmerin de Olivia, Blaſtordas of the 'Tower, the dreadful Giant Maleorto 'of Brandanquia, and the famous en-'chantreſſes Zuldaria and Dalphadea.' —'Right,' quoth Sancho; 'and the 'book ſays, that thoſe two enchant-'reſſes carried away I know not what 'king, I know not how, into I know 'not what caſtle.'—'It is the caſtle of 'Azefaros,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'But 'Peter Alonſo's ſon muſt certainly 'have ſtolen that book from me.'— 'If ſo,' quoth the ſquire, 'he ſhall

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'not enjoy it long, for I will take my 'turn, and steal it from him; and will 'bring it you next Sunday, that we 'may read it instead of your Flos Sanc- 'torum: nothing pleases me like the 'stories of those ancient knights, who 'at one stroke would cut both man 'and horse in two.'—'You will do 'me a pleasure,' replied Don Quixote, 'if you can bring it me again; but 'pray let it be done so privately that 'nobody may know of it.'—'Let me 'alone for that!' answered the squire; 'till then, Sir, I wish you well: I must 'go to my wife, who perhaps may 'want me.' Sancho being gone, Don Quixote's head began to be much agitated with those things that had laid buried, and were now revived in his memory. He put by the Flos Sanctorum; and, walking about the room in a disorderly manner, began to recal into his disturbed imagination all the former ideas of his knight-errantry: however, as much discomposed as he was, hearing the bell ring for vespers, he took his cloak and his beads, and went away to church.

CHAP. II.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S RELAPSE.

NOtwithstanding Mr. Martin Quixada was greatly discomposed by what had happened, yet he did not discover it in his behaviour; and he might by degrees have recovered his peace of mind, had not Sancho distracted him again the next Sunday. That visit put him past all recovery; for the moment Don Quixote took into his hands the History of Don Florisbran of Candaria, the very picture of that armed knight overthrew all his reason, and made him as mad as ever. 'Sancho,' said he to his squire, 'the book you 'have brought me, without all doubt, 'contains most wonderful feats of chi- 'valry; but it is much better that we 'endeavour to imitate, and, if possible, 'to outdo them, than to spend our 'time in reading them. We have al- 'ready sacrificed several months to a 'criminal inactive course of life, and 'omitted the exercise of those duties 'incumbent on us; on me as a knight- 'errant, and on you as a faithful squire. 'It behoves us, my friend, to return 'to our employment, which will be 'very pleasing to God, and beneficial 'to the world; since we shall deliver 'the earth from those immense and 'haughty giants, who, against all 'right and reason, do insult both 'knights and ladies. Thus shall we 'revive the fame of our ancestors, and 'purchase infinite glory for ourselves 'and our posterity. This it is, my 'son, will make us rich for ever. We 'go to conquer kingdoms for ourselves 'and for our friends.'—'Fair and 'softly,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him: 'it is no such easy matter to 'catch them. Pray, good Sir, do not 'buzz your chivalry any more in my 'ears: you promised me, last year, 'that you would make me a king, or 'governor of some considerable coun- 'try; my wife an admiral; and my 'children princes. And what is come 'of it? I am still but poor Sancho 'Panza; and all governments shun me 'as if I had the plague. Let us talk 'no more of it, good master Don 'Quixote; let us both keep ourselves 'well whilst we are well; and let those 'fools be beaten who make it their bu- 'siness to look for it. The Yangue- 'sians *, God be praised, did so curry 'my sides that they left no itching in 'them. Besides, it cost me my dap- 'ple; and when the mule is dead, 'the physician must travel a foot †.'— 'As for that, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'we will be better provided 'this year to perform the duties of our 'profession than we were the last. I 'will buy you a bigger ass than that 'which was stolen from you, and we 'will take along with us provisions, 'money, and linen; for, to say the 'truth, I have observed that those are 'very necessary precautions.'—'Upon these terms,' said the squire, 'and provided you pay me my wages 'every month, I am at your service: 'I will return with you to the exercise 'of chivalry. Give me but the mo- 'ney, and I will away immediately to 'my gossip Thomas Cecial, who has a 'stately ass to sell, and we will set out 'to-morrow.'—'I am pleased to see

* The Yanguesians are carriers of Galicia.

† In Spain the physicians ride on mules.

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'you so eager,' answered Don Quixote, 'and I take it for a good omen: 'but we cannot be quite so expeditious, 'my friend; I must first provide me 'with arms, for I know not what is 'become of mine. Besides, that our 'sally may prove the more auspicious, 'I must send you to the Princess Dulcinea, to inform her from me, that I 'am going to seek new adventures. 'Were not that cruel enemy of my 'repose the most hard-hearted princess 'in the world, I would go and prostrate myself in her presence, and 'make a tender to her celestial beauty 'of all the heroick actions my courage 'is about to undertake; but so unparalleled is her rigour, that she will 'not permit me to be blessed with her 'ravishing sight, till I have by my infinite atchievements obliterated the 'memory of the exploits of the most 'famous knights-errant, and even of 'Hercules himself: and therefore I 'think fit, my friend, that you go this 'very day to that adorable inhuman 'creature. Describe to her the excess 'of my amorous pain, in such a lively 'manner as may move her compassion: 'in short, speak to her so feelingly, 'that your relation may touch her 'heart; and be sure to remember all 'she says to you, that you may repeat 'it to me word for word.'—'Nay, as 'for matter of talking,' quoth Sancho, 'I defy a lawyer to outdo me: 'I will answer for it, and will not fail 'to make it good. There is but one 'thing that troubles me; and that is, to 'know what I shall say to her.'—'You 'shall say,' replied Don Quixote, 'that 'her most humble slave, the Knight 'of the Sorrowful Aspect, is still ready 'to expose himself for her sake to the 'most dreadful dangers; and that he 'conjures her sovereign beauty not to 'forsake him when he shall invoke her 'in his adventures.'—'Enough, Sir,' answered the squire; 'I shall well 'enough remember what I can of those 'words.'—'Let us hear, I pray you,' said Don Quixote, 'whether you can 'repeat them well: deliver yourself to 'me as if I were the Princess Dulcinea.'—'That is very pleasant,' quoth Sancho: 'how would you have me 'take you for the Lady Dulcinea,' 'when you are my master Don Quixote?'—'Why, numscull,' replied the knight, 'cannot you, whilst you 'talk to me, imagine you are speaking to Dulcinea?'—'No, by my 'grandame's soul, can't I!' answered the squire; 'for when I talk to you, I 'know very well I do not talk to another: and, again, I am positive that 'you are my master Don Quixote.' —'What a blockhead you are!' quoth the knight: 'peasants are generally 'sharp and malicious; but, for your 'part, it must be owned your simplicity is not to be matched. It is better that I write to my amiable queen, 'and that you carry her my letter; for 'you would entertain her with some 'foolish discourse.'—'Some foolish 'discourse!' replied the squire: 'no, 'indeed! God be praised, I have as 'much wit as another in my understanding; and you must not think to 'persuade me that the moon is made of 'green cheese.' However, Don Quixote, resolving not to trust to Sancho's memory, went into his closet, took pen, ink, and paper; and, after long pausing and deliberation, at length composed an epistle in a style incomparably singular. Before he would write it out fair, he read it to his squire, who cried out in a transport, 'By the Lord, 'a most curious letter! a schoolmaster 'would scarce write a better. It is a 'bow-shot beyond that you sent Madam Dulcinea from the Black Mountain. I understand some few words 'of that, but I can make nothing at 'all of this, with a pox to it! Give 'it me, and I will be gone immediately 'with it to Toboso; and this very 'night will bring you a good or a bad 'answer.' Don Quixote read his letter over and over several times, then transcribed it fairly; and, delivering it to his squire, said to him, 'Take it, 'my son, and go see that heavenly 'wonder, who has the supreme disposal of my destiny. Farewel! I expect your return with impatience. 'May the Heavens grant that you 'bring back a favourable answer!'

A few minutes after Sancho was gone, one of the alcaldes* of the town came to call upon Don Quixote, and carried him to the market-place, or square; where they found the curate, the barber, and other men of note of

* An inferior minister of justice among the Spaniards.

the

the place, in a little ring. Whilſt they ſtood there diſcourſing, they eſpied coming up towards them four gentlemen, attended by ſeveral pages, and by twelve grooms leading as many horſes, with rich furniture. They all beheld this ſtately cavalcade with attention; and the curate, turning to Don Quixote, indiſcreetly (contrary to his cuſtom) ſaid to him—'Tell us the truth, Mr. 'Quixada, if you had ſeen theſe cava-'liers arrive here ſix months ago with 'this equipage, would it not have puz-'zled you? You would have imagined 'that thoſe gentlemen were no leſs than 'the four immenſe giants, keepers of 'Bramiforan, the enchanter's caſtle, 'and that they were come abroad to 'ſteal away ſome princeſs of high re-'nown.' Though theſe words were ſuch as might have moved Don Quixote to ſome extravagant action, conſidering his brains were already in a ferment, yet he anſwered very diſcreetly—'Mr. 'Curate, if you pleaſe, let us lay aſide 'raillery; and let us rather go up to 'thoſe gentlemen, who ſtop in the vil-'lage: let us know who they are, and 'what they look for.' His advice was followed; all the company drew near the gentlemen; and, after the uſual ſalutations, the curate very courteouſly aſked them who they were, and whether they deſigned to lie in the village. 'Maſter Licentiate,' replied one of them, 'we are gentlemen of Granada, 'who are going to the tilting at Sara-'goſſa: our deſign was to have tra-'velled on two leagues farther, but our 'ſervants and horſes were ſo tired, that 'we thought fit to reſt them here; and 'we muſt deſire you to give us leave, 'though it were but to lie in your 'church, rather than oblige us to go 'any farther.'—'Well, gentlemen,' ſaid the curate, 'ſince there is no inn 'in this place fit to entertain ſo many, 'I will take care to lodge you myſelf: 'the two alcaldes ſhall each of them 'take one gentleman and his followers, 'and Mr. Quixada and I will take care 'of the other two. You will not be 'treated, gentlemen, ſuitable to your 'quality, nor as we could wiſh; but 'it ſhall be with a great deal of good-'will and affection.' The curate having thus ordered their lodging, every man carried his gueſts home; the gentlemen having firſt agreed amongſt themſelves that they would ſet out very early in the morning, to avoid the great heat of the weather.

CHAP. III.

HOW DON QUIXOTE ENTERTAINED HIS GUEST, AND OF THE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

DON Quixote having conducted his gentleman to his houſe, ordered his houſekeeper to make ſupper ready, and not to ſpare the poultry; with which, as good luck would have it, he was then well ſtored. Whilſt ſupper was dreſſing, his gueſt and he were taking the freſh air in the court before the houſe. Don Quixote being deſirous to know his name, aſked his family, and why he came from ſo remote a part to the tilting of Saragoſſa. The gentleman anſwered, that his name was Don Alvaro Tarfe; that he was deſcended from the ancient family of the Tarfes, a race of noble Moors in Granada, nearly allied to their firſt kings. 'You 'know,' ſaid he, 'what account there 'is in hiſtory of theſe affairs, and how 'all the Ahencerrages, the Zegris, the 'Gomeles, the Maças, and other noble 'families of Granada, embraced the 'Chriſtian religion, and remained in 'Spain, after the Catholick King, Fer-'dinand, had conquered that flouriſh-'ing kingdom. As for the motive of 'my journey, I muſt confeſs it is love. 'A lady, whom I admire, chuſes that 'I ſhould be preſent at the tilting at 'Saragoſſa, as her knight; and to pleaſe 'her I go thither, to contend for the 'prize which is to reward the con-'queror.'—'I wiſh you may ſucceed,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'However, though 'Fortune, which diſpoſes of events, 'ſhould not prove favourable, you will 'ſtill have the ſatisfaction of approv-'ing yourſelf a faithful lover, perform-'ing all that in you lies for the honour 'of your lady. Be ſo kind as to give 'me an account of that moſt excellent 'perſon's rare qualities, and of the 'principal adventures of her life.'—'It would take up more time than I 'ſhall ſtay here,' replied Don Alvaro, 'to ſatisfy your curioſity. I can only 'tell you, that my miſtreſs is in the 'ſixteenth year of her age, and that ſhe 'is counted the greateſt beauty in An-

'daluſia. It is true, ſhe is of the ſmaller 'ſize; but——' 'That is pity,' ſaid Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'for 'Ariſtotle ſays that a woman, to be 'perfect, muſt be large.'—'With A-'riſtotle's leave,' replied the Granadine, ſmiling, 'I am not of his opi-'nion in that particular, no more than 'in many others. I admire nature as 'much in it's ſmall as in it's greateſt 'works. Precious ſtones are ſmall; 'and the eyes, which are the moſt beau-'tiful and moſt moving parts of hu-'man bodies, are the leaſt.'—'You 'are in the right,' quoth Don Quixote; 'yet you cannot deny, that tall, well-'proportioned women, have a more 'noble and majeſtick air than the 'others.' This debate concerning the ſize of women held them till one of Tarfe's pages was ſent by the houſe-keeper to acquaint them that ſupper was ready: then Don Quixote led his gueſt into the room where the cloth was laid, and both ſat down to table. During the ſupper, Don Quixote fell into a deep reverie: one while he would ſit with the victuals in his mouth, gazing earneſtly on the cloth, without ſo much as winking; another time, Don Alvaro aſking him whether he was married, he anſwered—that Rozinante was the beſt horſe Cordova ever produced. The Granadine being much ſurprized at this extraordinary diſtraction of thought, was deſirous to know the cauſe of it after ſupper. 'Mr. Quixada,' ſaid he to him, 'if you will give me leave to 'be free with you, I muſt declare that 'you ſeemed to me juſt now ſo wholly 'abſent, and abſorbed in thought, that 'I have reaſon to believe you have ſome 'diſcontent upon you: if ſo, I beſeech 'you do not hide it from me, and I 'will alleviate your trouble, if it be in 'my power. Grief, when confined, 'and, as it were, ſhut up in the heart, 'has always violent effects; whereas, 'by communicating it to a friend who 'will bear part, it is diminiſhed and 'diſſipated.'—'I am obliged to you, 'Don Alvaro,' anſwered Don Quixote, very formally; 'and I wiſh I could 'ſerve you in return for your generoſity. 'But be not ſurprized at having ſeen 'me diſcompoſed: it is not eaſy for 'us, who glorioufly profeſs knight-'errantry, who daily engage with gi-'ants or enchanters, with Endriaguſes* 'or rhinoceroſes, for the purpoſe of 'diſenchanting princeſſes, and redreſ-'ſing wrongs; it is not eaſy for us, I 'ſay, to keep down our thoughts, filled 'with all theſe ideas, from ſoaring 'aloft.'

Tarfe was aſtoniſhed to hear Don Quixote talk ſo wildly; he conjectured the poor gentleman was not ſound in his intellects; and, to be the more fully convinced of what he fancied, he ſaid to him—'For all this, Mr. Quixada, I 'do not comprehend what it was that ſo 'wholly took up your thoughts at ſup-'per.'—'Though it does not well be-'come knights to reveal ſuch ſecrets,' replied Don Quixote, 'nevertheleſs, 'ſince you are a gentleman, and ſub-'ject, as well as myſelf, to the God of 'Love, I will not conceal from you the 'troubles of my ſoul. The incompa-'rable princeſs who has captivated my 'liberty ſeems inſenſible to my paſ-'ſion; and yet, Don Alvaro, I proteſt, 'before God and man, that I have 'never tranſgreſſed the laws of chi-'valry: I have ever ſtrictly followed 'the examples ſet before me by thoſe 'ancient and primitive knights-errant, 'the invincible Amadis of Gaul, his 'ſon Eſplandian, Palmerin de Oliva, 'the Knight of the Sun, Tablantes of 'Richemont, Don Belianis of Greece, 'and, in ſhort, by all others who have 'had the honour to profeſs the ſacred 'order of knight-errantry.' Don Alvaro, who had a quick apprehenſion, hearing this extravagant diſcourſe, found immediately how the matter ſtood: he perceived that his hoſt had given himſelf too much to reading books of chivalry; and, reſolving to divert himſelf, he ſaid to him—'Pray, 'Mr. Quixada, is the lady whom you 'adore, of this country? for you being 'a perſon ſo judiciouſly nice, ſhe who 'had qualifications to charm you muſt 'be at leaſt another Diana of Epheſus.' —'She ſurpaſſes in beauty,' replied Don Quixote, 'not only Diana of 'Epheſus, and Polixena of Troy, but 'even Dido of Carthage, and Doralice 'of Granada. Her eyes and her com-

* Endriagus is the name of a moſt dreadful monſter, ſlain by Amadis de Gaule, who at that time had aſſumed the title of the Knight of the Green Sword.—See Amadis de Gaule, Book III. Chap. 10.

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'plexion are like the rising sun, and 'the natural red on her cheeks re-'sembles a rose when it is new blown; 'her teeth are of ivory, her lips of co-'ral, and her neck is whiter than ala-'baster: her name is the Princess Dul-'cinea del Toboso; and mine, Don 'Quixote de la Mancha, the Knight of 'the Sorrowful Aspect.' With much difficulty did Don Alvaro restrain himself from laughing, when he heard the appellation Don Quixote had made choice of; an appellation he highly approved, as being so happily descriptive of the original. 'It is that princess,' continued our hero, 'who gives life to my 'thoughts, who raises my imagination, 'and causes those distractions which 'make me so much a stranger to my-'self. I quitted my house and coun-'try, to perform a thousand glorious 'undertakings abroad for her honour; 'and I sent to her all the fierce giants 'and unparalleled knights I encoun-'tered, having conquered and reduced 'them to submission. And yet, would 'you believe it, Don Alvaro? not-'withstanding such unheard-of ser-'vices, she is to me more cruel than an 'African lioness, or an Hyrcanian ty-'ger: she receives my passionate letters 'with disdain, or rather with horror. 'I have made speeches to her longer 'than those of St. Catharine to the 'senate of Rome: I composed verses 'for her more tender than Petrarch's 'to his beloved Laura; and poems 'more sublime than those of Homer or 'Virgil, and more full of digressions 'than Lucan's Pharsalia. I have this 'very day sent her a letter replete with 'the most respectful expressions; and 'I expect no other return but an an-'swer teeming with rigour and dis-'dain.' No sooner had he spoken these words than he saw his squire. 'Well, 'Sancho,' said he to him, 'what news 'do you bring me from my infanta? 'Am I to live, or must I die?'—'Sir,' replied the squire, 'here is a letter she 'got the sexton of Toboso to write for 'her, and which she ordered me to de-'liver to you.'—'A letter from her!' quoth Don Quixote, transported with joy; 'What a mighty favour! Good 'God! is she at length grown sensible 'to my love?'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'read the letter first; perhaps you have 'no such great cause to rejoice.'—'Be 'pleased, I beseech you, Don Alvaro,' said our knight, 'to give me leave to 'read this note, and satisfy the impa-'tience I am under to know my doom.' This said, he kissed the letter, opened it, and, after having read it to himself, cried out, 'O Heavens! can I receive 'such an answer without dying for 'grief? Never did lady send such an 'unworthy threat to a knight! Did 'the Infanta Oliva ever use the Prince 'of Portugal thus, though she had so 'great an aversion to him?'—'What, 'Don Quixote,' said Don Alvaro, 'can 'the Infanta Dulcinea del Toboso de-'spise you, when there is no princess 'in the world but would look upon it 'as an honour to be favoured with 'your love?'—'Do you judge of it,' answered Don Quixote; 'hear what 'that inhuman creature writes to me.' He then read to Don Alvaro Dulcinea's letter; which was as follows.

'TO MARTIN QUIXADA THE BRAIN-'LESS.

'IT is long since my brothers ought 'to have treated you with a good 'cudgelling, in return for all the im-'pertinent letters you have sent me. 'Had they been at home when that 'old fool Sancho Panza brought me 'your last, he had not gone away with 'all his ribs whole; but patience for 'that—if ever he comes hither again, 'he shall pay for it all together. And as 'for you, Mr. Martin, I would have 'you to take notice, that if ever, for 'the future, you call me Dulcinea del 'Toboso, and entitle me Queen, In-'fanta, or Empress, you may have cause 'to repent having given me those 'Shrovetide names the longest day you 'have to live. Be it known to you, 'that by sea and by land my name is 'Aldonza Lorenzo, alias Nogales.'

'By this abusive letter, you may 'judge, Don Alvaro,' said Don Quix-ote, 'whether I have not reason to 'complain of the unparalleled ingra-'titude of Dulcinea.'—'O the jade!' cried Sancho. 'Mind me, good Sir; 'I wish I may be troubled with the 'snivel as long as I live, if my master 'has not performed more acts of chi-'valry, by day and by night, for that 'jilt, than any other would have done 'for a lady-abbess. But what a pox

'need he trouble himself? He who has 'garlick eats it with his bread; he 'that has none must be content without 'it. Between friends, my master Don 'Quixote is too patient. If, instead 'of writing to that brazen-face, he had 'sent her by the post, or any other way, 'half a score good kicks in the guts, she 'would never have been so squeamish. 'I am well acquainted with that sort 'of cattle; if you give them their way, 'they will shew no mercy. If a man 'turns sheep, the wolves will devour 'him; if he takes a cuff on the ear, he 'shall have two, and so-forth. I would 'fain see them put their tricks upon 'me: but, egad! they are not such 'fools; I can fence with my foot as 'well as brother Jerome's mule, when 'I have my Sunday shoes on full of 'hob-nails. If Dulcinea had made 'her two brothers, Basil and Bertrand 'Nogales, beat me, it had been the 'dearest beating they ever bestowed in 'their days.' Sancho's hand was too much in to stop here; and Don Quixote was fain to bid him hold his peace; but all would not do. 'I must tell you,' continued he, 'how that toad served 'me one day, when I carried her another letter from my master. I found 'her in the stable, filling a pannier of 'dung; and no sooner did I open my 'mouth to tell her that my master Don 'Quixote most humbly kissed her 'hands, but she saluted me with a 'shovelful, steeped in horse-piss, across 'the face. My beard being that day, 'unfortunately for me, thicker than 'Master Nicholas the barber's brush, 'the filth stuck to it like pitch.'—'In 'good truth,' said Don Alvaro, smiling, 'that was an ill reward, my 'friend, for carrying the letter. Dulcinea, as far as I can perceive, does 'not follow the examples set her by the 'ancient heroines of chivalry, who 'loaded those squires with presents who 'brought them love-letters.'—'Love-'letters!' quoth Sancho; 'on my conscience, if a cardinal's squire should 'carry her an ass's burden of them, 'she would not so much as thank him. 'You never beheld such a sour face as 'our lady makes when a letter is delivered to her: a body would think 'she was eating crabs; and may the 'devil blow his bellows in the poop of 'her!'—'Hold, Sancho!' cried Don Quixote, 'do not curse that princess; 'ingrate, unjust, and barbarous as she 'is, still I adore her. Think she is the 'sovereign over my will, and respect 'what I love.'—'In truth, worthy Don 'Quixote,' said the Granadine, 'I cannot but be amazed. I confess your 'infanta's stile is harsh: but have not 'you, perhaps through inadvertency, 'given her some cause of offence? Examine yourself well; perhaps you 'have, without reflecting on it, inserted in your letter of this day some 'word which she may have taken in a 'wrong sense: you know that sometimes happens among ladies.'—'No, 'Don Alvaro,' replied Don Quixote, 'there is nothing in that letter which 'could give her cause of offence; and, 'to convince you it is so, I will this 'moment shew you the foul copy.'—He went immediately, and brought it out of his closet; and, sitting down again, read distinctly, in a grave tone, these following words.

'TO THE MATCHLESS PRINCESS 'DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

'WOULD the faithful love which 'boils over in the veins of this 'your slave, O ungrateful fair! permit 'me to be angry to rebellion against 'your perfection and absolute empire, 'I should soon by oblivion take revenge 'of the contempt with which you treat 'my scorching flames! But perhaps 'you, my sweet enemy, imagine that I 'never exercise my thoughts in any 'thing but undoing of wrongs, and 'punishing of felons; yet, though 'every day I have employed my body 'against outrageous giants, and have 'often shed the blood of such monsters, 'my thought, which is so nimble-'winged, hath nevertheless not for-'borne joyfully to call to mind your 'most admirable endowments, and 'that it was captivated by the most excellent lady among the queens of 'high rank. However, O noble prin-'cess, be pleased to receive me to mercy, 'if I have committed any discourtesy 'towards your high majesty and royal 'beauty: and I may well deserve it; 'for through love all faults are par-'donable. This is the favour humbly 'sued for to your imperial perfections,

'by

'by him who is so much yours till his 'departure out of this world; the 'Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect—

'DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.'

'In good truth,' said Don Alvaro, smiling, 'I never saw any thing more 'exquisite than that letter: it is so good, 'that it might verily pass for an epistle 'written in days of yore by Sancho, 'King of Leon, to the noble lady 'Ximena Gomez, when the famous 'Cid Ruy Diaz comforted her in his 'absence*. But how comes it, Don 'Quixote, that, being so polite and ele-'gant in your discourse, you wrote to 'your infanta in that stile, which, as 'you well know, is now quite out 'of date?'—'I will tell you the rea-'son,' said Don Quixote; 'I did it 'to try whether, in imitating the stile 'of our ancient knights, I could bow 'the inflexible Dulcinea, and soften 'that heart of adamant, whose hard-'ness my common expressions only 'serve to increase.'—'And why,' quoth the Granadine, 'did you take the name 'of the Knight of the Sorrowful As-'pect?'—'As for that,' quoth Sancho, 'you must excuse him, for it was I 'that gave it him; and, to deal plainly, 'it does not misbecome him.'—'I took 'the name of the Knight of the Sor-'rowful Aspect,' said Don Quixote, 'because my absence from my sove-'reign lady made me sorrowful to ex-'cess; and in it I imitated Amadis, who 'took the name of Beltenebros †.'

Tarfe seemed concerned at Don Quix-ote's afflictions; and said to him, 'Posi-'tively that letter is very full of respect; 'and I cannot conceive what should set 'Dulcinea so unreasonably against you, 'or why she thus abuses a knight of 'your worth.' Then changing the discourse, he said—'Being to set out to-'morrow before day, to avoid the heat, 'I would willingly go to-bed, with your 'leave.' Don Quixote answered, he might use his pleasure; and went out to fetch some sweetmeats to treat his guest before he went to bed. The Gra-nadine drawing near to the bed, which was made for him in the chamber they were then in, called two of his pages to undress him: but Sancho, fearing to lose the privileges of a squire, would not suffer any but himself to do that service; which so pleased Don Alvaro, that, holding out his leg to have the boot drawn off, he said, 'Go to, then, 'my friend, since your good-will is 'such, draw steadily; for it will be a 'great honour to me to be able to boast 'I was unbooted by one of the most 'famous squires of knight-errantry.' —'Give me leave, Don Alvaro,' quoth Sancho, 'I do really believe I am as 'good as another; and though I have 'not the title of Don, yet my father 'had.'—'How so!' said Tarfe. 'If your 'father bore that title of honour, have 'you degenerated from it?'—'No, 'Sir,' replied Sancho; 'but my father 'placed that honourable title as best 'pleased him; and, instead of placing 'it before his name, as you gentlemen 'do, he put it after, or behind.'— 'Then his name,' said the Granadine, 'was Francis Don, John Don, or Mar-'tin Don?'—'You have not hit it yet, 'Sir,' answered the squire; 'his name 'was Peter Remendon ‡.' Don Al-varo could not forbear laughing at this dull piece of wit; and asked Sancho whether his father was yet living. 'No, 'Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'he died of 'kibed heels ten years ago.'—'Of 'kibed heels!' cried the Granadine, laughing; 'he is the first man I ever 'heard of that died of such a distem-'per.'—'God take me, Don Alvaro,' cried the squire, 'may not every man 'die of the distemper that pleases him 'best!' Don Alvaro and his pages were still furnished with new subject of laughter when Don Quixote re-turned, followed by his housekeeper, bringing a plate of dry sweetmeats, and a flask of white wine; but Tarfe would accept of none. 'I dare not eat,' said he; 'for I never eat between meals but 'I suffer for it. I have often made the

* An old story in Spain, of which there are ridiculous ballads.

† Amadis de Gaule, (Book II. Chap. 6.) being in disgrace with Oriana, his mistress, withdraws to the habitation of a very old hermit, from whom he receives, at his own request, the name of Beltenebros; which may be interpreted the Beautiful Obscure; or, as it is ren-dered in the English translation of the first four books of Amadis de Gaule, Edit. 1619, The Fair Forlorn.

‡ Remendon, in Spanish, is a botcher, or cobler.

'experiment

'experiment on myself of the aphorism 'of Avicen, or Galen, that to eat before 'the last nourishment taken be digested, 'is prejudicial to health.'—'Well,' cried Sancho, 'there is never a villain 'nor a Gilian of them worth a straw: 'I would no more forbear eating when 'I had got a bit in my hand, than I 'would spitting when I have occasion, 'though those fellows should jabber 'more Latin to me than there is in the 'A, B, C.'—'You are in the right, 'friend Sancho,' quoth Don Alvaro; 'and, with your master's leave, you 'must take this bit from me.' This said, he took up a preserved pear on the point of the knife, and gave it him.—'Pray excuse me, Sir,' said the squire; 'these dainties do me harm when the 'quantity is too small.' He took it, however, and eat it, notwithstanding. Don Quixote then wished a good-night to his guest, who retired to bed immediately.

CHAP. IV.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S MIGHTY PROJECTS AND DESIGNS, WHICH WERE ALL APPROVED BY HIS SQUIRE.

DON Quixote having quitted Don Alvaro's chamber, led Sancho into another, where he said to him, 'Stay here, my friend, and lie with 'me this night; I have an affair of the 'greatest moment to communicate to 'you.'—'Hold a little, Sir,' replied the squire; 'I must first take one turn 'in the kitchen, for I have not had 'my supper yet; and I am like the 'cuckow, I cannot sing till my belly is 'full.'—'Go down then to supper,' said Don Quixote; 'and come to me 'again instantly.'—'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I will put in double bits to have 'done the sooner; I will be with you 'in a very little time, and perhaps 'sooner than I could wish myself; for 'I am much afraid that Don Alvaro's 'servants have not left me much to 'do.' This said, he went down into the kitchen; and Don Quixote went to bed to wait his return. The housekeeper had killed so many fowls, that there was enough to satisfy Sancho: she set before him all that was left of the supper, and he crammed himself up to his throat; then returning, in a good humour, to his master's chamber, 'So now, Sir,' said he, 'we may talk 'about business. I am now fit to give 'advice, for I am as full as a tick.'—'Shut the door,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and come to bed to me.' The squire stripped without any ceremony; and his master having him by his side, spoke to him as follows. 'Friend Sancho, 'I have one of the greatest designs in 'hand that ever occupied the thoughts 'of a knight-errant; but, before I 'acquaint you with it, it will be con-'venient I put some questions to you, 'which I did not think fit to ask be-'fore Don Alvaro. How did Dulci-'nea look when she received my let-'ter? Did she read it?'—'No, Sir,' answered the squire; 'but she caused 'it to be read.'—'And did she not 'express any token of satisfaction?' replied Don Quixote. 'I beg your 'pardon,' quoth Sancho; 'she laughed 'like a mad woman, till her sides 'shook again.'—'She is a very re-'served princess,' said the knight. 'And how do we know that it was not 'the better to conceal the tender affec-'tion she has for me, that she coun-'terfeited so much rigour, and writ 'to me in such a harsh manner? But in 'short, since a heart that is full of 'love cannot but betray itself, did she 'not, when she dismissed you, let slip 'some word that might cherish my 'love? Did not some obliging expres-'sion escape her against her will?'—'Yes, indeed, Sir,' replied the squire; 'she spoke words enough: she told me 'that you and I were the two greatest 'madmen in all this country of La 'Mancha; besides, I don't know how 'much more, which I am sorry I did 'not remember, to have told it you 'again word for word, as you com-'manded me.'—'Nay, that is too 'much!' cried Don Quixote; 'I be-'gin to open my eyes; I perceive the 'haughty one despises me, and that I 'impose upon myself when I give a 'favourable construction to her cru-'elty. It is decreed! I must set my-'self free from her unworthy bands; 'I say unworthy bands, because ne-'ver princess threatened to cudgel a 'knight-errant. This way of pro-'ceeding is abusive: for knights to be 'hated is tolerable; let it pass, they 'are not therefore the less amorous or 'faithful;

'faithful; but they must not endure to 'be despised. I will therefore oblite-'rate the memory of Dulcinea; the 'resolution is fixed; and this is one of 'the great designs I had to acquaint 'you with!'—'Faith and troth,' quoth Sancho, 'I am glad at my heart that 'Madam Dulcinea is no longer one of 'us, for her having taken so much 'pains to daub me in her stable. May 'I never get my government, if she 'does not one time or other bite her 'nails for madness, when she hears 'you are a king, and I a governor; 'and that it is her own fault she is not 'an empress, and her two brothers 'princes! who are now never like to 'be any thing but poor labouring fel-'lows. God knows how they will 'curry her hide for having behaved 'herself so like a sow towards you, 'instead of receiving your letters like 'a gentlewoman, and granting you all 'knightly favours you desired. Oh, 'how mad she will be! but then it will 'be a day after the fair: after meat, 'mustard; and like sending for the 'doctor when the patient is dead. And 'when a man has scalded his throat 'and guts, it is too late to blow.'—'That is not all neither, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'I have another project 'in my head, which I am pleased to 'take your advice in.'—'Be quick, 'then, Sir,' quoth the squire; 'for I 'perceive, by the many and powerful 'wamblings of my brain, that I shall 'soon fall asleep.'—'I have under-'stood,' answered Don Quixote, 'that 'there is to be a solemn tilting at Sara-'gossa very speedily. We must not 'by any means let slip so favourable 'an opportunity; and I design to-'morrow to take measures for provid-'ing myself with new arms, that we 'may set forward immediately.' Sancho told his master he was ready to follow him through the world; which so pleased Don Quixote, that he embraced him for joy, though the squire was too far overcome with sleep to be duly sensible of it. However, the knight, who did not perceive this, held on his discourse in the following manner. 'Then 'we will go to Saragossa, where I shall 'win the first prize at the jousts; and 'since that ingrate Dulcinea has repaid 'my constancy with contempt, I will 'seek some other lady who will better 'requite my services. Perhaps you 'will say I ought to make a scruple of 'changing my mistress; but to that, 'my friend, I answer, that the Knight 'of the Sun forsook Claridiana for the 'Princess Landabrides, though he had 'not the least cause to complain of her. 'And that I may find a person worthy 'of such a knight as I am, I design to 'repair to the court of Spain, where 'my reputation has already made me 'known. The beautiful princesses, 'who compose the queen's court, 'charmed with my mien and reputa-'tion, will vie with one another to 'make conquest of my heart; but I 'will not submit it to the disposal of 'any but of her who shall give me the 'greatest testimonies of her love, either 'by endeavouring to dress herself to 'please me, or by the passionate let-'ters, the scarfs, the bracelets, and 'other magnificent presents, she will 'bestow upon me. The court knights, 'and particularly those of the Golden 'Fleece, envious of my honour and 'good fortune, will use a thousand 'artifices to lessen me in the king's 'opinion: I will demand satisfaction 'of them; and, having killed or dis-'armed them all in the presence of the 'king and court, I shall certainly gain 'the reputation of being the best knight 'in the world. What do you think of 'my resolution?' He held his peace a while to hear his squire's answer; but finding he was asleep, he jogged him with his elbow, saying, 'Hey, my 'friend! give ear to me, I conjure you.'—'You are in the right, Sir,' cried Sancho, betwixt sleeping and waking; 'all that mob of giants is only fit to 'be hanged, and it is well done to lay 'them on.'—'Heaven confound thee 'and thy giants!' quoth Don Quix-ote; 'I am working my brains to beat 'into your head that which, under 'God, most behoves you and me in this 'world, and you sleep like a dormouse.' —'Good Sir,' said the squire, 'be 'pleased to let me sleep, and I will al-'low all that you have before said, or 'shall hereafter say to me, to be good 'and true.'—'By the living God,' answered the knight, 'it is none of the 'least misfortunes to be forced to com-'municate important affairs to such a 'clown as you are! Well, sleep on, 'poor wretch! and be for ever a slave 'to your senses: for my part, I will 'not deliver myself up to the arms of 'slumber,

'ſlumber, till I have imprinted in my 'imagination the means I am to uſe to 'win the firſt prize at the jouſts. I will 'imitate the wiſe architect; who, be-'fore he puts hand to the work, firſt 'contrives and diſpoſes in his fancy all 'the parts of the ſtructure he intends 'to raiſe.' In this employment Don Quixote ſpent the greateſt part of the night: he repreſented to himſelf, by the force of his diſtracted imagination, all that was to happen to him at the tilting. Sometimes he talked to the knights he was to run againſt; another while he demanded of the judges of the field the prize he had deſerved. Then having, in moſt humble and grave manner, ſaluted a lady, whom he conceited moſt beautiful, and moſt richly adorned, ſitting in a balcony, he gracefully preſented her, on the point of his lance, as he ſat on horſeback, the jewel he had won as her knight. At length, ſleep overcoming his ſenſes, for a while diſpelled all thoſe extravagant ideas which his diſtracted notion of knight-errantry had formed in his fancy.

An hour before day ſomebody knocked hard at the door of the houſe. The knight awaked; and having, not without much calling and ſhaking, rouzed his ſquire, he bade him riſe and ſee what was the matter. Sancho got up, though not without curſing thoſe who broke his reſt. He found the curate, and the two alcaldes, who came to call up Don Alvaro, that he might ſet out in the cool of the morning with the other gentlemen of Granada, as had been agreed among them the night before. That done, the curate and alcaldes returned home to give their gueſts ſome breakfaſt, who were after that to come and take up Tarfe in their way. All perſons were preſently up in Don Quixote's houſe; and, whilſt the ſtranger's ſervants packed up all things to be gone, the houſekeeper and Sancho made ready the breakfaſt. In the mean while, the Granadine, having dreſſed himſelf, ſaid to Don Quixote, who came into his chamber to bid him good-morrow, 'Sir 'Knight, I have a favour to beg of 'you; I am informed one of my 'horſes is lame, and cannot carry the 'leaſt weight, which will oblige me to 'leave here ſuch part of my equipage 'as is moſt cumberſome, and not ab-'ſolutely neceſſary. Among other 'things, I have a ſuit of armour 'wrought at Milan, which I do not 'much care to carry to Saragoſſa; for, 'beſides that it is more fit to run at 'the ring than for tilting, I have ano-'ther ſuit, which I ſet a greater value 'upon. I deſire, therefore, that you 'will order it to be laid up ſafe for me 'in your houſe till my return.' He had no ſooner ſpoken theſe words but two of his ſervants brought in a great trunk, and placed it at Don Quixote's feet; who, having had the curioſity to view the whole ſuit of armour, piece by piece, was in an extaſy of joy at ſo agreeable a ſpectacle. The armour was compleat, back and breaſt, gorge, head-piece, greaves, gauntlets, arms, and knees; in ſhort, nothing was wanting. Our knight, whoſe fancy travelled far in a ſhort time, preſently conceived what excellent uſe he could make of ſo rich a truſt; and being poſſeſſed with this imagination, he ſaid to the Granadine, with a chearful countenance—'I hope, Don Alvaro, you 'will not have cauſe to repent entruſt-'ing me with ſo precious a treaſure.' Then he aſked what ſort of equipage he would appear in at the tilting, what liveries he would give, and what device he would bear. To all which Tarfe anſwered him preciſely, without imagining in the leaſt what ſtrange projects his curious examiner had in his head. Whilſt they were putting up the armour into the trunk, Sancho came in, ſaying, 'Don Alvaro Tarfe 'may be pleaſed to come and ſit down 'to table, for I have taken care to get 'breakfaſt ready.'—'Say you ſo, 'friend Sancho?' quoth the Granadine: 'I perceive you are a man of diſ-'patch. But is your ſtomach come to 'you ſo early in the morning?'—'As 'for that,' replied Sancho, 'you need 'not queſtion it; and it deſerves to be 'recorded in the pariſh regiſter; for, in 'ſpite of the devil and all his works, 'my ſtomach is ſo good, that I never 'remember riſing full crammed from 'table in all my life-time; unleſs it 'were a twelvemonth ago, when my 'uncle James Alonzo, being ſteward 'of the brotherhood of the Roſary, 'employed me to diſtribute the dole of 'bread and cheeſe: that day, Sir, I 'muſt confeſs I was forced to let out 'two holes of my girdle.'—'God 'continue your good appetite!' anſwered Don Alvaro; 'I would give a

'great

'great deal to have such a sound con-'stitution of body.' Tarfe had scarce eat a bit when the other Granadine gentlemen came in; and day beginning to appear, he mounted his horse, after returning thanks to Don Quixote for his courteous entertainment. But our knight thinking himself obliged by all the rules of chivalry, as well errant as sedentary, to bear them company some part of the way, caused Rozinante to be brought out of the stable, ready saddled and bridled; and, placing him before Don Alvaro, 'Behold,' says he, 'the finest horse you ever heard of: 'Bucephalus, Alfano, Sayan, Rapie-'ca, Bayard, Cornelin, and Pegasus 'himself, were not to compare to him.' —'I believe so, since you say it,' replied Tarfe smiling, after viewing the skeleton beast with astonishment; 'but 'in truth, good Sir Don Quixote, by 'his looks, a man would never believe 'what you say of him.' Most certain it is, that Rozinante, being prodigiously tall and long, and withal so lean that one might have shot straws through him, did not seem entirely to deserve the eulogy of his master. To conclude, the Granadines set forwards; and when they had rode about a quarter of a league, they entreated Don Quixote not to give himself the trouble of going any farther. There passed betwixt them some little courteous contest; but at length the most obliging knight of La Mancha gave way to the pressing instances of the strangers, and returned to his village.

CHAP. V.

OF THE FIRST USE DON QUIXOTE MADE OF THE ARMOUR HE HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH BY DON ALVARO.

As soon as Don Quixote came home, he sent for Sancho, who was just then got to his own house. The squire came running very readily upon his master's orders; who immediately double-locked his chamber-door, that nobody might interrupt him. 'Rejoice, 'my son,' said our knight; 'I have an 'agreeable piece of news to tell you: 'we may make our sally when we 'please, for I have met with a suit of 'armour already.'—'Pray where is it?' said the squire. 'In that trunk,' replied Don Quixote, shewing him that in which Don Alvaro's armour lay. 'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I doubt you 'know not what you say; we must not 'suffer ourselves to be tempted by other 'men's goods: that trunk is none of 'yours; it belongs to Don Alvaro 'Tarfe.'—'That's your mistake,' answered Don Quixote: 'I must discover all the mystery to you, my friend. 'These arms are enchanted; and it is 'the wise Alquife, my protector, who 'sent them to me privately last night 'by Don Alvaro Tarfe, that I may go 'to the tilting at Saragossa, and there 'win the most valuable prize. This 'is a common practice of enchanters, 'when they will not personally shew 'themselves to the knights they favour: it was thus, and by the hands 'of the Infanta Imperia, that the wise 'Belonia sent armour to her favourite 'Don Belianis, when he undertook to 'fight for the Dutchess of Isperia, whom 'the great Cham of Tartary would 'have caused to be burnt. Be not, 'therefore, so silly as to believe this armour belongs to Don Alvaro; it 'belongs to none but me; and I tell 'you it is a present the wise Alquife 'sends me by him.'—'If so,' said Sancho, 'let us examine this same armour 'a little, since the key is still in the 'trunk.' Don Quixote instantly opened it, and took out the armour. The squire, seeing it very highly polished, and adorned all over with flowers, trophies, and other delicate engravings, after the Milanese manner, concluded it must be all of beaten silver; and in rapture cried out, 'By the Lord, my dear 'master Don Quixote, that choice armour did doubtless belong to him 'that first laid the foundation of the 'Tower of Babel! If it were mine, I 'would cut it all out into curious shining pieces of eight, such as are current at this time.' Having so said, he took up the head-piece; and, having viewed it attentively, went on, saying, 'By the sacred beard of Pontius Pilate, this silver cap were fit for an 'archdeacon! and if the brim were 'but two fingers broader, the king 'himself might wear it. The curate 'had best put it on at the procession of 'the Rosary: this rare cap, and his fine 'brocade cope, will make him outshine 'the sun-dial. By my father's ghost,

'I will lay a wager this armour is 'worth above sixty thousand mil- 'lions! But tell me, pray, Sir, who 'was it that made it? Was it the wife 'old thief himself? or did it come into 'the world ready-made?'—'How silly 'you are!' replied Don Quixote: 'the 'wife Alquife may very likely have 'been the workman; for doubtless it 'could not be wrought but by some 'great enchanter. And when I exa- 'mine the exquisite workmanship of 'it, methinks I see the beautiful ar- 'mour of Achilles, which Homer says 'was made by Vulcan, the infernal 'blacksmith, at the request of the god- 'dess Thetis.'—'A plague rot him,' cried Sancho, 'for a cursed black- 'smith, that works at the devil's 'forge! I will go to his shop to get 'him to mend my ploughshare; but 'let him stay awhile, with a pox to 'him!'—'It must be confessed,' quoth Don Quixote, without regarding what his squire said, he was so taken up with his own notions, 'that this is admira- 'ble armour. I am resolved, my son, 'to try it immediately; help me on 'with it.'—'By my faith,' said San- cho, at every piece of armour he put on, 'these plates of silver delight my eyes; 'they look like a glittering piece of 'church stuff!' But, above all, the gauntlets pleased him; he could never sufficiently admire them; and declared, if he had the like, he should never want gloves as long as he lived. Don Quix- ote now, seeing himself in armour capa-piè, began to swell with pride and exultation. 'Well, Sancho!' said he, in a louder tone than ordinary, 'what 'think you of this armour? Does it 'not add new dignity to my gallant 'demeanor? Tell me, do you think 'the genteel Don Seraphin of Spain, 'whom none could behold without ad- 'miring, had so fine an air as I have?' Whilst he uttered these words, he pa- raded pompously about the apartment with a stately step and elevated deport- ment; sometimes he stamped on the ground like one in a passion; sometimes he lifted his arms as if he threatened: then would he move five or six paces hastily; presently he stopped all on a sudden; and, at last, his extravagant ideas working with increased violence, transported him into a perfect phrenzy. He drew his sword; and, gazing on San- cho with a wild and ferocious aspect— 'Stay! thou devouring dragon!' ex- claimed he to him, in a tone that might have frightened all the Sanchos in Spain out of their senses; 'thou dreadful 'monster of Lybia; thou infernal ba- 'silisk! stay, and thou shalt feel the 'wonderful force of my arm! Thou 'shalt see whether with one stroke of 'my redoubtable sword I cannot cut 'asunder, not only thy venomous and 'monstrous figure, but even the two 'sturdiest giants that ever the haughty 'and enormous race produced!' This said, he advanced towards the amazed and terrified squire; who, perceiving him make towards him in that out- rageous manner, sheltered himself be- hind the bed, which being fortunately at a distance from the wall, gave him opportunity of avoiding the first assault of his master. Still the raving knight did not recover himself from his phren- zy; he vapoured about the room like a demoniack, flourishing his sword round his head with such skill and agility, that the most active gladiator could not have outdone him. He laid about him to the right and to the left, back-stroke and fore-stroke, slashing all that stood in his way, cutting the hangings and other goods in a most dismal manner; but, above all, the bed-curtains and co- verlid were hewn to tatters in an instant. 'Thou proud giant!' cried he to the quaking and miserable Sancho; 'thou 'haughty animal! thy last hour is now 'come; thou shalt now satisfy the 'Divine Vengeance for all the ills 'thou hast done in this world!'

As he thus cried out, he made such a home-thrust, that had the bed been a little narrower, or had not the curtains in some degree broken the force of the push, there infallibly had been an end of the faithfullest of all squires. The poor wretch did not spare his voice in this most imminent danger: he roar- ed loud, and hideously; and squeezed himself up against the wall as flat as a flounder, to avoid the fatal blade of his master. Happy had it been for him to have possessed the strength of Samson, that so he might have driven back the wall a pike's length! Still he bawled out, as loud as he could stretch his throat—'Alas! my dear lord and ma- 'ster! by all the miseries the devil 'brought upon holy Job; by the 'wounds of master St. Lazarus; by 'the holy arrows of Sir Saint Sebas- 'tian;

Stothard del. Walker sculp.

Plate II. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Aug. 28. 1784.

'tian; I conjure you have compaſſion 'on my poor ſinful ſoul!' Theſe words, inſtead of appeaſing Don Quixote, ſeemed rather to confirm him in his folly, and to encourage him the more to purſue a revenge which he thought neceſſary for the publick ſafety, honourable to knight-errantry, and meritorious towards purchaſing Heaven. 'Ah, ſubtle ſerpent!' replied he in the ſame haughty tone, 'thou crawleſt at 'preſent, and hopeſt to appeaſe my 'wrath with humble expreſſions; but 'thou art deceived! thou ſhalt not im'poſe on me by thy fraudulent ſup'plications! Deliver, deliver up, I 'ſay, thou luſtful monſter! all the 'princeſſes, whom, contrary to all right 'and reaſon, thou detaineſt in thy caſ'tle, that harbour of robbers like thy'ſelf! Reſtore, thou infamous thief! 'the immenſe treaſures thou haſt ſto'len; ſet free the knights thou haſt kept 'enchanted for ſo many ages; and ſur'render up to my hands the wicked en'chantreſs that has been the occaſion 'of ſo much miſchief!'—'Good ma'ſter Don Quixote!' cried the ſquire, 'recollect, for the love of God, that I 'am neither knight nor princeſs; nor 'much leſs that curſed enchantreſs you 'talk of: I am poor Sancho Panza, 'your neighbour and your faithful 'ſquire, and huſband to honeſt Mary 'Gutierrez, whom you have above 'half made a widow by putting me 'in ſuch a fright. Ah! ill luck on 'her that bore me!'—'If then you 'will have me give over purſuing you,' quoth Don Quixote, 'cauſe the em'preſs I demand of you to be forth'coming immediately; but let her be 'brought ſafe and ſound, pure and un'ſpotted, and I will receive thy haugh'ty figure to mercy, after thou ſhalt 'have owned thyſelf vanquiſhed. Wilt 'thou perform this, thou arrogant 'monſter?'—'I will, in the name of 'all the devils in hell!' quoth Sancho; 'but open the door for me firſt, and 'put up that curſed ſword which 'pierces me with fear, and I will in'ſtantly bring you hither not only all 'the princeſſes you require, but even 'Annas and Caiphas, if you deſire it.' This promiſe laid the ſtorm; and our knight returned his ſword to the ſcabbard with as much gravity and deliberation as if nothing extraordinary had been done, yet bathed in ſweat, and very much tired by the terrible blows he had beſtowed upon the bed and furniture, during his conflict with the imaginary giant. Sancho, having ſomewhat recovered himſelf, crept out from behind the bed, pale and ghaſtly, and his eyes ſtill flowing with tears. He caſt himſelf at his maſter's feet, and with a weak and feeble voice exclaimed—'Sir 'Knight Errant, I own myſelf van'quiſhed, and beg of you to forgive 'me, and I will never return to this 'place again!' Don Quixote gravely gave him his hand to kiſs in token of forgiveneſs, repeating a Latin verſe he was often wont to make uſe of—

'*Parcere proſtratis docuit nos ira leonis.*'

'The lion teaches us to ſpare the fallen.'

'I will receive thee to mercy, giant,' continued the knight, 'in imitation of 'ſome ancient knights, whoſe example 'I deſign to follow; but it muſt be 'upon condition that thou ſhalt tho'roughly amend thy life, and ſhalt be 'ready to do all ſervice to young dam'ſels, according to the rules of ancient 'chivalry; ceaſing to commit any out'rage againſt them, and righting all 'wrongs to the utmoſt of thy power.' —'I do vow and promiſe ſo to do,' replied Sancho, 'with all my ſoul; and 'do offer the curate to be my ſecurity 'for performance, who I am ſure will 'be bound for me upon this occaſion: 'but that there may be no miſtake, your 'worſhip will be pleaſed to tell me, 'whether, when you oblige me to ſet 'right all that is wrong, you ſuppoſe 'that clauſe to include the licentiate 'Peter Garcia, prior of Toboſo; who, 'having a club-foot, is in that part not 'right naturally: for, to deal plainly 'with you, good Sir, it is God that 'made him ſo, and I will not concern 'myſelf with it.'

Theſe words removed the cloud from the eyes of Don Quixote; who being at length come to himſelf, eaſily concluded, that, after the ſcene he had been acting, Sancho would have no great reliſh for the profeſſion; and therefore, reſolving to turn it all into raillery, he ſaid to him, in a pleaſant tone, and ſmiling, 'Well, what think you of all this, 'my ſon? Is not the man who could 'give you ſuch a proof of his courage

'in a chamber locked up—is not he, I 'say, able to overthrow a multitude of 'enemies, though ever so brave, in 'open field?'—'By my troth,' quoth Sancho, 'all I can say to you is, that 'if you design to give me such proofs 'as these often, I have done with the 'calling. You may from this time 'provide yourself another squire: no 'wages, no ass, no equipage, shall 'draw me along; I leave it all to you!' —'Enough, friend!' answered Don Quixote; 'all that I did was only to 'shew you my courage and activity.'— 'Well, well,' replied Sancho, 'you 'make a pretty business of it, by my 'troth! What is past, is past; but, 'pray, why did you make those thrusts 'and cuts so home, that they grated 'upon my very ears?'—'I have not 'hurt you,' rejoined Don Quixote; 'and I took a great deal of care to a-'void it. Once more I tell you,' all 'this is but mere pastime, which you 'ought not to take ill in the least.'— 'Let it pass, then, for once,' said the squire: 'but come no more there; for, 'by the Lord Harry, I do not like such 'pastime!'—'Talk no more of it,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but help to dis-'arm me, and let us think of nothing 'but our expedition.' Sancho being thus reconciled, they began to lay the project of their sally; and it was soon settled, that the eight hundred ducats which Don Quixote inherited from his niece Magdalen, should be appropriated to that purpose; that Thomas Cecial's ass should be bought with part of it that very day; and that all the rest should be put up in a cloak-bag, with some linen. This was accordingly put in execution to a tittle, as our Arabian historian relates it. Sancho bought his gossip's ass, and came the next day to Don Quixote to acquaint him with it. 'I come to tell you, Sir,' said he, 'that 'I have the finest ass betwixt this and 'Salamanca: you need but hear him 'bray to be convinced. Oh, the rogue 'will perform the drudgery of chi-'valry most compleatly! I long to be 'upon him.'—'You shall not be de-'tained long,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for I design to set out this night. We 'have nothing to do now but to pre-'pare all things for it: and we shall 'meet with no hindrance, because we 'are alone; for my housekeeper is gone 'to wash linen at the pond of Toboso. 'Now let us examine whether Roz-'nante be in good plight, and want 'nothing: then will we search all the 'house to see if we can find the lance 'and the buckler I had last year. If 'we do not find them, we cannot miss 'of something to make others.'— 'With submission to your better judg-'ment,' said the squire, 'I think we 'had best begin by searching the house; 'and if we happen to find your last year's 'lance and target, we will then carry 'Rozinante a measure of barley; we 'will saddle him, and all under one 'make him just ready to set out, which 'will put us in some forwardness.'— 'No great matter,' replied Don Quix-ote; 'but, since you will have it so, I 'am content; let us search the house 'out of hand.' They went directly, therefore, into the kitchen; where San-cho espying a broom, laid hold of it; and having viewed it well, 'Sir,' said he to his master, 'I have a thought 'come into my head: by my troth, I 'believe this is your lance; without 'doubt your lady housekeeper has made 'a broomstick of it.'—'I should be 'loth to swear for her,' answered Don Quixote; 'the poor housekeeper knows 'not the value of such things; and, 'besides, she is so ill affected to knights-'errant, that she is likely enough to 'have put one of the most glorious in-'struments of chivalry to that vile 'use.'—'Well, Sir,' quoth the squire, 'where the needle is lost, there it is 'found. If Madam Housekeeper has 'made a broomstick of a lance, why 'may not we make a lance of a broom-'stick? Nothing is easier; it is only 'kicking off the broom, and fastening 'a spear at the end of the staff.'— 'You are in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'and I have a sharp piece of 'iron in my chamber, which will be 'fit for the purpose.'—'Good,' quoth Sancho; 'if so, we want nothing but 'a buckler, and we are in the field. 'Let us look about narrowly, and per-'haps we may meet with it.' From the kitchen they went into a room where the housekeeper lay; and there they left no place unsearched: nor did they lose their labour; for our knight espying an old great brass-plate, on which they used to dry linen, on the top of a cup-board, which had been thrown there because the foot was broke off and the plate bruised and battered, 'Ah!

'what is this?' cried he. 'What a 'miracle, Sancho! I eſpy on that cup-'board the moſt precious buckler in 'the world!' Having ſpoken theſe words, he mounted upon a chair to reach the braſs-plate; and as ſoon as he had it in his hands, 'O wiſe Alquiſe!' exclaimed he, 'how much is Don 'Quixote de la Mancha obliged to 'you! How ſhall I able to acknow-'ledge ſuch favours?—Son Sancho, 'admire what this great enchanter, my 'protector, does for me! He is not ſa-'tisfied with ſending me enchanted ar-'mour, but to that preſent he adds this 'wonderful buckler, which is the ſame 'the matchleſs Emperor Bendanazar 'formerly bore.'—'Sir,' replied the ſquire, ſhaking his head, 'I can aſſure 'you that is none of the buckler you 'talk of; for it is an old rufty braſs-'plate to dry linen on.'—'I grant it is 'like one,' rejoined Don Quixote; 'and it is that which deceives you. So 'you took Mambrino's helmet for a 'barber's baſon, becauſe it was like a 'baſon*. You give too much credit to 'outward appearances: but you may 'rely on me; knights are never im-'poſed upon. You muſt underſtand, 'friend, that Bendanazar had three 'things which made him invincible, 'and by means whereof he conquered 'the empires of Babylon, of Perſia, 'and of Trebizond. The firſt of them 'was a ring †, whoſe virtue was ſuch, 'that the perſon who wore it could not 'be enchanted; the ſecond was a ſword, 'which at one ſtroke, and without any 'labour, would cut in pieces the beſt-'tempered armour; and, laſtly, the 'third was this wonderful buckler you 'ſee here, which is impenetrable, and 'would reſiſt even a thunderbolt!'—'Heaven be praiſed, Sir!' ſaid Sancho: 'in truth, it was well done of you to 'tell me all this; for the devil take 'him that would ever have imagined 'that target to be any other than an 'old braſs-plate to dry linen on, which 'I ſhould not have thought worth pick-'ing off the ground. Would to God 'we had the ring and the good ſword 'of that Bendanazar! But if we can-'not have all, we muſt be ſatisfied with 'what we have. The batchelor Samp-'ſon Carraſco was in the right, the 'other day, when he ſaid that all men 'could not be popes, nor archdeacons; 'and that, ſo he had but a good mitre 'and croſier, he cared for no more.'

Don Quixote was overjoyed that he was maſter of a buckler whoſe excellency he was ſo well acquainted with; yet he found one objection againſt it, and was a long while before he could contrive how to render it ſerviceable; for it had no ring within to hold it on the arm: however, being ingenious, he at length deviſed a remedy. He made two holes through it, and faſtened in them a great leather thong, which had formerly ſerved him for a girdle. The ſquire perceiving that his maſter had pierced the buckler, ſaid to him, 'Ho, 'Sir! did not you ſay this target was 'not to be pierced? I perceive there is 'no duty laid upon lying.'—'Do not 'wonder at that,' replied Don Quixote; 'for the great magician who made it, 'enchanted it after ſuch a manner, that 'the knights who are poſſeſſed of it may 'make what they pleaſe of it; whereas 'in battle it cannot be pierced or cut, 'or broken, as you may plainly ſee by 'theſe dreadful blows that have fallen 'upon it, and which have only made a 'ſmall impreſſion on it.' As he ſaid this, he ſhewed him the many bruiſes there were on the braſs plate. When the knight had fitted his ſhield and lance, he went out with Sancho to the bin where the barley lay, and taking out a double meaſure, carried it to the ſtable. Rozinante, who had a good noſe, ſoon ſmelt it, and began to neigh; which Don Quixote looked upon as an undoubted good omen of the ſucceſs of his ſally. They ſaddled that excellent horſe, and had leiſure to prepare all

* In an old romance in Ottava Rima, entitled Innamoramento di Rinaldo, is a long account of a Pagan king, named Mambrino, who comes againſt Charlemaign and the Chriſtians with a vaſt army. He is at laſt killed by Rinaldo; but no particular mention is made of his helmet.—For the account of the Barber's Baſon, which Don Quixote takes poſſeſſion of as the helmet of Mambrino, ſee Cervantes. In the firſt book of Arioſto's Orlando Furioſo, Mambrino's helmet is mentioned as being worn by Rinaldo.

† This ring of Bendanazar's, or (as his name is ſpelt in an Engliſh tranſlation of the Romance of Belianis) Brandezar, was won from him by Don Belianis, who ſlew the emperor in a dreadful combat; but it does not appear in the above-named tranſlation, that this ring had any thing to do with Brandezar's conqueſt of Babylon, &c.

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things for their departure before the housekeeper returned; who, not dreaming that any thing was in agitation, retired to bed peaceably, as she was wont. Don Quixote, taking the advantage of her first sleep, armed himself, and went down, without making the least noise, into the court, opened the street-door to let in Sancho, as had been agreed between them; and, taking Rozinante out of the stable, they both left the village.

CHAP. VI.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S THIRD SALLY; OF THE NEW APPELLATION HE MADE CHOICE OF; AND OF HIS FIRST ADVENTURE.

IT was towards the latter end of August, at least five hours before break of day, when the famous knight of La Mancha set forth from the village of Argamasilla, mounted on Rozinante, and fearfully equipped with the armour of the Granadine. In his right-hand he grasped his lance, and on his left-arm he bore the inestimable buckler of Bendanazar: his matchless squire followed him on his new ass, with his portmanteau behind him, and a wallet stored with provision. They rode without speaking a considerable time; when Don Quixote at length broke silence—'You see,' said he, 'my son, how favourable all things seem to our design: the moon lights us with all her borrowed rays; and we have as yet seen nothing which we can interpret to be an ill omen.'—'All is well hitherto,' quoth the squire; 'but I am very much afraid, lest to-morrow Master Nicholas and the curate, missing us in the village, should pursue us with all their retinue; and if once they catch us, beware of the cage, good Sir Don Quixote; you are well acquainted with every inch of it. By the Lord, the relapse would be worse than the disease itself!'—'O thou cowardly and perfidious barber!' cried our hero; 'I could find in my heart to go back to the village to challenge, man to man, all the barbers, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, in the world; as also all the curates, archdeacons, canons, and chanters, of the Greek and Latin church. Is it possible, friend, you should make so small account of my valour, as to think I can be afraid of such weak enemies? Could you bring more lions than Africa contains in it's vast compass, more tygers than Hyrcania produces, and more monsters than the desart Lybia can breed on it's burning sands, for me to engage them all, you should see your undaunted master deliver himself up to the most dreadful dangers with such resolution, that you could not but compare him to Alexander the Great! And you would be in the right for so doing: for I will lay a wager, and it is past all dispute, that if my breast were opened, my heart would be found hairy, as was that valiant king's. Do not therefore give ear, my son, to the suggestions of that base fear; and from this time think of nothing but the honour that waits me at Saragossa, part of which will redound upon you: but for the fulfilling, in all points, the statutes and ordinances of ancient chivalry, I must adorn this buckler, which is infinitely better tempered than that of Atlas, with some ingenious device; and it being convenient that every device should express the inward sentiments of the knight's heart who appears at the tilting, I will therefore cause two damsels, ravishingly beautiful, to be painted on my shield; and they shall be deeply in love with my genteel mien and courage. On the top shall be placed the God of Love, who, extending his arms with his bended bow, shall level all his arrows at me; but I will appear unconcerned at his threats, receiving his arrows on my shield, and they shall drop, without doing execution, at my feet: at the bottom of the buckler shall be these words, "The Loveless Knight!"—Upon my life, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'it is a rare device, and the name fits it well! I find by my hand we shall do well enough without a mistress; and we shall live the longer for it, for I have often heard the barber say that is the way to be long-lived.'

Such was the discourse between our adventurers, who rode on all the rest of the night, and most part of the day, without resting: but now the squire, who was not so indefatigable as his master, was upon the point of beginning

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to rail againſt knight-eraantry, when they diſcovered an inn at a good diſtance from them. 'God be praiſed!' cried Sancho, 'I eſpy a good likely inn, 'where we may paſs the night; and 'to-morrow we will proſecute our 'journey merrily.' Don Quixote, who was then in the vein of taking inns for caſtles, looking on this, ſaid—'Upon 'the word of a knight, that is one of 'the ſtrongeſt caſtles in all Spain! I 'ſcarce think there is ſuch another in 'all Lombardy!'—'Pray, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'take heed what you ſay. Me-'thinks you are too raſh in ſwearing 'by your knighthood. Perhaps that 'which to you looks like a caſtle, and 'to me like an inn, may more likely 'be the one than the other.'—'I tell 'you it is a caſtle,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'and a wonderful piece of 'architecture! How regular it is, and 'how advantageouſly ſeated! Do not 'you ſee it's lofty towers and it's bat-'tlements, it's great draw-bridge, and 'the two fierce griffins that guard the 'entrance?' Sancho opened his eyes as wide as he could ſtare, the better to diſcover the towers and the griffins; and it was none of his fault if he ſaw them not. 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'you will make 'me mad: that houſe has neither towers 'nor griffins; and all I can ſay of it 'is, that if this be not an inn, there 'never was an inn in this world.'—The knight ſtiffly maintained the contrary; and, whilſt they were thus contending, two men on foot paſſed by them. The ſquire aſked them whether the houſe he ſaw was an inn, or a caſtle: they anſwered, it was an inn, and known in that country by the name of 'The Inn of the Hangdog;' becauſe formerly the innkeeper had been hanged for murdering a paſſenger that lay in his houſe. 'It is falſe,' cried Don Quixote, ſternly. 'Away! and evil go 'with you, baſe ſcoundrels that ye are! 'thus to take away the Conſtable's re-'putation, who has always been looked 'upon among us as a worthy and ho-'neſt knight! As for that caſtle, I 'maintain it is no inn; it is a caſtle, in 'ſpite of you, and all others that ſhall 'think the contrary.' The two travellers were no leſs ſurprized at theſe words, than at the ſtrange figure of him who pronounced them: but ſeeing him ſo wrathful, they would not venture to contradict him; and ſo went on their way, not knowing what to think of this encounter. When Don Quixote was within muſket-ſhot of the inn, he ſtopped, and ſaid to his ſquire—'Friend 'Sancho, we muſt not engage here 'raſhly: let us join prudence with va-'lour; and, ſince you ſerve me in the 'quality of a ſquire, it belongs to you 'to go and view the place. Draw, 'therefore, as near as conveniently you 'can to that caſtle, and view it ex-'actly, that you may be able to make 'a juſt report of all things to me: take 'by your eye nicely the breadth and 'depth of the ditch. Obſerve well the 'ſituation and manner of the gates, 'the draw-bridges, the turnpikes, the 'towers and turrets, the platforms, 'the covert-way, the counterſcarp, the 'parapets, the caponniers, the redoubts, 'the gabions, and the corps-de-guard: 'but, above all, enquire what ammu-'nition they have, and how many years 'proviſion; whether they have water in 'their ciſterns; and, in ſhort, what 'ſort of people, and what numbers they 'are, that defend ſo important a fort-'reſs.'—'Hey-day!' ſaid Sancho, interrupting him, 'where the devil do 'you find all that ſtuff? Why you 'will make me as mad as a March-'hare! We have here an inn at hand, 'and may go into it this minute, and 'eat and drink for our money without 'quarrelling or fighting with any-'body; and you would have me to go 'find out bridges, ditches, towers, 'and all the reſt of that confounded 'bead-roll you have juſt now run over. 'If the innkeeper ſees me rounding his 'houſe, he will fancy I deſign to ſteal 'his hens, and will come out and 'break my bones for me. For God's 'ſake, Sir, let us not play the devil in 'inns, leſt we meet with more blanket-'toſſers and enchanters in them! Let 'us not run ourſelves into miſchief 'when we are well; and ſince we can 'walk dry-ſhod, why ſhould we wet 'our feet?'—'Do what I bid you,' replied Don Quixote, 'and talk no more. 'Be docile, and let your valour be ac-'companied by a ready and exact obe-'dience: it is that, my ſon, which has 'rendered the Spaniards ſo formidable; 'and it is no wonder; for the ſubal-'terns being obedient to their ſupe-'riors, all things are performed or-'derly and regularly, which makes 'them more ſtaunch and ſolid; whereas

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'other nations, not observing such 'strict discipline, which is the key to 'success, are easily broken and routed.' —'Well, Sir,' said the squire, 'I will 'obey you; or else we should never 'have done. Dapple and I will go put 'your orders in execution; Rozinante 'and you may follow us gently: but 'I must tell you, that if I find none of 'all that you have said, I will enter the 'inn without farther ceremony, and 'will there give orders for our supper; 'for, by my faith, my guts are so 'empty, that they twist again for 'mere hunger!' Having so said, he clapped his heels to his ass's sides, and soon got to the inn. There he looked all about him; and seeing nothing but a plain house, and a sign to it—'I knew 'well enough,' said he to himself, in a transport of joy, 'that this house was 'a good inn, an heavenly inn, and more 'useful than all the castles in Spain!' This said, he went up to the door, and asked the innkeeper whether he had entertainment. 'I have,' quoth the host, who was a pleasant fellow; 'your 'ass and you shall be treated like 'princes.' Upon this fair promise Sancho alighted; and, taking off his portmanteau, desired the landlord to lock it up for him. Then enquiring what there was to eat, he was told there was an excellent cabbage soup; and, if that was not enough, they would lay down a curious young rabbit. Sancho gave two skips in the air when he heard that blessed soup mentioned; and, hoping to stuff his carcase with it, he led his Dapple to the stable, and whilst he was giving him straw and barley, and ordering some for Rozinante, Don Quixote came up to the house.

The innkeeper and some travellers, who were then standing at the door, spying so extraordinary a phantom in armour, imagined they beheld some figure cut out of old tapestry. They viewed him attentively from head to foot; whilst he, casting a side glance upon them, and looking very gravely, passed by without stopping, or speaking one word. He rounded the inn, examined the wall nicely, and measured it's height with his lance in several places. At length, having thoroughly traversed the whole building, and arrived at the door again, he then stopped, and raising himself fiercely on his stirrups—'In-'defatigable governor!' said he, with a dreadful voice—'and you, redoubted 'knights! who watch day and night to 'guard this place you have been en-'trusted with—behold here the Loveless 'Knight! I do summon and require 'you to deliver to me instantly, and 'without the least reply, my faithful 'squire; whom you, contrary to the laws 'of good chivalry, have taken by trea-'chery, or by the fatal art of the old 'sorceress who affords you her black 'assistance. It is an excess of courtesy 'towards you which inclines me to de-'mand him by words, when it is in 'my power to right myself by force of 'arms. Restore him to me, then, 'unless you will have me put you all 'to the sword, and raze this impreg-'nable castle to the ground! But re-'store him to me safe and sound, pure 'and unspotted, as also all the knights 'and damsels whom your unheard-'of cruelty has immured in deep dun-'geons. If not, come out all toge-'gether against me, not unarmed as I 'see you are now, but with your best-'tempered arms, and your lances of 'hard ash which you brandish in so 'dreadful a manner! Mount your swift-'est coursers, and all at once assail me! 'Here I expect you, to chastise your 'boldness!' Whilst he thus spoke, he was forced every moment to tug with might and main the bridle of Rozinante, whom with much difficulty he restrained from entering a stable which the poor beast found himself near to, and laboured hard to take possession of. The pretended defenders of the castle were much surprized at the knight's discourse; and perceiving that, in pursuance of his challenge, he endeavoured to provoke them to the combat, calling them slaves and cowards, the innkeeper undertook to answer him, and said—'Sir Knight, here is no castle 'that I know of, nor any knights to 'defend it. All our strength is in our 'wine, which is so brisk that it will 'not only knock a man down, but will 'make him say as much or more than 'we have heard from your worship. 'I solemnly assure you that we have 'no squire shut up in our inn. If you 'have a mind to take up your lodging 'in it, why do not you alight. We 'will treat you handsomely; and, if you 'have a fancy to it, we will furnish 'you with a brisk Galician lass to pull 'off your stockings, and she is as ready

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'to perform as to tender her service.' These courteous offers did not satisfy our Loveless Knight. 'I vow,' cried he, 'by the sacred order of knight-er-'rantry, that unless this minute you 'deliver up to me the flower of trusty 'squires, and that Galician princess 'you talk of, you shall all perish by 'my sword!' As Don Quixote was not a man that would vent his threats in vain, it is impossible to say what might have happened, if Sancho, hearing the altercation, had not stept out to pacify his master. He ran to him; and, laying hold of his bridle—'The 'noble Don Quixote,' said he, 'is 'welcome! He may safely come in. 'As soon as ever they beheld me, they 'all submitted themselves. Alight, 'then, Sir,' continued he; 'they are 'all our friends, and only wait to treat 'us with such a cabbage soup as St. 'Christopher himself would be glad to 'meet with; and which I think it long 'till I am engaged with!'—'But, my 'son,' said Don Quixote, 'has nobody 'wronged you? Tell me ingenuously? 'I am ready to revenge your quarrel.' —'No, no, Sir,' replied the squire; 'nobody in this house has touched the 'tip of my finger, and all my limbs 'are as sound as when I came out of 'my mother's belly.'—'If so,' quoth Don Quixote, 'take this buckler in 'one hand, and with the other hold 'my stirrup till I alight.' Our knight being dismounted, went into the house; and Sancho led Rozinante to the stable. Whatever the host could say to him, Don Quixote would not unarm; alledging that, among Pagans, it was not good to be too secure. He only took off his head-piece, and sat down to table merely out of complaisance. The soup and the rabbit were served up. He scarce meddled with them, though he had not eaten a bit the whole day; and spent all supper-time in exhibiting the dignity and haughtiness of a knight-errant. As for his squire, he was more complaisant to his entertainment; for, after devouring all the soup, he swallowed down above three pounds of beef and mutton, and all the rabbit, besides two bottles of white wine, which he drank to the last drop.

After supper, the innkeeper led Don Quixote into a handsome apartment. Sancho unarmed his master, and then went out to lead Rozinante and Dapple to water, and give them another measure of barley and straw. Whilst he was in the stable, the Galician maid, whose good-nature the host had not commended without cause, went into Don Quixote's chamber, and accosting him with more impudence than good grace, said to him—'Sir Knight, I 'come to know of you whether you 'have any need of me. Though my 'complexion is a little brown, yet I 'am not dirty. Tell me, then, shall 'I pull off your stockings? I am very 'ambitious of serving you; for I ne-'ver saw any thing so like a rogue I 'was once in love with, as you are. 'But no more of him; what is past is 'gone. It was a damned dog of a cap-'tain, who stole me away from my fa-'ther's house, promising to marry me: 'but, as yet, he has not been so good as 'his word; and the scoundrel was gone 'in the morning with all my cloaths and 'jewels.' As the pretended damsel uttered these words, she burst into tears; and, immediately resuming her speech, said—'Sir Knight, though you see I am 'servant to an honest innkeeper, yet I 'am a damsel and a maid of honour. 'But, unhappy orphan that I am, I am 'left alone and in want; without hopes 'of any relief but what I must ex-'pect from Heaven, and from the ge-'nerosity of the knight that now hears 'me. Would to God some good 'Christian would revenge my wrongs, 'and pierce the heart of the traitor that 'deceived my unsuspecting innocence!' —'Most beautiful princess,' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting her eagerly, 'leave that to me. It is the duty of 'knights-errant to right such wrongs 'as those; and I swear, by the order 'of knighthood which I profess, that, 'after the tilting at Saragossa, at which 'I cannot avoid being present, I will 'punish that perfidious man who has so 'basely forsaken you! To-morrow you 'shall mount your white palfrey; and, 'covering your beautiful countenance 'with a veil, that the affliction which 'causes your tears to flow may not ap-'pear, you shall go with me, if you 'please, to the royal tilting at Sara-'gossa, attended by your faithful 'dwarf. Do not make any longer stay 'here, most charming virgin! retire to 'your apartment, to taste the sweet re-'pose of the night on that happy bed 'which alone enjoys the blessing of

'holding your tender limbs, and rely 'on a word which cannot fail.' The Galician wench, finding herself dismissed with such singular expressions, presently concluded that Don Quixote was a different sort of being from the muleteers that used to travel that road. But her design being to draw a few rials* from him; and perceiving that the story of the captain had not succeeded as she expected, she immediately altered her method. 'Sir Knight,' said she, 'if 'you have any kindness for me, I beseech you to lend me two or three 'rials, because I am in great need; 'for yesterday, as I was washing the 'dishes, I had the misfortune to break 'two curious earthen plates; and my 'master swears he will break my bones, 'if I do not pay for them.'—'Fear 'nothing, my princess,' replied Don Quixote very gravely; 'the audacious 'man that dares touch you, shall touch 'me in the apples of my eyes.'—'I 'am much obliged to you, good Sir,' quoth the wench; 'and I should be 'much more so, if you would be pleased 'to give me the two rials I ask. That 'will save me the beating my master 'has promised me; and he is the most 'punctual man in the world at keeping 'such promises.'—'How, two 'rials,' said Don Quixote; 'I'll sooner 'give you two hundred ducats, nay 'three hundred, if you want them.' The wench, who looked no higher than two rials, supposing by his offer she should easily have them, drew near to the knight, without any ceremony, to requite him with a hug; but Don Quixote, like another Joseph, started up in terror at the danger this amorous innkeeping wife of Potiphar was like to bring him into. 'I have never read,' quoth he in great disorder, 'that any 'knight-errant, of those I intend to 'imitate, gave way, upon the like occasion, to any dishonest action.' This said, he called upon his faithful squire to come to the relief of his virtue, which was attacked so dangerously. 'Sancho! Sancho!' cried he, 'bring me 'our portmanteau.'

The squire, who was then talking with the landlord, running up—'Open 'that portmanteau,' said the knight, 'and give this beautiful infanta two 'hundred ducats. We shall be no 'losers by it, my son; for when I shall 'have taken revenge of an outrage done 'to her, she will not only return us 'that sum, but she will give you part 'of the jewels and precious stones a 'discourteous knight has ungraciously 'robbed her of.' The sparing squire hearing such an extravagant order, thought his very soul was going to be torn from him. 'What do you talk of 'two hundred ducats?' quoth he in a surly manner. 'Is it not much easier 'to give this impudent baggage two 'hundred kicks in the guts? By the 'giant Goliah's ears, I'll give no such 'sum! Does the brazen jilt think her 'strumpet's face, and her tanned hide, 'are worth half that money? Was it 'not she that asked me just now in the 'stable to give her a groat. Oh, the 'jade! As I hope to live, Sir, if I 'lay hold of her hair, I'll make her 'skip down all the stairs at once!' When the wench saw Sancho in such a rage, she drew him aside, and said to him—'My dear friend, your master 'only bids you give me two rials, and 'I desire no more; for I am sensible 'enough there is no thinking of two 'hundred ducats.' The knight of La Mancha was not a little surprized to see his squire treat a princess with so much familiarity. 'Sancho,' said he to him, 'do what I bid you immediately, and let me hear no more of you. 'We will set out to-morrow with the 'infanta, to conduct her back into her 'country, where we shall be repaid 'with interest.' The squire perceiving he must submit, said to his master, 'Well, Sir, I'll retire and pay her 'that money below stairs at my leisure.—Let us go, Madam Infanta. 'Will you please to walk down, and 'help me to carry this portmanteau? 'I'll pay you immediately.' As silly as Sancho was, he had more wit than to obey his master. He gave the wench but a groat, swearing he would beat her like stock-fish, if she did not tell Don Quixote she had received two hundred ducats. To which the sly gipsey made answer—'I am very well 'satisfied with this groat, master squire; 'and I wish you good night.' The innkeeper took the wench into the kitchen; and Sancho went to bed on a quilt they had laid for him upon two

* The Rial Plate is a Spanish coin worth about sixpence; but the Rial Bas is only worth a groat.

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mules pannels, making a pillow of the dearly-beloved portmanteau which he had ſo lately preſerved from being embowelled by the extravagance of his maſter.

The firſt thing he did the next morning, was to give ſtraw and barley to Rozinante and the aſs. Then he cauſed a good piece of lamb, or mutton, (for none but the innkeeper could decide which it was) to be laid to the fire. That done, he went up to his maſter's chamber to awake him. The poor knight was but then got to ſleep; he had not been able to cloſe his eyes all night, his head was ſo full of the tilting, and of the revenge he was to take on the perfidious captain. He was ſo diſcompoſed with theſe whimſeys that, awaking in a conſternation when his ſquire called him, he cried out—'O 'thou diſloyal knight! who, after 'breaking thy plighted faith, art not 'aſhamed to ſee the light of the ſun! 'behold here the avenger of the Prin-'ceſs of Galicia!'—'Do not put your-'ſelf into a paſſion, good Sir,' anſwered Sancho; "the princeſs is well paid, 'and kiſſes your errant worſhip's hands. 'Riſe quickly, for breakfaſt will ſoon 'be ready.'—'I am reſolved to ſet out 'immediately,' ſaid Don Quixote, getting up; 'for I think it long till I am 'at Saragoſſa. Help me on with my 'armour, and let us ſtay here no longer.' As ſoon as he was armed, he went down into the kitchen, where he took two or three mouthfuls ſtanding; and then cauſing Rozinante to be brought out, vaulted gracefully into the ſaddle; and, raiſing his voice, ſaid to the innkeeper, and other ſtanders by—'Generous 'Caſtellano—and you, valiant knights 'of this fortreſs—conſider whether I can 'do you any ſervice.'—'Sir Knight,' anſwered the hoſt, 'we want nothing 'at preſent, God be praiſed, but that 'you order your ſquire to pay for your 'meat, and the ſtraw and barley for 'your beaſts.'—'Friend,' replied Don Quixote, 'pray, with your leave, where 'did you ever read, that Conſtables, 'who have had the good fortune to en-'tertain knights-errant in their caſtles, 'made them pay for their entertain-'ment?'—'Every man has his way,' quoth the innkeeper; 'and my method 'is, not to lodge any man for nothing.' —'Well,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'ſince 'you will be taken for an innkeeper, 'what is it you demand?'—'Fourteen 'rials,' quoth the hoſt. 'Enough,' replied the knight; and ordered Sancho to pay him: but, at the ſame time, ſpying the Galician wench with a broom in her hand, he cried out—'O ſovereign 'infanta, here am I ready to undergo 'all hazards in performing the promiſe 'I made to you. I burn with impa-'tience till I reſtore you to all your 'rights, and bring you back to your 'illuſtrious parents; whoſe eyes, ſince 'they ſaw you, are become inexhauſted 'fountains of tears. Grieved am I to 'the heart to ſee ſo worthy a princeſs 'in the habit of a ſervant of an inn, 'and ſweeping the houſe of ſuch infa-'mous wretches as theſe are. Mount, 'then, your palfrey immediately; or, 'if ill fortune has deprived you of it, 'make uſe of my ſquire's indefati-'gable ſteed, and come along with us 'to Saragoſſa.' The innkeeper, who was apt to take what he heard in the worſt ſenſe, fancying by this talk that our knight had a mind to debauch his ſervant, and that ſhe was conſenting to it, grew angry; and, calling out to the girl—'How now, impudence!' ſaid he, 'do you dare to put tricks 'upon me? By the Lord, I'll make you 'repent your intrigue with this mad-'man! May never barber's baſon come 'near my beard, if you do not pay for 'this! Away, you ſlut! go waſh your 'diſhes, and leave off your lewd in-'trigues with that crack-brained fel-'low.' The Galician, relying on her innocence, would have cleared herſelf; but the furious innkeeper, not giving her time, ſtopped her mouth with a ſound cuff on the face, accompanied by half a ſcore good kicks, which overthrew the princeſs almoſt crippled.

O ye Heavens! what a ſpectacle was this for the Knight of La Mancha! To what a paroxyſm of paſſion did not this diſmal ſight tranſport him! Achilles, when he ran to revenge the death of Patroclus; the god Mars, when he ſaw the blood run from the goddeſs Cytherea; were not half ſo exaſperated or frantick. To delineate the dreadful aſpect of Don Quixote at that moment, would require a pen dipt in the infernal ſtreams of Tartarus. He inſtantly unſheathed his ſword, and raiſing himſelf in his ſtirrups at leaſt half a foot higher than ordinary, addreſſed himſelf to the innkeeper with a voice like that of

Mars when he agitates the mountains of Thrace—'O thou raſh knight!' quoth he, 'who haſt dared preſume in 'my preſence to inſult the moſt noble 'lady in all Spain, do not think ſo hei-'nous a crime ſhall go unpuniſhed!' Thus ſaying, he ſpurred Rozinante fiercely forward upon the conſtable of the caſtle, who thought of nothing leſs than this invaſion; and, whirling round his blade in the air, diſcharged ſuch a formidable blow on the ſeat of his antagoniſt's underſtanding, that had not the thickneſs of his hat cauſed it to glance aſide, the kitchen-princeſs had been compleatly revenged of the knight of the inn. The cruel blade, however, grazed his ſkull, mowed down one ſide of his hair, and carried away a ſmall piece of his ear. The blood ſtreaming from the wound, alarmed all the inn, and every man laid hold of the weapon that firſt preſented itſelf. The innkeeper ran into the kitchen roaring like a bull; and, ſeizing the longeſt ſpit he was maſter of, breathed nothing but ſpeedy revenge. In the mean while, Don Quixote, contrary to his cuſtom, had very diſcreetly withdrawn to a little diſtance, the better to ſtand the fierce attack which he expected to be made upon him. The inn was ſeated on a riſing ground, and about a ſtone's throw from it was a large meadow; in the midſt of that meadow the courageous avenger of inſulted beauties thought fit to encamp. There he cried aloud, 'War! war!' obliging Rozinante to traverſe the ground every way in a moſt aukward manner, and fiercely brandiſhing his ſword; for Sancho was left behind in the inn with his lance and target. The judicious ſquire, perceiving that, as the matter ſtood, he was in danger at leaſt of being toſſed in a blanket a ſecond time, laboured all that in him lay to ſtill the ſtorm: but the hoſt, who had thrown aſide his ſpit, upon ſeeing his enemy at ſuch a diſtance, called for his gun; and if by good luck his wife had not thought of hiding it, our knight had then certainly ended his days and his adventures. The hoſteſs, and all the paſſengers, repreſented to the innkeeper that he was going to kill a madman; and that, ſince his wound was not dangerous, he ought rather to let him go to the devil. Sancho put in to back all that was ſaid; and made not the leaſt exception againſt all the qualifications they aſſigned his maſter; perceiving that it was the only way to quell the diſturbance. He paid the fourteen rials to a doit, and then took leave of the innkeeper, his wife, and all their company; making them a thouſand legs, and uſing all manner of civility to pacify their reſentment: this done, drawing his aſs after him by the halter with one hand, and carrying the lance and buckler in the other, he haſtened with all ſpeed to his maſter in the meadow. 'Good God, Sir!' ſaid he, coming up to him, 'was it wiſely 'done of you to hazard your carcaſe 'for a wench ten times uglier than 'Pontius Pilate's maid? On my word 'you have eſcaped a ſcowering: had 'the innkeeper found his gun, you 'had gone away with a brace of bul-'lets in your guts; and all your fine 'armour would not have ſaved you, 'though it had been lined in velvet to 'boot.'—'Tell me, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'how ſtrong is the enemy. 'Do they march in platoons like ad-'vanced bodies, or in batallions? 'Have they a great train of artillery, 'many curaſſiers and pikemen? Are 'there many archers among them? 'Are they veteran troops, or new le-'vies? Are they well paid? Is there 'either plague or famine in their 'camp? Who is it commands in 'chief? What general officers have 'they? Inform me what numbers there 'are of Engliſh, Germans, Swiſs, Spa-'niards, Flemings, French, and Ita-'lians? Tell me quickly, that we may 'provide for our defence. Let us 'draw lines in this meadow; let us dig 'ditches, and throw up trenches; let 'us raiſe baſtions and redoubts; let us 'cover ourſelves with curtins and pa-'liſadoes: let us ſecure ourſelves, my 'ſon.'—'Mercy on me!' cried Sancho, 'where are we now? Conſider, 'for God's ſake, good maſter Don 'Quixote, that here is nothing of all 'that you talk of: all about is as 'ſmooth as my hand. And ſince 'Heaven has reſcued us out of the 'innkeeper's clutches, let us fly from 'his inn, as one would from the whale 'of Jonas.'—'Aye, but, friend,' quoth Don Quixote, 'ſhall we leave 'the princeſs in the hands of her ene-'mies? We ought to return to the 'caſtle to deliver her from them, and

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'to chaſtiſe that clown of a Caſtellain 'who has been ſo baſe as to make 'himſelf an innkeeper, contrary to all 'the laws of chivalry.'—'Ads my 'life, Sir!' quoth Sancho, 'have not 'you puniſhed him ſufficiently, ſince it 'coſts him an ear?'—'But you do not 'conſider,' replied Don Quixote, 'that 'I cannot fly without diſgracing my-'ſelf.'—'Very good!' anſwered the ſquire; 'that is a pretty ſtory. Have 'not I often heard you ſay that a 'knight muſt be courageous, but not 'raſh?'—'It is true,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and you now put me in 'mind of it ſeaſonably; for I am ſen-'ſible my valour carries me a little too 'far at this time. It is reaſonable to 'give way to numbers, and not run 'into dangers unadviſedly. A good 'retreat is equal to a victory: what is 'delayed is not loſt. When we return 'from Saragoſſa we ſhall find means 'to relieve the Princeſs of Galicia; 'therefore I conſent that we retire, 'provided we do it in good order, and 'in ſuch manner as may not in the 'leaſt look like flying, for fear has no 'power over my heart: and that none 'may be ignorant of it, I here ſo-'lemnly declare that I retire, but that 'I do not fly!' Having ſpoke theſe words, he rode out of the meadow with a fierce and martial countenance, and took the road towards Ariza, followed by his courageous ſquire, who every moment looked behind him, believing the furious Caſtellain was at his heels.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN Sancho loſt ſight of the inn, he fell again into his uſual good-humour, which the fear of toſſing in a blanket had with reaſon ſuſpended. 'So, Sir,' ſaid he to his maſter, 'are 'you reſolved in earneſt never more to 'think of Madam Dulcinea; nor to 'perform any acts of chivalry for her?'—'There is no doubt to be made of 'it,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'for ſhe 'has worn out my conſtancy. I own 'her no longer for my miſtreſs; and it 'being my will from this time forward 'to be called The Loveleſs Knight, it 'is proper that I merit that name by 'ſome remarkable action.' To this effect, as ſoon as he came into Ariza, he wrote a challenge, which Sancho affixed to one of the pillars or columns of the great ſquare, or market-place, the contents whereof were as follows: That any knight whatſoever, whether errant, or ſedentary, who would maintain that the ladies deſerved to be beloved, ſpoke falſely; and that he would make him own the contrary by force of arms, either man to man, or ten to ten; that it was true that, according to the laws of chivalry, there was no refuſing to defend them, and to revenge the outrages committed againſt them; and that it was alſo lawful to make uſe of them for procreation, provided it was under the indiſſoluble knot of matrimony. That the unheard-of ingratitude of the matchleſs infanta the renowned Dulcinea del Toboſo, was a ſufficient proof of this undeniable truth. The challenge was ſubſcribed, 'The Loveleſs Knight.' All the people of Ariza laughed heartily at this challenge; but no man ſo far concerning himſelf as to engage in the fair-ſex's quarrel, the Loveleſs Knight left the place, after cauſing the ingenious device he had contrived to be painted on his ſhield.

When he came near Ateca, a large open town in the neighbourhood of Calatayud, he eſpied, and at the ſame time ſhewed to his ſquire, a little hovel covered with thatch in the midſt of a field of melons, at the door of which ſtood a country-fellow who watched the melons, with a long bill in his hand. He gazed ſteadily on him, and then ſaid to Sancho—'Let us halt, my ſon; if I am 'not much miſtaken, here is one of the 'greateſt adventures we can meet with: 'you ſee that redoubted warrior, who 'ſtands at the gate of that mighty caſ-'tle with a lance, or a javelin, in his 'hand; that is one of the moſt cele-'brated knights you ever heard of.'—'Good again!' quoth Sancho; 'one 'day one miſtake, and the next day 'another. In ſhort, Sir, either you 'are dim-ſighted, or I am not the flow-'er of errant-ſquires: the man you 'ſhew me there is a country-fellow 'guarding his field of melons; and he 'is in the right, for there are people 'continually travelling this great road 'to Saragoſſa, who might make bold 'to ſtep into his field and refreſh them-'ſelves

'selves with his fruit.'—'Aye, San-'cho,' replied the knight, altogether wrapt in his imagination, 'it is the fa-'mous Count of Angiers, the moſt re-'nowned of all the Paladins* of 'France; it is Orlando Furioſo.'—'I 'tell you once again, Sir,' ſaid the ſquire, 'that it is an honeſt country-'man who is guarding his melons, and 'looks no more like a count than I do.' —'Surely I know better than you what 'he looks like,' anſwered Don Quix-ote: 'that prince, as the moſt authen-'tick book, called The Mirror of Chi-'valry, informs us, was enchanted by 'a Moor; who, by his wonderful art, 'brought him into that fortreſs you 'ſee, to defend the entrance of it 'againſt any mortal whatſoever. It 'is this ſame Orlando, who, tranſ-'ported with jealous rage, becauſe 'Medoro, a young Moor of Agra-'mante's army, had ſtolen away his 'miſtreſs the beautiful Angelica, tore 'up the talleſt trees by the roots†. So 'that, my dear child, I can this day 'ſay, as once the great conqueror of 'Aſia did, that I have at length met 'with a danger worthy of me: I will 'not therefore go any farther till I have 'tried this adventure, ſince my good 'fortune has thrown it in my way.' Sancho, who hoped to have diverted his maſter from that dangerous enter-prize by his uſual diſcretion, replied—'It is my opinion, Sir, that we go 'forthwith into the village, and that 'we do not meddle with that Orlando, 'who has done us no harm; for if the 'holy brotherhood‡ once lays hold of 'us, we ſhall moſt certainly be ſent to 'the gallies, and be kept there till the 'grey hairs grow out at the calves of 'our legs.'—'Ah, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'how ill you reliſh adven-'tures! What would become of us if 'I ſhould follow your timorous ad-'vice? I ſhould ſhun all opportunities 'of acquiring honour, and ſhould be-'come the ſcandal of knight-errantry. 'Iſlands and empires are not to be 'gained after that manner. My 'friend, if you would have me make 'your fortune for you, rouze up your 'courage, and ſhew yourſelf worthy of 'the poſt you may expect from my va-'lour.'—'Well, Sir,' quoth the ſquire, 'ſince it is abſolutely neceſſary, for the 'gaining of kingdoms, to murder that 'poor melon-keeper, I will oppoſe it 'no longer; you may even put your 'hand to the plough. Since I am 'among wolves, I muſt howl as well as 'they. It is true, Orlando has done 'us no wrong; but why ſhould he 'ſtand in our way. When it rains, 'unhappy they who ſtand under the 'ſpouts.'—'Now that Paladin's body 'being rendered invulnerable by en-'chantment,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'and 'there being no poſſibility of wound-'ing him any where but on the ſole of 'the foot, you may plainly ſee I am 'going to encounter the greateſt dan-'ger that ever knight-errant was in. 'I muſt therefore recommend one thing 'to you: do you perform the duty of 'a faithful ſquire. Apply yourſelf to 'the god of battles; and beg, in the 'moſt fervent manner your zeal ſhall 'ſuggeſt, that I may come off conque-'ror in this combat: but if he ſhall 'diſpoſe otherwiſe, if I fall under the 'irreſiſtible force of the Count of An-'giers; if I periſh, do not fail to carry 'me back to my houſe at Argamaſilla, 'thus arrayed as I am in the beautiful 'armour of my great friend Alquiſe; 'provided that Orlando, pleaſed with 'it's goodneſs, and finding his own 'battered by the weight of my ſtrokes, 'does not take it away, as formerly 'the haughty Ferrau‖ took away that 'which belonged to the beauteous An-'gelica's brother. This is not all 'neither; you ſhall cauſe me, in all my 'armour, and in a fierce poſture, to be 'ſeated on a great chair of black cloth; 'and remember, that I will have my 'excellent ſword in my hand, as the 'Cid Ruy Diaz§ had; to the end that 'if any audacious Moor attempts to

* Paladin was a title of honour given by Charlemagne to his twelve peers. See Preface to Hoole's Arioſto.

† See the Orlando Furioſo of Arioſto.

‡ The Santa Hermandad, or Holy Brotherhood, is an ancient inſtitution in Spain, conſiſting of men enrolled from all parts, whoſe buſineſs it is to apprehend robbers and felons.

‖ See the Orlando Furioſo of Arioſto. Book I.

§ Ruy Diaz was a great Spaniſh general againſt the Moors, of whom many fables are told; and, among the reſt, that he ſat in a chair after his death ſeveral years, with his ſword in his hand, and a Jew coming to pull him by the beard, he ſtruck him. The Moors gave him the title of Cid, which in Arabick ſignifies Lord.

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'pull me by the beard, as a Jew did 'that brave defender of the faith, I 'may, like him, take my revenge im-'mediately.'

Sancho could not forbear ſhedding tears, when he heard the knight talk after this rate. 'Ah, my good maſter 'Don Quixote!' cried he, 'I conjure 'you by Noah's ark, and by all the 'beaſts in it, not to meddle with this 'Orlando! Should you cut off one of 'his ears, yet you would not have an 'ear the more.' Thus ſpeaking, as one who loved his maſter entirely, and who was ſenſible that if he loſt him all his hopes would vaniſh, he fell into ſuch a fit of ſighing and ſobbing, that it was diſmal to behold him. 'Alas!' ſaid he, in a ſorrowful tone, 'what 'need was there that I, unhappy 'wretch as I am! ſhould come to ſerve 'your worſhip as your ſquire for ſo 'ſhort a time? Should your worſhip 'have the luck to periſh in this curſed 'battle, tell me what will become of 'your poor ſquire in theſe Indies, ſo 'remote from his own country? What 'will become of the poor forſaken 'damſels? They will have no protec-'tor left them. Who will defend 'them againſt the giants? Who will 'do and undo all wrongs? There is 'an end of all; and knight-errantry is 'gone to the dogs. Why did not I 'die laſt year at the hands of the Yan-'gueſians?'—'Do not weep, my 'friend,' interrupted Don Quixote; 'I am not dead yet. Have not all 'knights been in the ſame danger I am 'in? And yet how many of them end-'ed their days in peace, in their ancient 'ſeats, with their wives and children 'about them. Yet, ſince I may ceaſe 'to live this day, and ſince I am ig-'norant what fate is reſerved for me, 'what is ſaid, is ſaid. If I die, you 'ſhall punctually perform what I have 'ordered.' Having ſpoken theſe words, he gave Sancho his hand to kiſs, and ſpurred on towards the field of melons.

Rozinante, who was ſo ſpent with hunger and wearineſs, that he could ſcarcely ſtand, ſtopped, regardleſs of the ſpur, to regale himſelf, at every turn, with the leaves of the hedges that grew beſide the way. In vain did his maſter upbraid him for not per-forming to his ſatisfaction the duties of knight-errantry: the poor beaſt moved never the faſter. At length, however, they reached the fatal field; and Don Quixote, having now entered it, made directly towards the cottage. The imaginary Orlando, as ſoon as he be-held him, cried out with might and main, that if he did not ſpeedily retire, he might have cauſe to repent it; but the knight ſtill advanced. When he was come within forty or fifty paces of the peaſant, he ſtopped; and, brandiſh-ing his lance with a martial air, ſpoke to him in this manner—'Moſt valiant 'Count of Angiers, whoſe exploits 'have been ſung to ſuch melodious 'lays by the prince of poets, the divine 'Arioſto, this day I am to try with 'you the wonderful force of my arm; 'a day memorable in knight-errantry! 'At this time, fierce Paladin, it ſhall 'not avail you to have your whole body 'enchanted and invulnerable; for I, 'by thruſting a long pin up the ſole of 'your foot, will give unto you your 'death's wound. Reflect, great war-'rior, on the various fortunes of he-'roes! Thy proud head, which was 'the terror of the Saracen camp, and 'whoſe angry looks no mortal till this 'day could bear, ſhall be cut off by my 'ſharp and dreadful ſword, after a 'long and tedious combat, and then 'borne away on the point of my lance 'to the tilting at Saragoſſa: nor ſhall 'the army of the Emperor Charle-'magne be able to deliver you out of 'my hands. Nothing ſhall ſave you; 'the valour of your couſin Rinaldo of 'Montalban, the efforts of Monteſi-'nos, of the Marquiſs Olivier, and of 'the genteel Aſtolphus of England, 'ſhall not guard you from my ſtrokes: 'your two couſins, Griſon the white, 'and Aquilan the black, and the en-'chantments of the ſubtle Maugis of 'Aigren, ſhall nothing avail you. 'Come, then, renowned Frenchman, 'I make uſe of no fraud againſt you; 'I come not to deſtroy you attended by 'a numerous army, like Bernard del 'Carpio and the Mooriſh king Marſi-'lius of Arragon: I am but a ſingle 'Spaniard with my horſe and arms. 'What is it detains you?—Advance! 'Let not cowardice have any power 'over ſuch a heart as yours; and if 'you cannot avoid the ſad fate which 'threatens you, yet at leaſt preſerve 'your ancient glory from the tongue

'of

'of slander.' Here our knight paused a while, imagining what he had said would be sufficient to persuade Orlando that he ought to prefer a glorious death, though certain, before an infamous life. But the peasant continuing silent, as not knowing what to answer, Don Quixote proceeded in the following manner. 'Tell me, O 'warlike Orlando! whence comes this 'heavineſs, which renders you so unlike yourself? Is it a time to stand 'idle, when you hear yourself challenged to the fight? Draw near, great 'Paladin, mount your trusty and swift 'Brigliadoro*. But I remember,' continued our knight, 'that the Mooriſh 'enchanter, who posted you here to 'guard his castle, left you no horse: 'I will therefore alight from mine; 'for it shall not be said that I fought 'you at an advantage.' This said, he alighted. 'Courage, courage!' cried Sancho, at a great distance; 'courage, 'master Don Quixote! fall on cou'rageously! I help you at this distance, 'praying for you like a madman. I have 'already twice said the *De Profundis* 'for your undertaking!' The melon-keeper seeing Don Quixote approach, covering himself with his shield, and brandishing his lance in such manner as made him believe he could have no other design than to kill him, (which was the only idea he could affix to the strange harangue he had just heard) called loudly to him not to advance. Finding this warning utterly disregarded, he laid down his bill-hook; and, picking up a smooth round pebble, instantly fitted it to his sling, and hurled it with all his force at the valorous Manchegan. By good fortune, the enchanted target being composed of brass, was proof against the stone, which fell down at his feet, without execution; but the Count of Angiers soon catching up a second pebble larger than the former, discharged it with redoubled might against the breast of the unfortunate Don Quixote: his armour rang like a bell, and he dropped senseless upon a bed of melons. The slinger, upon this, apprehending he had killed his man, fled towards the town immediately.

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS DON QUIXOTE SAID TO HIS SQUIRE; AND HOW THAT CURIOUS DISCOURSE WAS INTERRUPTED.

'ALAS, poor Loveleſs Knight!' cried Sancho, when he saw his master's fall; 'I told you this cursed 'melon-keeper, who is a greater he'retick than the Giant Goliah, would 'spoil your dancing.' Having so said, he entered the field, leading his ass by the halter; and drawing near to Don Quixote, to see whether he was in a condition to receive any help, he found him stretched out at full-length, and not much unlike a dead body: in time, however, the knight came to himself; and Sancho asking him whether he was wounded, he answered he was not; but that Orlando, in his fury, had thrown a whole mountain upon him, the weight whereof had almost crushed him to pieces. 'Help me to get up, Sancho,' continued he; 'and be not afflicted, 'since I can boast that I have obtained 'the victory.'—'Aye, aye,' said the squire, 'you are the stoutest, sure 'enough; for you have borne the 'blows.'—'Is it not enough for me,' answered Don Quixote, 'that my enemy 'is fled? Is not that a plain demon'stration that he durst not stand me? 'But let him go for the present: I shall 'meet with him another time, and make 'him finish the combat we have begun. 'The worst of it is, that I feel myself 'bruised all over with a dreadful blow 'he bestowed on me with his club, and 'I am hardly able to breathe.'—'By 'my faith it was no club he had in his 'hand,' replied the squire; 'but a 'damned sling, with which he threw 'the two stones that have put you in 'this precious situation!'—'Support 'me, my son,' said Don Quixote, when he was got up; 'let us go into that 'castle to rest ourselves, and to set free 'all the knights and ladies that have 'been enchanted there for so many 'ages.' Whilst he spoke, he moved towards the cottage, leaning on his squire, who had enough to do to sup-

* Brigliadoro, which signifies Bridle of Gold, is the name given to Orlando Furioso's horse, in the poem of Arioſto.

port

port him and his armour: but when he came to the door, he ſtopped ſhort, and, ſeeming to be mightily aſtoniſhed, cried out—'What is it I ſee? I find nothing 'here but a poor cottage! The magnificent palace, which but now appeared to me, is vaniſhed!'—'As 'for my part,' quoth Sancho, 'I am 'not deceived in the leaſt; for, from 'firſt to laſt, this cottage ſeemed to 'me no more than a cottage; and I am 'glad that once in your life you will 'grant you took a pig for a dog.'—'I 'grant nothing,' replied Don Quixote; 'every man ſees after his own manner. It is no wonder that you, who 'are but a peaſant, can ſee things but 'like a peaſant; but I, who am knighted, and conſequently ſee things as 'they really are, have cauſe to be ſurprized at finding nothing here but a 'little hut.'—'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am of opinion it is better for us to 'go into the cottage to reſt us, than to 'ſtand here arguing whether I ought 'to ſee like a peaſant or like a knight; 'and when we are there, we may eat 'of the melons, if we pleaſe, ſince they 'are in our power.'—'I conſent, my 'friend,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'for 'I am ſorely bruiſed, and it is my 'courage that ſupports me more than 'my ſtrength.'

Thus ſaying, they went into the cottage; and Sancho, having ſeated his maſter in a wicker-chair in the eaſieſt poſture he was able, went and unbridled Rozinante, and took off Dapple's pannel; and, leaving the two beaſts to range at diſcretion in the melon-ground, returned to his maſter, bringing the portmanteau and pannel on his back, and Rozinante's bridle in his hand. 'Ah, Sancho!' ſaid Don Quixote to him, 'I do not wonder now that 'I find neither knight nor ladies here: 'I ſee into the myſtery; I have diſcovered the deception. That malignant 'Mooriſh enchanter whom I told you 'of, ten thouſand times more crafty 'than Atlas the magician, knowing 'that all his conjuration could not defend the Count of Angiers againſt my 'proweſs, nor exclude me from his 'magnificent caſtle, what has he done 'to diſappoint me? He has carried 'away the Paladin, and tranſported 'him and his caſtle, by the hands of his 'familiar devils, to the top of the 'higheſt mountain of Armenia, near 'Noah's Ark; and has left nothing 'here but a wretched hut to deceive 'our eyes and underſtandings. But I 'am not ſo eaſily impoſed upon: for, 'as ſoon as ever I have won the prize 'at the tilting, we will go into Armenia; we will clamber up even to 'the ſummit of that high mountain; 'we will beſiege the enchanter's caſtle; 'and when we have made ourſelves 'maſters of it by killing Orlando, we 'will ſet free the great Cham of Tartary, the two princeſſes his daughters, 'his baſtard, his uncle, and his ſiſter, 'whom the falſe necromancer keeps 'there enchanted.'—'Aye, Sir!' quoth the ſquire, 'but if that Orlando Furioſo guards the caſtle-gate with his 'ſtaff that has a ſpear at the end of it, 'and his deviliſh ſling, I declare to you 'I will not come within an hundred 'leagues of him.'—'Let not that 'trouble you,' replied Don Quixote; 'I will take care that he ſhall not hurt 'you; and, to do you honour, it is my 'will that you kill him, by running a 'long pin into the ſole of his foot 'when I have him under me.'—'Then 'you muſt be ſure,' quoth Sancho, 'to 'hold him ſo faſt that he can ſtir neither hand nor foot.'—'I will graſp 'him ſo hard,' ſaid the knight, 'that 'he ſhall not be able to breathe.'—'If 'ſo,' anſwered the ſquire, 'we ſhall 'be very unlucky if we do not compaſs 'our deſign. By Jove, I will clap my 'four fingers and my thumb to it, and 'I'll thruſt the pin up to his guts! 'But, Sir,' continued he, 'I have a 'thought juſt come into my head: I 'would fain know why that Mooriſh 'necromancer enchanted the baſtard of 'Tartary?'—'Why?' replied Don Quixote, 'I will tell you; for I know 'all the ſequel of the ſtory. The enchanter fell in love with the great 'Cham of Tartary's younger daughter: that princeſs, who was as beautiful as the ſun, was called Guenipea. 'She was thought to be daughter to 'Charlemaigne; and there was reaſon 'to believe it: for that prince, in his 'younger days, going abroad to ſeek 'adventures, like a knight errant as 'he was, the great Cham's wife ſeeing 'him, fell in love; and the hiſtory tells 'us that the matchleſs Guenipea was 'the fruit of their tender affections. 'However it was, the Mooriſh enchanter uſed all the methods gene-

'rally practised by lovers to please their 'mistresses, to gain that princess's af-'fection; but Guenipea, who hated 'him mortally because he was red-'haired, made such harsh returns to 'his courtship, that the Moor, despair-'ing ever to gain her love by his ad-'dresses, had recourse to the secrets of 'his art: but enchantments, as you 'well know, having no power over the 'affections, and the princess requiting 'all his love with hatred, he resolved 'to steal her and all her family. To that 'end, he caused his demons in one 'night to build the palace you saw but 'a moment ago in this melon field, 'and in it he shut up the great Cham 'and his family. But you will ask, 'and it will be an ingenious question, 'what reason the enchanter had to 'build a castle upon such a great road; 'for I agree with you, that magicians 'generally seat them in deserts, on the 'top of some steep rock in the midst of 'the sea, or in the most secret part of 'a close forest: I will inform you, 'therefore, what private motives in-'fluenced the Moor on this occasion. 'His intention being to humour the 'Princess Guenipea, and to make her 'confinement as easy as possible, he 'caused the castle to be built in this 'field, well knowing the princess was 'such a lover of melons, that she could 'not live without them: in short, San-'cho, Guenipea is passionately fond of 'them; and I think I have read that 'her stars seem to foretel she shall die 'of a surfeit of melons.'—'Lord, how 'I pity Guenipea!' cried Sancho, 'for 'being now cooped up on that high 'mountain of vermin; where, I fancy, 'there are no more melons than in the 'pond of Toboso. But, Sir, now you 'talk of the melons, let us taste a little 'of those that grow in this ground. 'Since you have gained the field of 'battle, we had as good reap the fruit 'of our victory.' Having so said, he went and gathered two melons, which he chose by making an incision in them; and returned with a joyful heart and smiling countenance. He gave his master some slices of them, who eat very little; for his part, he laid about him as fast as he could swallow: but in the height of his jollity the Count of Angiers returned with three lusty fellows of the town; and seeing Rozinante and Dapple living at discretion in the melon-ground, breaking the hedges, eating some of the melons, and trampling on the rest, they rushed into the cottage, cursing and swearing, and presently rang a dismal peal of bastinadoes upon the bones of our adventurers. Don Quixote, who had unfortunately taken off his head piece, to be the more at ease, received, among the rest, such a knock on the scull, as brought him senseless to the ground. A still sorer portion of cudgelling fell to the lot of the squire; who, having no armour to break the fury of the blows, lost nothing of the good-will with which they were laid on. This sharp piece of service being over, the Paladin and his companions, not at all concerned for the wounded men, whom they left speechless in the hovel, returned to Ateca; taking Rozinante and Dapple along with them, in satisfaction for the damage that had been done in the melon-field.

CHAP. IX.

OF THE GREAT SORROW AND AFFLICTION DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO ENDURED FOR THE LOSS OF ROZINANTE AND DAPPLE—AND HOW THEY WERE ENTERTAINED BY MASTER VALENTIN, A CANON OF ATECA.

ALL this while Don Quixote and his squire lay entranced on the ground. At length Sancho coming to himself, and feeling his bones ache with the bruises he had received, cried out in an angry, whining tone—'Well, 'Sir Loveless, or rather Brainless 'Knight, will you believe me another 'time? I have advised you, over and 'over again, to go about your business 'and wrong nobody; and I could never 'prevail upon your dogged disposition. 'Chew now upon these apples of af-'fliction; and God grant that half a 'score more of those Jews you talked 'of do not come to make an end of 'us if we stay here any longer. Lift 'up your head a little, if you can, 'brave knight! and you'll find it so full 'of bunches, that you'll have more 'reason than ever to call yourself the 'Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect.'

Don

Don Quixote, at these words, raised his head, and exclaimed, 'King Sancho! 'King Sancho*! you cannot, however, 'say that I did not forewarn you a traitor would come out of Zamora during the siege, to surprize you.'—'A 'curse on the spirit of antichrist!' cried Sancho in a rage; 'our souls are just 'ready to skip out of our mouths, and 'you are muttering the story of King 'Sancho! You had better sing the 'Swan's Hymn†, methinks. For St. 'Apollonia's sake, let us go home and 'look out for a surgeon to plaister our 'bodies all over!'—'You must understand, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that the traitor who has brought 'me into this condition is the perfidious Bellido d'Olfos‡, the lawful 'son of Olfos de Bellido.'—'The 'plague confound him, and all his race 'to the seventh generation!' said the squire. 'Haste away to Zamora,' continued the knight; 'and when you are 'near the city, you will discover at a 'distance the good old man Arias Gonzalez, standing betwixt two battlements; in whose presence you shall 'change your name, and take that of 'Don Diego de Lara §: then uttering 'the same words that Don Bermudo's 'son made use of, you shall charge with 'treason, and shall challenge, all the 'knights, squires, women, and children; and, in a word, all the town. 'Then shall you kill all the sons of 'Arias Gonzalez, and of Peter Arias.' —'Blessed Virgin, and Mother of 'God!' cried Sancho, 'we are in a 'fine condition, I warrant you! Here 'have four great over-grown hang-'dogs of melon-keepers, been pounding 'me to a mummy with their cudgels, 'and you would have me go to Za-'mora, to renounce my baptism, and 'to challenge all the town, that an 'hundred thousand millions of men 'may come out of the city and devour 'me with a grain of salt. It is better 'for us to rise, if we are able, and go 'get ourselves dressed in the next town.' This said, exerting the feeble remains of his strength, he raised himself from the ground; and Don Quixote, taking his hand, with much difficulty did the like. But when, upon their quitting the hut, they cast their eyes round the melon-field, without being able to descry either Dapple or Rozinante, then was it that they perceived, in it's full extent, the implacable enmity of the Moorish enchanter. Don Quixote was grieved to his soul; and Sancho, yet more impatient than his master, was nearly beside himself. 'Alas, my dear 'Dapple!' quoth he, blubbering most bitterly, 'we have been too soon parted! Oh, my ass, the delight of my 'soul, the light of my eyes, and the 'charming object of my thoughts! 'Who are the robbers that unmercifully 'drove you away? you, who for your 'long ears might be dean of the asses! 'We two understood one another, like 'two foster-brothers! When I carried 'your barley into the stable, you made 'as harmonious musick as the barber 'does when he goes at night to play on 'his guittar and sing under Joan's win-'dow.'—'Friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'what does it avail you thus 'to torment yourself? Have not I lost the 'best horse in the world?'—'Body o' 'me!' replied Sancho sourly, 'I do not 'forbid you to lament your horse; let 'me bewail my ass, then!'—'I tell 'you once more, my son,' answered Don Quixote, 'you ought to take com-'fort after this loss, though he were 'lineally descended even from the ass 'of Balaam. It is a weakness to be in-'consolable for losses. If they are ir-'reparable, reason should make us bear 'them with resolution. If they may 'be repaired, why should we let sor-'row overwhelm us? I will make strict 'search after Rozinante and Dapple; 'and if it does not succeed, we have 'still our portmanteau to relieve us. 'We'll buy another horse, and another 'ass; and thus we'll disappoint the 'magician, who thought he should pre-'vent my appearing at the tilting at 'Saragossa, by causing my horse to 'be stolen. In the meanwhile, you 'must carry the portmanteau and the

* Sancho the First, King of Castile, was murdered at the siege of Zamora, by a villain who pretended to desert to him from that place.

† The swan is said by the poets to sing just before it's death.

‡ Bellido d'Olfos is the traitor who killed King Sancho at Zamora.

§ An old romantick story in ballads, that this Lara challenged all the city of Zamora for the murder of King Sancho.

'pannel on your back, as far as that 'town, where we will reſt ourſelves.' The hope Sancho conceived that he ſhould once more obtain ſight of his dear Dapple, mitigated his tribulation; and, though his body was bruiſed all over, he took up the pannel and portmanteau, contriving it ſo that the crupper of the pannel hung over his mouth.

As ſoon as they entered Ateca, a crowd of boys and idle people gathered round them, and attended them ſhouting to the great ſquare. The magiſtrates, and ſome of the canons of the church, were walking there at that time. They were aſtoniſhed to ſee Don Quixote in that uneaſy equipage, and his ſquire laden with the pannel, the crupper of which bridled up his noſe. The ſcene ſeeming at once both comical and ſerious, they knew not whether to laugh at, or commiſerate them. But Don Quixote finding himſelf in the midſt of ſuch a numerous aſſembly, which ſeemed not to have eyes enough to gaze on him; and being moved with a juſt reſentment againſt the raviſhers of Rozinante, addreſſed the audience as follows, particularly fixing his eyes on the magiſtrates and churchmen—'Are not you aſhamed, gentlemen,' cried he, 'to allow of robbers among 'you; who, to pleaſe my enemy the 'Mooriſh enchanter, have by ſurprize 'deprived me of my indefatigable 'courſer, and my ſquire of his excel-'lent ſteed! Order what has been ſtolen 'from us to be reſtored immediately; 'and let thoſe audacious perſons who 'have wounded us, becauſe they catch-'ed us on foot and defenceleſs, be de-'livered up to us on diſcretion: other-'wiſe I muſt look upon you all as trai-'tors, or as acceſſary to treaſon; and 'as ſuch I defy and challenge you all, 'either man to man, or all of you at 'once, againſt me ſingly!' This extravagant harangue did not fail to excite the laughter of the audience; and one of the churchmen, taking ſome of the others aſide, ſaid to them—'Gen-'tlemen, I ſuſpect this ſtrange perſon-'age muſt be the very Don Quixote de 'la Mancha, whoſe hiſtory we have 'lately read for our diverſion. You 'ſhall ſee I am not miſtaken.' Thus ſaying, he went up to Don Quixote, and accoſted him as follows—'Sir 'Knight-errant, (for by your noble 'mien, and by your armour, we gueſs 'you are of that order) are not you, I 'pray, that incomparable knight of 'La Mancha, whoſe unheard-of ex-'ploits reſound in all parts? In a word, 'are not you the heroick Don Quix-'ote?'—'Yes, I am he,' replied the knight very gravely; 'and I will make 'thoſe villains who have ſtolen Rozi-'nante, fully ſenſible that their baſe 'contrivances againſt me will not be to-'lerated!'—'Good Sir Don Quixote,' anſwered the canon, 'we have here too 'great a veneration for knights-errant, 'and eſpecially for you, to ſuffer you 'to be wronged in the ſmalleſt parti-'cular. We will do you juſtice for 'the injury you have received; and 'will not only take care that what you 'have loſt ſhall be reſtored; but if you 'know the men that have abuſed 'you, aſſure yourſelf we will cauſe 'them to be moſt ſeverely puniſhed.' —'As for him that I fought with,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I know well enough 'where he is; and he ſhall ſoon hear 'from me. But the villain that wound-'ed me treacherouſly was Bellido 'd'Olfos.'—'No, no!' cried Sancho interrupting him, and putting aſide the crupper which ſtopped his mouth; 'hear 'me, gentlemen! He that knocked 'down my maſter, with a ſtone caſt out 'of a ſling, is an arch knave that guards 'a field of melons hard by here. A 'brawny-backed fellow, who ſquints, 'and has turn-up whiſkers. It is that 'dog, whom Heaven confound! who 'came with other madmen and beat all 'our bones to a jelly; and when they 'had mauled us to death, carried away 'Rozinante and my aſs, God knows 'whither!' Maſter Valentin (for that was the name of the canon who ſpoke to them) being naturally very charitable, and believing Don Quixote ſtood in need of ſome relief, ſaid to him—'Sir Knight, all that has been ſtolen 'from you ſhall be reſtored: in the 'mean time, I beſeech you, do me the 'honour to repair to my houſe with 'your ſquire.' Sancho preſſed his maſter to accept of the offer, and Maſter Valentin carried them home.

The firſt thing that the good churchman did, was to ſend for the ſurgeon of the town to ſearch the wound the knight had received in his head, which fortunately did not prove dangerous. Whilſt the ſurgeon was making ſome lint,

lint, and taking out his implements for the first dressing, Don Quixote looking earnestly upon him, said—'In truth, 'Master Elizabet*, my dear friend, 'I am overjoyed that I am this day 'fallen into your skilful hands; for I 'remember to have read, that you 'know how to apply such sovereign 'medicines to the wounds of knights-'errant, that Averroes, Avicen, and 'Galen, were scarce worthy to be your 'apprentices. But I pray you, tell 'me whether my wounds are mortal? 'for if they are, I cannot, by the 'laws of chivalry, consent to their 'being dressed till I have had full re-'venge for Bellido's treachery.' The surgeon, not knowing what answer to make to this nonsense, looked upon Master Valentin; who, on his side, was hardly less astonished. Fearing, however, that too much talking and earnestness might throw Don Quixote into a fever, and render his wound dangerous, he continued dressing without speaking a word; except assuring him that in a few days he would be perfectly recovered. After the dressing, the canon sent every person out of the apartment, leaving Don Quixote to repose himself on a very good bed. Sancho, who held the candle during the operation, and had not spoken a word the whole time, was bursting to make amends for such a long silence, by setting his tongue at liberty again. No sooner, therefore, was he out of the room, but he said to Master Valentin—'By my faith, Master Licentiate, my 'ribs smart cruelly. That Bellido, 'since it must be Bellido, was no kinder 'to me than to my master; he has left 'no part sound about me but my sto-'mach: and, by the Lord, had he 'spoiled that, as he has done all other 'parts of me, I should wish all the 'Bellidos in the world at the devil! 'And therefore I beg of you, Master 'Licentiate, that you will order the 'cloth to be laid immediately, that I 'may exercise my jaws a little; for I 'have more need of that at present than 'of picking my teeth.'—'But, friend,' quoth the canon, 'we must see whether 'you are not wounded also, before 'Master Elizabet is gone: you need 'only speak, and he'll make two in-'cisions for one.'—'Oh, by my con-'science, I have done with him!' answered the squire; 'all these surgeons 'wish for nothing but wounds and 'sores. Let them alone, they will 'thrust their lancet into your head 'without any ceremony, as if it were 'to pull maggots out. God be praised 'I am not wounded; and I can better 'be without lint this bout, than with-'out bread and liquor.' The canon, upon this, ordered him some supper; and, having sent out to enquire after the pretended Bellido and his companions, who were easily found, procured the restoration of Rozinante and Dapple. Sancho seeing them, ran hastily out of the porch where he was at supper, and coming up to his ass, embraced him with all the tenderness of a lover to his mistress. 'Welcome, my dear 'Dapple!' cried he. 'I wish you 'joy! Tell me, how have you been 'used during my absence? Has that 'great ill-looking fellow Orlando given 'thee straw and barley enough to mum-'ble? Oh, the drunken dog! Oh, the 'splay-footed rogue! May it please St. 'Nicolina, my godmother's patroness, 'that I may see him hanged an hun-'dred years hence.' Valentin seeing Sancho so joyful at the recovery of his ass, said to him smiling—'Master Squire, 'though you had lost your ass, you 'ought not to despair; for I would have 'presented you with a delicate she ass 'worth at least as much, if not more 'than he is.'—'That cannot be, Ma-'ster Licentiate,' replied the squire: 'my Dapple is worth his weight in 'gold; and we were made for one ano-'ther. I understand him by half a 'word, as well as if I had begotten 'him. I know whether he asks for 'barley, or whether he would be car-'ried to water. In short, I can say no 'more, but that I know him better than 'you do your father.'—'Then you 'understand the language of the asses,'

* Master Elizabet is a very skilful surgeon belonging to the Lady Grasinda: by her he is deputed to attend upon Amadis de Gaule, who at that time travelled under the title of the Knight of the Green Sword. Soon after, being cast away upon the Devil's Island, Amadis slays a hellish monster, named Endriagus; (not unlike the dragon conquered by Spenser's Red Cross knight) and is healed of the wounds received in that combat, which were many and dangerous, by Master Elizabet. Amadis de Gaule, Book 3. Chapters 9 and 10.

said Valentin. 'As well as any licentiate,' answered Sancho: 'there is not a syllable escapes me.'

CHAP. X.

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HELD WITH MASTER VALENTIN, AND TWO OTHER CANONS; AND WHAT HE SAID WHEN THEY SHEWED HIM THE FIRST PART OF HIS HISTORY.

WHILE Sancho was gone from the clergyman to carry Rozinante and Dapple to the stable, two canons of the great church came to visit their brother Valentin. They asked him how he liked his two guests. 'As well as can be,' replied Valentin; 'I can assure you I have now in my house a princely pastime. Don Quixote really seems to me as mad as the historian has represented him; and for Sancho, though he has his senses, his simplicity is such that I do not wonder he consents to all his master's chimeras. If you have a mind to be diverted, come and dine with me to-morrow. The knight rests at present, and it would be barbarous to disturb him.' The canons accepted of the invitation; and, as they were taking leave of their brother, Sancho returned from the stable. Valentin stopped him; and, having set his tongue going upon his master's affairs, the honest squire, who desired no better than to have an audience, acquainted the canons, that Don Quixote, no longer able to bear Dulcinea's scorn, had changed his name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, for that of the Loveless Knight; and that, under this appellation, he was going to exert his dexterity and valour at the tilting at Saragossa: in short, he told them whatsoever he could recollect of his master's exploits and adventures. The canons were ready to expire with laughter at every turn; for Sancho's style was no less diverting than the follies he related. When they had heard him, they went home; not questioning but they should have good sport the next day. After they were gone, Valentin entered Don Quixote's room very softly; intending, if he was awake, to make him eat a few new-laid eggs, and drink a glass of wine: but, whether nature, being exhausted by beating and fatigue, required rest; or whether the bed of a canon possessed in some peculiar degree the powers of somnolency; he found the knight in so profound a sleep, that he left him till the next morning; when Don Quixote arose, greatly refreshed and invigorated.

The canons did not fail coming the next day to dine with Valentin; and when they were all seated at table, they began to discourse of knight errantry. 'It were happy for us,' said one of the canons, 'if there were more knights-errant at this time amongst us; for the world is much more depraved than it was in the days of Amadis de Gaule: and, though there were as many knights in Spain as there are gnats, God forgive me! I believe they would all find employment enough. Injustice reigns everywhere, falsehood prevails, and unredressed wrongs are infinite. In one place detraction sullies honour, and destroys reputation; in another, orphans are crying for assistance: and I will forfeit my prebendal dignity if there be any thing more frequent than forsaken damsels.'—'It is true,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that, to the shame of this age, knight-errantry is neglected; but it shall not be my fault if that sacred order be not speedily revived; and if all men, whose courage and virtue render them worthy, would follow my example, we should soon see justice done to those orphans and damsels you speak of.'—'Aye, if they would follow your example,' answered the canon; 'but there's the point. Pray, where will you find men fit to encounter giants as tall as wind-mills! men bold enough to charge a whole army as if it were but a flock of sheep! Believe me, worthy Don Quixote, your actions will be admired; but I much question whether any body will imitate them.' Sancho, who waited at table, and now and then drawing near the side-board, took a good draught by stealth; and another time, carrying off the dishes that were served up, suffered nothing to return to the kitchen without tasting it; hearing now his master's exploits discoursed of, soon put in for a share of the conversation. 'Master Licentiate,' quoth he, interrupting the canon, 'you have forgot the best of the story. Is

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'the adventure of the fulling-mills but 'a trifle, d'ye think? Hang me, if I 'do not fancy I ſtill hear that con- 'founded noiſe, which made my guts 'wamble in my belly! Faith and troth, 'I found, that bout, that my mother's 'ſon was in quake-breech fear!'— 'And you made your maſter ſmell it,' replied Valentin, ſmiling. 'I don't 'deny it,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but 'you know very well, Maſter Valentin, 'that, when nature will work, there is 'no bidding her ſtay: the ſhot muſt 'fly, or the gun ſplit.' The canons burſt out a laughing; and he who had been ſilent before, ſaid—'For my part, 'I admire the penance Don Quixote 'underwent in Sierra Morena* in imi- 'tation of Beltenebros!'—'And, pray, 'was not the reſcuing of the galley- 'ſlaves,' cried Sancho, 'a notable ex- 'ploit? And the combat with the Biſ- 'cainer, and the adventure of the 'Yangueſians? But hold, gentlemen,' continued he, checking himſelf, 'no 'more of that, I beſeech you; let that 'never be mentioned; there's a reaſon 'for it.'—'Well, friend Sancho,' ſaid Valentin, 'that adventure, for your 'ſake, muſt be buried in oblivion, as 'well as that of your toſſing in a 'blanket: and, for my part, whenever 'I read your maſter's hiſtory over 'again, (and I keep it very cloſe in my 'cloſet) I promiſe you that, when I 'come to thoſe ſcurvy paſſages, I will 'turn over the leaf without reading 'them.'

Don Quixote was amazed to hear that Valentin was in poſſeſſion of his hiſtory. 'Maſter Licentiate,' ſaid he, 'is it 'poſſible that the wiſe Alquife, who is 'to record all my actions, has already 'publiſhed thoſe I have performed!'— 'The wiſe Alquife,' quoth Valentin, 'is not the author of the hiſtory I 'ſpeak of: it is an Arabian writer, 'whoſe name, if I miſtake not, is Cid 'Hamet Benengeli.'—'I am not ac- 'quainted with that necromancer,' anſwered Don Quixote: 'but it is no 'matter; do me the favour to ſhew me 'his work.'—'With all my heart, if 'you deſire it,' ſaid Valentin; and, riſing from table, he went into his cloſet, whence he brought a book, which he delivered to the knight. 'Let us 'ſee, pray,' quoth Sancho; 'let us ſee 'whether that book mentions me.'— 'You need not queſtion, friend,' ſaid one of the canons; 'for it mentions 'your aſs.'—'My aſs!' quoth the ſquire; 'then it is the aſs Gineſillo de 'Paſſamonte ſtole from me; for this 'aſs I have now was not with us laſt 'year. Alas, poor infant! he is this 'year in his noviciate of knight-er- 'rantry; but, on my conſcience, if he 'holds on as he begins, he muſt have 'a whole hiſtory written of him alone.' In the mean while, Don Quixote opened the book; and, while he read, the canons eyed him attentively. He ſtopped at the firſt page; where the author, deſcribing him, ſays, none raviſhed him ſo much as the works of Feliciano de Silva, whom he admired for the beautiful perplexity of his expreſſion. How was he tranſported when he read ſuch amorous complaints as the following!— 'The reaſon of the unreaſonableneſs 'which you offer to my reaſon, does 'ſo weaken my reaſon, that, with all 'reaſon, I complain of your beauty, '&c.'—'Benengeli,' quoth Don Quixote, ſhutting the book in a paſſion, 'is an impoſtor, or rather a ſlanderer. 'I perceive he has compiled this work 'only to rob me of my honour, that I 'might be taken for a madman by thoſe 'who do not know me. He made haſte 'to be before-hand with the wiſe Al- 'quife, my faithful hiſtorian, well 'knowing that the firſt impreſſions are 'hardly to be defaced. He charges me 'with being fond of fuſtian bombaſt 'ſtuff: do you, gentlemen, do me juſ- 'tice; tell me whether my words make 'good that charge? By this you may 'diſcover that ancient hiſtorians are to 'be read with circumſpection, and that 'their cenſures are no more to be re- 'garded than their praiſes; ſince an au- 'thor dares ſlander me whilſt I am yet 'living. I declare, I diſapprove of Feli- 'ciano de Silva's ſtile; I am not pleaſed 'with his impertinent jingle of words: 'and, Heaven be praiſed! I am ſo far 'from falling ſhort in my judgment in 'that point, that I flatter myſelf I have 'ſenſe enough to find fault with better 'works than that of Feliciano de Silva;

* Sierra Morena is a chain of mountains in the province of Andaluſia in Spain. The name ſignifies the Brown Mountain.

'and

'and I know not but I might make good 'criticisms even upon Galatea*. I will 'recite to you a few verses of my own 'composing; not that I value myself 'upon being a good poet, but only to 'convince you that I do not love bom-'bast; for, if I affect it, it must appear 'in my poems, rather than in my con-'versation; since you know that poets, 'giving a loose to their fancies, may 'easily swerve from their natural strain, 'and fly into extravagances, if judg-'ment ceases to guide them.' The canons declaring it would be the greatest satisfaction imaginable to hear his verses —'Well, then,' said he, 'hear a Son-'net, which I composed last year, on 'the Princess Dulcinea's recovery from 'a fit of sickness.

SONNET.

AT length, my fair, we gain the victory due!
Death, vanquish'd Death, declines th' un-equal strife:
Our vows o'er Fate prevail to spare your life;
And Nature's loveliest work is sav'd in you.

Languid and pale your fading beauties grew!
Languid and pale, they still inspir'd delight:
Your eyes half quench'd in everlasting night,
Reverence at once and streams of sorrow drew!

Those eyes their wonted radiance now impart;
Those heavenly charms with health return again;
But what, alas! returns to my poor heart!
My fair-one's cure scarce mitigates my pain!
Since, if she die, I too for grief depart;
If she survive, I perish by disdain!

'This, I think, may suffice,' continued Don Quixote, 'to convince you, 'that Benengeli gives a very false ac-'count of me.'—'Sir Knight,' said one of the canons, 'your works and 'your discourse much discredit that 'Arabian author; yet, after all, he de-'serves pardon, for though in the first 'page of his book he does you that 'wrong, I can assure you that through-'out all the rest of his history he does 'you justice, making you talk like 'a man of sense.'—'So much the 'worse,' replied Don Quixote; 'for an 'author ought to preserve consistency 'in his characters. Read all Homer's 'Iliad, and mark whether the character 'of Achilles fails in any part. Do not 'you see the same Achilles who braved 'Agamemnon, and who chose rather 'to suffer the conflagration of the 'Grecian fleet, than to forego his re-'sentment? Do not you see, I say, the 'same coherence of passion in the an-'swers he returns to good old Priam, 'who desires he will restore to him the 'dead body of Hector his son? Thus 'it is that Homer keeps up all his cha-'racters: you will not find that he ever 'departs from any of them. Ulysses is 'always crafty; Nestor still continues 'the oracle of the army: and therefore 'Benengeli, designing to make me pass 'for a madman, ought not to make me 'discourse like a discreet person.'

CHAP. XI.

HOW DON QUIXOTE PARTED WITH MR. VALENTIN; AND HOW SANCHO FOUND ARCHBISHOP TURPIN'S CLUB.

THE canons could not but admire that extravagant medley of folly and judgment which appeared in Don Quixote's discourse; and, being conscientious men, who pitied their neighbours frailties, they cursed in their hearts the pernicious books which had destroyed such an excellent understanding. Sancho, who had stood by and listened to his master with a great deal of attention, perceiving that he had done, said, in his turn, to the canons—'Well, gentlemen, what say you now 'to my master Don Quixote? I'faith 'you must own he has both rhyme and 'reason at his fingers ends! Had he been 'an archbishop, he had made lectures in 'every corner! Words multiply under 'his hands; I could listen to him for 'ever: and when he talks, I fancy I hear 'a book read! By my faith, I would this 'very moment give sixpence I have in 'my pouch, with all my heart, to have 'words always at command as he has! 'Ah! what brave stories I would tell 'the wenches at the bake-house in our 'village! I love men of sense; I de-'clare it: and if Fortune should so or-'der it that my wife and I should have 'a son by our holy endeavours, I here

* A work written by Cervantes, and published in the year 1584.

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'make a vow I will send him to learn 'divinity at Salamanca. But the dog 'must not think he shall spend his fa-'ther's means in gaming with other 'sons of whores like himself, for I 'will give him more lashes with this 'girdle I have on, than there are hairs 'in my venerable beard.' So saying, he took off his girdle, and began to apply it smartly to the legs of the canons, crying out in a passion—'Study, 'you hang-dog! learn your book, if 'you design to be a governor after me.' —'Enough, enough, Mr. Sancho!' said one of the canons, holding his arm; 'remember the boy you are whip-'ping is not yet begotten.'—'Well, I 'will have done, then, for this time,' replied the squire, 'since your wor-'ships are so pleased; and he may 'thank you for it, for if I am so sa-'tisfied for the first fault, he may as-'sure himself he shall pay for all the 'next he commits.'—'How absurd 'your behaviour is, Sancho!' said Don Quixote very gravely; 'you have 'no son yet, and you pretend to whip 'him already, because he will not go 'to school.'—'Ah, Sir!' quoth San-cho, 'do not you know that children 'must be corrected in time; and that 'if they are humoured when they are 'little, they grow lazy and wilful? 'They must understand from their 'mother's belly that learning is to be 'whipped into them; for so my father 'bred me: and if I have any guts in 'my brains, by my troth! I may 'thank good banging for it. He let 'drive at me so unmercifully, that 'the old curate, who then lived, (God 'have glory of his good soul!) every 'time he met me in the street, laying 'his hand on my head, would say— "If this boy is not beaten to death, "he will grow by inches."—'Nay, 'then, friend Sancho,' quoth Valen-tin, 'I perceive your old curate was 'a great prophet.'—'Yes, Sir,' re-plied the squire; 'I will assure you he 'was a man of parts. In his younger 'days he had been at the university of 'Alcala; and he was so learned, that 'he could say part of his vespers by 'heart.' The canons were mightily pleased with Sancho's flights, whom they perceived to be no wiser, but yet pleasanter, than his master's; and there-fore they came every day to Valentin's, where our adventurers still furnished them fresh scenes of diversion.

Don Quixote, finding his wound perfectly cured at the end of eight days, thought he could not make any longer stay there without infringing the laws of chivalry; and therefore the ninth day, after dinner, he said to his host— 'I think it is now time that I have 'your permission to depart for Sara-'gossa: you are very sensible how 'much that expedition concerns 'knight-errantry. If fortune proves 'favourable to my undertakings, I 'design to send you the chief prize of 'the tilting, which I now conjure you 'to accept of: it is the least I can do 'for one who has taken such care to 'recover me of my wounds.' The charitable Valentin, who longed to discourse seriously with our adventurer, and to try whether it were not possible to incline that distracted soul to some profitable employment, calling up all his eloquence to his assistance, answered Don Quixote in this manner—'Mr. 'Quixada, you are free to go when 'you please; but I beseech you, con-'sider for a moment, how strangely 'you are misled and deluded! Others 'would please themselves with hu-'mouring your extravagant notions; 'but, for my part, I know nothing 'more deplorable, and I think it a 'duty of my profession to endeavour 'to remove your blindness. Consider 'that Amadis de Gaule, Esplandian, 'and all those other ancient knights, 'whom your ridiculous books of chi-'valry make mention of, and whose 'examples you fondly endeavour to 'follow, are but imaginary heroes. 'What historian, what wise author of 'any nation whatsoever, writes of 'them as of men that have really had 'a being! All the actions recorded of 'them in those fabulous books which 'have disturbed your understanding, 'are nothing but lyes invented for the 'amusement of the idle: pernicious 'works, which magistrates ought to 'prohibit under the severest penalties, 'since such vain reading conduces only 'to keep people in ignorance, and 'make them neglect those things which 'are profitable and instructing. Be-'think yourself, master Quixada, that 'it is a mortal sin thus to forsake your 'house, and neglect your affairs, for

'the ſake of rambling about the world 'like a madman, with that poor peaſant 'whom you have ſeduced to take part 'in your extravagances. Cannot you 'diſcern, even in the midſt of your 'madneſs, that you make yourſelf the 'ſport of great and ſmall, and that 'you expoſe the honour of a gentleman 'to the ſcorn of the rabble? Under the 'abſurd pretence of righting wrongs 'which are not committed, you moleſt 'travellers upon the publick road; and 'perhaps, ere long, the Holy Brotherhood may lay hold of you for murdering ſome innocent creature; and 'then, without any regard to your 'diſtempered imagination, will inflict 'on you ſome puniſhment that may 'ſtigmatize your family. Let me entreat you once again, Mr. Quixada, 'ſeriouſly to conſider with yourſelf; 'put away all thoſe fantaſtical notions 'of chivalry; get home as faſt as you 'can, and give your friends and kindred (who deplore your folly) the 'ſatisfaction of ſeeing you once more 'make the right uſe of your reaſon. 'Read good books; and follow ſuch 'exerciſes as may gain you the eſteem 'of all good men. If you are willing to take my advice, I do here promiſe to bear you company to your 'own habitation, though it be above 'forty leagues from hence to Argamaſilla; and I will defray all the charge 'of the journey, that you may be perſuaded I have no other deſign in the 'counſel I have juſt given, but to promote your honour, and to take care 'of your ſoul.'

As ſoon as maſter Valentin had ended, Sancho, who had obſerved his diſcourſe with great attention, took upon him to ſpeak; and, without riſing from his aſs's pannel, on which he was then ſitting, ſaid—'Indeed, Mr. 'Licentiate, you are no fool! All you 'have ſaid to my maſter Don Quixote 'is moſt true; and it is no more than 'has been told him an hundred thouſand millions of times by the curate 'Peter Peres, maſter Nicholas the barber, and myſelf; but, as they ſay, 'My mother corrects me, and I laugh 'at her: it is a vile child, that will not 'mend. You will never rid his mad 'head of the whim he has taken of going about to look for wrongs, or rather for melon-keepers or muleteers, 'to beat us like dogs: beſides, he 'every moment takes inns for caſtles; 'abuſes all we meet, by calling them 'Renards and Orlandos, and giving 'them ſuch names the devil himſelf 'would not endure. Look ye now, 'Mr. Valentin, this is matter of fact: 'but the other day he gave the title of 'Infanta of Galicia to a naſty wench 'that came to me in the ſtable; and 'offered to commit the ſeven deadly 'ſins for a groat. Body o'me! he 'talked to her with more breeding 'than he would do to the daughter of 'the Archdeacon of Toledo!'

During all this time, Don Quixote was leaning upon a window, abſorbed in a profound reverie; which induced maſter Valentin to hope that his harangue would produce the deſired effect upon him: but, as ſoon as Sancho ceaſed ſpeaking, he ſtarted up like one that wakes out of a dream; and, looking round upon the canon with indignation, ſaid to him, in a furious manner—'I am aſtoniſhed, my Lord Archbiſhop Turpin *, that you, being one 'of the Emperor Charlemagne's chief 'barons, and allied to the twelve peers 'of France, ſhould have quitted the 'noble exerciſe of chivalry, and given 'yourſelf up to ſuch an idle and unprofitable life! The love of knight-errantry is in me too prevalent to admit of my following ſuch cowardly 'counſels. No more, then, offend my 'ears with theſe frivolous exhortations, but reſt ſatisfied with tamely 'ſaying your breviary; ſince, to the 'detriment of your former glory, you 'baſely hang up, as an uſeleſs weapon, that ponderous and ſanctified 'club, with which you uſed to beat 'out the brains of giants, and which 'has been ſo fatal to the fierceſt warriors in the armies of King Marſilius and Agramante.'—'Ho, ho! 'Mr. Valentin!' quoth Sancho, interrupting his maſter and turning to

* The ſubject of a fabulous hiſtory aſcribed to Turpin is the exploits of Charlemagne and his peers in the expulſion of the Saracens from Spain. Turpin is ſaid to have been a monk of the eighth century; who, for his knowledge of Latin, his ſanctity, and gallant exploits againſt the Saracens, was preferred to the archbiſhoprick of Rheims by Charlemagne.

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the clergyman, 'you have had a touch 'at knight errantry, too, it ſeems, 'though you do not boaſt of it: I 'will warrant you, then, you are no 'ſtranger to cudgelling, and bangs 'from a ſling. By my ſoul, I am glad 'of it! He who finds moſt fault with 'the mare is the man that buys her.' —'My ſon Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'give me my armour preſently, 'and lead out my horſe in a moment: 'let us get out of this palace, which is 'more dangerous than Armida's.'— 'You ſee, maſter Licentiate,' quoth Sancho, 'that your lecture has ſignified nothing; in ſhort, my maſter 'Don Quixote has too much wit to 'want ſenſe.'—'Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'time is precious; 'do what 'I bid you preſently.' The ſquire went immediately for his armour; and the knight, having put it on, mounted Rozinante, and abruptly departed; bowing to the archbiſhop gravely, but without ſpeaking one word, ſo incenſed was he at his cowardice. As for Sancho, when he was ſeated upon his aſs, he ſaid to maſter Valentin—'Mr. Licentiate, I thank you for your good 'cheer; and I pray God to keep you '*per ſæculorum!*'—'You are very 'learned,' anſwered the clergyman; 'you talk Latin!'—'Like a canon,' quoth Sancho; 'though we have not 'taken our degrees, as you have done, 'yet we know a little of every thing as 'well as you: I could once have read 'my Criſs-croſs-row off hand; and if 'I had minded my godfather, who 'was churchwarden of our pariſh, and 'would have given me learning to help 'him to make up his accounts, I ſhould 'have been, by this time, the top of 'our pariſh. In ſhort, Mr. Valentin, 'my town's name is Argamaſilla; and 'I ſhall be always there ready to obey 'your commands, provided it be not 'againſt God or the Holy See Apoſto-'lick. Farewel! I kiſs your hands; 'and I beſeech holy St. Agnes that 'you may live as long as our grand-'father Abraham, from whom we are 'all deſcended!'

Having ſpoken theſe words, he clapped his heels to his aſs's ſides, and followed his maſter; but, as he paſſed through the market-place, he was ſtopped by ſome officers of the town, who had a mind to have a little ſport with him. 'Hey! whither are you bound, 'Sir Knight?' ſaid one of them.— 'Gentlemen,' ſaid Sancho, 'I am no 'knight as yet; that is not to be done 'ſo haſtily as you imagine: A man 'muſt be apprentice before he can be 'maſter; but when that holiday comes, 'we will be ſure to keep it. In the 'mean time, we are going to the tilting at Saragoſſa, and from thence we 'proceed to take griffins neſts on the 'mountain of Vermin.'—'Good Mr. 'Squire,' ſaid another, 'pray let us 'partake of the jewels you ſhall win 'at the tilting.'—'As for the jewels,' anſwered Sancho, 'you ſhould have 'ſpoke ſooner; they are already promiſed to Maſter Valentin, who expects them as punctually as he does 'his four meals a day: but if you 'will accept of any giants, you ſhall 'have them in all ſorts of dreſſes.' This anſwer ſet all the officers a laughing; which the boys of the town obſerving, they began to ſhout and make faces, and at the ſame time ſaluted the ſpeaker with a volley of peas from their ſarbacanes, or pea-ſhooters. Sancho, not much reliſhing ſuch a ſalutation, on this occaſion approved himſelf a worthy ſquire of the renowned Don Quixote; he put on his aſs boldly into the midſt of the boys, and laying about with his cudgel to the right and left, ſoon drove away thoſe that came neareſt to offend him: having thus made himſelf way by his valour, he clapped both his heels to Dapple, and overtook his maſter; who, ſeeing him come upon a full trot, and in a heat, ſaid to him—'What is the matter, my 'ſon? you ſeem diſturbed.'—'The 'buſineſs is over,' anſwered the ſquire; 'and, God be praiſed! I had no need 'of your aſſiſtance. The Mooriſh enchanter had let looſe at leaſt an hundred fairies at my heels; but, by the 'help of this ſtaff, which I accidentally found in Maſter Valentin's ſtable, I drove them all away like flies.' —'Sancho, Sancho!' ſaid Don Quixote, with a look and tone of aſtoniſhment, 'let us go on fair and ſoftly. 'You ſay you have put to flight the 'enchanter's devils with that ſtaff now 'in your hand.'—'Yes, Sir,' replied the ſquire; 'for, by being uſed to chi-'valry, I gather courage.'—'By the 'Lord!' quoth Don Quixote, 'it is 'Archbiſhop Turpin's club that you 'have found; for, in ſhort, my ſon, no

'cudgel, of any length or thickneſs 'whatſoever, can put ſpirits to flight; 'that requires a weapon which has 'been bleſſed by ſome miniſter of the 'holy church.'—'By my faith!' ſaid Sancho, 'I will not anſwer for it's be-'ing Archbiſhop Turpin's club; but 'I know it did me ſervice at this time, 'and may ſtand me in ſtead another.' —'Ay, child!' quoth Don Quixote, 'it is better than Hercules's club: let 'us keep that ineſtimable weapon very 'carefully; it will be of the utmoſt 'uſe to us: for, although my valour 'be ſupported by a wonderful ſtrength 'of body, yet it is of no force againſt 'the powers of hell; whereas, by vir-'tue of a club ſo ſanctified, which 'thoſe rebellious ſpirits cannot with-'ſtand, we ſhall eaſily drive away the 'devils and the enchanters.'—'So that 'if we had had this good weapon laſt 'year,' ſaid the ſquire, 'we ſhould 'not have been ſo unmercifully beat-'en.'—'There is no doubt to be made 'of it,' replied Don Quixote. 'Since 'it is ſo,' anſwered Sancho, 'I will 'keep it ſafer than my firſt ſhirt.— 'Oh, holy club!' ſaid he, kiſſing it, 'in an happy hour were you found: 'when I took you up in Maſter Valen-'tin's ſtable, I would willingly have 'changed you for a bit of cheeſe; but, 'by my faith! I will not now take a 'dozen of hogs-puddings for you.— 'Tell me, pray, Sir,' continued he, 'was it not by means of this club that 'Maſter Valentin came to be an arch-'biſhop?'—'That may very well be,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Body o'me!' re-plied the ſquire, 'ſince it has made an 'archbiſhop, it may as well make a 'governor. Why not? Cannot he 'that threads a needle as eaſily ſtring 'a pearl?'—'It is certainly the wife 'Alquife,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that 'has conveyed to us ſuch a precious 'treaſure, to make amends for the 'fault of forſaking us the other day 'in the melon-field!'—'It is true,' quoth Sancho, 'that of late he has not 'minded where we begged our bread. 'He leaves us to ſtretch the leather 'with our teeth: if you tumble in the 'mire, there you may ſtick for him. 'By my faith, I believe he only gave 'you that armour to get you well 'beaten!'—'Say no more, my child,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'let us not com-'plain of him: we may well forgive 'his paſt neglect, conſidering the pre-'ſent he has made us this day.'

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

OF THE DISAGREEABLE ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE MET WITH AS HE ENTERED THE CITY OF SARAGOSSA.

'UNFORTUNATE knight 'of La Mancha!' exclaims the ſage Aliſolan, at the beginning of this chapter; 'how little fortune favours your magnanimous undertakings! You left Argamaſilla to gain all the honour of the jouſts at Saragoſſa! and before you are able to reach the place, the whole ceremony is at an end!' In ſhort, when Don Quixote arrived within a mile of Saragoſſa, he was informed the tournament was over. This news exceedingly afflicted him; and though he had in reality no perſon but himſelf to thank for loſing ſo fair an opportunity of renown, yet could he not forbear laying all the blame on the Mooriſh enchanter and Archbiſhop Turpin. 'Thoſe falſe men,' ſaid he, 'have accelerated the concluſion of the tilting, purpoſely to deprive me of the prizes; which, had I once entered the liſts, I had aſſuredly been maſter of.' Sancho alſo, partaking of his maſter's diſſatisfaction, murmured much that they had not ſtaid for them. 'Oh, the rakes!' ſaid he, 'they were in mighty haſte with 'their louſy tilting; why did not they 'put it off till your coming? There 'had been much better ſport, I'll warrant them; for the more fools, the 'more laughter. What unmannerly 'people they are, to make ſo little account of us! What, do they think 'you have a ſcald head, becauſe your 'ſcull is bald!' Don Quixote, for his part, compleatly vexed at having miſſed ſo ſplendid an opportunity of diſplaying himſelf, when he came to the Aljaferia, which is an ancient palace of the Mooriſh kings of Saragoſſa, ſuddenly halted; and abundance of people flocking about to have the better view of him, and to aſk why he came thus all in armour after the tilting was over, he raiſed his voice, and ſpoke theſe words—'Knights of the city—and knights of 'this ſtrong caſtle—give ear to me! 'That I may retrieve the honour the 'enchanters have deprived me of by 'accelerating the tilting, I publickly 'challenge all thoſe among you, whom 'love has made ſubject to ſome lady 'or princeſs! and to-morrow you ſhall 'be eye-witneſſes how unfortunate they 'will prove whom my lance ſhall reach,

'or

'or who shall encounter the edge of my 'invincible sword! But, at the same 'time, I challenge the governor, lord-'mayor, aldermen, and all other ma-'gistrates of the city; to punish their 'incivility in not putting off the tilt-'ing for my sake!' This said, he spur-red on Rozinante towards Saragossa; leaving about fifty or sixty persons, who had listened to him, in marvellous asto-nishment. 'It is some mad fellow 'who rides about the country,' said some of them. 'If he is not a fool,' said another, 'he is some scoundrel fit 'to be picked up by the Holy Brother-'hood.' Sancho, not enduring to hear his master spoken ill of, cried out—'Gentlemen, have a care what you say! 'you must not prate after this fashion 'about my master: he is the best knight-'errant in our village. I have seen him, 'with my own eyes, perform such feats 'of arms, that should I go about to tell 'you all the story, I should stand in 'need of the pen of Goliah. It is 'true, that after fair weather comes 'rain. The wicked enchanters have 'sometimes curried our hides; but let 'them look to that: they shall pay for 'it, as I am an errant-squire.' All who heard him fell a laughing; and ad-mired his harangue as much as they did that of Don Quixote. One of them asking him what countryman he was—'My master's,' replied Sancho: 'I am 'of my own village, which is called 'Argamasilla of La Mancha.'—'And 'what is that Argamasilla?' quoth another. 'What is it?' replied Sancho: 'nay, faith, 'tis another guise place 'than your Saragossa. We have with 'us little houses with great courts, 'where there are above an hundred 'head of cattle: and, God be praised! 'in our village we have a smith, who 'out-does Aristotle at sharpening a 'ploughshare. We want nothing but 'a clock: but our curate, Mr. Peter 'Perez, vows we shall have a delicate 'pair of organs against the next jubi-'lee year.' When he had thus spoken, he would fain have gone after his ma-ster; but one of the by-standers stop-ping him, said—'Pray, friend, before 'you leave us, tell us the knight your 'master's name.'—'It is,' answered Sancho, 'the great Don Quixote de La 'Mancha: but do not mistake him; 'he is not now called, as he was last 'year, the Knight of the Sorrowful 'Aspect; his name now is, the Love-'less Knight, by reason of the unjust 'disdain of Madam Dulcinea, alias 'Aldonza Lorenzo, or Nogales; and 'my name is Sancho Panza, an honest 'man, as is said in my village, and 'husband to Mary Gutierrez; who is 'so good-natured and fair-conditioned, 'that she would willingly serve every 'body.' Having so said, he put on his ass to overtake Don Quixote; which he easily accomplished, Dapple's trot for the most part being little inferior to Rozinante's full speed, whose *ne plus ultra* was a hand-gallop.

Our adventurers at length reached Saragossa, and entered the city at the little gate, Don Quixote very atten-tively viewing the windows and the streets; while Sancho occupied himself with conjecturing at which of the inns his master would alight: for Rozinante, by natural instinct, stopped wherever he saw a sign; and the knight was fain to make liberal use of the spur-rowels, before he could prevail on him to pro-ceed. As they rode on in this man-ner, they saw a man approaching them, mounted on an ass, naked from the waist upwards, with a rope about his neck. Another man, who made but an uneasy lacquey, followed him on foot nearer than he could have wished, holding in his hand a large bundle of rods, with which he jerked his back very frequent-ly. They were attended by eight al-guaziles *, and above two hundred boys shouting: it is easy to guess, without uncommon penetration, that this was a thief catched in the fact. Our hero, seeing this pitiful spectacle, determined speedily what line of conduct best be-seemed his character as a redresser of wrongs. Resolving to put a stop to such injustice, he fiercely took his post in the midst of the street, covered him-self with his buckler, and, fixing his lance in the rest against those ministers of felony and treason, (a people out-lawed in all ages by knight-errantry) in a threatening tone he cried out to them—'Ye infamous and outrageous knights! 'unbind and set free that over-hardy 'cavalier, whom you have surprized

* Officers of justice in Spain.

'by

'by your usual wiles; as, full of affliction for his lady's absence or disdain, he reposed himself, without his armour, on the bank of a purling 'stream, under the shadow of the green 'willows! You have not only treacherously taken from him his horse, 'sword, and lance; but you have stripped him of his cloaths adorned with 'diamonds and rubies, and now basely carry him to a steep and inaccessible rock, there to immure him in 'a strong tower, and add one more to 'the numberless knights, sultans, and 'emperors, whom you most unjustly 'detain in those dark and pitiless dungeons! Unbind him, then, instantly! 'or I shall know how to force you to 'it, traitors and robbers as ye are!' The alguaziles, surprized at the appearance of a phantom, armed cap a-pie, uttering such extravagant menaces, knew not what answer to make him. When they first perceived him brandish his formidable lance, they had halted; and now stood gazing at each other without speaking a word. The very executioner, though he had his orders from the supreme court of justice, ceased tormenting the patient; who, benefiting by the voice of this new Orpheus*, found his punishment suspended for some few minutes. At last, a man on horseback, who served as a clerk or notary among the officers of justice, perceiving that so strange a fellow alone stopped all the company, drew near the knight; and said to him—'What a 'pox is all this you prate to us? Stand 'aside! Are you mad?' No sooner had he uttered these words, than Don Quixote put back Rozinante to gain more ground; and then advancing furiously upon the bold man who had presumed to use such disrespectful language to a knight-errant, had infallibly run him through with his lance, had not the notary thought it wisest to avoid so rude an encounter by instantly sliding down from his horse. The venturous knight missing, by this stratagem, the object of his career, was borne against a wall with such violence, by the impetuosity of Rozinante, that rider and steed came to the ground together, miserably disconcerted. In addition to this misfortune, the lance was shivered into fifty pieces. This complicated danger, however, served but to evince the wonderful presence and self-collection of the resolute Manchegan: he in an instant cleared himself from the partner of his disaster, and what else soever impeded his rising; and, though dolefully bruised by the tumble, rushed forward amongst his astonished adversaries, sword in hand. The alguaziles, not knowing which way to turn themselves, cried aloud—'Help! 'help! We charge all here present, in 'the king's name, to aid and assist us!' Several persons that were passing by, came in upon this outcry; and, drawing their swords, hemmed in Don Quixote; who, nothing daunted at the sight of so many enemies, bellowed with a loud voice—'St. James!—St. Den-'nis!—my friends and companions—'the day is our own!' and, at the same time, laid about him so dextrously, that many came off with their ears and jaws horribly scarified. At length, however, somebody seizing him behind, got him undermost: then his valour became useless. There was no remedy but submitting to the greater number: in spite of all his efforts, they bound his hands; after which five or six of the alguaziles set him upon his own horse, with his face towards the tail, and conveyed him to prison.

Sancho, who had been an eye witness to all this affair, was wonderfully afflicted when he saw his master carried off in so ignominious a manner; and, following him at a distance, but without discovering that he belonged to him, the poor squire wept bitterly. 'A 'curse on him that does not love me!' said he to himself; 'what devil advised 'me to return again to knight-errantry! 'A murrain on all islands and governments! Would they were all in the 'bottom of a well! By St. John's 'eagle, my master is finely brought to 'bed! Alas! what will become of 'me! What shall I do here alone, 'without any wife or children? Poor 'fatherless wretch as I am! I shall now 'be forced to live like an abbot; and 'have nothing to eat but the fowls of 'the air, and the beasts of the earth!'

* Alluding to the descent of Orpheus into hell, where he suspended the torments of the damned.

Amidst

Amidſt theſe ſorrowful mutterings, he came to the gate of the priſon; where, having ſeen Don Quixote ſecured, he ſtood a long while without knowing which way to beſtow himſelf. He heard the people about him ſay, that the man in armour deſerved the ſevereſt puniſhment for offering to hinder the execution of juſtice. Some thought him worthy of death; but others, more merciful and compaſſionate, adjudged him only to be diſciplined with two hundred laſhes.

In the mean while, Don Quixote being conveyed into the priſon, was ſtripped of his armour, and hand-cuffed for the greater ſecurity. The gaoler's ſon attempted to tie a rope about his neck; but the knight, full of diſdain at ſuch unworthy uſage, lifted up both his hands, which were faſtened together, and beſtowed on the young man ſuch a four ſalutation with his hand-cuffs, that, although the youth's hat in ſome meaſure broke the force, his head did not eſcape without a contuſion. He was about to ſecond his ſtroke, when the gaoler prevented him by half a dozen good bangs, which made the blood guſh from Don Quixote's noſe and mouth. The gaoler's ſervants took his part, though there was no great need of it, and trampled the priſoner under their feet. Not ſo ſatisfied, the gaoler and his ſon went to the judge in criminal cauſes; and repreſented the matter ſo heinouſly, that, without any farther proof, he ordered the criminal to be immediately whipped in all the markets, and then to be ſent back to priſon; intending afterwards, in courſe of law, to examine concerning his motives and accomplices. At the ſame time that the gaoler came back from the judge, the thief who had been whipped unluckily returned with the alguaziles. The gaoler ſeeing this, called to the executioner—'Friend,' cried he, 'take down this man; but do not 'ſend away your aſs, for you muſt firſt 'ring a peal on the back of that 'drunken ſot in armour, who has 'wounded my ſon, and attempted to 'murder the notary.' Sancho hearing theſe words, was grieved to the heart; and with much difficulty reſtrained himſelf from proclaiming his diſtreſſes to the world, when he ſaw they were preparing in earneſt to laſh his maſter.

CHAP. II.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER DON QUIXOTE'S IMPRISONMENT.

WHILST Sancho was bewailing himſelf, ſome gentlemen paſſed by; who, ſeeing abundance of people about the priſon gate, had the curioſity to aſk what was the matter. A young fellow told them the whole ſtory; and as they were liſtening to him, Sancho drawing near to obſerve their converſation, which he thought in all probability muſt concern his maſter, diſcovered Don Alvaro Tarfe among them. That Granadine gentleman had not yet left Saragoſſa, having ſtaid, after the tilting, to contrive among his friends a courſe at the ring; which diverſion they were to entertain the people with the next Sunday. At ſight of Don Alvaro, Sancho was well nigh diſtracted with joy: he immediately leaped down from Dapple, pulled off his cap, and caſting himſelf at his feet, exclaimed—'O dear, matchleſs, and 'compaſſionate Don Alvaro Tarfe! I 'conjure you, by St. Luke's ox, to 'take pity on me and my maſter Don 'Quixote, who is in the houſe of Judas! Theſe wicked people deſign to 'bring him out this moment, and to 'whip him like a pick-pocket, if your 'worſhip and good St. Anthony do 'not prevent it!' Tarfe ſoon knew Sancho; and, ſeeing his diſtreſs, eaſily gueſſed at the whole adventure. 'My 'friend Sancho,' quoth he, 'is it poſ'ſible your maſter ſhould be in ſuch 'danger?'—'By all the fairies in the 'air it is true!' anſwered the ſquire; 'and here the aſs waits for him*. 'Good Sir Don Alvaro, go ſee my 'maſter Don Quixote from me, and 'tell him I kiſs his hands; and beg 'that, if he muſt needs go whither the 'alguaziles pleaſe to carry him, he at 'leaſt will not ride the old jade of an 'aſs they have provided, for ſhe is as 'lean as the laſt day of Lent, and goes 'all on one ſide; but deſire him to 'make uſe of my aſs, who has young

* In Spain, malefactors who are to be whipped, are mounted on an aſs, inſtead of being faſtened, as in England, to a cart's tail.

'legs,

'legs, and on whom he will look like 'St. George a horſeback.'

Don Alvaro could not avoid ſmiling at the ludicrous ſimplicity of Sancho: perceiving, however, that there was no time to be loſt, he enjoined the ſquire to wait in that ſame place, whilſt himſelf, with two of his friends, repaired to the priſon. On their arrival there, they found the Loveleſs Knight unmanacled, and ready to ſally forth for correction: the blows he had received, and the blood which covered his forlorn countenance, ſo compleatly diſguiſed him, that, had they not been aware of his ſituation, they would not have known him to be the Knight of La Mancha. 'What do my eyes be-'hold!' exclaimed Don Alvaro. 'In 'what a condition do I find you! Alas, 'good Sir Don Quixote! ſhall I here 'offer all the ſervice my friends and I 'can render you? I believe at this time 'my aſſiſtance will not be unwelcome.' Don Quixote knew the Granadine at firſt ſight; and, imagining he had been brought thither by the enchanters that favoured knight-errantry, to deliver him from the imminent danger he was in—'Oh, my good friend Don Alvaro 'Tarfe!' ſaid he very gravely, and ſmiling at the ſame time, 'you are 'welcome; yet, notwithſtanding your 'uncommon valour, I own I am ſur-'prized to find that you have been able 'to compaſs ſo peerleſs an adventure; 'ſince I, who am the great Spaniard 'Don Quixote, the invincible Cavellero 'Deſamorado, or Loveleſs Knight, have 'fallen under the enchantments of the 'traitor Arcalaus, brother to the va-'liant Ardan Canila*, whom I ſlew 'in ſingle combat! Tell me, I beſeech 'you, how got you into this inacceſſi-'ble caſtle, into which I have been 'brought by art magick, together with 'all theſe princes you ſee here ſtretched 'out on the ſtraw like ſo many poor 'and ignoble wretches? By what art 'did you chain up the two fierce giants 'who guarded the ſtately gate, and 'waved their maſſive clubs in the air 'continually? Finally, by what moſt 'fortunate device or contrivance did 'you lull to ſleep the wakeful griffin 'that watches day and night in the 'firſt court, and in his mighty talons 'will bear up a knight armed at all 'points to the very clouds? Verily, 'Don Tarfe of Granada, you are the '*ne plus ultra* of chivalry, ſince you 'alone have compaſſed an adventure, 'which has been before in vain at-'tempted by the Emperor of Conſtan-'tinople, Eſplandian, and the divine 'Alaſtaxerea, the very daughter of the 'God of War! I envy your glory, 'ſince by your brave hands, which 'Arcalaus was incapable of reſiſting, 'we ſhall be all this day delivered from 'bondage; and his ſiſter Arcabonna, 'who is no leſs formidable than him-'ſelf, ſhall be ſhamefully whipped 'about this caſtle as a ſorcereſs, not-'withſtanding the tender love ſhe bears 'me!'—'Noble and puiſſant Don 'Quixote!' replied Don Alvaro, 'I 'lulled the watchfulneſs of the griffin 'as dexterouſly as the god Mercury 'himſelf! I have, beſides, chained up 'the giants, and killed your enemy the 'enchanter! But all this is inſufficient 'to effect your releaſe: it remains, that 'I muſt obtain a favourable anſwer

* Don Quixote, in this place, takes the liberty of appropriating to himſelf an atchievement which does not belong to him. Ardan Canila, being driven back to the point of a rock, in a deſperate combat with Amadis de Gaule, receives ſo cruel a wound, that, we are told, he fell from the top of the rock down into the ſea, and was never after ſeen.—Amadis de Gaule, Book II. Chap. 19.—'This Ardan Canila was deſcended from the race of giants, 'born in a province called Canila, the which was in a manner wholly inhabited by ſuch 'kind of people; notwithſtanding, he was ſomewhat leſs of body than they, but not in 'ſtrength. His ſhoulders were narrow, his neck and breaſt unreaſonably thick, his hands 'and thighs large, his legs long and crooked, his eyes hollow, flat-noſed like an ape, his 'noſtrils wide and loathſome, his lips great, his hair red, and thick briſtled in that ſort, as 'very hardly might it be curled: to conclude, he was ſo beſet with freckles and black ſpots, 'that his face ſeemed as though it had been of ſundry ſorts of fleſh; he was of the age of 'thirty years, or thereabouts, bold and expert in arms, furious, ſpiteful, and as uncourte-'ous as might be; and yet, ſince he was twenty and five years of age, he never fought with 'any giant or other knight, either a foot, a horſeback, or at wreſtling, that was able to re-'ſiſt him, and whom he did not eaſily overcome. Such was the beauty, faſhion, and gentle 'behaviour of Ardan Canila.'—The above quotation is taken from Book II. Chap. 19. of the Engliſh tranſlation, in folio, of the firſt four books of Amadis de Gaule, edit. 1619.

'from the prophetick ſtatue of braſs 'which is ſeated upon the marvellous 'pedeſtal. Herein conſiſts the greateſt 'difficulty of the adventure: as ſoon 'as that ſpeaks, your irons will drop 'off of themſelves; and, till then, no 'valour, no force, can ſet you free. I 'flatter myſelf I ſhall ſucceed, with the 'aſſiſtance of an enchanter who is my 'friend, and at my requeſt will exert 'the utmoſt of his art in your behalf. 'When that is done, we will cauſe 'your amorous ſorcereſs to be whipped, 'as you deſire.'—'Go, then, valiant 'Don Tarfeyan!' cried Don Quixote; 'go, and perform theſe great actions, 'which Fate has reſerved for you, to 'the glory of knight-errantry! And, 'in acknowledgment for the important 'ſervice you deſign me, I here confer 'upon you the permiſſion to accom-'pany me in my adventures, which I 'would not grant to any other knight 'whatſoever; but you ſeem to me wor-'thy of this honour: you ſhall fight 'by my ſide till I have conquered the 'mighty empire of Trebiſond, and am 'married to a beautiful queen of Eng-'land, by whom I ſhall have twin ſons, 'who ſhall at length be born, after in-'numerable vows, ſupplications, and 'tears.' The by-ſtanders hearing Don Quixote talk at this rate, needed no other teſtimony to convince them of his madneſs. They all burſt into laughter, except Don Alvaro, who ſtill preſerved his ſteadineſs of countenance, fearing, doubtleſs, leſt our knight ſhould recal the advantageous grant he had ſo re-cently conferred upon him. The ad-venture of the marvellous pedeſtal be-gan by this time to admit no delay, as the alguaziles grew very impatient to commence their proceſſion. Don Al-varo perſuaded them, however, to poſtpone it till he had ſpoken to the judge in behalf of the priſoner; which they durſt not refuſe to a man of his quality, though eager enough for the ſpeedy ſcourging of the knight-errant, in revenge for the miſchief and conſter-nation he had occaſioned. Don Al-varo, who was well acquainted with the nature of that claſs of people, not chuſing to rely entirely on their pro-miſes of forbearance, left one of his friends to protect Don Quixote, whilſt he, with the other, who was a kinſman to the judge, went to procure his en-largement. Sancho ſeeing Don Al-varo come out of the priſon, ran to him in great haſte, and ſaid very earneſtly—'Well, Sir Don Alvaro, what do all 'the Jews within? Shall not you get 'my maſter out of their clutches?'—'Friend Sancho,' ſaid he, 'all will 'be well.' At the ſame time he or-dered one of his pages to take that ho-neſt countryman home with him, and treat him handſomely. Sancho, hear-ing theſe agreeable injunctions, cried out—'God reward you, Don Alvaro! 'but pray take care, if you pleaſe, that 'thoſe wicked Phariſees reſtore to us 'poor Rozinante, whom they have 'hurried away without ſhewing him 'a reaſon for it. Bid them likewiſe 'give you the enchanted target; for 'my maſter Don Quixote would wiſh 'me hanged, if I ſhould not get it for 'him again; and, by my faith, it coſt 'us thirteen rials painting by an old 'painter at Ariza, who is as crooked, 'as leaſt, as the prior of Toboſo, and 'lived in a ſtreet I have forgot the 'name of.'—'Enough, friend San-'cho,' ſaid Don Alvaro; 'leave all 'that to me; you need only follow that 'page, who will daintily entertain 'you.' Sancho followed the page; and Don Alvaro went to the judge, who, as ſoon as he was acquainted with Don Quixote's inſanity, readily gave order for his enlargement, and that he ſhould be delivered, with all that had been taken from him, into the hands of the Granadine. Tarfe loſt no time; he returned immediately to the priſon, took out the priſoner, and carried him to his lodging in a hired carriage; which paſſed in the knight's apprehenſion for the flying-chariot of ſome magician who was a friend to knight-errantry.

When Don Quixote arrived at Don Alvaro's, he was laid in bed to recruit himſelf a little with reſt; and when it was ſupper-time, the table was ſet cloſe to his bed-ſide, and the meat ſerved up. Some of Tarfe's friends, who were at this entertainment, were much ſtruck with our hero's countenance and con-verſation; and the Granadine, willing their diverſion ſhould be compleat, or-dered Sancho to be called in before ſupper was ended. The honeſt ſquire having eat and drank at his diſcre-tion, as much, to wit, as would have ſerved four men, was then in moſt ex-cellent humour: he recited all his ma-ſter's adventures with his uſual ſimpli-city;

city; but when he came to the Princeſs of Galicia, he fairly owned that he had given her but a groat inſtead of two hundred ducats. Don Quixote, upon this, in a paſſion interrupting him—'How now, baſe clown!' ſaid he, 'do 'you dare ſo to impoſe upon me? In-'famous and contemptible mortal! 'how plain it is that you are but a 'peaſant, and not a knight of noble 'anceſtry, ſince you treat a princeſs of 'ſuch rare worth ſo unworthily! But I 'vow, by the glorious order of knight-'hood I have received, that, in puniſh-'ment of your ſordid avarice, I will 'give that beautiful infanta the firſt 'kingdom I ſhall conquer, in ſpite of 'all the enchanters, curates, barbers, 'and peaſants, like yourſelf!'—'Nay, 'faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, interrupt-ing him, 'if you had added Suſanna's 'Two Elders, I ſhould not know how 'to help myſelf!'—'But, Sancho,' ſaid Don Alvaro, 'in good truth, you 'did not conſider what you did. What, 'a groat, friend! Was ever the like 'preſent made to a princeſs?'—'Out 'upon it! a princeſs!' anſwered San-cho; 'ſhe is as much a princeſs as my 'Dapple is a pope! Nay, God be 'praiſed! we have better ſkill in prin-'ceſſes than that comes to! As for 'the Princeſs Micomicona*, let her 'paſs, a man might be deceived in her—'but for this, is it poſſible, maſter Don 'Quixote, that your worſhip, who is 'ſo ſkilful in phiſomy, could not per-'ceive by her rags that ſhe was neither 'a princeſs nor an admiral?'—'San-'cho, Sancho!' quoth Tarfe, 'I doubt 'me there is ſome enchantment in that 'affair! Enchanters are very ſubtle: 'they certainly repreſented the Princeſs 'of Galicia to you in a naſty habit, to 'the intent that Don Quixote, taking 'her for a ſervant to an inn, might re-'fuſe her his protection. But Heaven, 'which formed this matchleſs knight 'for the comfort of afflicted princeſſes, 'gave him alſo an infallible inſtinct 'to diſcover them, however diſguiſed.'—'You are in the right, Don Tar-'feyan,' quoth Don Quixote; 'the 'enchanters cannot deceive me in that 'particular; and, in ſpite of all their 'ſorcery, the Princeſs of Galicia is 'what ſhe is. I own, ſhe appeared to 'me very ill dreſſed and ungenteel; 'but as ſoon as ſhe acquainted me 'with her misfortunes, I plainly per-'ceived how nobly ſhe was deſcended. 'But my ſquire goes no farther than 'outward appearances; and though he 'has been forty times convinced of 'the malignity of enchanters, yet he 'is never the more upon his guard 'againſt them! The poor fool believes 'nothing but what he ſees, without 'conſidering that the ſight is the ſenſe 'moſt eaſy to be impoſed upon.'—'Saints and Fathers!' cried Sancho, 'had the enchanters any hand in that 'matter too?'—'There is no doubt to 'be made of it,' quoth Don Alvaro. 'Poor Sancho! you was impoſed upon 'in that affair by the enchanters; and 'you will be ſo continually, as long 'as you believe your own eyes, inſtead 'of giving credit to Don Quixote; who, 'looking upon things as a knight-er-'rant, ſees them without any change 'or diſguiſe.'—'By my faith,' quoth Sancho, 'if ſo, there is no ſwearing to 'any thing; for, between us, the In-'fanta of Galicia is as like a wench 'at an inn as ever I ſaw any thing! 'She is ugly, lame, and crooked; and 'the ſmock ſhe wears is as dirty as a 'diſh-clout! But, ſince ſhe is a prin-'ceſs, let us talk no more of it. Let 'her mend, and God will bleſs her. I 'freely forgive her the cuff ſhe gave 'me for eating a bit of cheeſe ſhe had 'hid in her cupboard.' The gentle-men roſe from table laughing, and went out of the room, that Don Quix-ote, who ſtood in need of reſt after the laborious adventures he had been en-gaged in, might endeavour to compoſe himſelf. As for Sancho, he was deli-vered to the ſervants, who made ſport with him, and played him as many pranks as he told ridiculous ſtories.

CHAP. III.

WHICH CONTAINS SEVERAL THINGS WORTH READING.

THE next morning, Don Alvaro came into our knight's chamber; and, ſitting down by his bed, ſaid to him—'How does Don Quixote, the 'flower of the knights of La Mancha, 'find himſelf to-day? I could wiſh

* Mentioned in the Firſt Part of Cervantes's Don Quixote, Book IV. Chap. 2.

'some adventure worthy his invincible arm would offer in Aragon. 'There are frequently very dangerous 'ones in this kingdom; and I suppose 'you have been informed that some 'haughty giants appeared of late at 'the tilting at Saragossa, to the misfortune of a great number of knights? 'Why, alas! was not you here present to rid the world of such monsters?'—'My dear friend Don Alvaro,' answered Don Quixote, very disconsolately, 'I am sorry I was not 'at your tilting: had I been there, the 'giants had not returned to their own 'countries with so much honour; but 'I shall meet with them one time or 'other, and they shall pay for all!'—'You are in the right,' replied the Granadine; 'but, in the mean while, 'I must tell you that I have concerted 'a course at the ring, to be run next 'Sunday with the principal knights 'of the city. in which several prizes of 'value will be conferred on those who 'shall exhibit the greatest dexterity: 'and the same persons who presided at 'the tilting will sit as judges. An infinite number of princesses and infantas, glittering like stars on all 'sides, will display themselves at the 'windows and in the balconies. We 'knights will appear there in our most 'costly equipage, with devices painted 'on our bucklers, and on streamers of 'all sorts of colours: and if you, Sir, 'condescend to be one of the knights 'of my troop, I will undertake to furnish you with liveries that shall not 'disgrace you. Consider, Don Quixote, whether you will be pleased to 'admit me, by your side, to partake of 'the honour you cannot fail of gaining?'—'With all my heart, my dear 'Tarfe!' replied our knight, sitting up in his bed, 'though it were but to 'make you an eye-witness of the exalted feats I am capable of performing! I ought not to praise myself, 'it is true; but the wonderful adventures I have finished. are so notorious, 'that modesty is no longer useful!'—'You are in the right,' said the Granadine; 'but lie down, if you please, 'and I will cause the table to be 'brought to your bed-side, as it was 'last night, and we will dine together, 'with the other knights of our troop: 'we will talk about the preparations 'for our course at the ring; and we 'will therein be ruled by your judi'cious advice, since you are better 'skilled in those sports than we are.' When he had so said, Don Alvaro went out of the room; and Don Quixote, unable to take any rest after this discourse, began to let his thoughts run upon the purposed solemnity. So full was he of this imagination, that, without considering what he did, he arose, and began to dress himself: in this rapture he paused awhile, having his hose hanging about his heels, and his eyes fixed on the ground; then starting up, and taking a career, he thrust his finger against the wall, and cried out, as loud as he was able—'My lords 'judges, you see I have borne away 'the ring! Your excellences will be 'pleased to order me the prize!' Sancho, hearing his master's exclamation, ran up-stairs, and found him in the situation just described; which, as his shirt unfortunately chanced to be very scanty, prodigiously discomposed the modesty of the squire. 'For the love 'of God,' quoth he, 'pull up your 'hose, Sir! Are you not ashamed to 'exhibit your nudities in so unseemly 'a fashion?' This remonstrance aroused Don Quixote from his reverie; who, stooping to comply with the exhortation of his squire, displayed to his view, at the same time, a pair of posteriors not remarkable either for plumpness or delicacy. 'Body o'me!' quoth Sancho, 'you have now mended the 'matter finely, forsooth! You are resolved this day to salute me with all 'the filthiness the Lord has given you! 'Dress yourself quickly, and go down 'into the kitchen; there you will see 'capons and partridges turning before 'a good fire, with swingeing ribs and 'sirloins of beef, which make the spits 'bend under them as I would bend a 'rush! There you will see pots, skillets, and stew-pans, pastries, and 'forced-meats, in such abundance, 'that it overjoys one to see so much 'good meat together! To stay my stomach for dinner, I crammed down 'a good lunch of white bread, and half 'a turkey the cook gave me, who is a 'little pleasant bandy-legged fellow! 'It is true, our good friend Don Alvaro Tarfe's pages make me swallow 'some spoonfuls of broth so hot, that 'one half of it comes out at my nose 'again: but that's no matter, they are

'wild

'wild fellows, who do not grudge 'what they give. I have drank three 'pots of a ſort of drink they call 'Malmſly in this country, which is 'much better than our wine of La 'Mancha: here they talk of nothing 'but good chear and merry-making; 'and do not you fear they will ſtarve 'Rozinante, who is, next to you, the 'flower of chivalry! Dapple and he 'are ſo well pleaſed, and fed, that a 'little tickling will make them laugh. 'To deal plainly with you, Sir, theſe 'are the true adventures of knight-er-'rantry, and we ought to ſeek no 'others.'—'Thou notorious ſcoun-'drel!' interrupted Don Quixote: 'it 'now plainly appears thou art, and 'never wilt be any other than a mere 'glutton; that thinkeſt of nothing but 'gorging thy belly, like a ſwine, in-'ſtead of ſeeking, as I do, the true 'glory of knight-errantry!'

By this time, Don Alvaro and four friends he had invited to dinner, came into the room; and Don Quixote, having as yet ſcarcely compleated the faſtening up his breeches, they could not forbear ſmiling: however, Tarfe, aſſuming a grave countenance, ſaid— 'Why would you get up, Sir Knight? 'You are not yet well recovered after 'your laſt adventure; pray, go to bed 'again, if you pleaſe, and we will dine 'as we ſupped laſt night.' Don Quixote would have excuſed himſelf, and put on his cloaths; but the Granadine and his friends, by their entreaties, prevailed with him to go to bed again: as ſoon as he was there, the table was brought in; and, all being ſeated, they began to diſcourſe of the excellency and benefit of knight-errantry. It is needleſs to aſk whether Don Quixote did not exert his talent upon this ſubject; it heated him ſo far that he acquainted them with all his projects; and declared, without reſerve, the mighty feats he intended to perform at Trebiſond againſt Cocklindor of the Red Iſlands, and againſt Arſicarabon the giant with the three faces. Theſe extravagant titles, which no fancy leſs prepoſterous than that of Don Quixote could ever have invented, threw the gueſts into ſuch a violent fit of laughter, that our knight, looking ſternly on them, ſaid he was aſhamed to ſee men of their worth behave themſelves ſo indiſcreetly. Don Alvaro, perceiving he was almoſt angry, very wiſely ſaid to his friends—'Upon my word, 'gentlemen, it is very plain you are 'mere novices in knight-errantry, 'ſince you are ſo little acquainted 'with the incomparable Don Quix-'ote, the very carbuncle of chivalry: 'if you would be informed what ſort 'of man he is, go aſk it of the knights 'and giants whom he has conquered; 'or repair to his former miſtreſs the 'infanta Dulcinea del Toboſo. It is 'not above a fortnight ago, as Sancho 'has informed me, that he fought 'with Orlando Furioſo, whoſe head he 'would have borne away in triumph, 'after a tedious and bloody conflict, 'to have exhibited it at our tilting, 'had not a malicious enchanter carried 'off that Paladin by the powers of 'magick.' The gueſts, feigning great aſtoniſhment at what Don Alvaro told them, entreated the knight, in the graveſt manner they were able, to pardon their indiſcretion: and then, riſing from table, they introduced a freſh to-pick, and talked of their courſe at the ring. Upon this, one of the gentlemen, directing his diſcourſe to Don Quixote, ſaid—'And what liveries 'will it pleaſe the heroick knight of 'La Mancha to appear with? for we 'will not deal away all the cards from 'the beſt gameſter among us. I am 'of opinion that he ſhould give a 'green livery, becauſe it is the colour 'that repreſents Hope; and none has 'better reaſon to promiſe himſelf the 'prize of the courſe.'—'I fancy,' ſaid another gentleman, 'his livery ought 'to be of a violet colour, becauſe it 'repreſents Indifferency, and he is 'called The Loveleſs Knight: and I 'would counſel that ſome character-'iſtick device againſt the ladies be 'painted on his ſhield.' The third differed in opinion; and adviſed Don Quixote to adopt a white livery, in token of his extraordinary chaſtity; and to expreſs, by his device, that no lady in the world had ever yet poſſeſſed allurements enough to lead him aſtray. 'For my part,' ſaid the fourth, 'I 'think the redoubted knight of La 'Mancha, who daily kills giants up-'on giants, ought to appear at the 'courſe with black liveries, to apprize 'all who ſhall be hardy enough to op-'poſe him, that they muſt expect to 'reap no other fruit of their raſhneſs,

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'than a black and dismal event.' Don Alvaro Tarse, now taking his turn to speak—'You will permit me, gentlemen,' said he, to own, that I differ 'in sentiment from you all: Don 'Quixote being a person most singular, it will not be proper for him to 'appear like the rest upon this occasion; and, in my judgment, it will 'better become him to enter the lists 'like a knight-errant, armed at all 'points; and, that he may not make 'use of borrowed armour, I do now 'present him with a suit; for you must 'understand, gentlemen, that the suit 'he now makes use of is curious armour of Milan which I left in his 'custody at Argamasilla; and, since he 'has done it the honour to wear it, no 'knight in the world deserves to put it 'on: let him therefore keep it, to the 'glory of knight-errantry; and may 'it, from this time, become more famous than Sampson's, which was 'formerly worn by the renowned King 'Gradassus! But, because it is somewhat tarnished by the vicissitudes of 'weather, and much more by the blood 'of so many slaughtered monsters, I 'will order it to be new polished. As 'for his device, he needs no other than 'that which he caused to be painted at 'Ariza, upon the wonderful buckler 'he brought hither; which is a present 'from his great friend the wise Alquife: it has not been yet seen in Saragossa, because he caused it to be 'covered with a piece of fine taffeta, 'as was the resplendent buckler of 'Atlantes*. The ingenious device 'will be here altogether new; and will 'inform all mankind what thoughts 'they are to entertain of The Loveless 'Knight.' When Don Alvaro had spoken, they all agreed that his contrivance was the most eligible; and Don Quixote was so pleased with it, that he expressed much satisfaction. 'You are in the right, Don Tarfeyan,' quoth he; 'it is expedient that 'I appear in armour, because it often 'happens that at such diversions there 'arrive outrageous giants †, sovereigns 'of some strange islands, who, according to their custom, reflect on 'the king's honour, and arrogantly 'challenge the court knights. As for 'my armour, my dear Don Alvaro, 'you are in the wrong, if you think it 'ever was yours. The wise Alquife 'never intended it for any person but 'myself; nevertheless, since, in his 'profound wisdom, he thought fit to 'send me that noble present by your 'hands, at your hands I will receive 'it as if he had no share in the gift.' Don Alvaro and his friends were never weary of hearing the knight's serious and sublime discourses; which, with Sancho's simplicities, made such a medley as rendered their diversion compleat.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH SHEWS HOW DON QUIXOTE WON THE PRIZE AT THE COURSE OF THE RING.

THE day for running at the ring being now arrived, the gentlemen who were to exhibit made themselves ready, and gave all necessary orders for rendering the sport pleasant and magnificent. On the two sides of the square, two triumphal arches were erected, through which they were to pass to the lists; and on the triumphal arches were engraved several inscriptions in the praise of love. The windows and balconies were adorned with the most beautiful ladies of Saragossa, and of the neighbouring country; whose native charms were heightened by every embellishment of art, and whose sparkling eyes discovered their hopes of receiving the prize at the hands of their lovers. The most distinguished place was appropriated for the reception of the viceroy and his family; after whom the prime nobility of the kingdom were seated, according to their rank and employments. The procession com-

* A magician in Orlando Furioso. See Book II.

† An accident of this sort happens at the jousts held in Constantinople in honour of the nuptials of Prigmaleon, the brave Ethiopian, with Polixena the fair infanta of Greece. In the midst of the divertisement, eight giants arrive in the place, who overthrow all in their way. In the end, however, they are all slain by the knights, after a desperate conflict. See The Love and Arms of the Greek Princes, or The Romant of Romants, translated into English for Philip Earl of Pembroke, Vol. II. Chap. XXIX. Edit. 1640.

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menced by the judges of the field; who, after having paraded round the place three times, richly clad, and followed by a numerous retinue, took their ſtations at the end of the courſe, amidſt the ſound of trumpets, in a magnificent theatre. Immediately as they were ſeated, there entered the place twenty cavaliers of graceful demeanour; they were divided into two troops, and marched, by pairs, arrayed in ſumptuous liveries, with all the brilliant equipage of a ſuperb and gallant ſolemnity. And here it is to be lamented, that our Arabian author has omitted to give us, in this place, a minute deſcription of this majeſtick celebrity: for what reaſon I cannot divine, unleſs it be that he was unwilling to loſe ſight of his hero. He thinks it ſufficient to acquaint us, that Don Alvaro, mounted on a fiery dappled courſer of Andaluſia, whoſe gorgeous trappings and ſtately carriage marvellouſly ſet off the elegance of his form, was arrayed in a habit of golden tiſſue, on which a wreath of lilies and roſes, twined together, was curiouſly embroidered. On his ſhield he had cauſed to be pourtrayed to the life the hero of La Mancha, with the whole adventure of the criminal and the alguaziles. By the ſide of Don Alvaro, as his brother in arms, appeared the invincible Don Quixote; who entered the liſts with a reſolved and martial countenance. He wore his helmet on his head, and was armed at all points, ready to fight all the giants in the world. The multitude, who do not always interpret things in the moſt favourable manner, ſet up a loud hooting at the curious appearance of Don Quixote and his peaceable courſer. The two troops, paſſing before the ladies, performed the uſual ſalute of gallantry by ſhewing off the curvettings and prancing of their horſes; in which particular, Rozinante, though untaught, played his part to admiration. When Don Quixote and Don Alvaro arrived before the judges, and had ſaluted them, the chief of the judges, directing his diſcourſe to the knight, ſaid, with much gravity—'Moſt famous prince of La 'Mancha, flower and mirror of knight-'errantry! we look upon it as a great 'favour of fortune that you have 'vouchſafed to honour with your pre-'ſence the diverſion we have prepared 'for the ladies on this day.' The knight, with no leſs gravity, replied —'Great judge of martial exerciſes, 'though this be but mere ſport, in 'compariſon of the mighty enterprizes 'I daily attempt, yet I will not deny 'you the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my dex-'terity.' Having ſo ſaid, he went on with Don Alvaro; who, when he came up to his troop, gave Don Quixote to underſtand, that he muſt not run till the laſt, leſt he ſhould deprive the other knights of the hopes of winning any of the prizes; and, ſince his courſe muſt needs be the fineſt and moſt pleaſing of all, it was fit to reſerve it for the laſt, that the ſport might conclude with ſomething extraordinary. Don Quixote could not offer any thing againſt ſuch plauſible reaſons; but, drawing off to one ſide, became a ſpectator of the diverſion.

The trumpets and kettle-drums now ſtruck up amain, and the cavaliers ran their courſes; every one in his turn, as had been appointed by lot, ſhewing admirable ſkill and dexterity. Don Alvaro was admired above all the reſt; he bore away the firſt prize; and gave good proof that he was deſcended from the ancient Abencerrages*, who firſt brought into Spain the cuſtom of tilting and running at the ring, with other noble ſports intended for the diverſion of the ladies. When they had all run, Don Alvaro went up to Don Quixote, who began to be out of patience; and, leading him to the ſtarting-place, the trumpets gave the ſignal. Don Quixote clapped his heels to the meagre ſides of Rozinante; who, being ready to contribute as much as in him lay to his maſter's honour, appeared on this occaſion uncommonly nettleſome; and, after he had received about twenty memorandums from the ſpur, ſet out with more than ordinary ſwiftneſs. But here, alas! let us bewail the mutability of fortune, who delights in deſtroying, in a moment, the beſt-grounded hopes. Rozinante had now traverſed half the courſe; he was now near the place where the ring was ſuſpended on high, when his mighty mettle failing, he made a falſe ſtep, and fell down under his maſter. This accident ſet all

* A noble race of Moors.

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the spectators a laughing; and Don Quixote having helped up his horse, returned foaming with anger to the place from whence he set out. Don Alvaro, who was there ready to receive him, said to him—'Be not cast down, 'Sir Knight, since it was your horse's 'fault alone that you did not bear 'away the ring; your career was beau-'tiful to admiration; and, if you take 'my advice, you must begin it again 'before Rozinante cools.' Don Quixote, without answering one word, set forward the second time; and, being beside himself with passion and concern, missed the ring: but the Granadine, who had expected this mishap, rectified it in an instant; for, having followed upon a hand-gallop, he raised himself on his stirrups, and taking off the ring with his hand, clapt it so adroitly upon the point of Don Quixote's lance, that our knight did not perceive the deception. At the same time he cried out, with a loud voice—'Victory! victory! the illustrious Don 'Quixote, the ornament of knight-er-'rantry, has borne away the ring!' The knight cast his eyes upon his lance, and seeing the ring there, concluded that he had finished his course with honour; then, turning to Don Alvaro, he said—'You see how dangerous it is 'to be idle; Rozinante, for want of be-'ing kept in his wind, has notoriously 'scandalized me.'—'It is true,' said Don Alvaro, smiling, 'but you have 'made good amends for it, and you 'must now go up to the judges to de-'mand the prize.' Don Quixote followed his advice; and advancing before the judges, held out his lance to them, saying—'Your lordships may 'be pleased to look upon this lance; 'methinks it says enough in my be-'half.' The same judge who had spoken to him before, now undertook for his brethren; and having made fast to the end of his lance half a score great leathern points which he had caused to be brought for the purpose, and which were worth about a groat or threepence, he said to him—'Invin-'cible knight-errant, as a prize for 'the skill and dexterity you have shewn 'in your incomparable career, I pre-'sent you with that precious jewel! 'The wife Lirgandus, your friend, 'brought it from the Indies for you. 'In short, these wonderful garters are 'made of the real skin of the Phœnix, 'that celebrated bird, the only one of 'his species. And, since you stile 'yourself the Loveless Knight, I would 'advise you to present them to the lady 'in this assembly whom you shall judge 'the most insensible of that passion. 'But I do order you, upon pain of my 'displeasure, to come and sup with 'me to-night with Don Alvaro; and 'to bring your faithful squire, who 'alone deserves to be servant to a 'knight of your worth.'—'I return 'you most humble thanks,' answered Don Quixote, 'for the noble present 'the wise Lirgandus sends me by your 'equitable hands; and you shall soon 'perceive how much I value your 'counsel.' This said, he turned off to take an exact view of all the windows and balconies about the square. At last he halted at a low window where he saw an old woman between two courtezans, scurvily painted. This was the honourable lady he pitched upon. He drew near; and, resting the end of his lance, with the points hanging at it, on the edge of the window, said to her, in a grave and audible voice—'Most wise Urganda the Unknown*, 'you see here before you the knight, so 'entirely yours, whom you have so 'often defended against the wiles of 'your malignant brother enchanters! 'In return for these favours, I beseech 'you to accept, at my hands, of these 'precious garters, which I have gained 'with your favourable assistance; and 'which are made of the very skin of 'that self-begotten bird, so much ce-'lebrated by our poets?' The wise Urganda and her virtuous companions, wondering at this discourse, and at the present of the leathern points; hearing also the rabble shout continually; discharged a volley of abusive language against the knight, and instantly shut the window. Don Quixote, surprized at this incivility, knew not what to think; and stood silent, as doubting how he should behave himself. Sancho, who was come up to his master in the Square after the course was over, seeing what small account the old woman made of

* Urganda the Unknown is an enchantress in Amadis de Gaule, very friendly to Amadis and his companions.

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the points, raised his voice, and cried out—'O the old branded excommunicate witch! What can she mean by refusing such curious delicate points? Poor jade! what a fool she is! By my father's soul, if I catch up a stone, I will soon make her open the window: but pray, Sir, let us leave the old hen and her chickens. Give me those points; for these I have to my breeches are almost worn out; and the rest of them will serve in our errantry to mend Dapple's pannel, and Rozinante's saddle.'—'Take, my son,' replied Don Quixote in a melancholy mood, (holding down the point of his lance) 'take those rare garters, and lay them up carefully. I plainly perceive the wise Urganda is more friendly to my enemies than to me. She has sufficiently convinced me by the ill language I have just heard.'—'Od's my life, Sir!' quoth Sancho; as for the ill language, never mind that; for it is all but words, and the wind carries them away. The crow cannot be blacker than his wings: and an old whore's curses are as good as prayers.'

CHAP. V.

DON QUIXOTE AND TARFE GO TO THE HOUSE OF DON CARLOS TO SUPPER. SANCHO'S GOOD HUMOUR. THE DREADFUL ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE MET WITH IN DON CARLOS'S HOUSE.

NIGHT drawing on, and all people beginning to repair to their homes, Don Alvaro came up to the Knight of La Mancha and acquainted him that it was time to go to Don Carlos. 'Let us go,' answered Don Quixote; 'I am ready to follow you.' The Granadine would have persuaded him to quit his lance and his buckler, but the knight would not consent; and went away, armed as he was, to Don Carlos's house. He entered the hall where they expected him, like Amadis de Gaule entering the forbidden chamber of Apolidon *, after having compassed the adventure of the Arch of Loyal Lovers. Don Carlos, then embracing him, said—'Welcome, the great Knight of La Mancha, to this house, in which all persons wish him all manner of prosperity. But, good Sir Don Quixote, be pleased to lay aside your arms to refresh yourself after your glorious careers. You may do it here with all the safety imaginable, since you are among your friends.'—'To please you,' replied the knight, 'I may lay aside my lance and my shield; but, for the rest of my arms, I beseech you give me leave to retain them. Wherever I am, I never part with them for two reasons. The first is, that by continually wearing these honourable instruments of knight-errantry, I enure my body to them; and they become easy, according to the maxim in philosophy, *Ab assuetis non fit passio*. The other reason is, because a discreet man should be always upon his guard. For I remember to have read in the wonderful book of the adventures of the Knight of the Sun, that the said knight having lost himself one day in a wood, with his friend Oristides the Trojan, they came at last into a certain meadow, where they found ten or twelve savages roasting a stag upon the coals. As they came near, the savages by signs invited them to eat. The knights, who stood in great need

* The adventures above alluded to, are recorded in Book II. Chapter 2. of the romance of Amadis de Gaule. The history of the Arch of Loyal Lovers, &c. is as follows. Apolidon, son to a king of Greece, fleeing with his mistress Grimanesa by sea from the court of Rome, is driven upon the Firme Island, which was then inhabited by a mighty giant. Apolidon slays the giant, and assumes the government of the island. Soon after, being summoned to mount the throne of Constantinople, which devolved to him by the death of the emperor his uncle; he establishes in the Firme Island, before his final departure from it, the following system of enchantment. He causes an arch to be made, over which is placed the image of a man formed of copper, holding a horn; and on the gate of his palace he erects the portraits of himself and Grimanesa. Should any man or woman, who hath falsified their first love, attempt to pass under the arch, the image shall blow so terribly with flame and stench through his horn, that they shall be thrown down in a swoon before the arch. But should any loyal lover assay the adventure, the image shall sound his horn melodiously, and the lover shall pass under the arch without difficulty. With respect to the rich chamber,

'need of such relief, accepted of the 'offer. They alighted; and having 'unbridled their horses, that they 'might graze freely in the meadow, they 'sat down among the savages who had 'shewn them so much civility. How-'ever, they would not take off their 'helmets, and only lifted up their 'beavers; but as soon as they began 'to eat, the savages treacherously fell 'upon them, and gave them so many 'blows on the head with their clubs, 'that had not the rare temper of the 'helmets defended them, the two 'knights had been pounded to death. 'They fell down senseless; and the 'savages, believing that they were dead, 'would have stripped them; but not 'being used to disarm knights, they 'were unable to accomplish their pur-'pose. While they were busied in 'this attempt, Oristides and the Knight 'of the Sun recovered their senses; 'and perceiving the danger they were 'in, leaped up, drew their swords, and 'charged the savages with such reso-'lution, that they soon made a won-'derful havock. No stroke was lost; 'here tumbled a head, there fell a leg 'or an arm——' As Don Quixote re-counted this sharp expedition, he drew his sword; and, the better to represent the prowess of the Knight of the Sun and his companion, began laying about him so furiously, that the company, justly apprehensive of being mistaken for savages, retreated as far off as they could, making a large ring about him, in the centre whereof he stood. This scene diverted all the assembly; but Don Carlos thinking fit to put an end to it, said to Don Quixote, smiling—'Enough, invincible knight! those sa-'vages have long since been destroyed. 'Let us talk no more of them, I be-'seech you.' Don Quixote stood still on a sudden, and put up his sword again with such deliberation as was scarcely to be expected from him. Don Carlos then drew near; and taking him by the hand, conducted him into another great hall, where the table was ready co-vered; but, before they sat down, Don Alvaro missing Sancho, sent one of his pages to look for him.

Sancho, who had followed his mas-ter to Don Carlos's house, took occasion to walk into the kitchen, where he was wonderfully attentive to the prepara-tions for supper. 'Master Sancho,' said the page, 'you are wanted in the 'supper-room. They will not go to 'their meal without you. Come and 'taste of the delicate dishes, and ex-'quisite wines.'—'By my faith, Ma-'ster Page,' quoth the squire, 'those 'gentlemen take me at a time when I 'am very ready to oblige them; for I 'have not put one bit into my belly 'these three hours!' So saying, he went into the hall. Then taking off his cap with both hands, and making a low reverence to the company—'Gen-'tlemen,' said he, 'God rest your souls 'for thinking of me!'—'How now, 'Sancho,' said Don Carlos; 'you com-'pliment us as if we were dead; we are 'still alive and well, God be praised! 'unless these gentlemen be out of or-'der with the ill entertainment they 'have.'—'Mother of God!' quoth Sancho, looking at the dishes on the table, 'how can that be? Then these 'gentlemen would be like a country-'man's geese with us, that died of the 'pip in a pond. This table needs no 'compliments: I see so many dishes 'full of ostriches, ragouts, and fri-'cassees, that my mouth waters for joy.' —'Well, my friend,' said Don Car-los, giving him a capon on a plate, 'eat that to whet your stomach: I am 'told you dispatch those creatures with 'an extraordinary air.'—'You are not 'misinformed,' replied the squire; 'and it shall cost you nothing to see the 'experiment tried.' This said, he asked for bread, and laid about him so vigorously, that the capon vanished in a trice. The pages, who waited at table, were as well pleased to see him as their masters; and therefore took

chamber, which had witnessed the fruition of his own and Grimanesa's loves, it is provided, that no male shall enter it, until some man, who shall surpass Apolidon in prowess, shall have first entered the same; and that no female shall enter it, until it has been entered by some woman fairer than Grimanesa. Over the entrance of the chamber is written—'He which shall enter 'herein, shall exceed Apolidon in arms, and shall succeed him as lord of this country.' The other circumstances of this enchantment, and the penalties which are ordained for the un-successful candidates, are too long for a note. Suffice it to say, that Amadis atchieves the ad-venture of the Arch of Loyal Lovers; and succeeding also in that of the Forbidden Chamber, obtains the signiory of the Firme Island.

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Stothard del. Angus sculp.

Plate IV.

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care to furnish his plate with all that was left on those they took off the table; and did not fail to fill him wine at every turn. This courtesy put him into such a rare humour, that he could not forbear crying out—'In truth, Don 'Carlos, your pages and you are the 'very picture of plenty, you make 'so much of your friends.'—'Friend 'Sancho,' answered Don Carlos, smiling, 'you deserve our love for being 'so frank and open-hearted; and there-'fore, in reward of your plain deal-'ing, take this plate of force-meat 'balls.'—'What do you call these 'balls?' replied the squire, taking the plate: 'I never saw any of them be-'fore.'—'Taste them, friend Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'and give us your 'opinion.' Sancho needed not twice bidding; he began to swallow them down, one after another, as if they had been grapes; saying to Don Alvaro—'By my troth, Don Alvaro, these balls 'are pretty baubles; I fancy the chil-'dren in Limbo play with such balls: 'when I go home to my own country 'again, I will sow a peck of them in our 'garden; and if they come up well, I 'will sell them at a good rate. All that 'I am afraid of is, that I shall eat them 'before they are ripe; but to prevent 'that, whenever I go near them, my 'wife shall gag me.'—'Your wife!' said Don Carlos; 'then it seems you are 'married, Sancho! Is your wife hand-'some?'—'Handsome, quotha!' replied the squire; 'I would not change 'her for the Lady Dulcinea del To-'boso; whose true name is Aldonza 'Lorenzo, alias Nogales. It is true, 'my wife will be fifty-five years old 'next grass, and the sun has some-'what tanned her face; but for all 'that she is a woman would puzzle a 'doctor. She prates like a magpye. 'The only thing the curate twits her 'with is, that as soon as ever she has 'scraped together a groat or fivepence, 'you may sooner take her by her ho-'nour, than hinder her going to John 'Perez, the vintner in our village, to 'change her money for the juice of 'the grape.'—'Have you any chil-'dren?' said one of the guests. 'Body 'o' me!' replied the squire; 'why, 'what do you think we have done that 'we should not have any? Yes, in-'deed, we have. And among the rest 'we have a little Sancha, who is as 'cunning as her mother already. Faith 'and troth she is a dainty-shaped girl, 'and as wise as a gipsey! As for her 'beauty, they are best judges of it 'who say nothing can be more like our 'curate; and he is the handsomest man 'in all La Mancha.' All the company laughed at the squire's simplicity; and Don Alvaro, observing that he had nothing left to eat, said to him—'Friend 'Sancho, see whether you can find an 'empty corner in your belly to lay up 'this plate of white-meat*.' Sancho took it, saying—'Master Tarfe, I 'thank you; and I hope, by help of 'God, this shall not be left out.' Immediately he clapped his hand into the plate, and in one moment all the white meat vanished, except what stuck to his beard.

When supper was over, the master of the feast led his guests to the other end of the hall, and seated them there till the servants had cleared the table; and it being his design that Don Quixote should have all the honour of the entertainment, he placed him between Don Alvaro and himself, and desired Sancho, who that night well deserved the surname of Panza†, to sit down on the ground at the feet of his master: then Don Alvaro began to tax Don Quixote with having been thoughtful during supper-time, not making merry with the rest of the company, or so much as tasting the meat that was set before him. 'It is a sign,' answered Don Carlos, 'that Don Quixote did 'not like the dressing of our meat, and 'we need not wonder at it: how can 'the entertainments of private gentle-'men, like ourselves, please so curi-'ous an appetite as his must needs be? 'Can he find any thing to relish with 'him here? he who, after gaining the 'prize of tournaments, and finishing 'unheard of adventures, is treated 'every day in the courts of emperors, 'sultans, and caliphs, such as those of 'Trebisond, of Niquea, and of Syci-'onia; all of them so renowned for 'the delicacy and sumptuousness of

* This white meat is the flesh of fowls bruised, and made into a mass with sugar and other ingredients.

† Panza, in Spanish, signifies Paunch.

'their tables?'—'Pox take me!' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, 'I cannot 'endure to hear all these hard names 'and dainty tables you talk of! They 'that told you all this, Don Carlos, 'are little better than false knaves and 'liars. We are not for the most part 'treated with any thing in our chival-'ry, but thumps of stones; and if we 'chance to eat melons, on my con-'science they make us pay for sauce! 'It is true we sometimes meet with 'good people, such as master Valentin: 'but Shrovetide comes but once a year; 'and as for those emperors and caipha-'ses you mention, the devil take him 'that ever saw any of them, unless it 'were in my master's head, who is a 'fool if he does not pitch his tent here 'for ever.' Don Quixote could not bear with Sancho's impertinence any longer; and, giving him a good kick on the rump—'Thou base scoundrel!' said he to him in a passion, 'will you 'hold your prating tongue? What 'evil genius moves thee to trouble this 'illustrious company with thy follies? '—Worthy Don Carlos,' continued he, turning to the master of the house, 'I beseech you to forgive my squire's 'indiscretion, and rest satisfied that if 'I have not eaten, it was not for want 'of relishing the dainties your table 'was furnished with; but because we 'knights-errant have always a guard 'upon ourselves against sensuality: we 'make use of food only to support na-'ture; and when the emperors, to 'whose courts fortune is pleased to 'guide us, are desirous to give us en-'tertainment, we make less account of 'the dainties served up, than of the 'honour they do us in admitting us 'to their tables. In short, we despise 'a life of ease and pleasure; and whilst 'we go about to redress wrongs, and 'to re-establish good order in countries, 'we consider it as pleasure and luxury 'to cross barren deserts, to be exposed 'to the rigour of seasons, and to pass 'whole days without eating, like A-'madis de Gaul*, who lived above 'three months on the poor rock, with-'out sleeping, or taking the least sus-'tenance. There is another thing 'yet, Don Carlos, which hindered me 'partaking of the publick satisfaction; 'it is, that the wise Urganda, on whose 'favour I relied, has very discour-'teously refused the prize with which 'you rewarded my dexterity; which 'any person, except herself, would have 'valued above an empire. This re-'fusal is enough to damp the most un-'daunted courage; and I confess I am 'fain to call up all mine to bear up 'against it. I know not whence her 'hatred to me can proceed. Some per-'fidious enchanters must have given 'her a false character of me, as find-'ing no surer expedient to undermine 'the very foundation of knight-errant-'ry, than by sowing discord among 'the most solid supporters of it, and 'their wise protectress.' Don Quix-ote would not have stopped here, so much was his heart interested in the subject before him, but that a company of musicians and dancers, whom Don Carlos had sent for to divert the com-pany, then entered the hall.

For two hours there was a delight-ful concert of vocal and instrumental musick, intermixed with dancing; and this diversion concluded with a gro-tesque entry of a man clad like a pea-sant, who danced to admiration. Dur-ing this performance, Don Carlos asked Sancho aloud, whether he could exhibit the like. The squire, grown heavy and sleepy with the weight of meat he had crammed down, yawning and mak-ing the sign of the cross on his mouth with his thumb, answered—'By my 'hand, Don Carlos, I could cut ca-'pers better upon a good straw-bed 'than in this hall! As for that fellow, 'who shakes himself as if he were pos-'sessed, there is no making any hog's-'puddings of him, for I believe he has 'no guts in his belly.' Sancho's conceit set the company a laughing; but it lasted not long: a dreadful gi-ant suddenly strode into the hall, and struck terror through the whole assem-bly. His height was little short of twelve feet, and his limbs were pro-portionably bulky: he was obliged to kneel down to enable him to enter the apartment; and when he raised himself again, his head touched the cieling. He was clad, after the Persian manner, in a long robe of scarlet cloth; and by his side hung an immense basket-hilted scymetar, which was supported by an iron chain: about his neck he wore a

* When, being in disgrace with Oriana his mistress, he assumed the name of Beltenebros.

vast

vaſt ruff, and on his head a high cap encircled with the tail-feathers of turkeys, in form of a coronet. As he entered, all the company ſtarted up in a fright, and gathered cloſe about Don Quixote, as a flock of ſheep gathers about their ſhepherd, at ſight of a wolf: as for the knight of La Mancha, he made it evident that he was born to diſpel terror and to embolden timidity. Preſerving his temper undauntedly on this dangerous occaſion, he cried out, with a reſolute voice—'Fear nothing, 'gentlemen! this affair belongs to me: 'I underſtand well adventures of this 'nature; they frequently occur in the 'palaces of emperors: lay aſide your 'apprehenſion; and let us hear where-'fore this enormous giant preſents 'himſelf before us.' The gentlemen being again ſeated at Don Quixote's requeſt, the giant, with a hoarſe voice, ſuch as is natural to all giants, ſpoke theſe words—'Princes, pages, and 'lacquies, here aſſembled, inform me 'who among you is The Loveleſs 'Knight, formerly The Knight of the 'Sorrowful Aſpect?'—'I am he, gi-'ant!' replied Don Quixote ſternly. 'What would you have with me?'—'O, ye immortal gods!' replied the monſter, 'how ſhall I requite you, 'ſince it is your pleaſure that I find in 'this city what I have been ſeeking 'with ſo much coſt and trouble theſe 'fourteen hundred years!—Be it known 'to you, princes and knights, that hear 'me, that you have here before you 'the dreadful Bramarbas Iron-ſides, 'puiſſant emperor of the kingdom of 'Cyprus, which I conquered from 'it's lawful ſovereign by the force of 'my invincible arm! The fame of the 'knight Don Quixote's adventures 'and wonderful actions has reached 'my imperial palace; and I muſt 'own, there is no place in the world, 'no town, ſtreet, tavern, or ſtable, 'where that great bully of knight-er-'rantry is not ſpoken of. I have left 'my kingdom to ſeek him, not being 'able to endure that ſo extraordinary 'a perſon ſhould live in the world. I 'deſign, therefore, to fight him; and, 'having cut off his head, to carry it 'to Cyprus, there to nail it up at the 'gate of my palace; that it may be 'known I am ſtronger than he is, and 'all that ſhall come after him.—And, 'therefore, illuſtrious Don Quixote, 'if you feel any unwillingneſs or diſ-'inclination to encounter with me, 'you need only ſuffer me to ſever your 'head from your ſhoulders, and that 'ſpeedily; for I am in haſte to return 'home. There is alſo another buſi-neſs brings me hither: I have been 'informed that Don Carlos, the lord 'of this ſtrong caſtle, has a young ſiſ-'ter, whoſe beauty is celebrated in all 'parts; now, it being one of my fail-'ings to be fond of all pretty young 'girls, I deſign alſo to carry away 'that princeſs with me, and place her 'in my ſeraglio; and if Don Carlos 'ſhall oppoſe it, I challenge him, and 'all here preſent, to ſingle combat.' The King of Cyprus ſtopping here, all the audience expected with amazement what Don Quixote would anſwer; when the knight, kneeling down before Don Carlos, ſaid—'Great Tre-'batius, ſovereign emperor of Greece, 'who, in the abſence of thy ſons, haſt 'taken the name of Don Carlos, to 'confound the falſe enchanter who is 'contriving the ruin of thine empire! 'grant that I may here ſupply the place 'of the invincible Knight of the Sun, 'and of the valiant Roſiclair his bro-'ther, to whom it would belong of 'right to chaſtiſe the inſolence of this 'monſter!' Don Carlos, who was fain to bite his lips to avoid laughing, graciouſly held out his hand to the knight; and, raiſing him up, ſaid—'Illuſtrious Prince of La Mancha! 'this affair, in reality, concerns us 'both; to deal plainly with you, I 'feel myſelf ſo terrified by the menaces 'of Bramarbas, that I cannot avoid 'giving him the Princeſs Trebaſina 'my ſiſter, unleſs you ſhall order other-'wiſe: do, therefore, as you ſhall 'think fit; for whatever you ſhall de-'cree will be moſt for our honour.' Don Quixote, hereupon, advanced towards the giant, and accoſted him in theſe words—'Proud and inſolent 'Bramarbas! had not the reſpect I 'owe to the emperor, and the other 'princes here preſent, reſtrained my 'vengeance, thou hadſt already re-'ceived the puniſhment thou deſerveſt; 'but I accept of thy challenge, and I 'make all the vows uſually made upon 'ſuch occaſions by the moſt renowned 'knights; and particularly, that I will 'not lie with the queen till I have laid 'thy monſtrous head at my feet, which

'I deſign

'I design shall feed the crows and owls.' —'O, ye immortal gods!' replied the giant, with a dreadful voice, 'must I 'endure a single man thus to threaten 'me? I vow by the whiskers of Bri-'arcus and Enceladus, my ancestors, 'that I will not eat my bread on the 'ground, and that I will not lie down 'upon the point of my sword, till I have 'made fast your arms to your shoul-'ders, and fixed your thighs to your 'haunches*.'—'All these threats,' answered the knight, 'are to no pur-'pose: it shall be decided by combat, 'which of us twain deserves to be 'esteemed the prime knight in the 'world. Go, then, prepare to make 'good your boasts, and rid the empe-'ror of your odious presence!' Sancho, frightened at the King of Cyprus's vast bulk, could not forbear quaking when he heard these threats; and, getting between him and his master, he cried—'Good master Barra-'bas, do not do my master so much 'harm! I conjure you, by Malchus's 'holy ear, to leave him all his limbs 'as God has given them!' It was well for Sancho that Don Quixote had then turned to the Emperor Trebatius to beg that he would be pleased to honour the appointed combat with his presence; for, had he heard his squire talk in this manner, he would not have failed to chastise his cowardice. Bramarbas, drawing near to Don Quixote, and throwing one of his gloves in his face, said—'Knight, take up that little glove 'of mine, which I give you as a gage 'that I will expect you to morrow, af-'ter dinner, in the Great Square; for I 'never fight till I have eaten and drank 'heartily.' When he had spoken these words, he went out of the hall in the same manner he had entered it. Don Quixote was so overjoyed to receive a challenge in the usual forms of knight-errantry, that he took no notice of the affront Bramarbas had done him in throwing the glove in his face, but delivered it to Sancho, who, seeing it was above two feet in length, cried out, 'Mother of God, what 'dreadful hands! Son of a whore, 'what a cuff he will give!' This adventure being over, Don Carlos ordered flambeaux to be brought to light home the guests, who, after taking leave of one another, returned to their homes; and the history says, they all rested well, except Don Quixote, who had the worst night in the world; as will appear in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

WHO THE GIANT BRAMARBAS WAS, DON QUIXOTE'S DREAM, AND THE CONSEQUENCES OF IT.

OUR Arabian author, presuming the reader's curiosity would be excited to know who the giant Bramarbas really was, has not omitted to inform us with respect to that matter. He recites, that Don Carlos and Don Alvaro having borrowed one of those paste-board giants, clad in long robes, which are carried about the streets of Spain upon great festivals to please the multitude; Don Carlos's secretary, a youth

* This farcical vow is an admirable ridicule of those very absurd ones so frequent in knight-errantry. Some of these heroes restricted themselves from the use of a bed or a table-cloth; others went without some certain piece of their armour; and some carried it so far as to wear their armour night and day, or sentence themselves to shirts of hair and sackcloth, till they had effected their particular purpose. In conformity with this practice, Trompart, Braggadochio's squire, upon being questioned by Archimage concerning his master, returns the following answer.

'He is a great adventurer,' said he,
'That hath his sword through hard assay foregone,
'And now hath vow'd, till he avenged bee
'Of that despight, never to wearen none;
'That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.'
Spenser's Faerie Queene, Book II. Cant. 3. Stanza 12.

Ferrace, also, a Pagan knight in the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, having been reproached with breach of promise by the ghost of Argalia, Angelica's brother, makes a vow never to wear any helmet upon his head, till he shall have gained, in combat, the helmet of Orlando. See Ariosto, Book I.

of

of a pleaſant diſpoſition, played the part of Bramarbas. He held up the paſteboard head on a pole, and ſpoke through a long tube of tin, the other end of which was brought up to the mouth of the giant; and the better to deceive the Knight of La Mancha and his ſquire, the lights were placed at ſuch a diſtance, that the giant's own ſhadow prevented the detection of his paſteboard face.

Don Quixote's fancy was ſo full of this adventure, that he could not reſt all night; for as ſoon as he fell aſleep, he was waked again by the earneſt deſire he had to try his ſtrength with the King of Cyprus. However, towards day, ſleep overcame him, which yet only ſerved to diſorder him the more: for he dreamed that Bramarbas had treacherouſly ſtolen into the caſtle to kill him baſely; and, in this conſternation, he ſtarted up, crying—'Stay 'traitor! you ſhall ſoon find that all 'your artifices will not ſave you from 'my ſword.' Thus ſaying, he clapped on his back and breaſt-plate upon his ſhirt; and laying hold of his lance and ſhield, with his helmet on his head, he ſearched all the corners of the room, and even under the bed, to find the King of Cyprus; never conſidering that ſuch a giant as Bramarbas could not very eaſily be concealed. That done, he ruſhed down into the hall, and thence into a ſmall room where Sancho, as ill luck would have it, lay in a little bed without curtains. The honeſt ſquire had covered himſelf over head and ears, that the light of the day might not diſturb him; and on the pillow lay the King of Cyprus's great glove, which his maſter had committed to his cuſtody. As ſoon as Don Quixote eſpied the glove, he concluded it to be that which remained in the giant's poſſeſſion; and that, therefore, the man aſleep was doubtleſs his arrogant enemy, who, wearied with ſcaling the caſtle, reſted there till he could find opportunity to put his deſign in execution. With this conceit he raiſed up the butt end of his lance, and diſcharging a furious blow upon the ribs of his unſuſpicious ſquire, exclaimed—'It is thus, cow-'ardly Ironſides! it is thus thoſe 'men deſerve to be treated, who, 'having ſuch enemies as I am, do 'endeavour treacherouſly to ſurprize 'them!' Such an uncourteous ſhock was enough to waken the moſt profound ſleeper in the univerſe. Sancho ſtarted, almoſt ſtunned with the blow, and roared moſt pitifully under the blankets; nay, Aliſolan aſſures us, that he began his outcry even before the lance reached him. At length, he looked out to ſee who it was that handled him ſo roughly. The knight ſoon made himſelf known; for laying aſide his lance, which he could not wield conveniently in that narrow compaſs, he began a vigorous aſſault with his fiſts upon Sancho's noſe, ſtill crying with a terrible voice—'Perfidious 'giant! here thou ſhalt end thy days 'in my hands, for having dared to ſcale 'this caſtle.' At this freſh attack the ſquire redoubled his cries; and though he was half crippled already, he threw himſelf out of the bed, and ran into the hall, crying luſtily to his maſter, who followed him cloſe at the heels—'For God's ſake, good maſter Don 'Quixote, conſider, I have not ſcaled 'this caſtle! I am Sancho Panza, your 'truſty ſquire!'—'That artifice is too 'groſs!' anſwered Don Quixote; 'it 'will not avail you to conceal your 'name! I know very well, traitor! 'thou art no other than Bramarbas! 'The glove, that lies on the bed, is 'proof ſufficient!' The hall was dark in itſelf, and the window-ſhutters being cloſed, Don Quixote could not well diſtinguiſh his ſquire; and therefore, ſtill taking him for Ironſides, notwithſtanding all Sancho's proteſtations to the contrary, he continued the purſuit and verberation, the poor wretch calling more ſaints to his aſſiſtance than are to be found in the legend. The unfortunate ſquire would fain have ſlunk away to the hall-door; but the knight ſtill cut him off whenſoever he made that way. At laſt Sancho's cries waked Don Alvaro's ſervants. They ran out in their ſhirts to ſee what was the matter; but their preſence, inſtead of pacifying Don Quixote, ſerved only to heighten his fury: he no ſooner ſaw them, than he fancied they were all giants, brought thither by enchantment to ſuccour Bramarbas, and therefore prepared to engage them all together; but having left his lance in the little room, he was forced to convert his buckler into a weapon of offence; wherewith, throwing ſome down, bruiſing others, and tearing ſhirts on all hands;

hands; he performed such exploits as will be talked of in Saragossa for all ages. Nothing was to be heard but cries and curses against our knight, who hitherto had the better of it; because he being in armour, and his enemies naked and unarmed, they could not strike him without doing themselves more hurt than their adversary. But at length, his back and breast plates, which were ill buckled on, happening to break loose, they fell off in the scuffle. Then his antagonists assumed fresh courage; and a lusty groom, clasping him in his arms, lifted him up from the ground. Whilst he thus held him in the air, some of the pages turned his shirt over his head, and day beginning to brighten, the knight's posteriors visibly appeared, and received at least a thousand lashes. Nay, it is reported, that Sancho himself, unwilling to lose so good an opportunity of being revenged on his master, had the presumption to exercise his hands on him: but since the discreet squire never boasted of it, the historian does not deliver this as a certainty; for he will not, without good authority, avouch any thing that might be so injurious to the memory of Sancho. However, a terrible peal was most assuredly rung upon the haunches of the knight-errant; and, being in the hands of people who were tickled with the sport, there is no doubt but it would have lasted much longer, had not Don Alvaro come into the hall. He was in his night-gown and slippers, and had his sword under his arm. The first thing he saw, was Don Quixote in the posture he has been represented. The sight was pleasant enough; but he was too good-natured to suffer his servants to carry the jest any farther, and therefore made a sign to the groom to liberate his patient, and to the rest to make their escape. Then drawing his sword, and placing himself by the side of Sancho, he said—'Redoubtable Don Quixote, 'you see Sancho and I are here ready to 'second you! Down, then, with all 'the villains that have wronged you! 'But first tell us who they are, and 'what they done?'—'Don't you see,' quoth Don Quixote, (who, as good luck would have it, knew the Granadine) 'that they are all giants! Bra-'marbas scaled this castle last night, 'with a design to murder me; but his 'treason was prevented, for I was pri-'vately informed of it by the wise Lir-'gandus. Let us run, then, my dear 'Don Tarfeyan, let us run after those 'traitors, and pursue them into the 'closest woods in Cyprus!' He was for making good his words, and hastening after the pretended giants, who fled with all the speed they could into their chambers; but Don Alvaro stopping him, said—'No, no! believe me, 'over-valourous Don Quixote! such a 'vile generation does not deserve that 'you should take so long a journey in 'your shirt. Retire to your apartment, 'and do not appear in publick till we 'hear what Bramarbas designs. In the 'mean while, Sancho and I will ob-'serve all his motions, and faithfully 'report them to you. Go, then, and 'take your rest; for you may at present 'rest satisfied; since, having put your 'enemy to flight, he has left his glove 'behind him, which will remain as a 'monument of your own valour, and 'his cowardice, to posterity.' Don Quixote approving of the advice, retired to his chamber; and Don Alvaro, to make sure of him, double-locked the door on the outside, and took away the key. He then went back to look for Sancho; who, having returned again into his little room, was dressing himself, not without swearing and cursing at his master. 'Well, Sancho,' said Tarfe, 'how do you find yourself after 'the battle?'—'Very well,' quoth Sancho; 'I have but one rib broken, 'and all my bones bruised to a jelly! 'Faith and troth, I am quite weary of 'all these frolicks; and, in short, were 'it not for fear of losing the good island 'my master has promised me, knight-'errantry might go to the devil for me!' —'Then the King of Cyprus has hurt 'you,' answered Don Alvaro. 'The 'King of Cyprus, quotha!' replied the squire; 'it was the madman my 'master, who fancied I was Barrabas, 'and has beaten me like stock-fish; 'but he had as good, if he pleases, 'leave off seeing things like a knight-'errant, for I don't at all like his way 'of seeing. All my comfort is, that 'his good deeds have been rewarded: 'his buttocks have been curiously 'handled by your pages, whom God 'reward for the good they did in com-'ing to my assistance.'—'Friend San-'cho,' said Don Alvaro, 'you must 'not say they were my pages that whip-

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'ped Don Quixote; but enchanters in 'the shape of my pages.'—'Very fine!' quoth Sancho; 'that is always the bur-'den of the song. We can read but 'in one book, and dance the same 'dance over again. There is nothing 'but enchanters here and there, and 'every where. God forgive me! I be-'lieve, in a little time, they will enchant 'the very bread in our mouths.' The Granadine was so well pleased with Sancho's simplicity, that he took him up to his chamber with him, to hear him talk whilst he dressed himself.

CHAP. VII.

WHY AND IN WHAT MANNER THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA LEFT SARAGOSSA TO GO TO COURT.

AS soon as Don Alvaro was gone into his chamber, Don Carlos's secretary came to him, to acquaint him that his master had received letters from court, which obliged him to repair thither with all speed, to conclude a marriage between his sister and one of the king's prime-ministers. 'I am glad 'of that, by my faith!' quoth Sancho; 'for then that great flat-foot Barrab-'bas will not have her.' Don Alvaro, taking the secretary aside, told him in his ear, that he should be glad, with all his heart, to bear him company as far as Madrid. 'But,' said he, 'how shall 'we get rid of our knight-errant? If 'we take him along with us, he will 'be sure to stop us by the way with 'new adventures, which his madness 'will suggest every day to him.' Then he told the secretary what had happened that morning; and when they had both laughed till they were weary—'I must 'own,' said he, 'both the master and 'the man are so diverting, that I would 'gladly give the court the pleasure of 'seeing them: but how shall we draw 'them to Madrid, so that they may not 'go along with us?'—'Let me alone 'for that,' quoth the secretary; 'I 'will go about it this moment.' He presently took leave of Don Alvaro, as it were to give his master an answer; but, instead of going out of the house, he searched all about to find such things as would make up a very extravagant habiliment: he wrapped himself up in a great black cloak, girt about him in several places with leathern-straps; he made himself an uncouth cap, beset with cocks feathers of various colours, and garnished with abundance of clasps, plates, shells, bits of glass and jet; about his neck he had nine or ten gold, silver, brass, and iron chains, and as many strings of great and small beads, with an infinite number of medals; and over all a prodigious ruff, full of red and green spots and withered leaves; at his side he wore a musket by way of sword, and his fingers were decorated with a profusion of rings; he daubed his face with soot, and made himself a pair of mighty whiskers with ink. In this superb equipage, not unlike the figure of King Melchior, as he is represented on Twelfth-day in country villages, the young secretary sent to desire leave to speak with Don Alvaro; who, in the presence of Sancho, said to him—'Tell 'me, beautiful stranger, who you are, 'and what you seek?'—'I seek,' replied he, 'the invincible Prince of La 'Mancha, the great Don Quixote, to 'deliver an embassy of the greatest 'consequence to him; and I have been 'informed he dwells in this stately pa-'lace.'—'You have been truly in-'formed,' answered the Granadine; 'and I will conduct you to his apart-'ment.' This said, he conducted the ambassador to Don Quixote's chamber-door; and opening it, very gravely said to Don Quixote, as he went in—'Re-'doubted Knight of La Mancha! here 'is an ambassador from I know not 'what prince, who will not deliver his 'embassy to any but to you.'—'Let 'him come forward,' replied Don Quixote very gravely, and as yet in his shirt; 'whatsoever he has to say, let 'him speak freely: the law of nations 'and the dignity of his character are 'his protection.'—'Are you, I must 'take leave to enquire, the Loveless 'Knight?' said the ambassador, counterfeiting a hoarse and broken voice. 'Yes, I am!' quoth Don Quixote. 'Know, then, great prince,' replied the ambassador, 'that the invulnerable 'Bramarbas my master, sole Emperor 'of all the Giants in the world, and 'most puissant King of Cyprus, and 'of the adjacent provinces, isles, and 'meadows, sends you word by me, his 'most eloquent squire and secretary, 'Morocco the Smoaky, that a certain

'adventure which happened this night, 'has obliged him to repair to Madrid 'immediately; and whereas, to answer 'the gage he flung in your face last 'night, you were to have fought him 'in this city, where he is jealous he 'should not meet with fair play, he 'now defies and challenges you anew 'to fight him in the King of Spain's 'court, where you have not so many 'friends, seconds, bastards, and mis-'tresses: he therefore requires you, by 'me the aforesaid Morocco the Secre-'tary, that you appear at Madrid within 'forty days at farthest, upon pain of 'forfeiting the dignity of knighthood, 'and of losing your reputation among 'all the princesses of Galicia, and the 'infantas in all the inns upon the face 'of the earth. In this famous combat 'my master will try whether all those 'mighty things be true which Fame so 'lavishly reports of you. If, after 'this solemn challenge, you fail to ap-'pear at Madrid, Bramarbas will go 'even to the empire of the moon, to 'make known your cowardice: but 'if, on the contrary, you happen to 'conquer him, you shall be master and 'lawful king of our delicious king-'dom of Cyprus, where you will have 'a thousand rich governments to be-'stow; among the rest, that of the 'Island of the Forcemeat-Balls, which 'is one of the best of them.'—'I de-'sign that for myself,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, though till then he had given great attention to the am-bassador's words; 'but pray tell me, 'Mr. Morocco of the Smoaky Face, 'is that island of the Balls very far off 'or no? Whether it is towards Se-'ville or Barcelona, or beyond Rome 'and Constantinople?'—'If I mistake 'not,' said the black ambassador, di-recting his discourse to Sancho, 'you 'are the most cudgelable squire to the 'matchless Loveless Knight: that San-'cho Panza, whose moderation and 'politeness are every where applaud-'ed?'—'Yes, I am he,' quoth San-cho, 'in spite of all envious knaves!'—'I am very glad of it,' answered the ambassador. 'But, worthy Sir Love-'less Knight,' added he, turning to Don Quixote, 'give me my answer 'quickly; for I have a great way to 'go before I can overtake my master, 'who by this time is very far off?'—'Discreet squire,' replied Don Quix-ote, looking sternly, 'tell the haughty 'Bramarbas, from me, that I accept of 'the new challenge he sends me, and 'that he shall see me on the day ap-'pointed, in the Great Square of Ma-'drid, as he saw me this morning on 'the famous bridge of this strong 'castle. Withdraw; and be thankful 'to Heaven that the character you bear, 'as ambassador, protects you from the 'just indignation I have conceived 'against your master and all that be-'long to him! But, before you go, 'pray inform me what unexpected ad-'venture it is that obliges him to dis-'engage his word?'—'To tell you 'the truth, Sir Knight,' answered the ambassador, 'it is no adventure, but 'only a piece of news: he has been in-'formed that Don Carlos, otherwise 'called the Emperor Trebatius, is to-'morrow to conduct his sister the Prin-'cess Trebasina to Madrid, to marry 'her to one of the king's prime-mini-'sters.'—'Nay, by my conscience,' cried Sancho, 'Master Morocco does not lie 'this bout! for Don Carlos's secretary 'came, in my presence, to bring Don 'Alvaro Tarfe that good news: and 'God be praised for having delivered 'the princess out of that scoundrel 'Barrabbas's clutches! A pretty dog 'to have such a dainty bit; but he may 'now go whistle after her!'—'This 'news,' replied the giant's squire, 'threw my master into an unparalleled 'fury; for he is of a very amorous 'disposition: when he has once set his 'mind upon a young maid, it is a hard 'matter to get her from him; and he has 'vowed, by the Thirteen Swiss Can-'tons, that if the Princess Trebasina 'is married to the minister she is de-'signed for, he will incapacitate her 'husband and all the barons in the 'court of Spain!'—'I will take care 'to hinder him!' answered Don Quix-ote in a heat; 'bid him have a care of 'harping upon that string, or I shall 'deal with him! I here take under my 'protection not only the Princess Tre-'basina and her lawful husband, but 'also all the court barons.' The King of Cyprus's squire durst make no re-turn to those words; but departed, making our knight so profound an obeisance, that the top of his cap touch-ed the ground. He was scarce gone out of the chamber before Sancho ran after him, saying—'Master Morocco!

'a word

'a word with you, if you please: pray 'tell me whether the governor of that 'island is subterraneous lord of all the 'Forcemeat-Balls?'—'Yes, friend,' replied the ambassador; 'he is sove-'reign lord of them; but he is to eat 'an hundred of them every morning 'for his breakfast: that is the greatest 'function of his government!'—'God 'for ever bless you!' quoth Sancho; 'I submit to that duty with all my 'heart; and I will certainly perform 'it, though I burst!' This said, he returned into his master's chamber; and the secretary went away to wash and dress himself.

After receiving this embassy, Don Quixote thought of nothing but setting out for Madrid. He apprized Don Alvaro that he could not in honour stay one moment longer in Saragossa; that he was going in pursuit of this haughty enemy, who had conceived such outrageous designs against all the barons and baronesses of Spain. 'Dispense 'with me,' continued he, 'from re-'turning you tedious thanks for all 'the obligations I have received from 'your friendship; but be assured of 'the assistance of my invincible arm 'against all who shall attempt to offend 'you.' Then directing his discourse to his squire—'Away, Sancho!' said he; 'get ready my arms and Rozinante 'immediately; let us hasten to slay the 'King of Cyprus, and by his death 'take possession of that delicious island, 'the government whereof you claim!' —'That's well said, Sir!' quoth Sancho; 'but I am of opinion it were 'better to go away directly for Cyprus, 'whilst Ironsides is abroad. It will be 'easier for us to conquer this kingdom 'in his absence, than when he is at 'our heels.'—'You do not know what 'you say,' replied Don Quixote. 'How 'can I fail of meeting him at the place 'appointed? I should then lose my 'honour, which is to be preferred be-'fore all the kingdoms in the world!' —'There is no doubt of that,' said Don Alvaro; 'and the noble Don 'Quixote must take heed how he fails 'in that particular.'—'Why so much 'ceremony?' quoth Sancho, very earnest-ly. 'He is not so very punctilious, me-'thinks. He promised us that he would 'cut off your head this day in the great 'square of this city; and what is come 'of it? You may go and wait for him 'till your heels grow to the ground! 'He is now trudging away for Ma-'drid, as if he had a squib tied to his 'tail.'—'Giants,' quoth Don Quixote, 'are faithless and lawless persons; 'their example is no authority for me 'to offend against my honour! The 'word of a knight-errant is sacred; 'the very foundations of the earth 'should be shaken, and nature turned 'topsey-turvey, before a knight should 'be perjured!'—'Besides, Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'how justly might your 'illustrious master be blamed, should 'he by his absence give the lewd Bra-'marbas the opportunity of ravishing 'the Princess Trebasina, and disabling 'all the officers of the crown? Would 'not that be an eternal shame to knight-'errantry?' The squire could have wished that the government of the Island of the Forcemeat-Balls had not de-pended on a combat; but finding him-self compelled to submit to the solid reasons of Tarfe and his master, away he went to saddle Rozinante, and put the pannel upon Dapple. Whilst he was preparing for the journey, the knight made an end of dressing him-self. Don Alvaro gave them their breakfast; and Don Quixote then bid-ding farewel to the Granadine, vaulted into his saddle, and set forth, laden with his buckler, and a lance which he had caused to be made the day before the running at the ring. Sancho staid some time behind, to store the remains of the breakfast in his wallet; then taking leave of Don Alvaro and his pages, he got up heavily on his ass, who, having been well pampered in so good a stable, trotted away merrily. When our adventurers were gone, Don Alvaro went to Don Carlos's house; where they both agreed that they would set out for Madrid the next day, tak-ing a different road from that chosen by Don Quixote.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

OF THE SCUFFLE SANCHO ENGAGED IN WITH A SOLDIER, AS HE WAS GOING OUT OF SARAGOSSA.

THOUGH Sancho made all the haſte he could, yet he did not overtake his maſter till he was juſt going out of the town: he found him jogging gently along with a ragged ſoldier, and a good hermit, who were both travelling towards Caſtile, as well as himſelf. When Sancho came up to them, he heard Don Quixote aſk the ſoldier from whence he came. The ſoldier made anſwer—'I come, Sir, from Flanders, where I 'have ſerved the king a conſiderable 'time; but a certain misfortune has 'befallen me, which made me quit the 'ſervice ſo haſtily, that I had not time 'to get my diſcharge; and, to add to 'my miſery, I met with four robbers 'on the way, who ſtripped me of all I 'was worth. Though I was but one 'to four, I would have defended my-'ſelf, and perhaps have ſaved my 'purſe, had they not aſked it with fiery 'mouths!'—'With fiery mouths!' quoth Sancho, in amazement; 'then 'they were ſouls from the other world!' The ſoldier, caſting an eye upon Sancho, and imagining from his looks that he was ſome ſly peaſant from the environs of the city, who had a mind to play upon him, took huff at his reflection, and anſwered, in a paſſion—'How now, 'ſlouch! do you pretend to railly me? 'By the dreadful piece of cannon which 'Mahomet brought to the ſiege of 'Conſtantinople, if I take you in hand, 'I will give you more knocks with my 'ſtaff than there are hairs in the goat's 'beard of you! I will warrant him, 'the ſcoundrel does not know I have 'beaten more clowns like himſelf than 'I have drank gulphs of water, ſince I 'have been in the king's ſervice!'—Theſe words, though delivered in a threatening tone, did not a whit ſcare Sancho; who anſwered—'Fair and 'ſoftly, maſter ſhaver! Your hand 'ſhakes a little, methinks! Why, you 'good-for-nothing fellow you, have 'you been and beaten your younger 'brothers? Sure, Don Tatter-rag, we 'have ſeen otherguеſs men than you 'are! Don't you know that I could 'mumble a cruſt before you were born? 'The owls and ſparrows ſhall feed on 'your dog's-head, I warrant you!' Thus ſaying, he attempted to drive on his

his aſs againſt the ſoldier, as it were to trample him under foot; but the ſoldier, who did not underſtand jeſting, immediately drew out his tilter, and beſtowed half a dozen good ſtrokes on Sancho's ſhoulders ſo nimbly with the flat part of it, that Don Quixote and the hermit could not ſave one of them; and, at the ſame time catching hold of his foot, whirled him about like a gig, and threw him neck and heels on the farther ſide of his aſs. Not thinking this enough, he was moving forwards to ring a peal upon his ribs, when Don Quixote interpoſed; and, thruſting him aſide with the breaſt of Rozinante, ſaid to him very magiſterially—'Hold, raſh 'man! and pay a reſpect to what be-'longs to me!'—'Sir,' replied the ſoldier, 'I beg your pardon for my raſh-'neſs; I did not know that gentleman 'had the honour to belong to you!' This ſatisfaction appeaſed the knight's wrath; but Sancho, ſtill more enraged, caught up a great ſtone, and began bellowing to his maſter very briſkly—'Stand aſide, Sir! ſtand aſide! and I 'will ſend that rake with one blow to 'the old bawd that bore him!' Don Quixote being ſlower in getting out of the way than he thought expedient, he cried out again—'Stand aſide, I ſay! 'In the devil's name, let me finiſh my 'own adventures! I don't diſturb you 'in yours! How ſhall I learn to cut 'giants in two, and to diſenchant rocks 'and palaces, if you will not let me ſo 'much as chaſtiſe that ſcoundrel? 'Don't you know it is practice on 'beggars beards that teaches the bar-'ber his trade!' As ſoon as the words were out, he raiſed his arm to throw the ſtone at his enemy; but the hermit laying hold of him, exclaimed—'For the 'love of God, brother, hold your hand! 'Do not bring yourſelf into more trou-'ble!'—'I will yield to nothing,' quoth Sancho, 'unleſs the knave owns him-'ſelf conquered!' The hermit perceiving ſome hope of an accommodation, quitted Sancho, and ran to the ſoldier, ſaying—'Good gentleman ſoldier, that 'poor peaſant is more than half a fool; 'pray let him alone!'—'I will not 'meddle with him any more,' anſwered the ſoldier, 'ſince your reverence de-'ſires it, and he belongs to that gentle-'man.' Upon this promiſe, the hermit took the ſoldier by the hand; and ſaid to Sancho—'Honeſt man, the 'gentleman ſoldier yields himſelf con-'quered, as you deſire: now you may 'be friends, and ſhake hands.'—'No, 'no, father!' quoth Sancho, 'that is 'not all; I perceive you do not un-'derſtand chivalry; maſter Bumpkin 'ſhall not come off ſo eaſily!' Then directing his diſcourſe to the ſoldier—'Thou haughty and monſtrous ſol-'dier!' ſaid he, in a very grave manner, 'ſince I have conquered thee, I do 'command thee, according to the cuſ-'tom of knight-errantry, to go with a 'chain about thy neck, and appear be-'fore the lady-admiral, Mary Gutier-'rez, my wife! Thou ſhalt fall down 'at her feet, before my daughter little 'Sancha and the curate, and ſhalt tell 'her how I have overcome thee in 'ſingle combat, or ten to ten!' Having ſpoken theſe words, the ſquire turned to his maſter, and ſaid—'Well, 'Sir, what do you think of this? Is 'it thus adventures are to be finiſhed? 'By my faith, you ſee a man may learn 'to bray, if he keeps company with 'aſſes!'—'Sancho,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'you might have made choice 'of a nobler compariſon; and have 'ſaid, "A man might learn to roar a-"mong lions!"'—'As you pleaſe,' replied the ſquire; 'it all comes to the 'ſame. In brief, I can read no book 'but my own: every man talks as he 'can, and not as he will; and when a 'word is once gone, there is no calling it 'back. But, to conclude, a man muſt 'not always be a warrior: beſides, the 'curate often tells us, in his lectures, 'that we muſt be charitable, that God 'may be merciful to us. So there's 'an end of all quarrels, maſter Soldier; 'let us think no more of what is paſt, 'nor of our debts: here, take my hand, 'and be thankful and proud of it; 'and let us be as loving as the four 'fingers and the thumb. As for the 'journey to Argamaſilla, I allow you 'to defer it till Maſter Valentin has 'cured you of the incurable wounds I 'have given you.' The ſoldier took Sancho's hand very graciouſly, and expreſſed a kindneſs for him, which the honeſt ſquire affectionately embraced; and, drawing forth a good piece of cold meat from his wallet, gave it to him immediately. The ſoldier returned him moſt hearty thanks; and, to ſhew that he valued the preſent, fell to it without delay, by the help of a cruſt

of

of bread which he pulled out of his pocket.

Thus terminated, in peace and good fellowship, an affray which at first bore a very sanguinary complexion. Sancho mounted again on his ass, without remembering how he had quitted it; and all four went on their way together. Don Quixote, after musing a while, said to his squire—'My son Sancho, 'I am reflecting that you begin to exhibit great tokens of courage: if you 'continue them, you may be capable 'of taking your degrees in knight-errantry.'—'Pray, why should I not?' replied Sancho. 'Am I not already 'inured to the fatigues of the profession? And can any body tell me better than I know myself, what basting 'and tossing in a blanket is? No, 'surely! Like master, like man: the 'apprentice often comes to be master.' The hermit hearing this talk, which sufficiently made known the character of our heroes, whispered in the ear of the soldier—'I am much mistaken if 'these be not the two madmen we were 'told of in Saragossa.' The soldier agreed that there could be no doubt of it; and resolved, with the hermit, to divert themselves at the expence of their fellow-travellers, as long as they journeyed together. Don Quixote asking them who they were, the hermit answered that his name was Brother Stephen; that he was born at Toledo, and came now from Rome, whither he had been about affairs of moment. The soldier informed them that his name was Don Antonio de Bracamonte, and that he was born in the city of Avila. They travelled all that day without resting; and towards night, Sancho, being unable to descry any house near them, said—'Gentlemen, I have looked 'all about, and the devil of any thing 'can I see that looks like an inn, and 'now night draws on!' Bracamonte, who knew the country, assured them that they must travel two leagues at least before they came to one. Don Quixote, hereupon addressing the company, said—'I observe yonder a fair 'meadow, where, if you will be ruled 'by me, we will pass this night: me-'thinks we, being all four of us what 'we are, need not much trouble our-'selves about an inn. Brother Stephen 'is used to live in solitude, and lie on 'the ground; and the soldier having 'served long, must needs be inured to 'fatigue, and can sleep any where. As 'for myself and my squire, knight-'errantry, which we profess, has made 'us enemies to all daintiness; we are 'better pleased to lie upon the grass 'than in emperors palaces: and I de-'clare to you, that the most delightful 'nights I pass, are those in which I 'lie exposed to the injury of the ele-'ments.' Sancho, though not precisely of the same opinion with his master, was observed, however, on this occasion, to hold his tongue; not that he was afraid of offending the dignity of knight-errantry, for he never spared it when he was in a merry mood, but because he considered this as a case of necessity. The soldier and the hermit, who were very low in cash, and relied chiefly on Sancho's wallet, answered the knight, that they were ready to do whatsoever he pleased: they all, therefore, struck out of the highway, and followed a path which led them into a meadow; where a rivulet, more pure and transparent than crystal, purled in fanciful meanders along. Here Don Quixote alighting, said to his squire—'Dismount, my son, and take off Ro-'zinante's bridle, that your ass and he 'may graze more freely; the herbage 'to me seems good.'—'I will answer 'for it,' quoth Sancho, 'there is no 'cause to complain; they will live 'here like two patriarchs.'—'You are 'in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'make haste, and do what I bid you.' The squire instantly obeyed his master; and, having laid hold of his wallet, which was made fast to Dapple's pannel, went and sat him down by the rest on the grass, saying—'So, gentlemen, 'what think you of it? Is it not time 'to see what is in this wallet? What a 'blessed condition should we be in, had 'I not taken care to fill it this morn-'ing? By my faith, we had made but 'a sorry supper!'—'Brother Sancho,' quoth Bracamonte, 'your forecast can 'never be sufficiently commended: 'you do not look like a man that 'would go to sea without biscuit!'—'No, by my troth!' quoth Sancho; 'for I have often heard say, that he 'who does not look before him, falls 'into the ditch.' This said, he emptied the wallet on Brother Stephen's cloak, which served for a table-cloth; and all four fell to with very good stomachs:

machs: I say all four; for Don Quixote, contrary to his usual custom, kept pace with them; and all had been compleat, had they not wanted wine; but as for water they had their fill.

Whilst they fed, Don Quixote put several questions to Bracamonte; and, among the rest, whether he had been at any siege—'I have,' replied the soldier; 'and could give you a very good account of the siege of Ostend, for I was at it; and, by the same token, I there received two musquet-shots in my thigh; and, if you please, I will shew you one of my shoulders half burnt by a granade the enemy threw among five or six of us, who were attacking a half-moon. If time and place would permit, I could chalk you out exactly the principal fortifications about Ostend; I would describe to you the mouth of the harbour, and the quarters of the general officers; where the batteries are placed, and where the attacks were carried on; but that must be some other time. All I can tell you at present is, that Ostend cost the lives of very many brave men.' Sancho, who had listened attentively to Bracamonte's discourse without losing one word, here interrupted him, saying—'Is it possible, Sir, that there should have been never a knight errant among you at that time, to cut off that giant Ostend's ears? I don't question, if my master Don Quixote had been there, but he would have eaten him with a grain of salt.'—'Numscull,' quoth Don Quixote; 'Ostend is a town, and not a giant.' The hermit, smiling, said to the squire—'I perceive, friend Sancho, you don't trouble your head with geography; it is quite out of your way.'—'On my conscience,' answered Sancho, 'I have lived very well till this time without knowing what geography is; and I believe I shall never go about to learn it, unless it be in the other world: and, by my troth! it does not belong to me, who am a plain countryman, to understand all that sort of lingo. Every man must cut his coat according to his cloth. Like to like, as the devil said to the collier. Give me drink, and do not ask me how old I am.'—'Away with it, Sancho!' said Don Quixote; 'heap proverbs upon proverbs, according to your cursed custom!'—'Nay, indeed, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'I believe you have had little cause to complain this year; for I have taken care to mend that fault. As for last year, I have not much to say to it. I own I tumbled them out right or wrong; the truth is, a million of them escaped me, which they might well enough have spared putting into our history.'—'You ought rather to have spared uttering them,' replied Don Quixote, 'and then they would not have been printed.'—'O ho!' cried Sancho; 'that's worth all the rest! Why must every foolish word that is spoken be printed? But no matter; if they print no more than I shall say for the time to come, the printers will not have so much employment. Let them alone, I will take care of myself; all the proverbs I shall make use of for the future, will amount but to a small parcel; I will chew them a good while before I spit them out.' As Sancho spoke thus, he stretched himself out at full length; and, the provision being all eaten, resigned his carcase, with a loud yawn, into the arms of slumber. The hermit and the soldier being both very weary, laid them down upon the grass, and soon fell asleep. Even Don Quixote himself, casting aside, for some short time, the heavy burden of his weighty designs, tasted the sweetness of a quiet repose.

CHAP. II.

OF THE DEATH OF BROTHER JAMES, AND WHAT HAPPENED AT HIS FUNERAL.

As soon as day appeared, our travellers continued their journey, to take the cool of the morning. They had scarce gone two leagues, before they spied abundance of people gathered together at the foot of a mountain. Curiosity leading them to the place to know what was the matter, they saw, as they came near, an ecclesiastick talking to about fifty or sixty peasants, who stood round him. Don Quixote and his companions hereupon advancing close enough to listen to his discourse, heard him speak as follows:—'You know, my friends, what a strange life brother James has led for these ten

years

'years in solitude. So carefully he 'avoided the conversation of men, that 'I believe there is not a man among 'us can boast that he ever saw his face. 'He fed on nothing but roots, re-'fusing all the provisions your charity 'offered him. He was for the most 'part shut up in his cave; and we should 'not now have known that he was dead, 'had not some shepherds, who some-'times used to see him, mistrusted the 'matter. In short, the austerity of his 'life has been such, that he is nothing 'inferior to the ancient anchorites. 'Let us, then, pay him the last duty 'with the greatest devotion in our 'power.' Having thus said, the clergyman ordered them to dig a grave near a cavern which appeared in the side of the hill, whence he caused the body of brother James to be brought out, that every body might behold it. The deceased hermit had a white beard, which reached down to his middle, but what seemed much more extraordinary was, that his hair appeared blacker than jet. The clergyman, looking on him attentively, cried out—'Gracious pow-'ers! This is, surely, not natural!' At the same time, laying his hand rather roughly on the beard, it fell off, to the great amazement of the spectators. Brother Stephen then examining nicely the face and features of the deceased, seemed greatly agitated. 'We must 'look into the cave,' said the clergyman, 'whether there be nothing in it 'that may explain this mystery to us.' Having so said, he went into the cave; and soon returned with a little casket in his hands, but half shut, which he opened—'God be praised, gentlemen,' quoth he, 'I see a paper which will 'doubtless discover what we are so 'anxious to know!' Hereupon, taking out the paper, he read these words with an audible voice—'You behold, un-'der the habit of an hermit, a religious 'woman, whom lewd love drew out 'of her monastery! Behold the mise-'ries of a soul given up to that fatal 'passion! Happy shall I be, if ten 'years penance can satisfy Divine jus-'tice!'

Brother Stephen had scarcely heard these words, when he was seized with such an agony, that it shook his whole frame: his eye-sight failed him, and he swooned away in the soldier's arms. All the spectators, surprized at this accident, the cause whereof they were far from imagining, ran hastily to help brother Stephen; whom Don Quixote, Bracamonte, and Sancho, removed a few paces from thence, under some trees, where they used all possible means to bring him to himself. In the mean while, the false brother James was put into the grave; and the countrymen desiring some relick of him, divided his cloak, of which every one carried away a piece. When the burial was over, the clergyman went to see brother Stephen, whom, after many endeavours, they had at length brought to himself, though he was not yet able to speak. He lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and every now and then sighed so bitterly, that it gave cause to suspect there was something extraordinary passed within him. The clergyman, imagining this hermit might be some way concerned in the religious woman's story, was resolved to sift it out; and therefore said to him—'Cheer up, 'brother; and come along with these 'gentlemen to repose yourself at my 'house, which is in a village on the 'other side of this hill, where I am 'curate.'—'That is well said,' cried Sancho: 'let us go, father Stephen; 'do you endeavour to sit my ass, and 'let us follow master Curate; the smell 'of his kitchen will soon cure your 'distemper.' The hermit having by this time recovered his speech, in a few words thanked the clergyman, and accepted of his offer. Bracamonte and Sancho helped him to rise, and set him upon Dapple; but being yet too weak to sit alone, they placed themselves, one on each side, and, supporting him with their hands, proceeded towards the village. Don Quixote remounted Rozinante, and followed the rest, without speaking a word; but with all the gravity becoming his character. The clergyman, whose attention had been engaged by the situation of brother Stephen, was not, hitherto, very observant of the strange figure of the knight-errant; but, at length, looking at him from head to foot with greater earnestness, the more he eyed him the more he was amazed. Desirous, therefore, to discover something concerning him, he drew near Bracamonte; and, in his ear, asked Don Quixote's name and quality. Bracamonte made no scruple of telling him the whole truth;

and

and the curate every now and then casting his eyes at Don Quixote whilst the soldier satisfied his curiosity, the knight, who perceived it, endeavoured to carry himself with more than ordinary stateliness and gravity, that he might confirm the magnificent account of himself, which he supposed Bracamonte to be communicating.

They soon reached the curate's house, who immediately ordered breakfast to be provided for them, and advised brother Stephen to go to bed; but the hermit finding his strength return, would not yield to it. He breakfasted with the rest, and then said to them—'I 'must own, gentlemen, I am much 'obliged to you; and yet I know not 'whether I ought to thank or to blame 'you, for having prolonged my days, 'since the idea of the spectacle I saw 'but now, will remain imprinted in 'my soul as long as I live. I will acquaint you who the religious woman 'is that died in this solitude; and, at 'the same time, will let you know my 'own misfortunes: for I cannot tell 'you her story without giving you my 'own.' The hermit having paused a while, as it were to consider what he was going to say, went on with his discourse, as it is delivered in the ensuing chapter.

CHAP. III.

THE STORY OF THE TWO HERMITS.

'DONNA Louisa (for that is 'the religious woman's name) 'was born at Toledo. I am the only 'son of a gentleman of that city, and 'my name Don Gregory. Donna 'Louisa was, in birth and fortune, 'equal to me, and almost of the same 'age, and our parents were neighbours 'and friends. Being brought up together, and seeing one another every 'day, we formed a mutual attachment 'for each other; which, however, being but children, was forgotten as 'soon as we were parted. When I 'grew old enough to handle a sword, 'my father sent me into Flanders, and 'Donna Louisa's friends placed her in 'a monastery, where she became a nun, 'and fulfilled all the duties of her profession very commendably for several 'years. For my part, I thought of nothing but honour, and only studied 'how to advance myself in the service. 'At length, Spain concluded a peace, 'and I returned to Toledo. It happened that, going to a monastery to 'visit a kinswoman of mine, whilst I 'was discoursing with her, Donna Louisa came into the parlour where we 'were: I knew, and saluted her; and 'we had some talk, but she soon withdrew, after whispering something in 'my kinswoman's ear. All the remainder of the time I staid in the parlour, I felt myself greatly disordered, though without suspecting the cause. 'I asked my kinswoman a thousand 'questions concerning Donna Louisa, 'yet I thought I did it out of mere 'curiosity; and I attributed my discomposure merely to the surprize of 'seeing Donna Louisa so unexpectedly. 'As soon as I was alone, I discovered 'my mistake; my religious woman 'came too often into my thoughts to need any other help to undeceive myself: in short, I felt that passion rekindle which had been first conceived 'in my infancy, and which I thought 'time had quite extinguished. This 'incident sufficiently evinces how difficult it is to efface the first impressions of love: I used no efforts to curb 'my passion; though, at the very time 'I gave way to it, I foresaw a part of 'those misfortunes which have since 'befallen me. Solely occupied with 'the desire of pleasing Donna Louisa, 'I figured to myself the rapture of 'possessing her heart, and became insensible to every thing else: accordingly, the very next day I went to visit 'her; and I disclosed my passion. 'She turned all my words into raillery; and I departed, without discovering any thing of her thoughts. Two 'days after, I visited her again; she 'was willing to renew her pleasantry: 'I represented my sufferings to her in 'such a lively and moving manner, 'that at length she grew serious; and, 'perceiving the tears trickle down my 'cheeks—"How now, Don Gregory!" 'quoth she. "Do you think you are "still talking to that Donna Louisa "who could then hear you without offence? Those days are past. I am a "religious woman: I have renounced "the world. I must not cherish your "love: fly from me! Since absence "once banished me your thoughts,

" you will eaſily forget me a ſecond " time." In uttering theſe words, ſhe ' quitted me ſo abruptly, that I had not ' time to anſwer her. I plainly per- ' ceived her deſign was to put me out ' of all hope; and, having no cauſe to ' complain of a ſeverity which was the ' duty of her profeſſion, I withdrew, ' reſolving to be gone from Toledo: in ' ſhort, my father having given me ' leave to travel, I ſet out, ſoon after, ' for Italy. I went to Barcelona; ' and thence, by ſea, into Lombardy. ' I viſited the courts of Mantua, Par- ' ma, Modena, and Florence; but all ' to no purpoſe; Donna Louiſa pur- ' ſued me every where, and triumphed ' over the moſt beautiful women I could ' behold: in a word, all the benefit I ' reaped by my travels, was only the ' conviction that they heightened my ' paſſion. Deſpairing to overcome it, ' I returned to Spain. When I reached ' Toledo, I haſted to the monaſtery, to ' enquire for Donna Louiſa; but ſhe ' ſent word, that ſhe could not ſpeak ' to me; and returned the ſame anſwer ' for ſeveral days following. All this ' did not daunt me; I aſſumed various ' diſguiſes; and once, among the reſt, ' I habited myſelf in the dreſs of a ' Franciſcan friar, and with a falſe ' name endeavoured to draw her into ' the parlour: but ſhe was as ingenious ' in diſcovering my frauds, as I was in ' contriving them; and diſappointed ' all the various ſhapes which love made ' me put myſelf into for the ſake of ſee- ' ing her.

' So many difficulties, one might ' think, would have brought me to ' myſelf; but when paſſion is raiſed to ' a certain pitch, there is nothing in na- ' ture can curb it. At length, I fell ' ſick through grief; and the fever was ' ſo violent, that for two days it was not ' known whether I ſhould live or die. ' Youth, at length, prevailed; but my ' love, inſtead of declining, ſeemed to ' gather more ſtrength: in this deſpe- ' rate condition, I refuſed all helps ' from phyſick, and was reſolved on ' death. This was my condition, ' when an old woman came one day ' into my chamber; and, deſiring to ' talk to me in private, told me that ' Donna Louiſa had ſent her to let me ' know ſhe was very much troubled at ' my ſickneſs: " And here is a little " note," added the old woman, " which " ſhe charged me to deliver into your " own hand." I was ſo ſurprized at ' this unexpected accident, that I gazed ' on the old woman a good while, ' without ſpeaking a word, not daring ' to believe what ſhe ſaid. However, I ' took the note, and in it found theſe ' words—" Live, Don Gregory! Don- " na Louiſa commands you: ſhe would " be ever comfortleſs, ſhould ſhe have " cauſe to accuſe herſelf of your " death." Imagine to yourſelves my ' tranſports at that moment! The ' emotion I ſuſtained was ſo great, ' that it heightened my fever: how- ' ever, I did not fail to call up all my ' ſtrength; and, with a trembling ' hand, wrote this anſwer—" I will " live, Madam, ſince you command " me; but it ſhall only be to die at " your feet, for joy that I have excited " you to compaſſion." The old wo- ' man having quitted me, I reſolved to ' commence my obedience to Donna ' Louiſa; and demanded of my phyſi- ' cians, who entered the room at that ' moment, a medicine which I had hi- ' therto refuſed, in hatred of my life: ' they found me too much diſturbed to ' give it me; and, by unanimous con- ' ſent, contrary to their former prac- ' tice, judged it expedient to defer it ' till the next day. However, my ' mind being more at eaſe, I began to ' mend; and in a few days found ' myſelf in a condition to go and make ' my acknowledgments to Donna Lou- ' iſa. She did not refuſe to ſee me this ' time; ſhe received me with a ſmiling ' countenance. " Well, Don Gre- " gory," quoth ſhe, " are you per- " fectly recovered of your indiſpoſi- " tion?"—" Yes, Madam!" replied ' I; " and I come to return you thanks " as my deliverer."—" I could not " find in my heart," ſaid ſhe, " to " ſuffer the death of a man whom I " ſo much eſteemed: but I hope you " will not make an ill uſe of what I " have done for you; and that you " will endeavour to caſt from you all " that may be deſtructive to your in- " ward peace. I am willing, for your " comfort, in the circumſtances you " are in, to overcome myſelf; and to " own, that had I ſtaid in the world, " I would have preferred you before " all mankind. After this, be not ſo " unjuſt as to complain of Donna " Louiſa; endeavour to forget her, as " ſhe

" ſhe will endeavour to ſhun you: this " is what I require of you."—"Alas!" ' ſaid I, interrupting her, " that is the " only thing you muſt not exact of my " obedience; the will and reaſon are " but feeble weapons againſt ſo fierce " a love as mine. I have already tried " the cure of abſence: grant me, Ma- " dam, the liberty to love you, and " ſometimes to tell you of it. You " know with how much reſpect I ſerved " you, even when you might have been " mine! I will not deviate from my- " ſelf hereafter; and I will ſo govern " my paſſion, that your ſeverity ſhall " be ſatisfied."—" Alas! what would " the world ſay of me," ſaid ſhe, in ' a languiſhing tone, " if I ſhould " continue ſeeing you, when I can no " longer permit you to love me? What " trouble would you expoſe me to!"— " I will conceal my love," replied I, " ſo carefully, that all the world ſhall " be a ſtranger to it."—" And ſhall " not I know it, Don Gregory?" ſaid ' ſhe. " Do you think I make no ac- " count of my own eſteem? What " opinion could I entertain of myſelf, " were I ſenſible I was guilty of fail- " ing in my duty? But could I over- " come that nicety, yet I ſhould be " afraid of forfeiting your eſteem, by " condeſcending to what you propoſe." —" How, Madam," quoth I, " ſhould " I value you leſs, if you loved me? " Let me beg of you not to plunge me " into deſpair! my paſſion is ſo pure " and diſintereſted, that you may al- " low of it without any ſcruple."— " No, no!" cried Donna Louiſa, in ' diſorder; " I am not now what I was: " withdraw! and never talk to me of a " love I neither will nor ought to hear " of!"—" Well, then, Madam," an- ' ſwered I, in a heat, " I muſt rid you " of the complaints of an unhappy " man! I muſt die, to avoid evils a " thouſand times worſe than death! I " ſee plainly that my life or death is " equally indifferent to you, ſince you " will no longer endure my preſence!" ' As I ſpoke theſe words, I made ſome ' ſteps to be gone; but Donna Louiſa ' ſtopped me, ſaying—" Don Gregory, " what are you going to do? Alas!" ' added ſhe, dropping ſome tears againſt ' her will, " what would become of " me, if I were to anſwer for your " death? Live, to ſpare me a trouble " which would be the utmoſt trial of " my conſtancy!"—" Madam," ſaid ' I, " either be more cruel, or make " me at once happy by giving me " leave to love you! Come to ſome re- " ſolution."—" I know not what I " wiſh, nor what I am to do," an- ' ſwered ſhe; " all I know at preſent " is, that I cannot conſent you ſhould " die, nor forbid you to live for me." ' This ſaid, ſhe bluſhed, and withdrew, ' not daring to ſtay any longer with a ' man who had gained ſo much upon ' her. For my part, I went away well ' pleaſed with this viſit, and did not ' deſpair of overcoming all thoſe nice- ' ties of virtue and honour, which ' ſtood between Donna Louiſa and my ' love. I was not deceived in my ex- ' pectation: after ſome few viſits, ſhe ' owned her affection was not inferior ' to mine; and ſhe gave me leave to ' love her, provided I always kept my ' paſſion within the bounds of reſpect ' and innocence.

' No day paſſed without ſeeing her; ' but ſuch frequent viſits neceſſarily ' exciting the ſuſpicion of the nuns, ' who are generally curious and jea- ' lous, we agreed that we would ſee ' one another but twice a week. By ' this precaution, we thought we had ' ſecured the ſecreſy of our affairs: we ' wrote to one another every day, and ' reciprocally ſent a thouſand little ' preſents. All this while I had vio- ' lent impulſes, which I durſt not diſ- ' cover to Donna Louiſa, for fear of in- ' curring her diſpleaſure: but an acci- ' dent happened, which gave me the ' opportunity of diſcloſing my mind. ' Some of the nuns had taken notice ' of our viſits, and acquainted the ' prioreſs; who, to break off our cor- ' reſpondence, ordered Donna Louiſa ' to forbid my coming to the mona- ' ſtery. She told it me with tears in ' her eyes; and ſeemed ſo concerned ' and exaſperated againſt the prioreſs ' and the nuns, that I thought I could ' never have a better opportunity to ' propoſe carrying her off. She was ' not ſo much offended at the propoſal, ' as ſhe would have been if this affair ' had not happened; yet ſhe rejected it ' with ſo much harſhneſs, that I had ' almoſt reſolved never to mention it to ' her again. However, a ſeparation ' threatening us, and the time being ' ſhort, I conjured her to come to a ' ſpeedy reſolution: I begged, I wept;

'I made so many vows, that I perceived her resistance was only a small remainder of honour, easy enough to be overthrown. In conclusion, after some difficulties, she consented to be stolen away: we contrived the plan of it; and we put it in execution eight days after, in the manner following. I opened my father's closet with a false key, and took out as much gold as I could conveniently carry away: I also found means to seize my mother's jewels; and one night, when I thought all the house was fast asleep, I took the two best horses out of the stable, and went away to the monastery, between the hours of eleven and twelve. The nuns were all retired to their cells; Donna Louisa was also in hers, in order to throw off her religious habit, and to put on a suit of cloaths I had sent her the day before. I should inform you, that at this time she had the charge of the church and vestry, the keys whereof she was wont to carry to the prioress; but that night, instead of shutting the doors, she left them all open. Thus she got out at the church-door, and came to the place where I expected her. I was so overjoyed to have Donna Louisa in my power, that I could not forbear holding her a long time clasped in my arms, without considering that we had not a moment to lose. She put me in mind of it; and, having helped her on the horse I thought the most gentle, I mounted the other, and we took the road for Lisbon, both of us equally pleased that we were now in a way to follow our inclinations without restraint; but not without such apprehensions, as in a great measure moderated the excess of our pleasure; for we did not question but that the next day men would be sent out every way in pursuit of us. We travelled all that night and the following days without stopping any longer than was absolutely necessary to rest our horses, and gained the frontiers of Portugal as expeditiously as possible: then we began to be out of fear, and made easy journies to Lisbon. There we took many servants, hired a fine house, furnished it richly, and set up an equipage. We began, like strangers, to admit of company; and, in a short time, our house became the rendezvous of all the young people of the city. We counterfeited a marriage certificate; and, under that protection, gave ourselves up to the fatal pleasures of a guilty passion, living as contentedly as if we had been conscious of no crime.'

Here the hermit was interrupted by the outcries of Sancho; who, returning from the kitchen, where he had been at breakfast with the curate's servant, came blubbering into the room, tearing his beard and hair. 'What is 'the matter, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote. 'O, Sir!' answered the disconsolate squire, 'we may now have 'done with chivalry, and go home 'again! A clodpate of a peasant that 'was below, has taken away our enchanted club, and is run off with it 'as swift as an elephant.'—'You 'mean as swift as a fawn,' said Don Quixote: 'but you are in the wrong, 'Sancho, to be as much concerned at 'an accident of this sort, as if you had 'lost your wife and children.'—'O 'my dear club!' cried Sancho, without minding his master, 'club of my own 'bowels! I shall never see you again 'then! Unhappy mother that begot 'you! A curse on the clown that stole 'you! May you only serve to break 'his bones!—Now we may even give 'ourselves up to the enchanters! they 'will steal the very teeth out of our 'mouths!'—'Take comfort, child,' said Don Quixote; 'I own we have a 'considerable loss of Archbishop Turpin's club; but the enchanters cannot take my valour and my strength 'from me; and I need no other weapons to overcome them.' The soldier and the curate, uniting their consolations to those of the knight, at length made shift to pacify Sancho: and the hermit then prosecuted his story as follows.

CHAP. IV.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE TWO HERMITS. DON QUIXOTE IN A DREADFUL RAGE.

'DONNA Louisa and myself 'were at Lisbon,' continued the hermit, 'in the condition I have 'already told you. Having jewels to 'the

'the value of twenty thousand ducats, 'we might, with good management, 'have secured ourselves a long time 'against want; but we lived so extra- 'vagantly, that at two years end our 'money was gone. We were forced 'to part with our equipage, to dismiss 'our servants, and to sell our goods 'by piece-meal, for present subsist- 'ence. Being now reduced to the last 'extremity, I disposed of all my cloaths 'for ready-money, and went away to 'a gaming-house to try my fortune; 'resolving either to win a sum sufficient 'to set us up again, or to hasten our 'ruin: the latter of these happened. I 'lost all, to my very sword and cloak; 'and, having no more to lose, returned 'home to Donna Louisa, who expected 'me, making sad reflections on our de- 'plorable condition. Her affliction 'was doubled at being informed that I 'had lost all the remainder of our mo- 'ney: she wept bitterly; and I myself 'could not forbear shedding tears. "Madam," said I, "you have suffi- "cient cause to hate me; I have forced "you from your sanctuary, to make you "miserable: had it not been for me, "your days had still glided on in inno- "cence and peace. Alas! why did "not you rather suffer me to die? Why "have you preserved a life so fatal to "yourself?"—"My dear Don Gre- "gory," answered Donna Louisa, "cease to impute to yourself my mis- "fortunes! I have drawn them on "myself by my crimes, and Heaven "punishes me as I have deserved: it "is rather you who ought to hold me "in abhorrence. I have been the cause "of your parents inconsolable grief; "perhaps of their death; by taking "from them their only son; and that, "too, in such a manner as admits of "no comfort: in a word, I have ruin- "ed you!" In this manner, Donna 'Louisa and myself, instead of re- 'proaching each other, did but mu- 'tually condole and affect ourselves; 'and, what is yet stranger, our cala- 'mity was so far from extinguishing 'our passion, that it rather seemed to 'give it new life.

'However, it being absolutely neces- 'sary to come to some resolution, I 'told Donna Louisa, that, having made 'such a figure in the city of Lisbon, it 'was requisite we should immediately 'remove to some other place; where, 'having never been known to any 'body, we might easily conceal our 'quality, and live in obscurity; I 'serving some man of quality, and she 'working at her needle: she approved 'of my project; and that very night 'we set out from Lisbon on foot, and 'very ill clad. We stopped at every 'village we came to, and begged from 'door to door: my greatest affliction 'was to see the sufferings of Donna 'Louisa, whose feet were blistered 'with walking. I made her rest oft- 'en; and sometimes carried her upon 'my back. In this manner we went to 'Badajoz, a frontier city of Castile. 'We were forced to take up our abode 'in the hospital, having no money to 'pay for a lodging: but we lay there 'only one night; for the next day an 'accident befel us which might be 'looked upon as fortunate, consider- 'ing our condition. It is to be ob- 'served, that the magistrates of Bada- 'joz, to keep the city free from vaga- 'bonds, appoint inspectors to visit the 'hospital every day, and to take a par- 'ticular account of the wants and of 'the circumstances of all strangers 'that repair to it: as soon as the in- 'spector, whose turn it was that day, 'saw Donna Louisa, he asked her 'what countrywoman she was. I an- 'swered, that we were both of Valla- 'dolid, and that we were man and 'wife; and then drew out the certifi- 'cate which I had forged at Lisbon: 'the inspector, having seen it, seemed 'satisfied, and asked what brought us 'to Badajoz, and what was our pro- 'fession. Donna Louisa answered, 'that she was by trade a sempstress, 'and that she had always served per- 'sons of quality; and that we were 'now come to Badajoz, wishing to 'settle there. The inspector told us 'that, if what we said was true, he 'would take care of us; and, if we 'did not want the will, we should not 'want for employment: then he or- 'dered one of his servants to carry us 'to his house. We thanked him, as 'the thing seemed to deserve; and 'when he was gone, we desired the 'servant to tell us his master's name 'and quality. "His name is Don "Francisco de Furna," said the ser- 'vant: "he is of one of the best fami- "lies in this city; he is an old batche- "lor, very rich, who spends all he has

"in

" in relieving the poor." We were ' very glad we had met with that in- ' spector, from whom we hoped to re- ' ceive some relief. He came home ' soon after us: he asked us several ' questions concerning our marriage; ' and the reasons that obliged us to ' leave Valladolid. He examined us ' apart, to try whether he could catch ' us tripping: but we had framed such ' a plausible story, and concerted it so ' perfectly, that he thought us worthy ' of his compassion. He, therefore, ' hired a chamber for us, and pur- ' chased all the necessaries for house- ' keeping: besides this, he gave us a ' month's subsistence in money, and ' cloathed us from head to foot. In ' short, he plentifully supplied all our ' wants: we were so sensible of his ' goodness, that we gave him a thou- ' sand blessings; but we were too ' wicked to deserve that Heaven should ' suffer us long to live happy.

' Though Donna Louisa wore only ' a plain stuff suit, yet she looked very ' lovely; and I soon suspected that Don ' Francisco de Furna was not insensi- ' ble of her charms. It is true, he ' had never yet, in his discourse with ' her, suffered any thing to escape him ' that could justify my jealousy; but ' he seemed to me to look upon her ' with a tender and passionate eye; and, ' perhaps, because I was so fond of ' her, I fancied every body that saw her ' was equally enamoured. Donna ' Louisa, who had not taken notice of ' what I imagined myself to have ob- ' served, ridiculed my penetration; but ' one day, having left her at home ' alone, she was convinced that I was ' not mistaken. Don Francisco went ' to see her; and, after talking of in- ' different things, looking on her very ' amorously, he said—" I cannot but " blame you, Madam, for concealing " from me who you really are; since " your behaviour sufficiently betrays " you: you are too witty and polite " for one of mean condition; and your " husband has too much the air of " quality to be of low birth. I am " wholly yours, Madam; I offer you " my estate and my service: is not this " enough to deserve that you should " put some confidence in me?" Don- ' na Louisa looked down blushing, and ' said—" Sir, since I have received so " many favours at your hand, I can " no longer conceal myself from you; " and must own, that my husband and " I are of the best families of Toledo: " and, to give you our story in a word, " we loved one another; but there be- " ing a mortal hatred between our fa- " milies, we thought they would never " give their consent to our marriage; " and therefore my husband, after " having married me privately, stole " me away. We have lived some time " at Lisbon, where we spent all our " money extravagantly, still hoping " that our parents might be reconciled, " and that our marriage might give " them occasion of becoming friendly " to us: but we are informed that they " are more our enemies than ever, and " would use us with the utmost severity " if we were in their power. This " induced us to come to Badajoz, for " the purpose of concealment, resolv- " ing to endure any hardships what- " soever, rather than return to To- " ledo." Don Francisco believed all ' that Donna Louisa said to him, and ' made her fresh tenders of his service; ' but in terms so lively, that she had ' no reason to doubt any longer of his ' being in love with her. The next ' day he sent a piece of fine silk to ' cloath her, and a purse of ducats; ' and few days passed without his mak- ' ing her some present.

' As soon as we began to appear in ' better garb, ill tongues did not spare ' Donna Louisa; and it was believed ' that Don Francisco had an unlawful ' familiarity with her. Upon this sup- ' position several persons were desirous ' of becoming acquainted with Donna ' Louisa; and some attached themselves ' very closely, in hopes of participating ' her favours. So many lovers began ' to be offensive to me, and I was many ' times in the mind to fight them; but ' considering the ill consequences of ' such a step, I left it to Donna Loui- ' sa's contrivance to rid me of my rivals. ' She treated them so harshly, that ' some of them desisted; but others ' were the more inflamed, and re- ' doubled their courtship. By day they ' followed us wheresoever we went, and ' they spent the nights under our win- ' dows, singing and playing on all sorts ' of musical instruments. All this ' seemed to confirm the ill reports ' which were spread abroad against ' Donna Louisa's reputation, and we

' thought

'thought of nothing but the means of 'ridding ourſelves of theſe gallants. 'At length, they one night fought in 'the ſtreet; and one of them was left 'dead upon the ſpot, who proved to be 'the ſon of one of the chief magi-'ſtrates of the city. As ſoon as the 'nature of the thing was known, 'Donna Louiſa was ſeized and thrown 'into priſon. I ſhould alſo have been 'apprehended had I been at home; but 'I was then at Franciſco's houſe: and 'as ſoon as ever I heard the news, 'fearing to fall into the hands of juſ-'tice, which I had ſo much cauſe to 'be apprehenſive of, I left Don Fran-'ciſco abruptly; and it being then 'night, I got ſafe out of Badajoz, and 'departed for Merida. I had ſcarce 'gone half way, when reflecting that 'Donna Louiſa was left behind, ex-'poſed to the utmoſt calamities, I felt 'myſelf unable to withſtand the ap-'prehenſion; and therefore, deſpiſing 'the danger that had at firſt terrified 'me, I returned to Badajoz, and went 'directly to Don Franciſco's houſe. 'He told me, that by his intereſt he 'had procured the releaſement of Don-'na Louiſa; but that the very night 'after her diſcharge ſhe had diſappear-'ed; and though he had made the moſt 'diligent ſearch and enquiry, he could 'never hear of her. I at firſt ima-'gined that Don Franciſco had con-'cealed her, in the hope that, during 'my abſence, he might prevail on her 'to gratify his paſſion; but his afflic-'tion for her loſs appeared ſo ſincere, 'that I no longer ſuſpected him of that 'artifice. I ſpent ſeveral years in 'ſeeking Donna Louiſa in moſt parts 'of Spain and Portugal; and not find-'ing her, I believed Heaven had taken 'compaſſion on her, and inſpired her 'with the thoughts of ſhutting herſelf 'up in ſome monaſtery to lament her 'ſins. At the ſame time, I felt I 'know not what divine impulſe, which 'carried me away. In ſhort, I went 'to Rome; and having received the 'Pope's abſolution, as I deſired, I re-'turned to Spain in the habit you ſee, 'reſolving to dedicate the remainder of 'my life to penance, as ſome atonement 'for my former irregularities. I was 'deſirous of becoming a Carthuſian; 'but Providence, having brought me 'hither, ſeems to require me to follow 'the example of Donna Louiſa; and 'that, like her, I ſhould breathe my 'laſt in this ſolitude.'

Don Gregory having ended his diſ-courſe, the curate commended his re-ſolution; and ſaid it would be oppoſing the will of God to contradict him. Don Quixote took upon him to talk in his turn; and inveighing againſt ſuch as blindly devote themſelves to the plea-ſures of love, proved, by a thouſand inſtances gathered out of hiſtory, that man could never be too much upon his guard againſt that dangerous paſſion. In ſhort, he diſcourſed on this ſubject ſo ſenſibly, that the curate began to think all falſe that he had been told concerning the knight's inſanity; and the hermit himſelf was ſo much ſur-prized, that he could not forbear ſay-ing—'In truth, Sir, there is no hear-'ing without admiring you. How is 'it poſſible that, being a man of ſo 'much good ſenſe and judgment as 'you have now made appear, you can 'perſuade yourſelf there ever really 'exiſted any knights-errant?—Mr. Cu-'rate,' continued he, 'you ſee here a 'perſon of extraordinary worth; he 'has but one fault, which is, that he 'will not be undeceived as to the falſe-'hood of books of knight-errantry, 'but believes them to be true and au-'thentick. Aſſiſt me, I beſeech you, 'in convincing him of his error.' The curate, who was a very pious and un-derſtanding man, offered to ſecond the hermit. Accordingly, they both began to diſcourſe with Don Quixote, and la-boured to undeceive him. They uſed every argument to diſſuade him from continuing the practice of knight-er-rantry, alledging all that ſound reaſon could urge on the ſubject. They em-ployed entreaties, examples, and per-ſuaſions. The curate proceeded ſo far as to quote the canons of the church; and brother Stephen cited the conſtitu-tions of ancient anchorites. But their eloquence was all loſt; for the knight waxed into as great a paſſion as if they had perſuaded him to permit the giant Bramarbas to cut off his head; and, looking on the clergyman with a ſcorn-ful diſdain, ſaid—'Pray, Mr. Cu-'rate, do you mind your lectures; and 'take notice that there have not only 'formerly been knights-errant, but 'that there are ſuch ſtill, and will be 'to the end of the world, in ſpite of 'all the country curates upon the face

'of

'of the earth!—And as for you, brother Stephen—or Don Gregory,' continued he, turning to the hermit, 'or 'what other name ſoever may be given 'to a raviſher of nuns; remember, 'that I know better than you, whether 'the books of knight-errantry contain 'truths or falſhoods. You talk to no 'purpoſe: all your words will not 'move me; I am not ſo eaſy to be deluded as a poor ſilly nun. Take my 'advice; and, inſtead of loſing time 'about what does not belong to you, 'begin, without farther delay, that rigorous penance you propoſe to your'ſelf; for you ſtand in great need of it.' Having ſpoken theſe words, he ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante; and, in ſpite of all they could ſay to him, departed that inſtant. The ſoldier, who hitherto had obſerved an exact neutrality, was now obliged to declare himſelf; that is, either to quit Don Quixote, or brother Stephen: taking, therefore, that ſide which ſeemed moſt for his intereſt, he accompanied the knight, who he reckoned would bear his charges as far as Siguenza.

CHAP. V.

THE CURIOUS DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HELD WITH BRACAMONTE AND SANCHO. AND THE FINE STORY OF THE GEESE.

THE hero of La Mancha was ſo enraged againſt the curate and the hermit, that Bracamonte and Sancho had enough to do to appeaſe him. 'Is it poſſible,' ſaid he, 'that I muſt 'every where meet with people who 'call in queſtion the exiſtence of 'knight-errantry?'—'For my part,' anſwered the ſoldier, 'I never made any 'doubt of it; but I believe it as firmly, 'as if I had really ſeen them in fleſh 'and bones. We muſt not ſpeak ill of 'our neighbours; but, to ſay the truth, 'I would not truſt too much to brother 'Stephen: perhaps he has been debauched by enchanters to cry down 'chivalry. What do we know! A 'man who could be ſo wicked as to 'ſteal a nun, may likely enough contrive to debauch a knight from knight'errantry.'—'That's likely enough,' quoth Sancho; 'and the ſpark would 'come off again with going back to 'Rome for his pardon.'—'It may 'very well be,' replied Don Quixote: 'for you can never imagine, Don Bracamonte, the various contrivances of 'enchanters to ſuppreſs knight-errantry: and it is not long ſince 'Archbiſhop Turpin, whom they bribed for that purpoſe, employed all his 'eloquence to perſuade me to forſake 'this noble profeſſion.'—'Archbiſhop 'Turpin!' cried Bracamonte, laughing; 'good God! ſure you don't ſay ſo! 'Is that prelate in this world ſtill? I 'thought he had been dead I know not 'how many ages ago.'—'It was generally ſo believed till now,' replied the knight, 'becauſe he vaniſhed about 'ſeven hundred years ſince. But I, who 'am acquainted with all that relates 'to him, do know, that an enchanter 'going over to Aſia to ſeek him among 'many other Chriſtian princes, who 'had engaged in a cruſade for the delivery of the holy city out of the 'hands of Infidels, enchanted him 'for ſome ages.'—'If ſo, Sir,' ſaid Bracamonte, 'enchanters have power 'to prolong the lives of thoſe they enchant.'—'Who doubts it?' anſwered Don Quixote. 'Orlando has been 'ſo preſerved by the Mooriſh enchanter, 'as may appear by the combat I had 'but the other day with that Paladin.' —'According to that,' quoth the ſoldier, 'the enchanters themſelves never 'die.'—'They are not immortal,' replied the knight; 'for all mankind is 'ſubject to death: but enchanters outlive hundreds of ages; years to them 'are like moments to us, and therefore it is that they generally have venerable aſpects, and long grey beards.' —'Why, then,' quoth Sancho, in his turn, 'has the Mooriſh enchanter a red 'beard? I durſt lay a wager it is becauſe he is too young as yet, not being 'perhaps above ſeven or eight hundred years old.'—'That may very 'well be,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for all 'enchanters have not grey beards; and 'ſome of them grow grey towards 'their latter days.'—'But, pray, Sir 'Knight,' ſaid the ſoldier, 'tell us, 'to what purpoſe did the necromancer 'enchant Archbiſhop Turpin?'—'To 'diſſuade me from knight-errantry,' replied Don Quixote; 'and the whole 'matter was thus: the enchanter even 'then foreſeeing that I ſhould follow 'knight-errrantry at this time, and 'might

'might be the means of restoring that 'order, made choice of Archbishop 'Turpin, a crafty and eloquent per-'son, to seduce me from it. To this 'purpose he inspired into him a per-'fect aversion to knight-errantry, which 'he had till then professed with ho-'nour; and having at length prevailed 'upon him to quit his archbishoprick 'of Rheims, he made him a preben-'dary at Ateca; placing him there by 'the name of Master Valentin, as well 'knowing I should pass through that 'place in the course of my adventures.' —'Od's my life!' quoth the soldier, laughing at such a mad conceit, 'the 'enchanter served him a base trick, 'then, to make him quit an arch-'bishoprick for a prebend at Ateca! 'By my troth, had I been the arch-'bishop, I would never have consented 'to so ill a bargain; that is, as the 'proverb says, for the bishop to turn 'clerk!'—'Don't think much of that,' quoth Sancho; 'for I have heard our 'curate, who understands the ways 'of sorcerers very well, say, that they 'will often make us take oaken leaves 'for pure gold, and bits of glass for 'diamonds; and therefore the enchanter 'might very well make Master Valen-'tin take a prebend for an arch-'bishoprick; for, let me tell ye, the 'devil is very crafty.'—'I am of your 'opinion, brother Sancho,' answered the soldier; 'I believe the magician has 'made that juggle pass upon him.'— 'The cowardly archbishop,' said Don Quixote, 'made a very formal ha-'rangue to me in his house, to induce 'me to forsake knight-errantry; but 'I listened to him as Ulysses did to the 'singing of the Syrens, and quitted 'him abruptly.'

Our adventurers having travelled four good leagues conversing after this manner, began to be much fatigued with the heat, which that day proved excessive. The foot-traveller being in particular unable to advance a step far-ther for weariness, applied himself to the knight of La Mancha, saying—'Sir, since the sun is so exceeding hot 'that it scorches us to the very bones, 'and there being but two leagues from 'hence to the village where we must 'lie to-night, I would advise to get out 'of the road, that we may rest a little 'under the willows you see there. We 'may spend a few hours in the shade, 'on the bank of a pleasant rivulet that 'washes the feet of those trees; and 'when the sun is somewhat lower, we 'may proceed on our journey with 'more ease.' The advice was ap-proved of; and more especially by San-cho, who, from that time forward, looked upon Bracamonte as a very ju-dicious man. Accordingly, they went to the willows, where they found two canons of Calatayud, and an alderman of Siguenza, who were withdrawn thither with the same design of resting themselves. They saluted one ano-ther; and Bracamonte said to the ca-nons—'Gentlemen, will you be pleased 'that the great knight Don Quixote de 'la Mancha take the cool air a while 'with you in the shade?' As soon as the canons heard the knight of La Man-cha named, they accosted him with a thousand compliments. The adven-ture of the melon-field had made such a noise throughout the country, that there was scarce any body ignorant of Don Quixote: besides, the canons had heard all that passed at Mr. Valentin's; so that they were apprized of the true characters both of master and man. When they were seated on the grass, the knight said to them—'Gentlemen, 'I am of opinion that, to avoid idle-'ness, the bane of the best dispositions, 'it were fit for us, whilst the heavenly 'charioteer abates the heat of his rays, 'to divert ourselves with the relation 'of some important story, such as is 'worthy the consideration of wise men.' —'That was well thought of,' quoth Sancho, very abruptly; 'and if that 'be all, I will tell a pretty tale, for I 'have choice of them. And to be-'gin, gentlemen, you must under-'stand that, once upon a time, there was 'what there was. But be that as it 'can, if it be but all for the best. "Let ill be gone for aye, and good be-"tide, I pray."—'Hold your peace, 'dunce!' cried Don Quixote, inter-rupting him in a passion. 'Why don't 'you listen to these gentlemen, and not 'trouble them with your own imper-'tinences?' The canons, who were eager to hear Sancho, entreated the knight to let him go on. 'Come, good 'master Squire,' quoth one of them, 'proceed; I am convinced these gen-'tlemen will be as well pleased as my-'self, to hear you tell a story your own 'way.'—'Hark you, master Licen-

'tiate,' replied Sancho, 'you have 'touched a ſtring that will make you 'muſick enough: but if you will have 'me tell you wonders, my maſter Don 'Quixote muſt not cut me off ſhort.' —'Well,' ſaid the knight, 'conſider, 'then, what you are going to ſay; do 'not trouble us with ſuch a dull rela- 'tion as that you made to me in the 'wood, where we found the ſix giants 'converted into fulling-mills; nor ſuch 'an impertinent tale as that of the 'wandering Toralva, who followed 'the ſhepherd Lopez Ruiz with a piece 'of a comb and a broken looking-glaſs, 'when he fled her for her coquetries; 'nor ſuch a tireſome ſtory as that of 'the goats that lay down in the dirt, 'and which have infected my ſcent and 'fancy.'—'Nay, by my faith!' quoth Sancho, 'it is a ſign thoſe tales were 'not ſo bad, ſince you remember them 'ſo well: and I am glad of it, for by 'that you will like this I am going to 'tell you the better.—There was a 'certain king and a queen,' ſaid he, 'who lived in their own kingdom: all 'that was of the male kind in that 'kingdom, belonged to the king; and 'all that was of the female, as of right 'it ought, to the queen. Now, this 'king and this queen had a chamber 'as big as the ſtable my maſter Don 'Quixote keeps Rozinante in, in our 'village. This chamber was ſo full 'of white and yellow rials, that they 'reached up to the roof. So, time com- 'ing and going, the king ſaid to the 'queen—"Queen, my dear, you ſee "how much money we have; we ought "to improve it, that we might buy "more kingdoms." The queen pre- 'ſently anſwered—"King, my dar- "ling, I think it would not be amiſs "for us to buy ſheep."—"No, queen," 'ſaid the king, "we had better buy "kine."—"No, king," quoth the 'queen, "it will turn to better ac- "count to deal in ſwine at Toboſo "fair." The king did not agree to it, 'and took a fancy always to ſay No, 'when his wife ſaid Yes. At laſt they 'agreed to buy geeſe, reckoning by 'their fingers that they would go into 'Old Caſtile, where there is great 'plenty of geeſe, and where they might 'buy them for two rials a-piece; and 'then ſell them again at Toledo for 'four. What was ſaid was done: the 'king and queen went with all their 'money into Old Caſtile, and bought 'ſuch a world of geeſe, that they co- 'vered the ground for twenty leagues 'round.'—'Heaven confound thee 'and thy geeſe!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him a ſecond time; 'did 'not I tell you this blockhead would 'plague us with ſome impertinent non- 'ſenſe?' The canons, fearing to loſe ſuch a curious tale, appeaſed the knight, and earneſtly entreated him to let San- cho go on to the end. The ſquire, finding himſelf ſo well backed, without ſtaying for leave, proceeded after this manner. 'There was ſuch abundance 'of geeſe, then, gentlemen, that Spain 'was all covered with geeſe, as the 'world was with water, in Noah's 'Flood. The king and the queen went 'along the road, driving their geeſe 'with a wand, till they came to a river 'which had no bridge. Then the 'king ſaid to the queen, and the queen 'to the king—'How ſhall we get our "geeſe over? For if we turn them into "the water, the ſtream will carry them "away to Rome or Conſtantinople." 'The queen ſaid—"That's right; we "muſt adviſe with the lawyers about "it." But the king, who was a piece 'of a ſcholar, ſaid—"Here's a diffi- "culty indeed! Why, we need only "make a bridge ſo narrow, that only "one gooſe can paſs it at once, and by "that means they will not ſtraggle." 'The queen approved of the king's 'project, and the workmen were ſet to 'work. When the bridge was finiſh- 'ed, the geeſe began to paſs one by 'one.' Sancho ſtopping ſhort here, his maſter ſaid to him—'Get you over, 'then, with your geeſe, you dunce; 'and put an end quickly to your ſcurvy 'tale!'—'That cannot be, Sir,' re- plied the ſquire; 'how would you have 'a flock of geeſe twenty leagues 'ſquare, to get over in a moment; it 'will take up at leaſt two years—and 'ſo, gentlemen, two years hence I will 'tell you the reſt; for I deal plainly 'with you, I will not end my tale till 'the geeſe are all over.' This unac- countable concluſion of a ſtory ſet all that heard it a laughing, except only the ſerious Don Quixote, who wiſhed the tale and the teller at the devil.

The canons were not at all weary of the company of our adventurers; but perceiving the ſun was now low enough, and that they had no more time than

was

was absolutely requisite to carry them to Calatayud, they mounted their mules, and departed after the usual compliments upon such occasions. Don Quixote and his company, for the same reason, left the willows, and went their way. The alderman of Siguenza being upon his return home, and intending to pass the night at the same village with our adventurers, bore them company; concluding the Knight of La Mancha to be really a madman, though not knowing as yet the particular quality of his phrenzy: of this, however, he was soon fully informed by the occurrence of a very strange adventure; which those who take the pains of reading the ensuing chapter will presently discover.

CHAP. V.

OF THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE'S VALIANT SQUIRE HAD THE HARDINESS TO UNDERTAKE.

DON Quixote and his companions were now about half way on their journey to the inn where they were to lie that night; when, passing by the side of a little wood of fir-trees, they observed a doleful voice issue from among them, as it were of a woman in distress. They halted, the better to listen to it; and, being near enough, heard these words distinctly—'Alas! 'unhappy woman that I am! shall I 'find nobody to relieve me in this extremity? Must I end my days miserably torn to pieces by the cruel 'beasts that inhabit this place?' As soon as the knight heard these words, he said to his companions—'Behold 'here, gentlemen, the most glorious 'and most dangerous adventure I ever 'met with since I received the order of 'knighthood! The wood which we 'now see is enchanted, and very difficult to be penetrated; the wise Friston, my ancient enemy, has in it a 'spacious cavern, wherein he holds a 'great number of knights and princesses enchanted. To these he has 'lately added the sage Urganda the 'Unknown: she is cruelly bound with 'mighty iron-chains to a vast millstone, which two deformed demons 'continually whirl about; and every 'time her body violently strikes the 'rock on which the mill-stone stands, 'the terrible pain she endures makes 'her cry out in the manner we have 'heard.' Information like the foregoing was perfectly new and strange to the alderman; who, being by nature not over wise, answered with the utmost simplicity—'Sir Knight, enchanters are not at all used in this country; and I do not believe there is 'any thing of what you say in this 'wood: all we can judge of it is, that 'some highwaymen have dragged some 'woman into the wood, where they 'have robbed and abused her. It behoves us to go in and see whether she 'is still in a condition to be helped.'—'Mr. Alderman,' answered Don Quixote very sternly, 'do not you know I 'do not love to contend, and especially 'with little aldermen, who ought to 'hold their peace before knights-errant!' Bracamonte, to prevent any contest, drew near the alderman, and in few words let him into Don Quixote's character; who, as one deeply concerned in Urganda's deliverance, had already drawn his sword, and was entering the wood; affirming, that to him alone it belonged to finish that adventure. But Sancho, laying hold of Rozinante's bridle, stopped his master, and kneeled down before him with his cap in his hand. Don Quixote, judging by this posture that the squire desired leave to speak, demanded what he had to say. 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'you saw how, the other day, as we 'came out of Saragossa, I made my 'party good with Mr. Bracamonte; I 'humbly beseech you to leave this adventure to me, that I may one day, 'by my own feats, deserve to become 'a knight-errant, and to be inserted, 'as well as you, in the legend. I will 'go up fairly upon my ass to see who 'this princess is that makes such a 'grievous complaint; and if I can 'catch that scoundrel of a Friskin our 'enemy asleep, I will drag him before 'you by the collar, and give him a 'score of good bangs before he awakes. 'However, since none can tell who is 'to live, or who is to die; and that 'very often a man is himself shorn 'when he goes for wool; therefore I 'desire that, if my Dapple and I should 'fall in the combat, we may be both 'buried together.'—'Friend Sancho,'

ſaid Don Quixote, 'that you may ſee 'I deſire nothing more ardently than 'your advancement in adventures, I 'am willing to grant you this one; 'but I cannot agree to give you up all 'the honour of it, unleſs it be upon 'condition that, if you finiſh it, you 'ſhall lay aſide your peaſant's habit, 'and cauſe yourſelf to be knighted by 'the king himſelf, as ſoon as we come 'to court; that you may then mount a 'ſtately Andaluſian courſer, and, armed at all points, enter the liſts to kill 'giants, and diſenchant knights and 'ladies.'—'Sir,' replied the ſquire, 'you need only ſlip the hounds after 'the hare; I am not a man to be ſent 'on a fool's errand; whenſoever I 'ſhall be put to ſtir my ſtumps, aſſure 'yourſelf I will do more in a day than 'two others ſhall in an hour: and 'whatever enemy I ſhall engage, if I 'can but contrive to have a good diſtance between us, and ſtones enough 'in my way, you ſhall ſee I can make 'uſe of both my hands! Victory ſhall 'be on my ſide, or I will know why! 'And, in ſhort, all thoſe plaguy giants ſhall be ſlain upon the ſpot, 'though there were a whole buſhel of 'them! Farewel, dear Sir! give me 'your bleſſing; for that is all the ſignal 'I wait for to fall on!'—'Go, my 'dear child!' anſwered the knight; 'the God of Hoſts give you the ſucceſs 'I wiſh you!' The ſquire, fortified by theſe words, ſet off directly upon his expedition; but, before he had gone a dozen paces, he returned towards his maſter, ſaying—'Sir, I had like to 'have forgot the beſt of it. Pray take 'notice of what I am going to ſay to you. If I have the ill fate to fall into 'any great danger, and cry out for help, do not fail to make haſte to my aſſiſtance, that yonder ſcoundrel of 'a Friſkin may not have any cauſe to 'laugh at us.'—'Fear nothing, my 'ſon,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I will be 'with you before you can be ſlain; or, 'at leaſt, I will come in ſo ſoon after, 'that I ſhall amply revenge your death 'the ſame hour!'—'That is not 'enough, Sir,' replied Sancho; 'you 'muſt be at my heels before the giants 'come within a ſtone's throw of me. 'In ſhort, when you hear me cry 'Hither! Hither!' 'that ſhall be a 'ſign there is no time to loſe, and that 'I am then actually dead!'—'Sancho, 'Sancho!' quoth Don Quixote, ſhaking his head, 'you will do no wonders 'this bout, ſince you are already ſo 'much afraid.'—'Pox on it, Sir!' replied the ſquire, 'you make very light, 'I warrant, of this adventure! Here I 'am not yet knighted, and you would 'have me attack a million of giants, 'as if they were a dozen of chickens! 'But, ſince I have engaged myſelf, I 'muſt on: there is no running after 'the pudding when another has got it 'betwixt his teeth!' Having ſpoken theſe words, the courageous ſquire advanced into the wood. Hardly had he entered it, when he began to roar, with all his might—'Hither! Hither! they 'kill me! they murder me!' Don Quixote hearing theſe cries, clapped both ſpurs to Rozinante, and ruſhed into the wood, followed by the ſoldier and the alderman: but when, upon coming up to Sancho, and finding him peaceably ſeated on his aſs, the knight aſked him what diſaſter he had met with—'Well done!' anſwered the ſquire; 'you are a man of your word: 'I have ſeen nothing as yet, God be 'thanked! and I only cried out, to 'try whether you would come at the 'firſt call—and ſo, gentlemen, you may 'go back, for I will now finiſh the adventure.'

Thus ſpeaking, he advanced farther into the thicket; and preſently heard theſe words uttered juſt by him—'O 'Holy Mother of God! will you ſend 'nobody this way to releaſe me? Good 'honeſt countryman, deliver me from 'the danger I am in!' The novice-knight looking round towards the place whence the voice came, eſpied a woman naked to her ſhift, and bound to a tree. This ſight threw him into ſuch conſternation, that, dropping down plumb from his aſs, he took to his heels, without minding which way he went, yelling with horrible vociferation—'Help! 'Murder!—Now, maſter Don Quixote, 'your truſty ſquire is ſlain!' Don Quixote and the other two, who had quitted the wood, returned immediately upon this outcry, and found poor Sancho in the uttermoſt confuſion, trembling at every ſtep he took, and ſcarifying his face moſt fearfully among the briars and brambles. Bracamonte laid hold of his arm, and had enough to do to ſtop him; for he ſtruggled with might and main to get out of the wood. 'What

Plate I.

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'is the matter, Sir Future Knight?' quoth the ſoldier. 'O good Mr. Bracamonte!' replied Sancho, 'do not forſake me, I beſeech you; for all the ſouls in purgatory are at my heels! My ſinful eyes have ſeen one bound to a pine tree, and clad in white, as our curate deſcribes them: and had I not made uſe of my heels, and recommended myſelf to the good thief, ſhe had ſwallowed me down like a ſtewed prune; for ſhe has not eaten any thing elſe theſe ſix thouſand years, but only my aſs, who is certainly devoured, ſince I ſee him not!' Don Quixote and the alderman, upon this, began to ſearch all about; and Sancho crying out to them to look to themſelves, the woman who was bound hearing a noiſe, conceived ſome hope of relief, and began her complaints again. Don Quixote and his companions eſpying her at laſt, drew near to her; the ſquire, however, kept cloſe behind the ſoldier, and durſt not look her but by ſtealth. Nevertheleſs, he could not refrain ſaying to her, quaking as he was—'Madam Soul, be pleaſed to reſtore me my Dapple, or I ſwear to you by the Fliſantorum, that my maſter Don Quixote will fetch him out of your maw with his lance!'—'Peace, Sancho!' ſaid Bracamante, laughing; this Lady Soul is an honeſt and conſcientious ſoul, and has ſtolen nothing from you. See there, your aſs is grazing very quietly!' All this while, the Knight of La Mancha earneſtly viewed that wretched woman, whoſe body ſeemed covered with bruiſes. When he had eyed her for ſome time, he ſaid to Bracamonte and the alderman—'Gentlemen, I own I was deceived: this lady, whom you ſee, is not the ſage Urganda, but the famous Zenobia, that great Queen of the Amazons. She went forth from her palace this morning, attended by the principal ladies of her court, to divert herſelf with hunting: her retinue was great. She was clad in a rich green velvet, embroidered with gold and precious ſtones, holding a bow of ebony in her hand, and at her back hung a quiver full of gilded arrows; ſhe was mounted on a Tartarian white horſe, dappled with black and red, whoſe bit was ſilvered with his foam, and whoſe proud neighings made the air reſound: her beautiful flaxen hair, covered with a ſightly cap adorned with white and green feathers, played in the wind in large treſſes on her ſhoulders. Being intent in the purſuit of a fierce bear, that had already devoured ſome of her dogs, the ſwiftneſs of her horſe ſoon parted her from her company; ſhe loſt herſelf in this wood; and, having alighted to refreſh herſelf on the bank of a cryſtal ſtream, which is but a little way off, ſhe was ſurprized by a troop of inſolent giants, who have taken away her mighty courſer, robbed her of her cloaths and jewels, and, then bound her, in her ſhift, to this tree, as you behold; therefore, Mr. Bracamonte, unbind her quickly, and let us hear from her royal mouth the particulars of this adventure.' The ſoldier obeyed his commands out of hand, to the great comfort of the poor wretch, who was not ſo well pleaſed as the ſoldier and the alderman with the knight's relation of the chace.

CHAP. VI.

WHICH CONTINUES THE ACCOUNT OF THE HAPPY DELIVERANCE OF QUEEN ZENOBIA, OTHERWISE CALLED BARBARA HACKED-FACE.

THE Queen Zenobia was apparently near fifty years of age; and, beſides that the general expreſſion of her features exhibited what is uſually denominated a hanging-look, her right-cheek was, moreover, adorned with the ſeam of a long wound, which extended even to her ear, and which had probably been inflicted in her younger days, for her holy life and modeſt converſation! The ſoldier having viewed her well, ſaid to Don Quixote—'I can aſſure you, Sir, this lady has nothing of the air, nor is ſhe in her face any thing like Queen Zenobia; and I am much miſtaken if I have not ſeen her at Alcala among the little tippling-houſes; and I think her name is Barbara Hacked-Face, or ſomething like it.'—'You have ſaid all in a word, Mr. Soldier,' quoth the princeſs: that is my name; and God reward you for your ſeaſonable relief!' The alderman conſidering the naked condition of the Queen of the Amazons, whoſe

whose proper name, as has been said, was Barbara Hacked-Face, alias Machicona the Tripe Woman, charitably took off his cloak to cover her, that she might appear more decently in the town where they were to lie that night. Barbara wrapped it about her without any ceremony; and, judging by Don Quixote's garb, and the air of authority he assumed over the others, that it was to him she ought to make her compliment, she said to him—'Sir Knight, I return 'you thanks for your generous relief: 'had it not been for you and this noble 'company, whom Heaven was pleased 'to bring this way, I must infallibly 'have died this night!' Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity, answered her thus—'Beautiful Zenobia, mighty 'queen! whose valour was so dreadful to the famous Princes of Greece, 'and so advantageous to the Sultan of 'Babylon, whom you assisted against 'the warlike Emperor of Constantinople; I account myself most fortunate that it has this day been in my 'power to do you this small service! 'Hereafter, I trust, I shall be able to 'render you others more important.' The queen, who as yet did not know Don Quixote, thought his compliment passing strange; and, being at a loss how to answer it, said—'Sir Knight, I must 'beg your pardon for taking the freedom to tell you that I am nothing 'akin to Queen Zenobia, nor the Sultan of Babylon; but, if you call me 'so in derision, because I am old, you 'must understand there was a time 'when I was not despised. When I 'was a young wench at Alcala, the 'finest scholars in the university were 'as fond of me as of their own eyes. 'True it is, that ever since a great 'rogue of a tutor (God reward him in 'this world, or in the next!) made 'this mark you see in my cheek, I was 'not so much in vogue as before; and 'yet, for all that, I have lived merrily 'enough; "for every blemished apple "is not rotten."—'O Heavens! O 'just Heavens!' cried the Knight of La Mancha, 'what do I hear? Never was 'I so sensible of the need there is of 'knight-errantry as I am at present!—'Do but observe, Don Bracamonte, 'how far the malignity of enchanters 'extends! Those vile wretches thought 'it not enough to cause this beautiful 'queen to be inhumanly stripped and 'tied to a tree by a parcel of giants, 'the proper instruments of their malice; but they have also distracted her 'understanding by their sorceries, blotting out of her memory all the ideas 'of her grandeur, and making her 'think herself old, ugly, scarified in the 'face, of the vilest condition, and of 'a very lewd conversation!' The enchanted tripe-woman, a little nettled at these last words of Don Quixote, said to him—'Sir Knight, with your 'leave, I am not quite such a lewd 'liver as you have been informed; for 'though I have a little wronged my 'honour, yet I never did any body 'harm.'—'Cease, great princess! cease 'to debase your high birth, and the 'majesty of your race!' quoth Don Quixote. 'I know you think yourself 'a poor wretch; a servant to a tipp'ling-house, if you please, because 'the vile enchanters have cast a mist 'before the light of your understanding: but I am not to be imposed upon; I still, in you, behold that mighty 'Queen Zenobia, whose valour is 'equal to her beauty! God forbid I 'should be so unjust as to believe you 'could ever stoop to prostitute your 'matchless perfections to scholars, or 'even to tutors, when I know the 'greatest princes of the east have pined 'for love of you; and the brave Hyperborean, of the floating islands, has 'performed so many glorious exploits 'for your sake! On him alone ought 'you to lavish your favours, to requite 'the victory he obtained over the four 'giants of bronze, and the phantom 'of fire, the guardians of the crystal 'tower; in which the sage Pamphus, 'the king your father's enemy, detained you prisoner by his magical 'incantations.'

Bracamonte and the alderman were amazed to hear Don Quixote talk so extravagantly: as for Sancho, having by this time got the better of his panick, and finding nothing in Barbara answerable to the harangue of his master, he could not forbear saying—'By 'Dapple's soul, Sir, you do not consider what you say! Why, where the 'devil are all those beauties you see in 'this Madam Segovia*? I have viewed

* Segovia is a city of Old Castile, the name of which Sancho naturally enough mistakes for Zenobia.

'her

'her all over; and God knows what I 'see! I will be hanged, if my ass had 'but a hood on, if he would not look 'more like a princess than she; and I 'will lay a wager Mr. Bracamonte and 'the alderman are of my mind!'—'I 'do not question it,' said Don Quixote; 'but be not deceived, my friend: 'the queen appears to me, as well as 'you, ugly, old, dirty, and impudent, 'because the eyes of the body are 'charmed by Pamphus the enchanter; 'but I make use of the eyes of the understanding to frame a true judgment 'of the rare qualities of this princess. 'I lift myself above the senses; and, 'by means of a peculiar privilege inherent in knight-errantry, which 'ever tends directly to the truth, I discover in this object, so disagreeable to 'outward appearance, a complexion of 'lilies and roses intermixed; a head of 'delicate flaxen hair, more beautiful 'than that of Apollo; heavenly conquering eyes; coral lips; teeth like 'oriental pearls; a neck and arms as 'white as alabaster; a pleasing and delightful air; a charming smile; an 'elegant shape; a majestick mien; and 'easy modest action: in short, Sancho, 'when I shall have overcome Pamphus's enchantment, you will perceive which of us was in the right.'—'Nay, I have done with you, Sir,' replied the squire; 'you are an absolute 'master at those things: but is it possible that Dame Barbara, with her 'great fear, and her tanned leather 'hide, should have coral eyes and 'teeth, and all the rest you talk of! 'Well, I long to be a knight, that I 'may see things otherwise than they 'really are.'

This dialogue had not ended so soon, but that the alderman put Don Quixote in mind that the sun was set, and that it was time to proceed on their journey. Upon this, the knight said to his squire—'Sancho, bring Dapple 'hither; and let him have the honour 'this day to serve the queen, instead of 'a white palfrey.' This said, he gravely saluted Zenobia, and went forward on his way alone, to meditate the revenge he would take upon Pamphus. Sancho willingly obeyed his master: he brought his ass; and, throwing himself down on all fours, that the queen might mount with more ease—'Lady 'Princess,' said he, 'you may set your 'feet on my back, and mount Dapple: 'he is so gentle, that he would not 'wrong a child; but, the deuce take 'me,' added he, looking up under her nose, 'I did not know you was so 'handsome! Lord, how I long to see 'you with the eyes of the understanding! for, to deal plainly with you, 'that villainous tutor Pompous has 'made you as ugly as Lucifer.' Barbara did not well like this compliment; and therefore, in revenge, being of a gigantick stature, she trod so hard upon the poor devil of a squire, as she was mounting, that she overthrew and half crippled him. 'Help!' cried Sancho, falling; 'I am a dead man!'—'What is the matter?' quoth the soldier, going to help him up. 'O, 'master Bracamonte!' answered Sancho, 'that carrion carcase of a queen 'has broke two of my ribs at least. 'Would the dogs had eaten her to her 'finger's ends!'—'Fair and softly, 'Sancho!' replied Bracamonte, laughing; 'pr'ythee, pay the Queen Zenobia more respect; and do not fancy 'it was her that hurt you: she is too 'tender a princess; and has such a delicate light foot, that she scarce treads 'down the grass or flowers.'—'O ho, 'Mr. Soldier!' cried Sancho; 'why 'you talk like a knight-errant! and a 'body would think you saw the queen 'with the eyes of your understanding.'—'No doubt of it,' quoth Bracamonte; 'for there being no other difference betwixt a soldier and a knight 'but only the dubbing, all martial 'men enjoy most of the privileges belonging to knight-errantry, and particularly that you speak of: however, 'if you will be advised by me, we will 'talk no more of this matter; but, as 'we travel on to our lodging, will listen to the queen, who is going to tell 'us how she fell into this misfortune. '—Mrs. Barbara,' added he, directing his discourse to the Amazon, 'pray, 'if you please, tell us what robber has 'used you so ill; and why you left Alcala, where you lived like a queen?'—'Did you then see me, Mr. Soldier,' said Barbara, 'in the time of my pro'sperity? Was you ever in my shop? 'Did you ever eat any of that pure 'fried tripe I used to dress so curiously?'—'No,' replied Bracamonte; 'but I was then a commoner 'in the college of the Three Languages;

'and

'and I remember you were reckoned 'the beſt in the world at ſouſing of 'hogs-feet, and making black-pud-'dings.'—'Black-puddings!' quoth Sancho, in a rapture: 'nay, faith, if 'her majeſty's grace has ſuch a knack 'at making of black-puddings, I will 'hire her this moment to be my cook 'in my government.'—'With all my 'heart!' quoth Barbara; 'and I aſ-'ſure you I will make you ſuch rare 'black-puddings, and ſuch dainty 'hotch potches, that you will lick 'your fingers after them.'—'God be 'praiſed!' ſaid the ſquire, 'I could 'wiſh I were at that ſport already! 'But may it pleaſe your majeſty to 'tell us the cauſe of your miſadven-'ture?' Barbara, who never denied any man, ſoon granted the requeſt, and ſaid—

'Since you deſire it, gentlemen, you 'muſt underſtand that my mother, be-'ing convinced there is no better in-'heritance than a good education, 'taught me to make black-puddings, 'to ſouſe hogs-feet, and to fry tripe: 'ſo that, before ſhe died, ſhe had the 'ſatisfaction of ſeeing me in a way to 'get my living. I had a little cook's 'ſhop in the Tavern Street, whither 'the ſcent of my cookery drew abun-'dance of ſcholars: among the reſt, 'there was one, who made a curious 'figure, and was about twenty-three 'years of age. I found him ſo cour-'teous and civil, and grew ſo fond of 'him, that I was never well any longer 'than I was in his company: I treated 'him like a prince at meals; and I 'bought him books, ſhoes, ſtockings, 'bands, and, in a word, whatever he 'wanted; nor was he ſparing, but 'had every thing he could aſk. When 'he had lived with me in this manner 'almoſt a year, he told me, one day, 'making much of me, that he muſt go 'to Saragoſſa, where he had ſome 'eſtate; and, if I would go with him, 'he was ſo in love with me, that he 'would marry me. Lord, what fools 'women in love are! I had ſo little 'wit that, without thinking any harm, 'I told him I would follow him to the 'Antipodes: accordingly, the very 'next day, I began to ſell all my goods, 'being the furniture of two rooms, 'and a good quantity of linen, which 'brought me fourſcore ducats. In 'ſhort, we left Alcala yeſterday; but 'the devil being in him, as we were 'paſſing by this wood this morning, 'he propoſed to go into it to take the 'cool air—God grant he may take it 'after the ſame manner! But I will not 'curſe him; for perhaps we may chance 'to meet again, and I am apt to be-'lieve that, ſhould he repent, (God 'forgive me!) I could love him again. 'Well, into the wood I went with that 'villain; who, looking ſtern on a ſud-'den, and drawing his dagger, bid 'me deliver all the money I had; and, 'becauſe I did not comply ſoon enough 'to his mind, he began to pinch my 'noſe and ears, to cuff me over the 'face with his fiſt, and to hunch my 'belly with his knees, ſaying—"You "old witch, will you be quick? Will "you make haſte and deliver me the "money you have got ſo ill, and which "I know better how to ſpend?" I 'muſt confeſs I am ſtill in a paſſion, 'when I call to mind the ill language 'he gave me; and he lyed like a rogue, 'when he called me witch; for though 'I was tied to the ring* upon the ſteps 'of the church of Santa Juſta, I may 'thank ſome of my neighbours, who 'did me that good turn, and ſwore 'falſely againſt me: a pox choak them 'for a parcel of envious jades! But I 'was revenged of one of them, for 'I poiſoned a pretty little dog ſhe 'had.'—'Lord, Madam Queen!' quoth Sancho, interrupting her, 'what 'harm had the poor beaſt done you? 'Was he that ſwore falſely againſt 'you?'—'No,' replied Barbara; 'but 'they that cannot hurt the maſter are 'revenged on the dog.'—'There is no 'reaſon for that,' anſwered the ſquire; "the vicar is not bound to pay the cu-"rate's debts."—'I grant it,' quoth Hacked Face: 'but, to return to my 'ſtory. When I found there was no 'way to appeaſe that wretch who abuſed 'me, without complying with him, I 'delivered him my fourſcore ducats to 'a farthing: but yet that did not con-'tent him, he ſtripped me to my ſmock; 'and, tying me to a tree, went away 'with all my cloaths.'—'Oh, the con-'founded ſon of a woman!' cried

* A part of the puniſhment inflicted on perſons convicted of witchcraft, or ſuperſtitious practices.

Sancho.—

Sancho. — 'What say you to that, 'Mr. Bracamonte? Ought not I to 'go from college to college, to find 'that outrageous scholar, and chal-'lenge him to fight man to man, or 'ten to ten? I vow, by the order of 'errant-squireship I profess, that I 'will cut off his head, and carry it 'sticking upon the point of a lance 'to a tilting! All I am afraid of, '(for a man must have a care when he 'gathers a rose that he does not prick 'his fingers) is, lest I should fall in with 'some of those scholars of Beelzebub, 'such as I met with in a college at Sa-'ragossa. O the profligate vermin! 'One of those rakes, whom Heaven 'burn like Gomorrah! hit me such a 'furious cuff on my left-jaw, that my 'cap fell off; and, as I was stooping to 'take it up, another gave me such a 'kick on the breech, that I came over 'upon my nose. This was not all 'neither; for when I got up, there 'poured down upon my face such a 'shower of glanders, that I knew not 'which way to turn myself.'

CHAP. VII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE ALARMED A WHOLE VILLAGE, WHERE THE FRIGHT WAS GREATER THAN THE HURT.

SANCHO's hand being once in for talking, he never gave over till they came to the village. There they found the Knight of La Mancha at the door of the inn, surrounded by a considerable number of people, and very earnestly holding forth after this manner— 'Brave warriors, whose valour and 'vigilance defend this famous city, I 'come to warn you to make ready for 'battle! The enchanter Pamphus will 'soon be at your gates with a dreadful 'army of giants: he designs to ravish 'from us the chaste Queen Zenobia, to 'expose her again to the cruel death 'from which my invincible arm has 'but now delivered her. Let us not 'suffer such an indignity, my friends, 'to be put upon the most amiable prin-'cess in the world. Stand by me, and 'we will easily rout Pamphus and all 'his giants, and will pursue them to 'the farthest parts of their dominions! 'But take heed, I entreat you, lest 'emulation in point of valour, and 'about dividing the kingdoms we 'shall conquer from them, do not sow 'discord and animosities among you; 'for it is absolutely necessary that we 'be always unanimous to put a happy 'end to this war!' The inhabitants of the village were so astonished at this extraordinary exhortation of Don Quixote, that they knew not what to think of him: some looked upon him as a madman; but others, by the richness of his armour, and gravity of his discourse, judged him to be some famous general whom the king had appointed to command his armies against France, a rupture being then expected between that court and Spain. That which most puzzled them, was the approach of the enchanter Pamphus, and the protection of Queen Zenobia; and these particulars they were about enquiring into, when they saw a coach, drawn by six mules, attended by five or six men on horseback, advancing towards them on the road that leads from Siguenza. No sooner had Don Quixote descried this cavalcade, than, with a burst of martial ardour, he exclaimed—'To arms, my friends, to arms! 'Behold here the enchanter advancing 'towards us with all his forces!' Those who had been duped by the first part of the knight's discourse, were fools enough to fancy the enemy was at hand; and as generally it happens that fear multiplies objects, that small retinue looked to them like an army: they were all full of confusion; and began to run into their houses for weapons, when Bracamonte and the alderman set all right, by telling them that Don Quixote was a poor distracted gentleman, who was going to the hospital at Toledo to be cured. In the mean while, the knight had posted himself in the midst of the street, covered himself with his buckler, fixed his lance in the rest, and was now courageously waiting to encounter the enemy: but the soldier, to prevent any disaster, coming up to him, said—'Noble Don 'Quixote, no man knows better than 'yourself, that it is always requisite 'to view the numbers, and the disposi-'tion of an army, before engaging: 'give me leave, therefore, to advance 'upon discovery; you may stay here; 'I will observe the enemy so nearly, 'that you shall not fail of a particular

'account of them.' The Knight of La Mancha approving of what he said, the soldier went towards the coach, and desired leave to speak to those who were in it, to give them an account of Don Quixote's madness; but as soon as he cast his eyes upon a gentleman who was in the coach with two ladies, he was struck dumb with surprize, and could not utter a syllable. The gentleman was no less amazed at the behaviour of the soldier; but having viewed him well, he leaped out at the door of the coach, and stretching forward his arms to him, exclaimed—'Oh, my 'brother! my dear Bracamonte, is it 'you! The wretched condition I see 'you in, does not hinder me from 'knowing you!'

They embraced one another several times, weeping for joy; for they had not seen each other during fifteen years, and had been mutually anxious on that account. After the death of their father, they had divided betwixt them a small inheritance; and the soldier, who was the youngest, took to the army: but though he had behaved himself bravely in Flanders, yet he had gained nothing but the honour of his actions. The elder, whose name was Don Raphael de Bracamonte, was now returning from Peru very rich, with two ladies, one of whom was his wife, and the other his mother-in-law. The two brothers never ceased embracing one another, and that with the warmest transports that kindred and friendship could produce. As soon as the ladies understood the character of the soldier, though his appearance did little honour to the alliance, they received him with such excess of civility and politeness, that he could hardly make suitable acknowledgments.

Whilst this happened, Don Quixote, finding that the soldier did not return, and fancying he had been taken by the enemy, advanced to rescue him, and spurred on towards the coach; but before he could come up to it, the soldier had in a few words acquainted his brother and the ladies with his madness; and having thus prepared them to receive him, he suffered him to draw near; and then, with a loud voice, said —'Sir Knight, whose redoubted arm 'has thunderstrucken more giants than 'Jupiter! you must understand that the 'enchanter Pamphus is not here. The 'personages you here behold are no 'enemies to the Princess Zenobia: on 'the contrary, it is the queen her mo-'ther who is in the coach, and who, 'attended by a damsel and a squire, 'comes to return you thanks for hav-'ing delivered her daughter from a 'death she could not have avoided, but 'by your undaunted courage!' Don Quixote, hearing these words, drew near to the coach; and, after saluting the ladies gravely, without alighting from his horse, or giving them time to speak, he directed his discourse to Don Raphael's mother-in-law, saying—'Great 'queen, who mayest justly boast that 'you have brought forth the most fa-'mous princess in the world, as being 'mother to the peerless Zenobia! I am 'sorry you have left your dominions 'for my sake, and undergone the fa-'tigue of so long a journey! I have 'not yet performed any thing worthy 'your acknowledgment; but I hope, 'when I have overcome the giant Bra-'marbas Ironsides, King of Cyprus, in 'single combat; I hope, I say, I shall 'then cause the infanta your daugh-'ter to be crowned queen of that de-'licious island, formerly the place of 'abode of the goddess of love.' Though Zenobia's mother was forewarned of the knight's extravagance, she knew not very well what answer to return to so preposterous a salutation: the soldier, therefore, to ease her of that trouble, told Don Quixote, that the queen being extremely wearied with her journey, they must make haste to the inn, where they might discourse more at their ease. When they came thither, Don Quixote would needs himself introduce to the ladies the beautiful Queen of the Amazons; who, being still wrapped up in the cloak of the alderman, excited no moderate surprize. The knight perceiving this, said—'It doth not at 'all astonish me, most unparalleled 'empresses! that you continue to look 'round in search of the amiable Ze-'nobia, notwithstanding that she is 'now before you; nor do I marvel, 'that even her own mother knows her 'not! This horrid metamorphosis is 'the work of the enchanter Pamphus; 'but I swear by all that is most sacred 'in knight-errantry, that I will dispel 'the fatal spells which surround this 'renowned queen, and will soon re-'store her to her former beauty!' Don

Raphael's

Raphael's mother-in-law, having had leisure to study a compliment, applauded the knight's generous resolution; and spoke to him in such language as fully convinced our hero that she was the parent of Zenobia.

At this instant Sancho, who till now had divided his time between the stable and the kitchen, came into the room, all in a heat, clapping his hands for joy, and crying—'Good news, my 'masters! Good news! We shall be all 'littered up to our bellies!'—'Why, 'what is the matter, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote; 'have you found out 'where the giants are that stripped the 'queen?'—'That's well enough, 'i'faith!' quoth the squire; 'that's 'likely to be the matter that pleases 'me!'—'Perhaps it is,' replied the knight, 'that Bramarbas is come to 'this village, to put an end to our com-'bat.'—'God deliver us!' answered Sancho, 'I have better news than all 'that; what I can tell you is, that I 'saw a delicate soup below stewing 'upon the fire; and it is that has re-'joiced me.'—'Scoundrel!' cried Don Quixote in a passion; 'can you never 'open your mouth without discovering 'your greediness?' Then turning to the ladies, he entreated them to forgive his squire's impertinence; and fell into a discourse with them, which held till supper. In the mean while, the soldier, who had acquainted his brother with Sancho's ingenuity, drew him into the corner of the room; and, in the presence of Don Raphael, said to him—'Dear 'Sancho, we have a great deal of bu-'siness upon our hands; perhaps you 'don't know who that old lady is 'that your master is talking with: 'she is a princess, my friend; she is 'Queen Zenobia's mother!'—'Master 'Bracamonte,' quoth Sancho, 'carry 'that candle to another saint. Don't 'think to make me take rials for du-'cats. I remember very well her la-'dyship the queen told us, a while ago, 'that her mother was dead.'—'That's 'true,' answered the soldier; 'but 'have you forgotten already, that 'Pamphus the enchanter has disturbed 'the Princess Zenobia's understand-'ing? Nay, do not you perceive that 'the whole history she has just told us 'is to be regarded, from one end to the 'other, as nothing but a fabulous sug-'gestion of the same enchanter?'—'By my soul, I am sorry for it!' replied Sancho; 'for, if so, I dare lay a 'wager she has forgot how to make 'black-puddings.'—'Nay, as for the 'black-puddings,' quoth the soldier, laughing, 'it is possible she may know 'how to make them still; for the prin-'cess has had an excellent education. 'But be it as it will, there certainly is 'her mother, who has been thanking 'your master for releasing Queen Ze-'nobia.'—'In troth,' quoth the squire, looking upon the ladies, 'I am glad of 'it. And who is that young damsel 'by her?'—'It is her maid of ho-'nour,' said the soldier—'and this is 'her squire,' added he, pointing to Don Raphael. Sancho saluted him; and they soon grew acquainted. When supper was ready, there arose a controversy about sitting down to table. Don Raphael's mother-in-law having seated herself at the upper-end, said to Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, will you per-'mit my damsel and squire to sup with 'us, that they may hereafter boast they 'have had the honour of eating with 'the great Don Quixote.' The knight having signified his consent by a profound bow of approbation, Don Raphael and his wife placed themselves by Zenobia; the alderman and young Bracamonte by Don Quixote. All were seated but Sancho; who, drawing a chair, took his place without any ceremony at the lower end, saying, with a loud voice, to his master—'Sir, since 'you give leave for the princess's squire 'to eat with you, perhaps she will give 'me leave to eat with her: and why 'not? I am a Christian as well as ano-'ther; and, God be praised, I han't 'the itch!—So, gentlemen,' added the squire, 'here goes without farther ce-'remony! "Faint heart never won "fair lady!"' In this place the sage Alisolan stops to remark a circumstance worthy of attention. He observes, that Don Quixote did not manifest the smallest token of displeasure at the liberty just taken by Sancho; because, being himself naturally very haughty, he was well pleased that his squire should be treated with equal ceremony as the squire belonging to the princess. The discourse during supper turned entirely upon knight-errantry; and the soldier having ordered his brother's servants, who waited at table, to ply Sancho with wine pretty often, the honest squire

was soon ripened into a pleasant humour, and afforded high diversion to the company, by reciting the unheard-of exploits of his master; who did not fail to interpret, to his own advantage, the favourable attention that was paid to his squire's narrative. When it was time to go to bed, the innkeeper conducted the two ladies into the best room in the house; and the hostess led Barbara into a closet which looked out over the stables. The two Bracamontes staid in the room where they had supped; the alderman went to bed in another, and Sancho was disposed of in a garret. As for Don Quixote, his admirable sagacity at smelling out adventures determined him to continue under arms in the inn-yard, and to watch all night for the protection of the princesses; foreseeing, as he said, that the enchanter Pamphus would make some attempt to carry off Zenobia.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF DON RAPHAEL DE BRACAMONTE.

WHEN the two Bracamontes were left to themselves, they began to ask one another what had befallen them since their separation upon their father's death. 'For my part,' said the soldier, 'I have served ever since in 'Flanders, and have been always unfortunate; which, in truth, is at present the whole I have to tell you. 'But as for you, brother, I find you 'in such a flourishing condition, that 'I am impatient till I hear where, and 'in what manner, you have advanced 'yourself so considerably.'—'I shall 'satisfy your curiosity,' replied Don Raphael; 'and acquaint you with such 'things as it most highly concerns me 'to conceal from all the world: but I 'will hide nothing from a brother I 'love so entirely as yourself; and, besides, every thing which regards my 'honour, personally concerns you also.' Don Raphael then began his story as follows.

'You will remember our parting, 'after we had divided the small fortune Don Bernard our father left us. 'You went away for Flanders, and I 'to Corunna, where I shipped myself 'aboard the first vessel that sailed for 'Peru. When I arrived at Nombre de 'Dios, I there found many Spaniards 'who purposed, like myself, to proceed 'to Lima; but hearing that Gonzalo 'Pizarro had made himself master of 'that kingdom, we durst not go thither. Though we were very eager to 'make our fortunes, yet we were too 'loyal to side with Pizarro; and therefore staid a considerable time at Nombre de Dios, without knowing which 'way to bestow ourselves. At last we 'learned, that one Melchior Verdugo, 'a Spanish commander, was arrived at 'Panama. He came to rouze up the 'king's loyal subjects, and to raise forces 'against Pizarro. This information 'sufficiently determined our plan. We 'immediately went away to Verdugo at 'Panama. He received us with extraordinary tokens of joy and affection; 'and, asking every one of us from what 'part of Spain he came, as soon as I 'told him my country and my name, 'he embraced me; saying, he was also 'of the city of Avila, and had been formerly my father's particular friend. 'Verdugo was a very rich man; the 'whole province of Caxamalca belonged to him; and he was, at that 'time, the only man in Peru able to 'cope with Pizarro. I determined, 'therefore, to attach myself closely to 'Verdugo; and I studied his temper so successfully, that, within a year's time, 'I insinuated myself into his particular confidence. I shall not trouble 'you with recounting our various successes against several officers whom 'Pizarro sent to oppose us. A detail 'of this nature would be too prolix; 'and it is not my purpose at present to 'enter upon the wars of Peru. I shall 'only tell you, that the king, hearing 'of the troubles of that kingdom, cast 'his eyes upon the licentiate Pedro 'Gasca, one of the council of the inquisition, a man of known wisdom, 'and whose prudence had been tried in 'several negociations. This man his 'majesty sent to Peru, with the title of 'President of the Royal Audience; and 'with full power to use such means as 'he should judge most expedient for 'restoring peace in that country. As 'soon as the president came to Nombre 'de Dios, and the cause of his going 'to Peru was known at Panama, all 'persons openly declared for the king; 'and even some of Pizarro's officers

'came

'came in to him, and avowed their re-
'solution to submit themselves to his
'majesty. The president thanked them
'in the king's name; assuring them of
'his intention to pardon the rebels, pro-
'vided they returned to their duty. It
'would now have been Pizarro's wisest
'course to have embraced his majesty's
'mercy; but he obstinately stood out,
'and refused to submit. The presi-
'dent therefore levied troops, and
'joined Verdugo: in fine, we fought
'Pizarro; who was routed at Xaqui-
'xaguana, and afterwards executed.
'After his death, and the entire de-
'feat of his party, the president pu-
'nished those who had supported him,
'and divided their effects among us.
'I had a good share in this dividend;
'for the president, upon the applica-
'tion of Verdugo, allotted me a con-
'siderable number of Indians; with
'whom I went and established myself
'in the territory of Potosi, where some
'very rich mines had lately been dis-
'covered. These are only silver mines;
'but the veins are so large, and the
'metal so fine, that they yield more
'than all the others in Peru. In short,
'an hundred weight of ore yielded
'fourscore marks weight of silver *,
'which is very unusual. I contracted
'with my Indians to pay me two marks
'a week each, and to keep the rest for
'their wages; which they did with such
'ease, that they gained more them-
'selves than they paid me. I did not
'at all neglect so fair an opportunity
'of enriching myself; and in eight
'years time I had amassed near an hun-
'dred thousand crowns. I now grew
'very desirous of returning to Spain,
'that I might make you partaker of
'my good fortune, and that we might
'live reputably together. I therefore
'parted with my Indians, and set out
'with all my treasure for Lima. There
'I found some other Spaniards, who
'having, like myself, made their for-
'tunes in Peru, were extremely anxious
'to revisit their own country. We
'joined companies, hired a ship, and
'put aboard our effects. Verdugo,
'who was then at Lima, used all his
'endeavours to dissuade me from my
'resolution; but I would not give ear
'to him, and went aboard.

'We set sail with a fair wind, and
'had no reason to doubt of a good
'voyage; nay, we even came in sight
'of the port of Panama; but the joy
'of the sailors on this occasion cost us
'dear: for the captain having made
'his crew drink to excess, and the pilot
'being also drunk, there was so little
'care of the helm, that about mid-
'night, nobody looking out, the ship
'was driven by the wind and tide so
'furiously upon a rock, that we gave
'ourselves up for lost. It was then so
'dark that we could see nothing, and
'therefore did not presently discern
'that we had sprung a leak; but when
'day appeared, and discovered to us
'the whole of our misfortune, nothing
'was to be heard among the sailors
'but cries and lamentations: we, how-
'ever, betook ourselves to planks, and
'other things that might bear us up,
'and endeavoured to swim to the shore.
'I was the first man who reached it,
'my good fortune having thrown me
'into a sort of little bay that stretched
'out into the sea between two rocks:
'from thence, I encouraged my com-
'panions to follow my example, and
'many of them fared the better for
'my advice. Some of the people of
'the country, having observed from
'land that our ship was near founder-
'ing, came off to our assistance in fish-
'ing-boats: but it proved too late;
'for above half the crew were already
'drowned, some because they could
'not swim, and others from being
'dashed by the violence of the waves
'against the rocks, or against the ship
'itself, which soon sunk; so that no-
'thing of her appeared above water
'but the vane at the main-top-mast-
'head, which only seemed to rise above
'the water to shew where the wreck
'lay. When we were got to shore, I
'proposed attempting to weigh up the
'ship; but there was scarce any body
'else of the same opinion: they all said
'that the ship, being old and rotten,
'the iron grapples which must be fixed
'to it, would tear out the parts they
'laid hold of; and the vessel being
'thus moved by piece-meal, our silver
'would still be left at the bottom.

'We travelled along the coast to-
'wards Panama; and when we came
'into the town, some people hearing
'of our shipwreck, and taking pity on

* A mark weight is eight ounces.

'us,

'us, came to our assistance, and carried us to their houses; where they endeavoured, by all manner of courtesy, to mitigate our sorrow. I happened to be in the house of one Don Michael de la Vega, a man of great generosity. He omitted nothing that might raise up my spirits under my misfortune: he made me a thousand tenders of his service, and offered to employ his friends to procure me some establishment under the viceroy in New Spain. Whilst he was making interest for me, I took care to write to Verdugo an account of all that had happened, conjuring him to advise me what in his wisdom and friendship he should think best. In the mean while, Don Michael and I contracted a strict friendship for each other: he introduced me to the principal men in Panama; and one day he carried me to visit a lady that was his relation, whose name was Donna Maria de Almagro. This lady had a young daughter called Donna Theodora: they both received me so very courteously, that I had no sooner left them, but I wished to see them again. Don Michael asked me what I thought of them; and he might well judge by my answer, that he would oblige me in carrying me thither again. He did so; and, in short, I visited them almost every day for three months. This intercourse having produced much familiarity between us, it was not long before I discovered that the young Theodora felt some attachment to me; and I was soon confirmed in this opinion: for, one morning, a shrewd little Creole girl, of Moorish extraction, entered my apartment, who brought me a note from her, accompanied with several pair of Spanish garters, embroidered with gold and silver, and a very rich scarf of Spanish lace. The note was not written in very courtly language; but the stile had such an air of tenderness and simplicity, that it discovered a heart unused to these intrigues. That I might not be behind-hand in generosity, I sent back by the same messenger some of the few valuable things which I had saved from my shipwreck; a pair of ear-rings, and a ring worth fifty pistoles; together with an answer full of passionate expressions. That same day I went, after dinner, to visit her; and finding her at work with only two little negro girls in the room, her mother being then taking her afternoon nap, I had all the opportunity I could wish for of acknowledging the favour she had conferred on me. Donna Theodora could not look upon me, after what she had done, without emotion. "I know "not what you will think of me!" said she. "I shall think," replied I, "that you are the most lovely creature "in the world; and I shall retain, as "long as I live, the most grateful re"membrance of your goodness!" Our conversation, after this, grew insensibly very lively; till, at length, Donna Maria's appearance interrupted it, and obliged us to change the discourse.

'The next day, a fly-boat from Lima came to an anchor in the port; and the pilot brought me an answer from Verdugo, which informed me that he had received my letter, and advised me to return to Peru, where he would put me in a way to retrieve my fortune. This letter extremely embarrassed me; for I then felt myself so much in love with Theodora, that I could not think of leaving her: at the same time I could not guess in what manner my passion would terminate, my affairs not suffering me to flatter myself that Donna Maria, who was very rich, would bestow on me her only daughter. In fine, I shewed Verdugo's letter to Don Michael; who, being no stranger to the passion I had for his niece, told me that it was not worth while returning to Peru, to lay the foundation of a new fortune; since mine was already made, it being at my option to marry Donna Theodora. "I have "had this marriage in my mind," added he, "for some time past; and "I have managed so successfully, "that Donna Maria is already disposed "to consent to it." At these words, I clasped my arms about Don Michael's neck, and assured him, in the warmest terms I could think of, that I was most sensible of the favour he did me, and would use my utmost endeavours to deserve it, since I had done nothing to merit it, and owed it entirely to his goodness. He embraced me again, and returned me a

'most

' moſt obliging anſwer. We went to-
' gether to Donna Maria's houſe, with
' whom he diſcourſed a while in pri-
' vate: he then went out, and left me
' alone with her. Donna Maria pre-
' ſently led me into her cloſet; where,
' when we were ſeated, ſhe told me,
' without any heſitation, that the pity
' ſhe felt for my heavy misfortunes,
' the high commendations of Don Mi-
' chael, and the good qualities ſhe
' daily diſcovered in me, had at length
' determined her to beſtow her daugh-
' ter upon me, with a portion of four
' hundred thouſand crowns, if I choſe
' to marry her. I thought ſhe had
' bantered, when ſhe aſked a man that
' was not worth a groat, whether he
' would marry a rich heireſs; and I
' knew not what to anſwer, when ſhe
' went on, and ſaid—" I perceive, Don
" Raphael, you are aſtoniſhed at my
" ſeeming to doubt whether you would
" marry my daughter; but though ſhe
" is young, rich, and handſome, you
" muſt underſtand, perhaps, there is
" not a gentleman in this country but
" would refuſe to be my ſon-in-law.
" This diſcourſe ſurprizes you," pur-
' ſued ſhe; " but I will ſoon clear up
" your aſtoniſhment. About twenty
" years ago I had a brother, whom I
" loved moſt tenderly: he was unfor-
" tunate; he one night killed a gentle-
" man, who was nephew to the gover-
" nor of the town. Whatever mea-
" ſures he took for his eſcape, he was
" unable to elude the ſtrict ſearch of
" the governor, who cauſed him to be
" ſeized, and iſſued orders that he
" ſhould ſuffer as a murderer, though
" he had killed his antagoniſt fairly.
" Our kindred and friends all united
" in ſoliciting his pardon; but the
" governor, who was both judge and
" party, proved inexorable. The day
" appointed for my brother's execu-
" tion drew near; the danger that
" threatened a life I held ſo dear oblig-
" ing me to lay aſide all the reſerved-
" neſs of my ſex, I haſted to the go-
" vernor's houſe, I caſt myſelf at his
" feet, and gave way, in his preſence, to
" all the tranſports of piercing grief.
" He ſeemed touched at my affliction;
" and I at firſt fancied that my tears
" had moved his pity; but I ſoon found
" that I had excited a very different
" ſenſation. In ſhort, the brute de-
" clared to me his wicked deſires; and
" aſſured me, that I muſt either reſolve
" to gratify them, or to ſee my brother
" periſh. I ſhuddered at this deteſta-
" ble propoſition, and looked upon the
" judge as a monſter; but, at length,
" the time he had given me to conſider
" being almoſt expired, the idea of my
" brother's death, and of the infamy
" his execution would bring upon our
" family, ſo diſtracted me, that I
" yielded myſelf up to his embrace,
" having firſt bound him by an oath
" to reſtore my brother to me the day
" following. The villain did ſend
" him; but he firſt cauſed him to be
" ſtrangled. This perfidy rendered
" me utterly frantick; ſo that, breath-
" ing nothing but vengeance, I re-
" paired inſtantly to Mexico, and laid
" the whole affair before the viceroy.
" My deſpair touched his heart; and
" he was ſo incenſed at the governor's
" perfidiouſneſs, that he ſent imme-
" diately ſeveral officers of his guards
" to Panama, with orders to ſeize and
" bring him to Mexico; which was
" accordingly done. I was there to
" confound him; and the viceroy, hav-
" ing drawn from him a confeſſion of
" the fact, condemned him to ſuffer
" the ſame death which he had inflicted
" on my brother. After the gover-
" nor's death, I returned to Panama,
" with the ſatisfaction of an entire re-
" venge; but, at the ſame time, with
" the ſhame of having publiſhed my
" diſhonour: for, in ſhort, I was with
" child; and I was delivered of Donna
" Theodora. This, Don Raphael, is
" my ſtory; and I was willing to tell
" it myſelf, that I might ſatisfy you
" as to my motives for offering you
" my daughter. I deſign to leave this
" country, where I have the misfor-
" tune of feeling my reputation loſt,
" and the diſſatisfaction of living a-
" mong people who have ſomething
" to upbraid me with. Beſides, ſince
" my daughter is grown up, I ima-
" gine that every body who looks at
" her, does it but to my ſhame. I will
" go with you into Spain; where, my
" daughter and I being known to no-
" body, we ſhall live comfortably; and
" I am the more pleaſed with this re-
" ſolution, becauſe, at the ſame time
" that I provide for my own quiet, I
" flatter myſelf I am doing eſſential
" ſervice to an honeſt man. Nothing
" now remains, but to inform me of
" your

'' your ſentiments on the occaſion.''— 'I made anſwer to Donna Maria, that 'ſhe could not propoſe any thing more 'pleaſing to me; that her daughter 'was too well educated, and too de- 'ſerving for a man to regard a chi- 'merical point of honour; and that, 'for my part, a ridiculous delicacy 'ſhould never induce me to deſpiſe 'worth and virtue. Donna Maria 'was well ſatisfied with my anſwer; 'and a few days after I married Donna 'Theodora*.

'We thought of nothing, after this, 'but our departure; and the appointed 'day being come, we left Panama, re- 'gretting nothing but our ſeparation 'from Don Michael. We went to 'Nombre de Dios, where we embark- 'ed, with all our treaſure, on board a 'man of war bound for Spain, in 'which we arrived ſafe at Cadiz: 'there we ſet up an equipage, and 'hired ſervants; for we had brought 'none with us, Don Maria not chuſing 'to have any domeſtick, whoſe indiſ- 'cretion ſhe might have reaſon to be 'apprehenſive of. From Cadiz we 'travelled towards Avila, hoping there 'to hear ſome news of you; but, when 'we came thither, we were informed 'that you had not been ſeen there for 'ſeveral years, and nobody knew what 'was become of you. We lived there 'half a year; and ſhould have con- 'tinued longer, had I not heard of a 'very deſirable eſtate upon ſale in the 'neighbourhood of Saragoſſa: we are 'now going thither to purchaſe it, if 'we like it, and to ſettle there. I bleſs 'God for having found you, and that 'I am in a condition to make ſome 'amends for the little regard the court 'has ſhewn to your long ſervice. You 'ſhall go with us to-morrow; and I 'dare aſſure you my mother-in-law 'and my wife will be happy in what- 'ever I ſhall do to relieve you from 'your preſent miſerable ſituation.'— When Don Raphael had done ſpeak- ing, the ſoldier returned him thanks for his kindneſs; and the two brothers gave one another a thouſand teſtimonies of mutual affection.

CHAP. IX.

HOW DON QUIXOTE PREVENTED PAMPHUS THE ENCHANTER FROM STEALING AWAY QUEEN ZENOBIA, AND OTHER MATTERS WORTH READING.

DON Quixote having reſolved to remain under arms all night, as was ſaid before, for fear of any ſurprize from Pamphus the enchanter, which there was reaſon enough to be apprehen- ſive of, took upon himſelf the office of ſentinel; and, graſping firmly his lance and buckler, paraded fiercely about the yard of the inn. All people were now retired to their reſt, and beginning to enjoy the ſweets of ſlumber, when the knight, wearied with the continual exer- ciſe of traverſing the yard, leaned againſt the wall of a well to reſt himſelf for a moment. As he caſt his eyes a- round on every ſide, he deſcried, by the faint light of the ſetting moon, an object which called up all his attention. He ſaw ſally forth from the ſtable, a man, naked to the ſhirt, who bore a ladder upon his ſhoulders. This was no other than the coachman of Don Raphael, who having been an old acquaintance of Queen Zenobia's, and knowing where ſhe lay, was going to offer his ſervice to her, deſigning to get in at the window, which he thought might eaſily be effect- ed with his ladder. Barbara, who was not at all afraid of ſuch attempts, had left the window open to let in the cool air of the night, which the coach- man obſerving, he planted his ladder againſt it, not in the leaſt doubting of the ſucceſs of his enterprize, and with-

* The French paraphraſt has uſed very little ceremony with reſpect to the incidental narratives introduced in Avellaneda's Don Quixote. He rejects thoſe of his original, or inſerts new ones of his own, juſt as inclination leads him. The preſent ſtory (which in it's chief circumſtance reſembles Shakeſpeare's Meaſure for Meaſure, but which circumſtance one might ſuppoſe to be actually copied from the act of ſavage iniquity perpetrated by Colonel Kirke, after the defeat of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, in 1685) is not, for inſtance, to be found in the Spaniſh original. There are, however, ſome things in the Spaniſh, which the paraphraſt may deſerve thanks for the omiſſion of. There is a ſtrange relation concerning the miſtaking of a nun for the Virgin Mary. There is a tale of a man making his way into the bed of a lady, immediately after child-birth; and there is a very offenſive medley of adultery and murder.

out

out considering that projects apparently the most easy are not always successful. He had not quite reached the top, when the Knight of La Mancha, who had observed him the whole time, and doubted not of his being the enchanter Pamphus, who was about to make his way into the castle, that he might carry off Queen Zenobia; approached quietly to the ladder, and laying down his shield upon the ground, grasped his lance with both hands, and with the butt-end of it discharged so terrible a blow upon the scull of the amorous coachman, that he fetched him down much faster than he had ascended. 'This! perfidious necromancer!' exclaimed Don Quixote, 'this is the reward of your desperate 'machinations! You imagined, then, to 'elude my vigilance, and to carry off the 'princess? But know, enchanter, that 'she is better guarded than the daughter of Inachus; and that the Loveless 'Knight is incapable of being surprized.' The poor necromancer, who was little less hurt by the fall than by the blow, made no answer but by his piteous cries, which rouzed and alarmed the whole inn. The ladies, fancying themselves in some harbour of robbers, expected their throats would be cut every instant, and began recommending themselves to God. The landlord and landlady bellowed—'Fire! fire!' without knowing what the matter was. Sancho and the alderman jumped up in disnay, and hurried down almost naked into the yard. The two Bracamontes, who were not yet gone to bed, were the first who reached the field of battle in consequence of the noise. There they found the knight-errant, who having by this time quitted his lance, was about to thrust his sword down the throat of the enchanter, roaring to him at the same time, with a voice of thunder—'At length, monster! thy final 'hour is come, and thou wilt receive 'thy death's wound at my hands. But 'before I cut short the execrable course 'of thy abhorred existence, inform me, 'caitiff! inform me in what country of 'Asia or Africa thou imprisonest in'fantas and princes in thy horrible 'dungeons, that I may repair thither 'this instant with the happy tidings of 'thydeath and theirdeliverance.'—'Ha! 'Don Bracamonte,' continued he, recognizing the soldier by his voice, 'behold here Pamphus the enchanter, 'whom I have felled by the force of 'my strokes. The traitor was about 'entering the chamber of Zenobia, to 'carry her off; and you may still see at 'yonder window the ladder he had 'brought for the purpose.' By this time Barbara appearing at the window, the two Bracamontes easily guessed at above half the truth; and Don Raphael observing that the enchanter was very like his coachman, in order to bring him off, said to Don Quixote—'Sir 'Knight, beware of killing that en'chanter; his life is behooveful to your 'honour: forgive him, upon condition 'he go and publish throughout the 'whole world, that notwithstanding all 'the power of his art, you have van'quished him in single combat. You 'will gain more honour by this than 'by his death.'—'It is most certain,' said the soldier; 'yet that is not all: 'the enchanter must bind himself never 'more to disturb Queen Zenobia; and 'he must swear by every thing enchant'ers hold most sacred, that he will ne'ver more attempt to steal into the 'chambers of princesses by night, since 'he has no better fortune in such en'terprizes.'—'Gentlemen,' said Don Quixote, 'you are not so well acquaint'ed with enchanters as I am; they will 'take as many oaths as you please, but 'they do not value their word, for they 'are a faithless and lawless race.' '—You are in the right, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'spare him not: nay, faith, 'since 'tis the first time we have over'come an enchanter, we must drub this 'dog till we are weary, that he may go 'tell the rest of them, and then they 'will trouble us no more.'—'Though 'he does not deserve to live,' said Don Quixote, 'yet I will pardon him, pro'vided the queen, with her royal mouth, 'commands it from that golden bal'cony, to which the fame of my victory 'has brought her.' Upon this, Barbara, who began to grow acquainted with Don Quixote's mode of behaviour, cried to him, from her window—'Sir 'Knight, do not hurt him, I beseech 'you; I heartily forgive what he has 'done to me, though it had been ten 'times as much; for we ought not to 'bear malice in our hearts.' The coachman being let loose upon these words, got up with much difficulty, and slunk away to his truckle as he could. Don Raphael then acquainted Zenobia

that her majesty might return to bed again in safety; since, after what had happened, Pamphus the enchanter would not be soon in a condition to disturb her repose. The princess took his advice, and went to bed again without shutting the window, or so much as causing the ladder to be taken away, leaving all enchanters at their liberty to try whether they could prove more successful than Pamphus. The two Bracamontes conducted Don Quixote into the house, and ordered a room for him, where he was disarmed by the soldier and Sancho; whilst Don Raphael conjecturing the ladies must necessarily be frightened, went to satisfy them, by telling the adventure. He then returned to his brother, with whom he rested the remainder of the night. The alderman went back to his room with the same design; and Sancho remounted into his garret.

Next morning, when every body was risen, the ladies complimented the knight upon his encounter; and Donna Maria, as mother to the Hacked-face Queen, addressing him, said—'Sir 'Knight, I intended to have taken 'the princess my daughter along with 'me; but I fear lest her enemy Pam-'phus, seeing her so ill guarded, should 'attempt to force her away: I therefore 'am desirous that she may bear you 'company where you go; that, being un-'der your protection, the enchanter 'may not molest her.' The knight returned the old lady thanks for the confidence she reposed in his valour, and swore to her by the order of knighthood, that he would place the princess her daughter so high, that Pamphus should not be able to offend her.

The two brothers and the ladies having a long journey to perform that day, and the coachman, notwithstanding his hurt, being in a condition to drive the coach, they soon took leave of Don Quixote and the alderman, with a thousand offers of service never to be performed. As soon as Don Raphael's retinue was gone, Sancho said to Don Quixote—'Do you really believe, Sir, 'that Queen Barbara's mother is in the 'coach?'—'No doubt of it,' answered the knight. 'O rare!' quoth Sancho; 'I durst lay a wager they are not a-kin 'in the hundredth degree, or I under-'stand nothing. Who the devil ever 'saw a mother go away as this does? 'She has scarce looked upon her daugh-'ter; and pray, do but mind how she 'leaves her here naked, without giv-'ing her a rag to put on.'—'You take 'things wrong,' quoth Don Quixote; 'you attribute that to want of tender-'ness, which in reality is the effect of 'her politeness. Do not you perceive 'that Queen Zenobia, being under my 'my protection, the queen her mother 'would have thought it an affront to 'me to give her any money? She durst 'not so much as leave one of her pal-'fries to carry her to Madrid, for fear 'of offending my nice honour, she is so 'very observant and circumspect; a 'thing which, indeed, she might have 'done without offence to the laws of 'chivalry: so that the care of cloath-'ing the queen, and getting her a white 'palfrey, lies wholly upon me; and I 'shall be well pleased to be at that 'charge.' The host, who stood by, laying hold of this opportunity, said to our hero—'Sir Knight, I have a good 'mule in my stable, which I will sell 'you, if you please.' Don Quixote desired to see her; and, liking the beast, he ordered his portmanteau, where his whole revenue lay, to be brought forth, and told out twenty-six ducats to the host upon the spot. The mule was then saddled; and Barbara mounting her, our adventurers set out with her for Siguenza.

They got to the town between four and five in the afternoon, and alighted at the first inn they found. The alderman desiring to have his cloak again, a broker was sent for, who brought women's cloaths of several colours. The knight besought Zenobia to please herself, but she insisted upon consulting his opinion; and Don Quixote was not a little gratified to find his taste correspond with that of the queen. They both pitched upon a cloak and petticoat of taffeta, with yellow, green and black stripes; and their inclination being thus turned to striped commodities, they made choice of a sattin gown, enriched with flame colour, violet and olive; in which Barbara arrayed herself immediately. Sancho seeing Zenobia thus clad, burst out a laughing. 'By our holy 'mother Eve's soul,' said he, 'me-'thinks my lady the queen, in these fine 'cloaths, looks like an old house new 'white-washed! Pox take me, if this 'gay garb does not make her look

'like

'like——by my faith, she is comically 'clad!'

Don Quixote having paid the broker, and the queen now seeming to him worthy the design he had of defending her beauty in publick, he called for pen, ink, and paper; and, shutting himself up in his chamber, wrote the following challenge—

'THE CHALLENGE.

'THE Loveless Knight, the mirror 'and flower of La Mancha, does 'challenge to single combat him, or 'them, who shall refuse to own that 'the grand Queen Zenobia is the most 'noble and most beautiful princess in 'the world: and the said Loveless 'Knight, with the said edge of his 'redoubted sword, will maintain and 'defend the rare and singular beauty 'of the said princess to-morrow, from 'morning till noon, and from noon 'till night. Those who shall think 'fit to combat the said knight, though 'they be an hundred thousand in num-'ber, need but to subscribe their names 'at the foot of this defiance!'

He wrote several copies of this challenge; and then, calling his squire, said—'Here, Sancho, take these pa-'pers, and fix them up at all the cross-'streets of this city; but place them 'so that every body may read them, 'and give ear to what the knights say 'to them: be sure you remember all 'the blasphemies which zeal for their 'own ladies honours will make them 'utter against the queen, that I may 'hasten immediately to teach them the 'respect they owe such a beautiful and 'chaste princess.' This commission did not much hit the fancy of Sancho. 'Pox take such princesses,' quoth he, 'who are the cause that we are every 'day engaged in battles, when we 'might live in peace with the Holy Ca-'tholick church! Suppose any knight-'errant takes huff at this challenge, 'and for my pains gives me a thou-'sand——' 'Coward!' said Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'and is it 'you, then, who set forth pretensions 'to receiving the glorious order of 'knighthood? Away, wretch! that 'honour is not to be granted to any 'but men of courage; never to such 'heartless things as thou art.' These bitter reproaches touched the sluggish-ness of Sancho; who, passing at once, like the heroes of Homer, from terror to intrepidity—'Well, then, Sir,' quoth he, 'give me your papers; I 'will go paste them up, one by one, 'at the corners of streets; and if any 'man asks me my name, faith I know 'what to say to him.' These words pacified the knight, who answered—'Go, then, my dear Sancho, and ob-'serve all particulars nicely, as you 'value your life. Run! Fly! and 'bring me back a just account.' The squire took the papers, and sallied forth to paste them up; but, as ill-luck would have it, they did not produce the effects Don Quixote expected; for all the knights of Siguenza, from the highest to the lowest, were so far from being in a rage at the perusal, that they only laughed at them. The corregidor*, and some other gentlemen, who had heard of the fame of our knight, had the curiosity to go and see him; and the corregidor undertaking for the rest, acknowledged, in the name of the city and suburbs, that Barbara Hacked-Face was the most singular princess in the world. Having received this publick confession, Don Quixote left Siguenza the next day, very well satisfied.

CHAP. X.

HOW DON QUIXOTE MET WITH TWO SCHOLARS, AND THE CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

DON Quixote being gone before, Barbara and Sancho followed without speaking one word; but the squire seeming to be melancholy and thoughtful, at last Hacked-Face asked him what he ailed. 'What ails me!' quoth Sancho; 'I wish I could see the 'dog hanged who was the occasion of 'our meeting. Faith, I know not 'what my master thinks of it; but I 'am of the mind that giving of mules 'and silk cloaths is not the way to be 'rich.'—'Be not troubled, friend

* The supreme civil magistrate in a city, appointed by the king.

'Sancho,' quoth Barbara; 'for if it 'pleaſe God to bring us ſafe to Alca- 'la, I will treat you there like a prince.' —'Then the caſe is altered,' replied Sancho, ſmiling. 'Pr'ythee, what 'good meat will you treat me with?' —'Nay, do not you trouble yourſelf 'for that,' replied Barbara; 'you ſhall 'taſte of a pretty young wench about 'fifteen years of age, which you will 'like better than a partridge.'—'Bleſ- 'ſed Virgin!' cried Sancho in amaze, 'what do you talk of, miſtreſs Queen? 'Do you take me for one of thoſe Lu- 'therans of Conſtantinople, that eat 'human fleſh? Body o'me! that is 'enough to have me condemned to the 'gallies for three hundred years.'

This diſcourſe had not ended ſo ſoon, but that they overtook Don Quixote. They found him in converſation with two ſcholars, who were travelling on foot to Alcala: as ſoon as Sancho perceived by their habit that they were ſcholars, he ſaid to his maſter very earneſtly—'Pray, Sir, have a care of your- 'ſelf; theſe men are of the ſame race 'with thoſe that belonged to the col- 'lege where I was ſo curiouſly handled 'at Saragoſſa; and if they once begin 'to ſpit in our faces, we are utterly 'gone!' The ſcholars, knowing who our adventurers were, as having heard of them at Siguenza, one of them ſaid to Sancho—'Mr. Squire, we are 'not ſo unlucky as the ſcholars of Sa- 'ragoſſa, though we are of the ſame 'profeſſion; and we are ſo far from 'deſigning you the leaſt harm, that we 'are ready to ſerve you to the utmoſt 'of our power.' This declaration having re-aſſured Sancho, Don Quixote fell again into the diſcourſe that had been interrupted, and ſaid to the ſcholars—'Gentlemen, to return to what I 'was now obſerving; the order of 'knight-errantry, which I profeſs, is 'no enemy to learning: though I em- 'ploy myſelf wholly in redreſſing 'wrongs, and combating giants, yet 'I admire works of genius; and if 'you have compoſed any thing of that 'ſort, you will oblige me in letting 'me ſee it; I will give you my opinion 'with all the ſincerity which an author 'ought to deſire from thoſe he con- 'ſults. The great Queen Zenobia 'will alſo give ear to you: that prin- 'ceſs has ſo curious and nice a taſte, 'that if your works deſerve her ap- 'probation, you may then boldly ex- 'poſe them to publick cenſure, for 'they cannot fail of being admired.' The ſcholars, who were no ſtrangers to Queen Zenobia, felt a violent propenſity to laughter; but the dread of enraging Don Quixote, whoſe lance and ſword they ſtood in awe of, reſtrained their mirth: one of them, therefore, ſaid to him—'Sir, ſince you 'love the productions of genius, my 'comrade the batchelor can divert you 'whilſt we travel together: he com- 'poſes for the ſtage, and has already 'written ſeveral things that have been 'well received by the connoiſſeurs. 'For my part, I write only trifles, 'ſuch as rondeaus, ſonnets, enigmas, 'and epigrams.'—'Do not miſtake 'yourſelf,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'thoſe 'trifles are not ſo eaſy to be done well: 'good ſonnets are very rare; epigrams, 'ſuch as Martial's are, require a quick 'and acute wit. As for enigmas, I 'own they are the eaſieſt; but no- 'thing, in my opinion, is more di- 'verting: they ſharpen the under- 'ſtanding by puzzling it in a pleaſing 'manner; and you will oblige me by 'reciting ſome of yours.'—'With all 'my heart!' replied the ſcholar; 'I 'will ſhew you two I made this morn- 'ing, which I have not yet had time 'to put into verſe; but it muſt be up- 'on condition that Sancho ſhall ex- 'pound them.'—'Agreed!' quoth the ſquire; 'I will plunge into them up to 'my chin: it is true, I do not well 'underſtand all thoſe affairs, but no 'matter; by God's help a man may 'do any thing.'—'You are in the 'right,' replied the ſcholar. 'Now 'mind, this is the firſt.

"ENIGMA.

"I am bright, and of great uſe to "men, who unmercifully load me "with chains, though I am no offend- "er. I am day and night in the "churches, and I cannot ſubſiſt with- "out water, though it is that which "deſtroys me."

Don Quixote made him repeat it; and, while he was ſtudying the meaning, Sancho cried out very joyfully—'Victory, gentlemen! victory! I have 'found out the pigmy, or whatever 'you call it.'—'I did not queſtion,' ſaid

said the scholar, 'but your sharp wit 'would find it out.'—'By my troth,' quoth the squire, 'the very first time 'you spoke it, I understood it as well 'as my criss-cross row.' — 'Well, 'then, my son,' said Don Quixote, 'tell us what it is?'—'It is a holy-'water-pot,' quoth Sancho; 'for that 'is day and night in the church, and 'there is always water in it.' The scholars burst out a laughing; and Don Quixote himself could not forbear a smile. 'Mr. Scholar,' said Sancho, 'if it is not a holy-water-pot, it must 'be something else. Tell us what it 'is, and my master and I will submit.' —'No,' replied the knight; 'give me 'leave, and I will expound the enig-'ma; for, if I mistake not, it is a 'lamp.'—'Right,' said the scholar; 'you have hit the nail on the head.' —'Nay, faith, gentlemen,' quoth Sancho, 'I must put a pigmy to you, 'since you call those pigmies. What 'is it that is like a horse, that has the 'hair, head, and feet, like a horse, and 'yet is no horse?'—'It is a mare,' cried Barbara. 'By my troth, you 'have hit it!' quoth Sancho; 'and is 'not a mare very like a horse?'—'Gen-'tlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'at-'tend, I beseech you, to the queen's 'readiness of conception; 'there is 'no need of repeating things to her 'over and over; she takes them at first 'sight, and is never in the wrong.' The scholars pretended to be charmed at it, which gave the knight great satisfaction; addressing, therefore, the composer of the enigmas—'Will you fa-'vour us, Sir,' said he, 'with the 'other enigma you composed this 'morning; which I do not at all ques-'tion is as ingenious as the last?'— 'Listen to it, then,' replied the scholar.

"ENIGMA.

"I am great and little, and am often "seen sitting on the heads of kings "and emperors; but I am so ill seated "on that height, that the least puff of "wind can throw me down. I serve "the poor as well as the rich; but I "am of no use in several nations; as, "for instance, among the Turks, "where I am out of fashion."

'It is a gammon of bacon!' said Sancho, very briskly; 'it can be no-'thing else; for, as I have been told, 'the Turks do not eat bacon.'—'You 'are out again,' quoth Don Quixote; 'it is rather a hat; for the hat serves 'rich and poor; it is worn on the heads 'of kings and emperors, and a puff 'of wind blows it down. It is useless 'to several nations, for there are other 'people, as well as the Turks, who 'wear turbans instead of hats.'— 'Faith, and so it is a hat!' quoth the squire. 'It is the easiest thing in the 'world to guess now; and Mr. Scho-'lar need but tell me his two pigmies 'over again, and I will lay any man a 'wager I expound them.'—'You are 'very ingenious,' replied the knight; 'why, who cannot do the same? For if 'the word were named at first, it could 'be no longer an enigma.'—'Nay, 'what matter is it?' answered the squire. 'Is it not better a man should 'have the word beforehand, than to 'crack his brains to find it out? In 'short, a man cannot tell a thing, if 'he does not know it; and I would 'defy the Pope himself to say his Pa-'ter-noster, which is the easiest thing 'in the world, if he had not learned 'it beforehand.' The scholar having owned to Don Quixote, that a hat was the true exposition of the last enigma, the knight said, he would desire him to write them both out for him at the next baiting-place, for he had a mind to keep them. 'I have a copy here,' said the scholar; 'and I will give it 'you.' He began to feel in his pock-ets for it; and, having dropped another paper, as he pulled it out, Don Quix-ote had the curiosity to ask what it was. 'It is a rondeau,' replied the scholar, 'which I wrote upon a lady in Sigu-'enza, whom I am in love with, but 'who does not yet know that I love 'her.'—'Pray read it to us,' quoth Don Quixote. The scholar did not wait to be entreated, but presently read these verses—

'AS to the powers above whom we adore,
'To you, in silence, I prefer my prayer:
'Alas! I dare no more!
'Nor can my lips my am'rous wish declare.
'Yet what my aw'd lips dare not shew,
'My eyes, my fever'd eyes, too plainly prove;
'And these would freely tutor you:
'Ah! would my Iris, would my love,
'Saw my heart open'd to her view,
'As to the powers above!'

Don

Don Quixote highly commended the rondeau; and Sancho would not omit ſpeaking his mind. 'By my troth,' ſaid he, 'theſe verſes are not ſo bad, 'neither! and you will oblige me, 'Mr. Scholar, if you will make ſome 'upon Mary Gutierrez, who is my 'wife, and will be ſo as long as it ſhall 'pleaſe God and the four Evangeliſts: 'but I muſt put you in mind not to 'call her queen upon any account, but 'only lady-admiral; for my maſter 'Don Quixote is not likely ever to 'make me a king, and ſo I muſt even 'be ſatisfied with being a governor. 'We cannot expect to do as we would 'in this world; and had better take 'what offers. Had we, ſince we have 'gone about ſeeking adventures, look-'ed directly for archbiſhopricks, in-'ſtead of ſeeking to gain kingdoms 'and iſlands, we might by this time 'have had whole ſhoals of them: and, 'though they ſay I might not enjoy 'them becauſe I have a wife and chil-'dren, yet I might have ſold them; 'and, though I ſold them only at 'market-price, I ſhould ſtill get enough 'by them.'

When Sancho once got into the humour for talking, his tongue ran ſo faſt that it was no eaſy matter to ſtop it: but Don Quixote having at laſt ſilenced him by his uſual method of menaces, the author of the rondeau ſaid to his companion—'Come, ma-'ſter Batchelor, it is your turn next: 'pray let the knight ſee that I have 'not commended you without reaſon.' —'I have not ſo great a value for my 'works,' anſwered the batchelor, 'as 'to think any body can take pleaſure 'in hearing them: yet, ſuch as they 'are, I would freely communicate 'them to Don Quixote, if I had them 'about me; but I am not like thoſe au-'thors who always carry their pockets 'full of their works; and my memory 'is ſo bad, that I cannot repeat two 'verſes together of all that ever I made 'in my life—but, ſince I have not any 'thing to read to you, Sir Knight, 'ſhall I adviſe with you about the plot 'of a play I have in my head?'—'You 'will oblige me,' replied Don Quixote; 'but, pray, tell me whether in your 'plays you ſtick cloſe to Ariſtotle's 'rules?'—'No, truly,' ſaid the batche-lor, 'I do not.'—'So much the worſe,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'for Ariſtotle 'is an infallible oracle in that point. 'Not to follow his rules, is to ſwerve 'from nature and reaſon; and that is 'the cauſe why ſtrangers do not ap-'prove of our performances, which in 'all other reſpects are excellent.'—'I 'own,' quoth the batchelor, 'that 'moſt of our dramatick poets ſeem to 'make little account of Ariſtotle's 'rules. For my own part, I like them 'very well; I never depart from them 'out of mere levity or wantonneſs, but 'follow them, when they will ſuit with 'my plot: but, to deal ingenuouſly, 'I do not pay ſo much deference to 'them, as to loſe any ſurprizing turn 'for their ſake, which cannot ſubſiſt 'with them.'—'That turn muſt be 'caſt away,' quoth Don Quixote, in-terrupting him; 'all muſt be ſacrificed 'to the ſevere rules of that wiſe ma-'ſter: but let us come to your plot.'— 'This is it,' replied the batchelor. 'An 'Earl of Barcelona takes a voyage into 'England, where he falls in love with 'the king's daughter, and is beloved 'again; but the king, for reaſons of 'policy, marries the princeſs to the 'King of Bohemia. The Earl of 'Barcelona, in deſpair, embarks, and 'returns to his own dominions. The 'King and Queen of Bohemia live 'very happily together, though that 'princeſs always preſerves a tender 'affection for the Earl of Barcelona: 'but, ſoon after, a favourite of the 'King of Bohemia falls paſſionately 'in love with the queen, and has the 'boldneſs to declare himſelf to her; 'ſhe reproves him, and threatens to 'acquaint the king her huſband with 'his baſeneſs. The favourite, chang-'ing his love into rage, prepoſſeſſes 'that weak prince, and accuſes the 'queen of being in love with an officer 'of his guard. The king, who only 'ſees with his favourite's eyes, cauſes 'the officer to be put to death, and 'would do the ſame by the queen; 'but ſhe demands that, according to 'the cuſtom of thoſe times, ſhe may 'have leave to find knights to defend 'her honour againſt her accuſer: the 'king, not knowing how to refuſe the 'combat demanded by the queen, ap-'points a day, which is proclaimed in 'Bohemia and England. When the 'day comes, the favourite appears in 'the liſts to make good his accuſation; 'but, no antagoniſt preſenting himſelf, 'the

'the queen is on the point of losing 'her life, when there arrives a knight, 'armed at all points, who fights her 'battle, and kills the favourite. This 'knight proves to be the very Earl of 'Barcelona, brought thither by the 'fame of the queen's accusation, of 'whose innocence he is satisfied. This, 'Sir, is the whole plot of my play.'— 'It is a very good one,' answered the knight; 'but I know not whether you 'can make a regular piece of it.'—'It 'is true,' said the batchelor, 'our 'authors, who follow Aristotle the 'closest, would lay the first act in Eng-'land, the second in Barcelona, and 'the third in Bohemia: but I am 'bringing this play to answer all the 'rules; and I do not despair of suc-'cess.'—'I am satisfied you will com-'pass it,' said the other scholar, 'pro-'vided you omit the combat in the 'lists.'—'Let him have a care of that,' cried Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'that is the best part of the plot!'— 'But, Sir,' quoth the batchelor, 'if 'you would have me adhere to Ari-'stotle's rules, I must leave out the 'combat.'—'Aristotle,' replied the knight, 'was a man of parts, I admit; 'but his capacity was not unbounded; 'and, in short, his authority does not 'extend over combats in the lists, which 'are above his rules. Would you 'suffer the Queen of Bohemia to pe-'rish? or, how can you clear her in-'nocence? Believe me, combat is the 'most honourable way; and, besides, 'it will furnish your play with such a 'splendid and interesting spectacle, 'that all the rules in the world must 'not stand in competition with it.'— 'Well, Sir Knight,' replied the batche-lor, 'for your sake, and for the ho-'nour of chivalry, I will not leave out 'the combat; and, in order to render 'it the more magnificent, the whole 'court of Bohemia shall be present at 'it, from the princes of the blood to 'the very footmen. But still one dif-'ficulty occurs; which is, that our 'common theatres are not large enough 'for such an exhibition.'—'There 'must be one built on purpose,' an-swered Don Quixote; 'and, in a word, 'rather than leave out the combat, the 'play had better be acted in a field or 'plain*.' This discourse held Don Quixote and the scholars to Hyta, where they rested till the next day; a day memorable among enchanters, and which is marked down with red letters in the chronicles of the wise Alifolan, the faithful author of this true history.

CHAP. XI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND A COMPANY OF PLAYERS; AND HOW THE UNFORTUNATE KNIGHT WAS STRUCK DUMB BY ENCHANTMENT.

THE Arabian author informs us, that Don Quixote and his company, having travelled all day, entertaining themselves with various subjects, at length came in sight of a tolerably spacious mansion, which, in it's appearance, extremely resembled an ancient castle. One of the scholars, pointing to it with his finger, said to Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, you see that 'house there; we may lie in it to-'night, and find good entertainment. 'It is an inn, called "The Goblin's "Castle;" because they say it was 'formerly a castle, and haunted.' No sooner had the scholar spoken these words, than Sancho swore bitterly, by the bowels of his grandmother, he would never lodge there. 'Let us 'take heed, Sir!' cried he; 'let us 'take heed how we go lie in that castle 'of goblins; for it still looks to me 'very like one of those enchanted cas-'tles where phantoms and necroman-'cers have so often made us bewail 'our sins! In short, my heart fore-'bodes no good; and, you know, "that when the partridge sings, it is a "sign of rain." Don Quixote, disre-garding the apprehensions of his squire, answered thus—'I have not forgotten, 'Sancho, whatsoever we have endured 'in such castles; but what remedy, my 'friend, would you propose to me? 'Knights-errant are no sooner out of 'one danger but they seek another; 'and they must be always in a readiness 'to meet whatever comes. I will

* From the above story, Mr. Jephson has apparently borrowed the ground-work of his tragedy, entitled, 'The Law of Lombardy.' The story is not to be found in the Spanish original.—For further particulars concerning it, the reader is requested to refer to the Preface at the beginning of this Volume.

'therefore

'therefore draw near to that caſtle, to 'obſerve what ſort of people inhabit 'it; you may all follow me at your lei-'ſure.' This ſaid, he put on towards the inn. It happened that a company of players were there at that time, rehearſing a piece which was to be performed the next day at Alcala. As ſoon as they beheld Don Quixote, armed cap-a-pié, and covered with his magnificent buckler, they all ſallied forth to gaze at ſo unuſual a ſpectacle. The knight, obſerving that they thronged out in a body, and that they eyed him with uncommon attention, halted a moment to remonſtrate; and then, turning briſkly about, rode back again to his companions. Sancho, ſeeing him return upon a full trot, cried out—'What is the matter, maſter Don 'Quixote? Have the goblins ſtung 'you already?'—'O my ſon Sancho!' anſwered the knight, 'it was not with-'out reaſon you had an ill conceit of 'that caſtle! My enemy Friſton the 'enchanter expects me there to load 'me with irons, and caſt me into a 'loathſome dungeon! He intends, by 'his magick ſpells, to ſtop me here, 'obſtructing thereby my intended com-'bat with the King of Cyprus, that 'he may then fly about the world, 'ſpreading diſhonourable reports of 'me: but I have received intelligence 'of his deſigns from friendly hands; 'and, my valour being nothing infe-'rior to his art, I am now going to 'attempt ridding the world of that 'execrable necromancer.' By this time, our travellers being within muſquet-ſhot of the inn, the ſcholars ſoon recognized the players, with whom they were particularly acquainted by name; and the batchelor, deſirous to undeceive Don Quixote, told him what he thought of the affair. The knight, however, reſolutely maintained that they were enchanters. 'To convince 'you,' ſaid he, 'that I am not miſ-'taken in this matter, do you obſerve, 'amongſt thoſe ſoldiers who guard the 'gate of the caſtle, that large black 'figure, who holds a wand in one 'hand, and a book in the other?'—'That is the author to the company,' replied the batchelor; 'and his name 'is Pedro de Moya: the book he has 'in his hand is probably ſome play 'that he is reading to the actors.'—'I know, better than you, who he is, 'Mr. Batchelor,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'and I tell you once more, that 'yonder great black man is not Pedro 'de Moya, as you imagine; but it is 'Friſton the enchanter himſelf. Do 'not you ſee that he is now making 'circles with his wand, and drawing 'magical characters, and that he makes 'uſe of his book to conjure up the 'devils? If you would ſatisfy your-'ſelves concerning this truth, you 'need only go both of you before, and 'ſay you are my pages, and you will 'ſee what will be the event.' The ſcholars agreed to this experiment; and, ſoon coming up to the players, they told them all they knew concerning Don Quixote and Queen Zenobia; with the latter of whom they were all perfectly well acquainted, and ſome of them to their coſt. The players fell a laughing, and were very glad they had ſo good an opportunity of diverting themſelves. In the mean while, Don Quixote drew near the inn; and, having ſet the butt-end of his lance on the ground, he thus accoſted the author—'O thou who, from the moment of 'thy birth till this inſtant, haſt been 'my enemy, and who haſt never failed, 'though to no purpoſe, to favour all 'the knights and giants who have had 'the boldneſs to try their ſtrength with 'me; tell me, wicked and perfidious 'necromancer! why dareſt thou, contrary to all the laws of God and nature, ſally forth upon the highways, 'to commit the greateſt outrages a-'gainſt ladies and princeſſes, who go 'in ſearch of the knights they love ſo 'tenderly, attended by their faithful 'dwarfs and truſty ſquires? Nay, ſo 'far art thou from being aſhamed at 'doing what I now ſay, that, cruel 'and pagan as thou art, thou carrieſt 'them off, to bury them alive in dark 'and gloomy dungeons, where the 'light ſerves only to diſcover the hor-'rors of their ſituation! Set free!' added he, ſeeing ſome actreſſes look out at the window, 'ſet free, I ſay, all 'thoſe damſels I behold, together with 'all the knights and princes, whom 'you keep cloſe immerſed in pitileſs 'priſons; and, at the ſame time, yield 'up to me all the treaſures you have 'moſt injuriouſly ſtolen! If not, I 'ſwear by the peerleſs beauty of Queen 'Zenobia, whoſe preſence renders me 'invincible, I will this moment take

'away

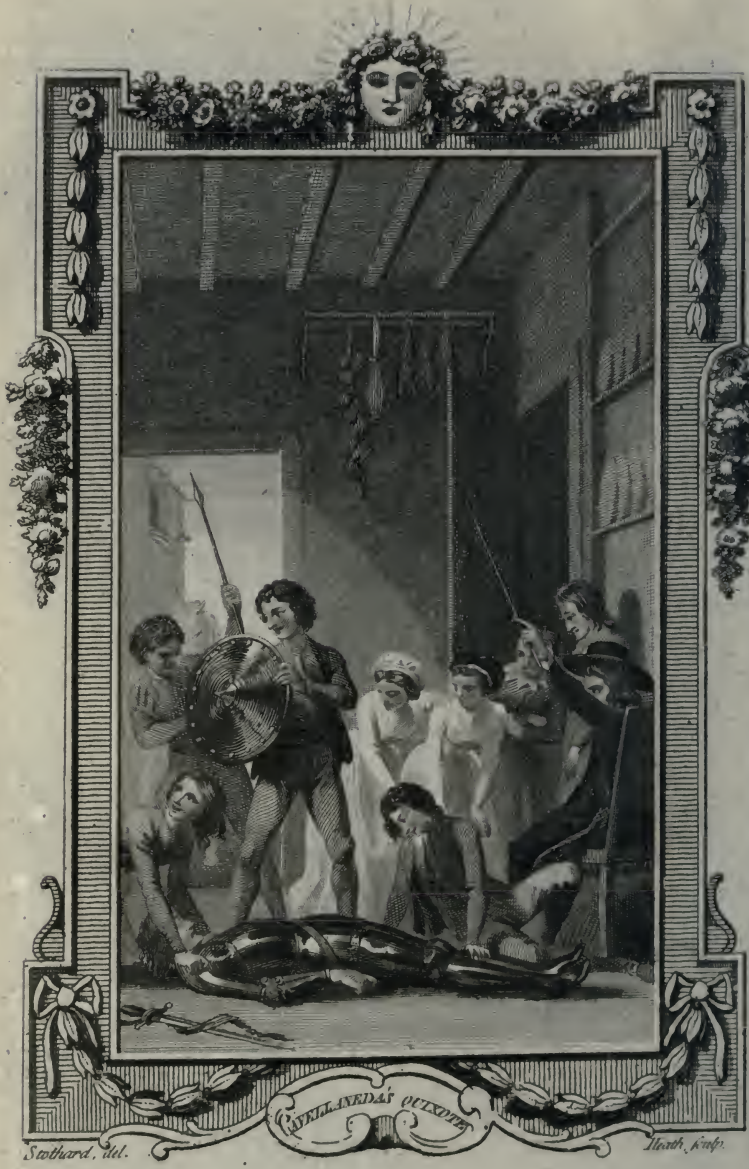

Plate III.

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'away that life you ought long ſince 'to have forfeited.' As he uttered theſe words, he ſpurred Rozinante from ſide to ſide, and made him curvet ſo aukwardly, that it was no ſmall diverſion to the players; a people naturally given to raillery, and accuſtomed to make ſport with others. Sancho, who thought his maſter's harangue moſt curiouſly contrived to terrify the players, ſeeing them laugh as if they would burſt themſelves, was prodigiouſly offended; and ſaid to them, very ſternly—'Haughty and unmannerly 'players! deliver up to us inſtantly 'thoſe princes, thoſe infantas, thoſe 'knights, and thoſe horſes, you hold 'enchanted, and which my maſter re-'quires of you! Diſpatch, I pray you, 'for we want to come in there; or elſe 'ſend my lady the queen and me ſome 'lunches of bread, for our guts begin 'to grumble furiouſly.' The author now, drawing near Don Quixote, thus addreſſed him—'Sir Knight-errant, 'your pages have acquainted me with 'your valour and your ſtrength, which 'are ſuch as this caſtle cannot reſiſt: 'all theſe knights and princes, there-'fore, who have dwelt here with me 'theſe ſix hundred years, do yield 'themſelves overcome by you; and we 'are ready to do you homage. Alight, 'then, from your beautiful horſe; lay 'aſide your lance, and that peerleſs 'buckler; and diſarray yourſelf of your 'rich armour, that you may be more 'at eaſe. Though I am a Pagan, as 'my bulk and my tawny complexion 'ſufficiently indicate, yet I am a man 'of honour: enter then, ſecurely, into 'this ſtately caſtle, accompanied by 'the Queen Zenobia, alias Barbara 'the Tripewoman, and we will all ſup 'merrily together.'—'O thou traiter-'ous necromancer!' anſwered Don Quixote, 'hope not ever to deceive me 'by your fallacious courteſies, and to 'draw me into that deep pitfal which 'is at the entrance of your caſtle; I 'know you too well to ſuffer myſelf to 'be ſurprized by your artifices.'—'No 'doubt of that, by my troth!' quoth Sancho; "they that ſell onions, muſt "needs know the ſmell of a leek." 'We were not born for nothing in the 'wiſe village of Argamaſilla; and, 'God be praiſed! we can tell that 'four and five makes nine.' As theſe words were ſpoken, Don Quixote, pointing his lance downwards, ſpurred Rozinante forwards upon the author to run him through; but he ſtepping aſide dextrouſly, avoided the ſtroke; and, laying hold of the knight's foot, threw him over the other ſide of his horſe. At the ſame inſtant the players ruſhing upon him, ſeized his lance and buckler, and carried him by force into the inn, where they laid him on the ground, and preſſed upon him ſo cloſely, that he was unable to ſtir. The author then giving him three ſtrokes with his wand on the ſhoulder, pronounced theſe words:—'Loveleſs 'Knight! I enchant you for three 'hundred years; and, by the power of 'my dreadful art, I ſtrike you dumb, 'yet without impairing your reaſon; 'becauſe I will that you be ſenſible of 'your misfortune, without enjoying 'the ſatisfaction of complaint. Thus 'it is I treat all thoſe knights who are 'ſo raſh as to encounter me.' Don Quixote lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and let them fall again ſorrowfully, without attempting to utter a word, ſo fully was he perſuaded of the efficacy of Friſton's enchantment.

The author having ordered four giants, to wit, four ſervants belonging to the company, to keep the knight in the ſame poſture, went himſelf in ſearch of Sancho, who was ſcared out of his wits at the uſage his maſter had met with. 'Are you there, then, you knaviſh 'ſcoundrel ſquire!' cried the author; 'I have caught you now, and you ſhall 'pay me all you owe, as well for laſt 'year as for this.'—'Good maſter en-'chanter,' cried Sancho, 'I beg your 'pardon, if I ever wiſhed you all the 'harm you have done us, and I do 'allow you to be a man of honour, 'though you are as much a Pagan as 'Judas.'—'I am glad,' anſwered the author, 'that chance led your maſter and 'you hither; for I give a ſupper to 'night to ſome enchanters my friends, 'who feed on man's fleſh: ye could 'never have come at a better time; and 'particularly thou, Sancho, who art as 'groſs and fat as a Benedictine.'—'Alas! good maſter Friſkin!' blubbered Sancho, falling down upon his knees before the author, 'I beſeech you, by 'the ſores of holy St. Lazarus, whoſe 'ſoul God keep in glory, have pity! 'have pity upon me!'—'Riſe, friend,' replied the author, 'and loſe no time in

'praying to me; tears and prayers do 'not move enchanters: you shall be 'eaten to the very bones!'—'Mercy on 'us!' roared Sancho, 'what have we 'brought ourselves into!—Pray, good 'Mr. Enchanter, give me leave at least, 'before I die, to go and take leave of 'Mary Gutierrez, my wife; for I can 'assure you she is so ill-natured, that 'should I suffer myself to be eaten 'without bidding her farewel, she 'would never look upon me with a 'good eye again.'—'You are very cun-'ning truly, Sancho,' quoth the au-thor; 'if you were once gone, I suppose 'you would not be such a fool as to 'come again.'—'Pray excuse me, Mr. 'Friskin,' said Sancho, 'St. Anthony 'shall be bound for me that I will come 'again upon the day appointed; and 'if I fail of my word, I pray to St. 'Barbara, the guardian against thunder 'and lightning, that this cap may fail 'me at the hour of my death!'—'No, 'no,' answered the author, 'this mat-'ter will admit of no delay.' Then raising his voice, he cried—'Here, 'somebody bring me hither that great 'three-pointed spit I use to roast fat 'men upon, and let this peasant be 'roasted out of hand!' Sancho fancy-ing himself upon the spit already, and seeing Barbara laughing with some of the players, whined out to her, with a tone inexpressibly dolorous—'Oh! lady 'of Segovia, you see here your trusty 'dwarf, poor Sancho, in grievous tri-'bulation! Be pleased, most impotent 'queen! to entreat master Enchanter to 'countermand the three-pointed spit!' Barbara then applying herself to the au-thor, said, smiling—'Master Pedro de 'Moya, sovereign constable of this 'palace, spare Sancho this time, I be-'seech you, and he will never come 'again.'—'Beautiful princess,' replied the author; 'chaste Queen of the Ta-'vern Street in Alcala; I cannot 'spare you this peasant, or forbear put-'ting him upon the spit, unless he will 'turn Mahometan.'—'Gad take me,' quoth Sancho, with much comfort, 'why did you not say so at first, with-'out beating the bush so long? If there 'is nothing to do but to turn Maho-'metan, the great spit and I shall keep 'far enough asunder! I had rather be 'a Mahometan than be roasted.'—'Then from this time forward,' said the author, 'you shall follow the Alco-'ran.'—'I will,' quoth Sancho; 'if 'he pleases I will follow him to the 'Indies, provided Dapple can carry 'me so far.'—'Friend,' said the au-thor, 'I perceive you do not understand 'me; what I propose is, to embrace a 'new religion, and believe in Maho-'met.'—'Well,' answered the squire, 'if you please, I will believe in all the 'Mahomets betwixt this and Jerusa-'lem: in short, I will believe all our Holy 'Mother the Church will allow me to 'believe, for which I would lay down 'a thousand lives.'—'If so,' replied the author, 'you need but to be cir-'cumcised, and you will be as per-'fect a Moor as I am. Now with a 'sharp knife I must cut off——' 'O no, 'good Mr. Enchanter,' cried Sancho, 'pray do not cut any thing off, if you 'please; for all my goods are in com-'mon with Mary Gutierrez; and she 'has taken so exact an account of them, 'she will immediately miss it, if there 'want's but a farthing's-worth. But 'there is my cap; you may cut and 'round that as shall best please Mr. 'Alcoran.' Though the author pos-sessed as much steady gravity of coun-tenance as most of his nation, he could not refrain smiling at the simplicity of Sancho; and, taking him by the hand —'Come then, Signor Moor,' said he, 'prepare yourself to depart for the 'kingdom of Fez, for I must send you 'thither very soon.'—'Hold a little, 'Mr. Enchanter,' replied Sancho; 'I 'must first take one turn into the coun-'try, that I may give orders about a 'couple of oxen I have at home: be-'sides, I have six sheep, two goats, 'eight hens and a cock; and you know 'a man cannot leave all these at sixes 'and sevens. Besides, when my wife 'understands that I am turned Ma-'hometan, perhaps she may have a 'mind to be a Mahometaness. Who 'can tell? If so, we must circumcise 'her tongue; and, by my troth, we need 'not be sparing of the stuff, for there 'will be more than enough left, I war-'rant it!'

All this while Don Quixote lay in the posture before mentioned, bitterly reflecting on his enchantment. The sage Friston having now quitted Sancho, went again into the inn to a new scene. He drew near therefore to Don Quixote, and accosted him as follows—'It is 'well: you are, at length, Sir Loveless 'Knight,

'Knight, fallen into my hands; and 'you shall now increase the number of 'those I detain enchanted, and loaded 'with irons in damp and dreary dun-'geons. Yet shall there arrive a time 'when you will come forth: but ere 'you come forth, your beard shall be 'twelve ells long, and the nails of your 'fingers and toes shall be bigger than 'an elephant's trunk. But before you 'are shut up in the dismal dungeon I 'have appointed you, I restore to you 'your speech for one moment: I will 'hear you speak once more, that my 'ears may be gratified with your la-'mentations; for the sufferings and 'the lamentations of knights errant 'are the greatest delight of enchanters.'

When he had so said, he touched the unfortunate knight of La Mancha with his wand, who immediately addressed him in these words.—'O treacherous 'necromancer! who hast overcome me 'by fraud; in vain dost thou display 'this terrifying picture of the pains to 'which thy cruelty has destined me! 'Knights-errant, true and constant, 'know how to endure, unmoved, the 'uttermost torments; and nothing can 'terrify them. Thou mayest therefore 'at thy will strike me dumb, and re-'store me to my speech, and vent all thy 'malice upon me; but know thou shalt 'never have the power to make me 'afraid! At worst, I shall be discharg-'ed after three hundred years enchant-'ment: nay, perhaps, my enchant-'ment may be sooner at an end; for 'the wise Alquife, my protector, will 'not be long before he relieves me; and 'I very well know that a Grecian 'prince is to set out, one night, from 'Constantinople, under the conduct of a 'sage his friend, and to gain immortal 'glory, by exposing himself to all dan-'gers. When he has run through all 'the kingdoms and provinces in the 'universe, he shall come and besiege 'this strong castle; he shall destroy the 'giants that guard the draw-bridge, he 'shall slay the two griffins that are at 'the first gate, and shall then enter the 'first court without opposition, where 'seeing nobody, he shall lie down on the 'ground to rest him a while; but shall 'soon hear a dreadful voice, which 'shall say to him—"Arise, Grecian "prince, who to thy ill fortune hast "entered this castle!" Then, when 'he least thinks of it, he shall see a 'dreadful dragon coming towards him, 'whose very looks are venomous, and 'whose hideous throat shall belch forth 'rivers of fire. Yet shall the undaunt-'ed prince attack him, and combating 'with courage answerable to the great-'ness of the danger, he shall kill the 'monster, and defeat all enchantments 'by the assistance of the sage his friend. 'Then shall he enter the second court 'in victorious manner, and thence pro-'ceed onward into a garden filled with 'sweet flowers and odoriferous trees, 'watered by a thousand pleasant 'streams; where he shall have the sa-'tisfaction of hearing the harmonious 'birds celebrate his conquest. In the 'midst of the garden he shall observe 'a nymph, exquisitely beautiful, and 'clad in a long robe embroidered with 'diamonds, emeralds, topazes, and ru-'bies. This charming nymph, having 'received him with a smiling coun-'tenance, shall with one hand deliver 'to him a bunch of golden keys, and 'with the other shall place on his head 'a garland of amaranths and jasmins. 'The prince, then, shall with the golden 'keys unlock all the prisons and dun-'geons, and shall knock off all the irons 'of the illustrious prisoners; and, direct-'ing his discourse to me, shall request 'me to dub him a knight-errant with 'my own hands, and to grant him leave 'to become my inseparable companion 'in all my undertakings. Gratitude, 'and the respect I shall entertain for a 'prince of such prowess, obliging me 'to grant all he can demand, we shall 'both range the world for an infinite 'number of years, and shall finish all 'the adventures we shall meet with!'

CHAP. XII.

CONTAINING A CONTINUATION OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE PLAYERS.

THE players were struck with Don Quixote's extraordinary madness; and this last effusion of his extravagance perfectly amazed them. Whilst they talked of it, Sancho returned from the stable, where he had been putting in Rozinante, Dapple, and Barbara's mule. As soon as he came in, he drew near his master, and said to him—'Go to, 'Loveless Knight! here we are, by the

'grace of God!'—'My son Sancho,' asked Don Quixote, in a sorrowful accent, 'has our common enemy done 'thee no harm?'—'No, Sir,' replied the squire; 'but, by my faith! if I had 'not had the wit to turn Moor immediately, I had by this time been fairly 'turning upon a spit that has only three 'points; for Mr. Enchanter designed 'to have roasted me to-night to treat 'his friends.'—'What do I hear?' cried the knight. 'Is it possible you 'are turned Mahometan? What mean 'you, wretch? Can you be guilty of 'such baseness?'—'Ho, ho, Sir!' quoth Sancho; 'what, I had better have 'suffered myself to be roasted, I'll warrant you! Yes, faith, I turned Moor; 'and I would sooner have turned hermit, had he desired it, though it were 'in the face of the Sacristan of Toboso: 'when a man is once in the grave, 'he can neither be Christian nor Moor. 'But let us talk no more of that, Sir; 'if we can make our escape from this 'place, God knows my meaning!' Don Quixote was so deeply concerned at this apostacy of his squire, that it afflicted him no less than his own enchantment: but his sorrow was presently turned into joy; for the author, changing countenance all on a sudden, said to him, smiling—'Thus far all is 'good: noble Don Quixote, it is now 'time to undeceive you! Know, then, 'that I am not the enchanter Friston, 'as you imagine. On the contrary, I 'am the sage Alquife, your great 'friend; and I have done this to prove 'your constancy, and the confidence 'you repose in me. I am now satisfied; let us embrace, I beseech you; 'and assure yourself, that you shall 'never implore my assistance in vain!' This said, he caused the servants who held down Don Quixote to withdraw; and the knight, finding himself at liberty, and never doubting but that the author was in reality the sage Alquife, arose, and went to embrace him. He then embraced all the players in their turns, looking upon them as so many princes protected by the sage his friend. The actresses, seeing the ridiculous figure the knight made, had enough to do to forbear laughing in his face; however, they restrained themselves, which was no small matter among them: and, when they had made their obeisances, with all the tokens of profound respect they could counterfeit, one of them, in the name of the rest, said—'Great Knight of La Mancha, North-'star of gallantry, you see here several 'princesses who desire your protection! 'If it happen that any scoundrel giants 'steal us away some time or other, and 'only design to keep us enchanted as 'if we were made of wood, we be-'seech you to come to our assistance, 'and not suffer us to spend our youth 'to so little purpose!'—'Beautiful in-'fantas,' replied Don Quixote, very graciously, 'it is needless to make me 'that request; so long as you are friends 'to the wise Alquife, you need fear 'nothing: but, laying aside his mighty 'power, did the whole universe con-'spire against your beauty; should all 'the magicians ever Egypt brought 'forth, come hither to hurt you; I 'would defy them to touch a hair of 'your heads!'—'Valorous Don Quix-'ote!' said the author, 'these prin-'cesses are extremely obliged to you; 'but, until some giant shall give you 'an opportunity of employing your 'valour in their behalf, think of no-'thing but taking your ease, and so-'lacing yourself in this castle with the 'great Queen Zenobia; whose arrival, 'I am sure, is a private satisfaction to 'some of the princes here present. 'Were not you in haste to be at Ma-'drid, we would desire you to stay a 'few days with us; but I am too much 'concerned for your honour, to desire 'to stop you. I know that you have 'no time to spare; and therefore you 'may prosecute your journey to-mor-'row: in the mean while, let us all go 'and sit down to table; and, after sup-'per, I will divert you with a play; for 'I have brought a company of players 'hither on purpose.' Thus saying, he took the knight by the hand, and led him into a great room, where they found a good supper provided for them. Don Quixote was so rejoiced to find himself in the company of his friend the sage Alquife, that it appeared in his countenance; and Sancho's heart was so full of satisfaction, that he could not contain himself; but said to the author—'By my troth, master Skiff, 'I am glad to see you, once in my life, 'face to face; for I never saw you be-'fore but in a dream; and, to say the 'truth, when my master Don Quixote, 'in our rambles, talked so much of

'you,

'you, St. Thomas knows what I 'thought. But, pray, Mr. Skiff, ſince 'all things are poſſible to magick, I 'beſeech you to make me a Chriſtian 'again, for I have been conſidering I 'am not at all fit to be a Moor.'— 'And, pray, why not, Sancho?' quoth the author. 'Becauſe,' ſaid the ſquire, 'I love wine and bacon as I love my 'life; and theſe two things are forbid 'among the Moors more ſtrictly than 'any ſin.'—'The thing is not to be 'eaſily done,' replied the author; 'but 'I ſhall make a ſhift to compaſs it, 'provided you will be three days with- 'out eating or drinking. I am ſure, 'if you perform that ſmall penance, 'you will become a Chriſtian again, and 'it will never appear in the leaſt that 'you were a Moor.'—'That penance,' quoth Sancho, 'were very proper for 'my maſter Don Quixote, who does 'not mind eating or drinking. But I 'am of another conſtitution; for if I 'am, I will not ſay three days, but 'three hours, without eating or drink- 'ing, I can hear my guts ſing the 'Black Pſalm.'—'How ſhall we con- 'trive, then,' ſaid the author, 'to 'unmahometanize you?'—'How!' an- ſwered Sancho; 'why, is there but one 'medicine in phyſick? You may com- 'mand me, for inſtance, to lie only 'upon one ſide; or not to drink but with 'the left-hand; and I promiſe, before 'God, and on my conſcience, to obey 'your commands!' Whilſt they were thus talking, Don Quixote, Barbara, and the ſcholars, ſtood round about the table; but before they ſat down, one of the ſcholars ſaid grace aloud. The author perceiving that Sancho, who ſtood behind, had not taken off his cap during the prayer, ſaid to the company— 'Pray, gentlemen, obſerve what it is 'to be a Moor: whilſt we ſtood with 'our hats in our hands, that irreli- 'gious Sancho kept his cap on his 'head.'—'It is true, gentlemen,' quoth Sancho; 'and I am not aſhamed to 'own it; for I do not take off my cap, 'or ſay grace, till I am to eat myſelf: 'but when others eat, I think I am 'no ways concerned; "every man for "himſelf, and God for us all." The players laughed heartily; and inſiſted upon it that Sancho, as much Moor as he was, ſhould ſit down to table with them; and, being well taken care of, he made the beſt ſport at ſupper.

The players, both men and women, having eaten and drank as it were for a wager, made ready to rehearſe the play in the hall, which they were to act the next day at Alcala. They lighted ſome candles that were ſtuck in little wooden candleſticks, and drew a line on the floor, to divide the ſtage from the audience. Don Quixote, Barbara, Sancho, and the ſcholars, and ſome others that were in the inn, took their places to hear the rehearſal, which ſoon began. A prince of Cordova appeared firſt, accompanied by his confidante, to whom he ſaid—'Yes, my dear Henriquez! 'it is reſolved: a diſdained lover be- 'comes an implacable enemy. I will 'be revenged of the Queen of Leon! 'The king her huſband, whom you 'know I govern, is already prepoſſeſ- 'ſed againſt her, and contrives her 'death!' The Prince of Cordova would have proceeded; but ſeeing the queen appear, he withdrew. That princeſs ſtepped forward alone, with an handkerchief in her hand; and, after wiping her eyes, which ſeemed bathed in tears, and ſtepping a few paces forward in ſilence, ſhe ſaid—'Perfidious Prince 'of Cordova, who, not able to cor- 'rupt my virtue with your love, doſt 'contrive to blacken it by your arti- 'fices! can you, without remorſe, ac- 'cuſe my innocence? Alas, it is not 'death I fear! it is the dread of dying 'diſhonoured! Great God, who ſeeſt 'the ſecrets of my ſoul, compaſſionate 'my ſorrows! And will you, then, 'permit falſhood to triumph over vir- 'tue?' The actreſs, entering into her part with great energy, touched to the quick the ſuſceptible Knight of La Mancha. He ſtarted up abruptly from his ſeat, drew his ſword, and foaming with fury, cried out—'The Prince of 'Cordova is a traitor, a villain, and 'a ſlanderer! and as ſuch I here chal- 'lenge him to ſingle combat: and I 'will ſoon, with the ſole edge of my 'keen ſword, cauſe him to confeſs, 'that the Queen of Leon is not leſs 'chaſte than the Princeſs Zenobia her- 'ſelf!' The players, who were not provided for this adventure, burſt out a laughing; but the knight going on with his challenge to the Prince of Cordova, the player who repreſented him drew his ſword; and, ſtepping up to Don Quixote, ſaid—'There is no 'need, Sir Knight, of ſo much noiſe

'for

'for so small a matter: and since you 'will espouse the queen's quarrel, 'whose chastity you are not so well ac- 'quainted with as I am, I consent to 'fight you; not here, but in the Great 'Square of Madrid, before the king 'and all the court!' As he was thus speaking, he espied a mule's crupper, which hung to the cieling of the room; this he took down, and, tendering it to Don Quixote, went on, saying— 'There, Sir Knight, since I have nei- 'ther glove nor gauntlet to give you 'as a gage, take one of my garters, 'which may serve in the stead; and 'remember the combat shall be twenty 'days hence.' All the company fell a laughing at the player's contrivance; which so highly offended Don Quixote, that he said—'Really, gentlemen, I 'wonder that such wise and courageous 'princes should laugh to see a traitor 'accept my challenge: you ought ra- 'ther to weep with the queen, who 'has so much cause to be troubled; 'but who ought now to take comfort, 'since she has had the good fortune to 'meet with me.' Then turning to his squire, and giving him the crupper, he said—'Here, Sancho, keep this gage 'safe.'—'By my faith!' cried Sancho, 'the crupper is none of the worst; 'I'll e'en make it fast to my ass's pan- 'nel, where it shall stay till we can 'find out the owner.'—'Fool!' quoth Don Quixote, 'to call that a crupper!' —'What the devil is it, then,' re- plied Sancho, 'if it is not a mule's 'crupper?'—'It is the Prince of Cor- 'dova's garter,' answered the knight. 'Why, sure, you will make me re- 'nounce Antichrist!' said the squire. 'One would think I had never seen a 'crupper. Look ye, Sir, I have hand- 'led more cruppers than there are stars 'in Limbo!'—'Here, blockhead!' quoth Don Quixote, 'see whether ever 'there was a richer garter! Observe 'those golden fringes; and mark how 'a diamond, or a ruby, or an emerald 'of inestimable value, terminates every 'thread.'—'Then I am certainly 'drunk,' said Sancho; 'for let me be 'hanged, if I see any of the gold 'fringes you talk of, but only little 'packthreads knotted at the ends! In 'short, it is possible this may be a gar- 'ter in the other world, for the devil is 'a sad rogue; but, in this, I do affirm 'it is a crupper.'—'Friend Sancho,' quoth the author, 'do you banter us 'in calling this a crupper? I can 'assure you it is a garter of great va- 'lue.'—'Nay, if you have any hand in 'it, Mr. Skiff,' cried Sancho, 'I say 'no more to it; for you gentlemen en- 'chanters will turn white black; and, 'if you have it in your head, this must 'needs be a garter, though it smells so 'strong of a crupper.'

Whilst they were in this pleasant con- test, not unlike that about the helmet of Mambrino, a mule-driver coming in- to the room, and seeing the crupper in Sancho's hand, said—'Cousin, pr'y- 'thee leave the crupper where you 'found it; I did not buy it for your 'diversion.'—'Gentlemen,' cried San- cho, 'do not you hear what this honest 'man says? I am sure I did not bid him 'say so. Then it is a crupper, by 'Jove! I am glad of it. You may see 'by this, that enchanters and knights- 'errant are no such conjurors as they 'take themselves to be.' Thus saying, he gave the crupper to the mule-driv- er; but Don Quixote, having no mind to part with it, went up to him, and snatching it away rudely, said—'It is 'likely, clown, such a rich garter was 'made for you, then?' The mule- driver, who did not understand jesting, and was much stronger than Don Quix- ote, laid hold of his arm, and giving him a thrust in the stomach, threw him over; then jumping upon him, he soon forced the crupper out of his hands. The squire, seeing his master fall, ran to his assistance, and greeted the mule- driver with two furious fifty-cuffs, one of which took him in the nape of the neck, and the other on the right-ear. The mule-driver was stunned for a while, but soon revenged himself; for he laid on three or four smart strokes with the crupper across the chaps of the squire; after which he went out of the room, because the players and the scholars threatened to second Sancho, if he did not give over. Sancho feigned great eagerness to follow him, crying aloud to the scholars, who held his hands— 'Ay, ay! that's right! pray hold me, 'gentlemen, I beseech you; for if I go 'after that discourteous mule-driver, 'I shall kill him and all his race, to 'the twentieth generation!'—'No, 'Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'let 'the wretch go, since he flies before us; 'he is not worth our anger. Knights

'are

'are not to make ill use of their valour; 'and ought rather to make slight of, 'than to revenge a wrong, when it 'comes from a man of no note, one of 'the meanest of the rabble.'—'You 'are in the right, Don Quixote,' said the author; 'you take just measures in 'this affair: great men must shew moderation and calmness, that they may 'not do all the harm that is in their 'power to the little ones.'—'Well, 'then,' said Sancho, 'God speed the 'mule-driver with the two raps I laid 'him on about the ears!' Night being now far advanced, the author led Don Quixote into a room, where he double-locked him in; after which he returned to the actors, who performed their rehearsal, and then went to bed.

CHAP. XIII.

OF THE GRIEVOUS AFFLICTION OF SANCHO, AT BEING UNABLE TO SEE THINGS LIKE A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

THE next morning the players arose at day-break, paid their reckoning, and went away to Alcala. An hour after they were gone, Don Quixote awaking, called his squire, who, hearing his voice, came up, and opened his chamber-door, which the author had fastened. 'Sancho,' said the knight, 'what news from Queen Zenobia? Did 'you take care she had an apartment 'worthy her person?'—'By my troth, 'Sir,' answered the squire, 'my head 'was so full of our combat last night, 'that I thought of the princess no more 'than if she had not been queen! but, 'in short, she did not lie abroad; two 'of the players took her along with 'them into their chamber, whither she 'followed them without any ceremony; and, by the same token, they eat 'a pasty, and drank a great pot of 'wine.'—'That cannot be!' cried Don Quixote; 'I am well acquainted with 'the queen's chastity, and there is no 'likelihood of what you say: you certainly dreamed all this last night.'—'No, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am sure 'the pasty was no dream, it was real 'flesh and bones; and but now I saw 'what little was left of it on a plate in 'the kitchen.'—'It is a strange thing,' replied Don Quixote, 'that, having so 'long followed knight-errantry, and 'conversed with princes and emperors, 'thou shouldest still be as unpolished as 'thou wast the first day I raised thee 'from nothing! Will you never learn 'to see things as they ought to be seen? 'Will you ever confound the objects 'with the ideas? Will nothing ever 'appear to you in it's true shape? In 'truth, there is no enduring you any 'longer; I am weary of instructing you 'so often to so little purpose; and will 'send you back to your village again, 'as a brute incapable of being taught.' These words, and the tone in which they were uttered, had such effect upon Sancho, that he concluded for the present he was in the wrong; yet could he not comprehend the reason he made so little progress in discernment. 'My dear 'master Don Quixote,' answered he, weeping, 'I am as willing as any man 'in the world; but, do all that I can to 'see things like a knight-errant, I can-'not compass it.' At this moment the two scholars entered the room; and finding Don Quixote in a passion, and the squire weeping, they desired to know the cause. 'Gentlemen,' said the knight, 'am not I to be pitied, in having for 'my squire this clown, this blockhead! 'who sees all things the wrong way; 'who takes helmets for barbers basons, 'paladins for peasants, and princesses 'for maids of inns? I dare say, should 'the Princess Landabrides arrive at this 'instant, with the very equipage she 'had when the Knight of the Sun first 'met with her, this simpleton would 'mistake her glorious triumphal chariot for a cart, and the two white 'unicorns that drew it, for heavy oxen.'—'Sir,' said the batchelor, 'you ought 'rather to pity than to be angry with 'your poor squire: consider, he is affectionate and faithful; and you ought 'to hope that, in time, his eyes may be 'opened. Let me talk to him a little, 'while you dress yourself.' Then turning to the squire, he said—'Friend Sancho, you have the best master in the 'world; but you know not how to 'deal with him: he requires nothing of 'you but what is reasonable, and yet 'he has not been hitherto able to force 'you to a compliance: if he required 'impossibilities of you; if he enjoined 'you to take the moon in your teeth; 'to find him out a woman, or a witty 'book, without a fault; I should ex-

'cuse

'cuſe you, and be the firſt to condemn 'him: but when he only deſires that 'you would ſee objects as they really 'are, white unicorns as white unicorns, 'and not as oxen; in truth, friend, it 'is a great obſtinacy to be ſo rebellious.' —'Maſter Batchelor,' anſwered Sancho, 'I agree to all you ſay: but I 'know not what to do; and I could 'wiſh myſelf hanged! I often give 'myſelf good cuffs and thumps on the 'jaws; nay, ſometimes I tear off my 'hair, eye-brows and eye-laſhes; and 'yet all to no purpoſe: and I believe, 'God forgive me! that though I ſhould 'pull out both my eyes, I ſhould ſee 'never the better. I always ſee quite 'contrary to my maſter Don Quixote; 'certainly the wicked enchanters have 'bewitched my ſight.'—'I ſhould be 'loth to ſwear for them,' replied the batchelor; 'thoſe vile fellows have ſerv-'ed others of my acquaintance ſo.'—'O 'the wicked wretches!' cried Sancho, weeping again. 'Alas! how ſhall I 'govern my iſland with theſe purblind 'eyes! All my ſervants will look like 'animals to me: I ſhall take my pages 'for monkeys, my maid-ſervants for 'magpies, my ſteward for a fox, my 'ſewers for ſwine, and my counſellors 'for aſſes; and, what is worſt of all, 'I ſhall take another's goods for my 'own; and then the governor will go to 'the devil, or will be whipped out of 'his government.'—'Be not ſo much 'concerned, my friend,' ſaid the batchelor; 'I will take off the magical 'blemiſh you have on your eyes.'—'O dear Mr Batchelor,' quoth Sancho, 'if you have that ſecret, do not 'grudge it me, I beſeech you!'—'I will 'teach it you,' quoth the batchelor; 'do not trouble yourſelf.'—'O Lord!' quoth the ſquire, 'why would you not 'teach it me at firſt? Is not work done 'better than work to do?'—'Nay, but 'this matter,' ſaid the batchelor, ſmiling at Sancho's eagerneſs, 'is not to be 'done ſo lightly; it is a very myſte-'rious ceremony, and requires many 'preparations. It is enough for the 'preſent that you know the receipt is 'infallible, and that you ſhall have 'trial of it before we part.'—'I would 'fain be at it already,' cried Sancho; 'for I have a great heart; I am mad to 'think I cannot ſee as well as others; 'but, in the mean while, Mr. Batche-'lor, pray reſolve me one difficulty: I 'know I am enchanted; but how comes 'it my enchantment does not extend to 'all I ſee, and particularly to what I 'do; for I am very ſenſible I am not al-'ways deceived. As for inſtance, I 'ſee you all three as really as you are; 'and I do not take you for aſſes. Be-'ſides, when I tell money, provided the 'ſum be not above twenty ſhillings, I 'defy the beſt divine to beſtir his fingers 'more nimbly, or tell truer than I do.' —'Brother Sancho,' quoth the batchelor, 'I will give you the reaſon of that 'difference, which depends wholly on 'the caprice of the enchanter: it is in 'their power to give to objects all ſorts 'of forms; they can metamorphoſe all 'mankind; turn ſolicitors into leeches, 'counſellors into ſyrens, attornies in-'to apes, courtiers into ſpaniels, and 'tolerable women into phœnixes: but, 'for the moſt part, they paſs by thoſe 'trivial matters, that they may wholly 'attend to knight-errantry, which they 'uſe their utmoſt endeavours to ſup-'preſs. And therefore Friſton the en-'chanter, who ſtudies nothing but how 'he may harm you, pleaſes himſelf with 'ſo diſguiſing things to you, that you 'may be deceived every moment; and 'he flatters himſelf with the hopes that 'this blindneſs will hold you an hun-'dred and fifty years.'—'Nay, but 'how do you know,' replied the ſquire, in amazement, 'that I muſt continue 'enchanted all that while?'—'I will 'tell you,' quoth the batchelor. 'When 'I was in Flanders, (for, different as I 'may look now, I have ſerved ſix years 'in the army) there came thither a 'famous Jew from the extremity of 'Chaldea and Arabia*. He was the 'moſt expert man upon the face of the 'earth in affairs of magick; nature 'to him was quite naked, and he knew 'all that is to come as plain as what 'paſſed before the creation of the world. 'I had the good fortune to reſcue him 'from a party of the enemy who had 'taken him priſoner; in return for 'which, he honoured me with the ſtrict-'eſt friendſhip, and repoſed ſingular 'confidence in me. We were inſepa-'rable companions during the two years

* The above is evidently a ſatirical alluſion to the popular ſtory of 'The Wandering Jew;' for an account of whom, ſee Percy's Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry, Vol. II.

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'he ſtaid in Flanders. He bore me 'company in all our marches; he was 'always by my ſide in all the battles 'and ſieges I was concerned in. You 'may judge how advantageous his 'company was to me. He brought me 'off ſafe from a thouſand dangers, and 'preſerved me by his art from four-'ſcore and three muſquet-ſhot; fifteen 'whereof I ſhould have received in my 'head, five in the lungs, nine in the 'liver, ſeventeen in the ſpleen, thirty 'in the optick nerve, and the reſt in the 'great gut. He taught me abundance 'of curioſities; and, among the reſt, 'the ſecret how to live four times as 'long as Neſtor, without feeling the 'inconveniences of old age; and this 'ſecret is ſo infallible, that this rare 'Jew, at the moment when we parted, 'was thirteen hundred and ſixty ſix 'years, ſeven months, fourteen hours, 'and ſixteen minutes, old; and he had 'a complexion like a young girl, and 'was as ſtrong as the giant Mandrake, 'who was killed by the valiant Sacri-'dorus.'—'You miſtake, Mr. Bat-'chelor,' quoth Don Quixote, inter-rupting him; 'King Sacridorus did not 'combat with the giant Mandrake; it 'was Roſiclair who took away his life. 'It is true, that the knights who fol-'lowed the giant, being deſirous to re-'venge his death, and falling all toge-'ther upon Roſiclair, his friend Sacri-'dorus ruſhed in among them, and 'ſlew ſix.'—'Signor Don Quixote,' quoth the batchelor, 'you may very 'well excuſe me that ſlip; for, beſides 'that it is a long time ſince I read the 'ſtory of the Knight of the Sun, you 'may remember I told you, but yeſter-'day, that I had a very bad memory. 'But, to return to my Jew, and have 'done in two words; he taught me all 'the tricks of the mountebanks—and, 'to conclude, friend Sancho, he taught 'me the ſecret of diſenchanting you; 'telling me, at the ſame time, that the 'enchanter Friſton had bewitched your 'ſight for an hundred and fifty years.' —'Of all the Jew's learning,' quoth Sancho, 'that is what I like the beſt: I 'don't much want to live many ages; if 'I can live to ſix ſcore, I deſire no more. 'After that, come what will! "When "a man has well ſucked the cherry, "he need not care much for the ſtone." The knight admiring what he had heard, ſaid to the ſcholar, looking on him with amazement—'Truly, Mr. Bat-'chelor, I am mightily taken with the 'wonders you have told us, and it is 'a great misfortune that you are not a 'knight errant; for, what with the va-'lour you diſplayed in Flanders, and 'the ſublime knowledge you are maſter 'of, I queſtion not but in a ſhort time 'you would have made great profici-'ency in that moſt excellent order.'— 'Incomparable Don Quixote!' replied the batchelor, 'I have always looked 'upon knight-errantry as the firſt and 'nobleſt of all profeſſions; and, I muſt 'own, I would devote myſelf to it 'zealouſly, were I not ſubject to cer-'tain evil habits which I cannot maſter, 'and which I look upon as very repug-'nant to that holy exerciſe.'—'Pray, let 'me know them,' anſwered the knight; 'and no man ſhall inform you better 'than myſelf whether they ought to 'obſtruct your becoming a knight-er-'rant.'—'Well, then, Sir,' replied the batchelor, 'to acquaint you at once 'with all my frailties, I muſt tell you, 'in the firſt place, that I am nothing 'near ſo chaſte as Amadis de Gaule. 'I ſhould be apt to fall in love with all 'the maidens that came in my way, and 'ſhould not diſenchant one of them 'without making her pay for her diſ-'enchantment.'—'Chaſtity,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'is doubtleſs a great virtue, 'but yet not abſolutely neceſſary in a 'knight-errant; and though Amadis 'de Gaule was, like myſelf, a mirror 'of chaſtity; yet Don Galaor, his bro-'ther, and the worthy Don Rogel of 'Greece, did not make any ſcruple of 'receiving favours, when they met with 'ladies inclinable to beſtow them; and 'this did not hinder them from be-'coming famous in the order of knight-'errantry.'—'I grant it,' anſwered the batchelor; 'nor is the want of 'chaſtity my greateſt obſtacle. That 'is the leaſt of my faults; and I muſt 'tell you freely, that, beſides that 'lewd inclination, I have others more 'unpardonable: I am ſlothful, an epi-'cure, a drunkard——' 'Out upon it!' cried Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'thoſe are vile failings! O Heavens! 'why muſt the greateſt men be ſubject 'to the greateſt vices? Thoſe faults 'are too oppoſite to our rules, to al-'low of your being admitted into our 'holy body: but exert all your endea-'vours to correct them; and if you

'can but compass it, I promise that I 'will myself dub you a knight, and 'will be your associate in the first com-'bat you shall undertake.' The batchelor returned thanks for so special a favour; and the knight being by this time dressed and armed, they all four went down into the yard of the inn.

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE CEREMONY THE BATCHELOR USED TO DISENCHANT SANCHO, AND OF IT'S SUCCESS.

THE innkeeper and Queen Barbara were talking in the kitchen, when our knight appeared. They both went out to meet him. The host, who was a pleasant fellow, made him a bow, saying to him, with a smiling countenance —'How fares to-day the noble Don 'Quixote, the flower and pearl of La 'Mancha, and the jewel of knights-'errant?' Don Quixote, having replied to this compliment, saluted the queen, and then asked where the wise Alquife was, that he might take his leave of him. 'Sir Knight,' answered the host, 'the wise Alquife is no 'longer in this castle: he went away 'this morning to Constantinople, whi-'ther he was obliged to transport 'himself upon affairs of the greatest 'consequence. But before his de-'parture, he ordered me to entertain 'you handsomely during your stay; 'which, indeed, he needed not have 'done, for I naturally love knights-'errant; and not one of them passes 'by this castle but I give him a taste 'of the best I have.' Don Quixote, knowing that enchanters appear and vanish as they please, was not at all surprized at this news; and, addressing the landlord—'Signior Castellano,' said he, 'I thank you for your good-will; 'but I am in haste to be at Madrid, 'and can stay no longer with you.'—'If so,' answered the host, 'I shall 'not presume to stay you; and you 'may depart when you please.'—'As 'for us,' quoth the batchelor, 'we 'must set out before you.'—'Ah, ma-'ster Batchelor!' cried Sancho, 'if 'you leave us, farewel secret!'—'No, 'no, my friend,' answered the batche-lor, 'we shall meet again at Alcala.'—'By my hand, Mr. Batchelor,' said the other scholar, 'you ought rather to 'disenchant this poor devil Sancho 'immediately! Don Quixote and I do 'beg it of you.'—'If it can be ac-'complished speedily,' quoth Don Quixote, 'Mr. Batchelor will oblige 'me by not postponing this ceremony 'till another time.'—'I grant your re-'quest, gentlemen,' replied the batche-lor; 'and, since Don Quixote desires it, 'I am willing to put my secret to the 'trial immediately. The constable 'will be pleased to conduct us into 'the darkest part of the castle, because 'spirits do not love much light; they 'will not appear but in gloomy places. 'Queen Zenobia, if she pleases, must 'not accompany us, for we shall be-'hold things not fit to be seen by a 'princess.' The innkeeper, who was an arch fellow, guessed at the batche-lor's design; and, being a man that would lose no pastime, lighted a can-dle, and led Don Quixote, Sancho, and the scholars, into a cellar so dark, that it might have satisfied spirits the most averse to day-light. When they were all in, the host set down the candle upon a little rotten table there happened to be in the place, and went out again with the batchelor to speak to two young mule-drivers who were then in the stable, and whose assistance they thought they might stand in need of. When they had agreed together what part every one was to play, the host re-turned into the cellar, and soon after him came the batchelor with a great black cloak about his shoulders, and on his head four pasteboard caps half an ell high, made in the form of a su-gar-loaf, and all four of them appear-ing as if they had been but one. He made a bow of reverence to Sancho, more profound than a novice to the ge-neral of his order: he also saluted Don Quixote and the rest; and, finally, all the casks in the cellar. Then, turning to the knight, he said—'Don Quixote, 'without doubt, is amazed to see me 'salute these casks; but he must un-'derstand, that on these hogsheads 'there are several invisible enchanters, 'who are come to be spectators of our 'magical operation.' Having spoken these words, he took off one of his pasteboard caps, and placed it upon the head of the squire: the same he did to the other two spectators; and then he ordered Sancho to strip to his shirt.

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The ſquire looked upon this prelude as an ill omen; he was all in diſorder, and the ſweat ran down in great drops. He was glad, it is true, to think he ſhould be ſoon diſenchanted; but judging, by the batchelor's diſcourſe, that he might chance to ſee ſome ſcurvy apparition, he began to be as much afraid of the ceremony as he was before deſirous of it: however, come what would, he ſtripped; and when he had done, the batchelor ſaid to the hoſt—'Signior 'Caſtellano, I pray thee fetch three 'great cryſtal glaſſes, if you have any, 'and fill them with good white wine.' —'I have them,' replied the hoſt; 'and 'they were made purpoſely for this ce-'remony.' In ſhort, he fetched three of the largeſt he had, and filled them to the brim with the beſt wine in the cellar, the more to honour the operation. The batchelor took them, one after another, with myſterious geſtures, and placed them in a triangular form on the table: he then uttered, with a loud voice, theſe words—'By Belſe-'gor; by Leviathan; by Beelzebub; 'by Aſmodeus!' He cauſed the ſquire to repeat them ſeveral times, making him walk round the table: then he ordered him to drink off the three bumpers, and ſaid to him—'Courage, 'friend! I have a good conceit of 'your buſineſs: I find you have a good 'heart for the work.'—'Mr. Batche-'lor,' cried Sancho, 'you ſee I do not 'ſpare my body: I uſe my poor endea-'vours; the Lord muſt do the reſt.'—'Nay,' replied the batchelor, 'you 'have hitherto played your part to ad-'miration, bating one word, which 'you did not pronounce properly.'—'As for that,' quoth the ſquire, 'a 'word is a mere trifle: I would fain 'know whether all the canons ſay 'their matins without tripping. No, 'no; they do not go to Rome for a par-'don every time they turn over two 'leaves of their breviary at once, and 'yet they are ſure to find their dinner 'ready. But, however, leſt we ſhould 'loſe a hog for a halfpenny-worth of 'tar, you may order me another bump-'er in lieu of the word I miſtook, and 'perhaps one will make amends for 'the other.'—'That will not do,' replied the batchelor; 'but it is likely 'you did not murder that word de-'ſignedly; and ſince your intention was 'good, all is well.'—'By my troth, I 'believe ſo!' anſwered the ſquire. 'I 'can aſſure you the wine has wrought 'wonders: I begin to ſee like a knight-'errant already; for methinks I ſee a 'thouſand candles here.'—'You are 'out in your reckoning there,' quoth the batchelor: 'the ceremony is not 'yet ended, and the beſt part is to 'come; or rather, all that we have 'done hitherto is nothing in compari-'ſon with the ſequel. Now there be-'ing two enchanters, who are your 'enemies; to wit, Friſton, and a 'Mooriſh enchanter, whom you told 'me of yeſterday; I muſt make a cir-'cle, and, by virtue of a charm which 'commands them, I will oblige each 'of them to ſend a devil hither to diſ-'enchant you. But, my dear friend 'Sancho,' added he, after making a great circle on the ground with chalk, 'I muſt give you ſome advice: the de-'vils will be ſure to uſe all their en-'deavours to make you ſtep out of the 'circle, in the middle of which you 'are ſafe, becauſe they cannot come 'within it; but you muſt be ſure to 'ſtand faſt in it, whatever they may 'do to you; for ſhould you be ſo un-'fortunate as to ſtir out of it, they 'would ſwallow you like an oyſter. 'If, on the contrary, you ſtill keep 'within the circle, they will drop at 'your feet a ſkin of white vellum, 'which contains the charm, and will 'take their flight, howling for ſhame 'and vexation: take eſpecial care, 'therefore, that fear does not cauſe 'you to ſtep aſide.'—'Fear!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'what 'can he fear whilſt I am preſent?—'No, Sancho,' continued he, 'remember I am with you: I ſay no 'more.'—'It is enough, Sir,' replied the ſquire; 'I know your word can-'not fail in that point: God be praiſed, 'in your company I fear nothing! 'The worſt of it is, that as to my 'body, I perceive myſelf quake a lit-'tle. But let them give me another 'glaſs of wine, and I promiſe you I 'will then ſtand within the circle as 'ſtiff as a ſtake.'—'With all my 'heart, brave Sancho!' ſaid the hoſt, giving him at the ſame time a great bumper. 'Courage, my friend!' The ſquire, having gulped down this heartening doſe, boldly entered the circle. 'So, Sancho,' ſaid the batchelor, 'now for the charm! but remember

'that you remain silent till the devils 'have thrown the parchment at your 'feet: for I must tell you, that if you 'utter a single word before that time, 'the spirits will vanish immediately, 'and there will then be no possibility 'of disenchanting you.'—'It shall 'never miscarry for that fault,' quoth Sancho; 'you may begin the dance as 'soon as you please.' The batchelor then fell upon his knees, and continued almost a quarter of an hour with his eyes fixed on the ground; after which, he started up; and, like one agitated with the transport of a phrenzy, sometimes stretched out his arms, sometimes rolling his eyes and distorting his frame with fearful gesticulations, smote himself violently on the breast and stomach. At length, raising his voice, and gabbling, with surprizing vivacity of action, he commenced his conjuration in the following words—

'Beelfegor! Asmodeus! ye frightful fiends who obey the enchanter 'Friston, and the Moorish enchanter, 'I conjure you listen to my voice!—

'By Juno, and by mighty Jove!
'By Pluto, and the god of love!
'By Neptune's boots and Mercury's shoon!
'And by the horns of Madam Moon!
'By Leo, Libra, and Aquarius!
'By Taurus, Cancer, Sagittarius!
'By the Twins, and the Ram's Horn!
'By Pisces, and by Capricorn!
'By the Scorpion's poisonous sting!
'By the Virgin, that rare thing!
'By Pan's pipe and bed of grass!
'By Silenus' gentle ass!
'By the killing bold physicians!
'By the senseless politicians!
'By the spirits, great and small!
'By the fairies, devils, and all!

'Ye cruel and mischievous spirits, 'who, in compliance with the malice 'of enchanters, enemies to the Knight 'of La Mancha, have, by your sorceries, infected the eyes of Sancho 'Panza, his trusty squire; I command 'you to appear here presently, and to 'cast into the circle the parchment 'containing the charm! Come away, I 'command you—

'By Proserpine's black sooty coat!
'By Charon's oars, and rotten boat!
'By the flambeaux of the furies!
'By the sense of common juries!
'By their truth who buy and sell!
'By the three-mouth'd dog of hell!
'By the Sybils and the Oracles!
'By Mahomet, and all his miracles!
'By the conscience of a jailor!
'By the honesty of a taylor!
'By the spirits, great and small,
'By the fairies, devils, and all!'

The batchelor stopping short here, a noise was heard at the cellar-door; and presently the two confederate devils appeared. They were wrapped up in tattered old red hangings, tied about them in several places with ropes, and each of them had a jack-chain about his neck; their caps had two horns, and their faces were so daubed with soot, that no white appeared but the white of their eyes; each of them had a whip in the right-hand, and an iron-prong in the left: but that which most of all deceived Don Quixote, and terrified his squire, was a lighted match which each devil held in his mouth, so twisted with fine flax, that, whenever they blowed it, they seemed to vomit fire. They now drew near the circle, grinning with a thousand hideous grimaces upon Sancho, who shut his eyes to avoid seeing them; and, shaking in every limb like an aspen-leaf, betook himself to his prayers. The batchelor then continued his conjuration as follows—

'Infernal spirits! who behold the 'intrepidity of Sancho, throw down at 'his feet your fatal parchment! I 'command you—

'By fair Hebe's god-like head!
'By Jove's love to Ganymed!
'By Orpheus' lute, guitar, or fiddle!
'By cruel Sphynx's fatal riddle!
'By Comus' revels in the dark!
'By warlike Mars, that bloody spark!
'By Venus, and her chaste embraces!
'By Vulcan's Cyclops' lovely faces!
'By Olympus, when it nods!
'By all the whole and demi-gods!
'By the spirits, great and small!
'By the fairies, devils, and all!'

The devils, though so powerfully conjured, were not over hasty to cast the parchment into the circle; but, perceiving that Sancho still kept his eyes shut, began to jerk his haunches with their mules whips; and though they were only in jest, yet, being naturally rough play fellows, and Sancho in his shirt, they made him extremely sensible of the lashes. Sancho gnashed his teeth, shrugged his shoulders, and cut capers,

capers, kicking his heels up to his very breech: he, however, bore all without ſtirring out of the circle, or uttering one word. The devils, who were determined to make him ſpeak, yet wiſhed rather to frighten than hurt him, now laid aſide their whips, and began to tickle him with their pitchforks; till at length Sancho loſt all patience, and blubbered out, with might and main—'O my good maſter Don Quixote! 'have pity on me, I beſeech you, and 'deliver me from theſe curſed ſatans!' The knight was not deaf to his cries; but exclaimed, with a dreadful voice—'Hold, devils! and you ſhall ſee whether Don Quixote is afraid of your 'iron-prongs!' Thus ſaying, he drew his ſword; but, in an inſtant, he found himſelf environed with ſuch thick darkneſs, that he could no longer diſcern any thing; for, as ſoon as Sancho opened his mouth, the mule-driving devils, the hoſt, and the ſcholars, who expected ſuch a ſtorm, extinguiſhed the candle, and ſlipped out of the cellar as faſt as they could.

Still Don Quixote threatened the devils, though the darkneſs checked his paſſion, and rendered his valour uſeleſs. Sancho was ſo frightened, that he fancied he ſtill felt the forks.—'Maſter 'Don Quixote,' quoth he, 'pray keep 'me near you, if you pleaſe; for perhaps the devils have put out the 'candle that they may uſe me the 'worſe: draw cloſe, that I may know 'you are by me.' Our knight, upon this, drew nearer, to encourage him; and, as both of them held out their arms to feel for each other, the ſquire chancing to touch the lean hairy hand of his maſter, ſcreeched out immediately—'I am a dead man! I have felt 'Lucifer's claw!'—'No, my child,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'it is I; be not frighten-'ed.'—'Alas!' replied the ſquire, 'fear has overcome me!'—'The devils 'are not here,' anſwered the knight; 'but what I marvel at, is, that me-'thinks we two are left alone in this 'diſmal place! What can have become 'of the ſcholars and the Caſtellain? I 'do not hear them ſpeak!' Thus ſaying, they both began to call upon them; but nobody anſwering—'By my troth,' quoth Sancho, 'the devils have cer-'tainly carried them all away! As for 'Mr. Batchelor's part, he is well 'enough ſerved; and he deſerves it for 'his damned conjuring, which I ſhall 'never forget as long as I have a bit 'of ſkin left upon my breech.'—'I 'do not believe that,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'the batchelor has too much 'power over the devils, to ſuffer them 'to hurt him.'—'On my conſcience,' quoth Sancho, 'there is no truſting to 'that! Dogs ſometimes bite their maſters. But, pray, Sir, ſtay till I gather up my breeches and doublet, 'which I feel under my feet; and then 'let us endeavour to get out of this 'place; for, in troth, I am not like the 'ſpirits, I do not like dark places at 'all; and I fancy I am in the other 'world!' He put on his breeches; and, whilſt they were groping about for the door, the hoſt and the ſcholars came back into the cellar, with each of them a lighted candle in his hand. 'O ho! 'gentlemen,' quoth Sancho, 'are you 'there? What have you done with 'the devils?'—'Were you mad, San-'cho?' replied the batchelor; 'do not 'you know you had like to have been 'the death of us all, by calling upon 'your maſter Don Quixote to aſſiſt 'you? All devils, and theſe more 'particularly, hate to have any forcible means employed againſt them; 'they preſently break looſe, and no 'charms can hold them any longer. 'The conjuror himſelf is not ſafe; for 'they are a falſe generation; and there 'is no more truſting of them than the 'rogues of galley-ſlaves you reſcued 'laſt year: and this was the reaſon we 'fled with ſuch expedition.'—'Yet 'they are not ſo fierce as you make 'them,' replied Don Quixote; 'though 'they were armed with prongs, and 'ſpit more fire than Endriagus, which 'Amadis de Gaule overcame; or than 'Paunus the demoniack, ſlain by the 'Knight of the Sun, they durſt not 'ſtand before me!'—'I believe ſo too,' anſwered the batchelor; 'they are cun-'ning devils, and never fight but when 'they are ſtrongeſt. All that vexes 'me,' added he, turning to the ſquire, 'is, that the operation was not performed with more ſucceſs: but it is 'your fault, Sancho; you ought to 'have had a little more patience; how-'ever, if you will be more ſtaunch, 'and not ſpeak one word, we will be-'gin again.'—'No, no, maſter Batche-'lor!' quoth Sancho; 'I had rather 'be enchanted till doom's-day, than

'ſee

'see those hell-hounds any more!'—'Why the devil,' said Don Quixote, 'did not you keep silence till all was 'ended? It would have been over by 'this time.'—'No doubt of it!' quoth Sancho; 'for, by this time, it would 'have been over with me! A pox on 'the devil! I should stand still and be 'flayed without wincing, should I? 'Faith, you take me for a pretty fool! 'Had not I called you to my assistance, 'they would have thrust their hell-'forks into my guts; for I felt them 'grate upon my ribs already! In short, 'if I never see things relating to 'knight-errantry as I ought to do, the 'loss is not great. What matter is it 'to me, whether Madam Zenobia is 'handsome or ugly? I have a wife al-'ready, God be thanked! and that is 'enough for a peasant. I am not de-'ceived in eating and drinking; and 'that concerns me most.'—'Alas, 'my poor Sancho!' cried the batche-lor, 'do not sing victory before the 'battle is over! Enchanters may 'as well hinder you from eating and 'drinking; and I wonder they have 'not done it already! Assuredly it 'must be, that Friston reserves this as 'his finishing stroke upon you; for 'that is the general way of enchant-'ing.'—'O the dog!' cried Sancho, 'all the devils in hell take him before 'he does! But, perhaps, that may ne-'ver come to pass, Mr. Batchelor: "it does not always rain when we "fancy it."

After some further discourse of this sort, they all quitted the cellar, and went to meet Queen Zenobia in the court, who pretended great earnestness to know the success of their enterprize, as if she had been quite a stranger to it. 'Beau-'tiful princess,' said Don Quixote to her, 'it was not the batchelor's fault, 'I am well satisfied, that his secret did 'not take effect; but my squire disap-'pointed it by his impatience: and I 'foresee I am still likely to have trouble 'enough with him.'—'No, no, Sir!' cried Sancho, 'we will argue no more 'about chivalry; for I have considered 'on it. From this time forwards I 'will believe all you say as certain as 'if it were in the almanack. When-'soever you tell me, "Sancho, it is this "thing, or t'other," I will swear to it, 'and by that means shall be too hard 'for the enchanters. Now let them 'come as fast as they will, when they 'happen to show me a wind-mill, whip 'say I, "There is a giant!" and so of the rest.'—'O my friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'if you will but perform 'what you say, if you can so far prevail 'upon yourself, I desire no more. Do 'you but humbly submit the weakness 'of your eyes and understanding to 'your master's clear sight and sound 'reason, and then you have found the 'secret of mortifying enchanters, by 'disappointing their malice.' Sancho hereupon binding himself by oath to see in future with no eyes but those of his master, matters were re-adjusted, and the company somewhat consoled for the ill success of the magical operation. They now gave themselves up to good humour; and, after eating a morsel, and drinking a glass of wine, Don Quixote, Barbara, Sancho, and the scholars, re-turned the constable many thanks for his kind cheer, and departed all together from the castle of Goblins. The host, on his part, demanded nothing for the expence they had put him to. The players, it is true, had paid for the supper; but that matters not: others of his profession would have made no scruple of reckon-ing with Don Quixote and the scholars. As for him, he took the ceremony in the cellar in full payment, and shew-ed as much generosity as any Castilian we meet with in the volumes of chi-valry.

CHAP. XV.

WHICH THE ARABIAN ALISOLAN DOES NOT RECKON THE BEST IN THE BOOK.

WHEN our adventurers were come near Alcala, the scholars, not caring to enter the town with Don Quixote, from apprehension of the hub-bub his figure would probably occasion, stopped as it were to rest themselves, after taking leave of him and his company. When they were on the point of entering the suburbs, Barbara said to Don Quix-ote, 'Sir Knight, you have purchased 'for me a mule and cloaths, and have 'brought me with you thus far, as if I 'were your sister; I therefore return 'you most humble thanks: but if you 'have no other commands to lay on 'me, I will, by your leave, stay in this 'town,

'town, where I was born, and where 'I should be glad to serve you more ef-'fectually than with bare words.'—'Oh, my princeſs!' exclaimed Don Quixote, much ſurprized, 'what is it 'you talk of? What ſtrange reſolution 'is this you have taken? Will you then 'leave me, after travelling together, 'with me through ſo many deſarts? 'Alas! if you once abſent yourſelf from 'me, who will defend you againſt your 'enemy Pamphus the enchanter? Where 'can you be ſafe againſt his practices? 'Be adviſed by me, Madam; let us go 'to Madrid together, where I deſign 'publickly to defend your beauty. After this, you are free to do whatſoever 'pleaſes you. You ſhall go, if you de-'ſire it, to Cyprus; or you ſhall ſtay in 'the court of Spain; where I do not 'queſtion but the king will entertain 'you as the Sultan of Babylon did the 'Princeſs Hermiliana and the beautiful 'Polixena, miſtreſſes to the two young 'princes of Greece, Don Clarineus of 'Spain, and Don Lucidaner of Theſ-'ſaly.' Sancho, finding his maſter ſo earneſtly oppoſe Barbara's deſign, grew angry, and ſaid—'Body o' me! maſter 'Don Quixote, I cannot imagine to 'what purpoſe you would have us take 'the princeſs along with us: is it not 'better ſhe ſhould ſtay in her own 'country, than make us ſpend the reſt 'of our money to no purpoſe? On my 'conſcience, a pretty jewel to carry to 'court! And ſhe muſt be aſked and entreated too, and be hanged to her! 'Aſk her no more, ſay I! we can go to 'Madrid well enough without her, and 'be never the worſe for it. See what 'ſtate the jade takes upon her, becauſe 'ſhe is called Madam Queen here, and 'Madam Princeſs there; though ſhe is 'no more than ſhe knows well enough, 'for I heard what ſhe ſaid to the ſcho-'lars. Let her pay us what the mule 'and the cloaths coſt, and let us have 'no more of her!'—'Incorrigible 'dunce!' quoth Don Quixote in a rage, 'will you ever be the moſt indiſcreet and 'the ſaucieſt of ſquires? Do you think, 'ſirrah! I ſhall always have the patience 'to endure your impertinent babble; 'and particularly when it is injurious 'to the great Queen Zenobia? Vile 'wretch! I could almoſt find in my 'heart to ſtrike my lance through your 'body!' Having ſpoken theſe words, he was drawing near Sancho to ſtrike him; but Barbara, who, conſidering ſhe was a woman, was not very miſchievous, interpoſed and appeaſed him. Deſirous, however, to revenge herſelf upon Sancho, notwithſtanding, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to our hero, and ſaid—'Sir Knight, 'it is true I did deſign to ſtay here; 'but ſince your worſhip deſires it, I am 'ready to follow you to Madrid, and 'farther too, if need be, in ſpite of 'that baſe peaſant.'—'Peaſant!' quoth Sancho; 'it is true, I am a peaſant in 'the eyes of the world, but quality ſignifies nothing before God. If a man 'is a Chriſtian, that is enough; and I 'had rather be a peaſant than go eat 'and drink all night with players.' Barbara coloured at theſe words; and anſwered the ſquire?—'Sancho, San-'cho! have a care of making raſh judg-'ments; all thoſe who eat and drink 'together are not good friends for all 'that. We muſt not always believe it 'is day when the cock crows: if I was 'in the players chamber, I did nobody 'harm there; but you are quite a ma-'licious one.'—'You call me malici-'ous,' replied the ſquire; 'by my troth, 'you dare not ſay it to my face; for, 'body o'me! I'm no ſuch fool, d'ye 'ſee, but I know there are more days 'than weeks.'—'Beautiful princeſs!' ſaid Don Quixote, 'regard not, I be-'ſeech you, what that brute ſays; let us 'leave him for a blockhead, as he is, 'and conſider where we ſhall alight.'—'Sir Knight,' replied Barbara, 'I would 'adviſe to ſtay in the ſuburbs till to-'morrow.' Don Quixote, who was wholly at the queen's devotion, agreed to this propoſal, and they alighted at the firſt inn they found in the ſuburbs.

Don Quixote now ordered two rooms; one for himſelf and his ſquire, and a better for the princeſs; and, whilſt a maid-ſervant conducted the queen and the knight into a tolerable apartment, Sancho led the beaſts to the ſtable. Barbara, finding herſelf alone with the knight, reſolved not to loſe the opportunity, and therefore accoſted him in this manner: 'I beſeech you, Signior 'Don Quixote, to excuſe me from go-'ing to court, for I know I ſhall be 'laughed at there; or, if you are re-'ſolved I ſhall go, you muſt promiſe 'to give me fifty ducats to ſet up my 'ſhop again. In truth, that is not too 'much; and I defy you to find a wo-'man that will act Queen Zenobia 'cheaper.'

'cheaper.'—'Great princeſs!' anſwered Don Quixote, 'I do not regard theſe 'words, which I know are dictated to 'you by your enemy Pamphus the enchanter; but if you ſtand in need of 'fifty ducats, I will tell them out to you 'immediately: I will only call Sancho 'to bring my portmanteau.'—'No, no, 'Sir,' quoth Barbara, 'it will be enough 'if you give them me at Madrid; and I 'deſire Sancho ſhould know nothing 'of the matter, for he is ſuch a curmudgeon, that he would lead us a 'weary life if he knew it.'—'Verily,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'he is inſufferable 'in that point: he makes me mad with 'his covetouſneſs; and though he is upon the point of being made governor 'of one of the beſt iſlands belonging to 'the kingdom of Cyprus, yet he is 'afraid he ſhall want. But, after all, 'he is a good ſervant; and I ſhould be 'loth to loſe him.' This dialogue was interrupted by Sancho, who returned from the ſtable in a great heat: 'Maſter 'Don Quixote,' cried he, 'do you hear 'all that muſick?'—'What muſick?' replied the knight. 'Why you need but 'look out at the window,' quoth Sancho, 'and you will hear a harmony for 'the devil!' Don Quixote, upon this, opening a window that looked into the ſtreet, their ears were preſently ſtruck with the ſound of trumpets, accompanied with hautboys and ſundry other inſtruments; and at the ſame time they heard ſhouts, as of a mob ſurprized at ſome fight. They obſerved that the windows and balconies were thronged with men, women, and children; and they diſcerned at a diſtance, in a great ſtreet that fronted them, a chariot painted with a variety of colours, which was accompanied by a prodigious concourſe of people, both on foot and horſeback. In the firſt chapter of the ſecond volume we ſhall learn what this extraordinary ſpectacle really was; what the knight of La Mancha thought of it, and into what dreadful peril he was brought by the greatneſs of his courage; for the wiſe Aliſolan has ſo much ſtill to relate, that he thought good to take a breathing-time here.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

OF ONE OF DON QUIXOTE'S GREATEST ADVENTURES.

WHILST Don Quixote, Barbara, and Sancho, were gazing with all their eyes out of the window, the hoſt came into the room to know what they would have for ſupper; but the ſhouts of the people, the trumpets, and the chariot, having by this time thrown the knight's brain into a ferment, he doubted not that he was on the eve of ſome moſt important adventure; and, having thanked Heaven for offering him ſuch a noble opportunity to ſignalize himſelf, he ſaid to his ſquire—'My 'ſon Sancho, we could not have come 'at a better time: a mighty infanta is 'this day married, and there is a ſplendid tournament held in this city to 'celebrate her nuptials. The liſts 'are open to all knights, and the worſt 'of them have been already thrown 'out. A giant, ſtronger than Orbion, 'or Bradamant, has overthrown all 'that appeared before him, and fear 'has ſunk the hearts of all the reſt. 'He is now proudly parading in a 'triumphal chariot; and fancies that 'henceforth no knight will dare to 'contend with him for the prize of the 'tilting. The princes of this country 'are grieved to the heart, and would 'give all they are worth, that ſome 'knight would appear, and humble 'the pride of this Pagan: therefore, 'my child, let us make haſte and appear in the Great Square. I fancy I 'already ſee all the ladies and great 'lords in the windows and balconies, 'fixing their eyes upon me: methinks 'I hear them, in admiration of my 'martial air and genteel demeanour, 'ſaying to each other, "That, doubt-"leſs, is the gallant knight who is to "regain the honour ours have loſt, "and to overthrow the giant!" As 'ſoon as ever I appear in the liſts, 'the trumpets will make the air ring; 'which will infuſe ſuch mettle into 'Rozinante, that he will neigh with 'eagerneſs for the combat; and, flaſhing ſparks of fire from his eyes, will 'bound ſo furiouſly, that the earth 'will be in danger of ſinking under

'him. Then will I draw near the gi-
'ant; and, without ceremony, say to
'him—"Proud giant, I will fight
"you; but it must be upon condition
"that the conqueror shall cut off his
"conquered enemy's head!" All gi-
'ants being naturally haughty, he
'will not hesitate to accept the condi-
'tion, but will come down from his
'chariot, and mount a white elephant,
'led by a little dwarf his squire, who,
'riding a black elephant, carries his
'master's lance and buckler. Then
'shall we take our career; and, both
'pressing furiously on, shall meet in
'the middle of the course. He will
'strike my armour, but not pierce it,
'because it is enchanted; and his lance
'will fly in shivers up into the air:
'however, the great force of the shock
'will make me bend down to the very
'saddle-bows, and I shall be stunned;
'but, immediately recovering myself,
'I shall give the giant so fierce a thrust
'on the breast with my lance, that it
'will lay him prostrate on the ground;
'where shame, and the pain of his fall,
'will cause him to utter a thousand
'blasphemies against Heaven, as is
'the custom of giants. Now, knights
'being forbid to take any advantage
'in fighting, I will alight from my
'horse, will grasp my buckler, and
'will advance, with sword in hand,
'towards the monster; who, being
'doubly enraged at my sight, will get
'up, though feeble; and, drawing a
'broad and weighty scymetar, which
'hangs by his side, will attempt to let
'fall a mortal stroke on my helmet,
'which I will shun by stepping nim-
'bly aside; and then smiting off one
'of his thighs with a back-stroke of
'my excellent sword, I will again lay
'him prostrate, and, without allow-
'ing him time to rise, will give him
'such a lucky cut between his gorget
'and his helmet, that his head will
'drop off. All the princes will re-
'joice, the conquered knights will be
'comforted, and the people will ap-
'plaud me! Go, Sancho, bridle Ro-
'zinante instantly, and let us about it
'this moment!'

The host, who had listened to all this harangue, and looked upon it as a jest, fell a laughing; and said to the knight —'By my faith, Sir, you must have an 'excellent memory to remember all that 'banter! For my part, though I have 'read as much forty times in ro-
'mances, I could as well be hanged
'as repeat two lines together. But,
'laying aside that nonsense, will you
'please to tell what you would have
'me get for your supper?'—'You
'time things very well, my friend,'
answered Don Quixote; 'you know
'what has happened in your town,
'and how all your knights have been
'affronted; and yet, when I am pre-
'paring to revenge their quarrel, you
'talk to me about supper. I tell you,
'I will neither eat nor drink till I have
'slain the giant! In the mean while, I
'humbly beseech the queen to stay
'here; I shall soon return.' This said, he made Barbara a bow, and went out, attended by his squire; who, contrary to custom, did not oppose his master's intentions; doubtless, to keep the oath he had taken not to contend with him. They took Rozinante and Dapple out of the stable; mounted, and rode into the town. The reader must understand, that the university of Alcala on that day chanced to solemnize the admission of a new divinity-professor. He was borne about the town (as is the usual custom) in a triumphal chariot, and above two thousand scholars attended him, some on foot, others on horseback, and others on mules. Don Quixote and Sancho soon met the scholars, walking two and two, with garlands of flowers on their heads, and laurel-branches in their hands. In the midst of them was a triumphal chariot wonderfully large: the fore-part of it was filled with a number of musicians, singing and playing on instruments. In the centre were several scholars in women's cloaths; some of them repre-
senting virtues, and others vices; and every one bore an inscription, declaring what he represented. Those who personated vices were loaded with chains, and sat at the feet of the others, seeming to be sunk in melancholy, as became the condition of slaves. At the farther end of the chariot, above all the rest, sat the new professor on a throne, clad in a long scarlet-robe, with a crown of laurel on his head. What a spectacle was this for a knight-errant! Both master and man viewed every particular; but what they seemed most to marvel at, was, that the mules which drew the chariot, being concealed by the rich housings which entirely covered them,

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the whole machine appeared to move of itself. 'By the Lord, Sancho!' quoth Don Quixote, 'this is really 'surprizing. I could wish the enchanters might grant you the free use 'of your sight but for one moment; 'you would then perceive, that the 'stately chariot which comes towards 'us is enchanted, and moves of itself by 'the power of magick.'—'Faith, Sir!' said the squire, 'I do not understand 'how it is managed; but the enchant-'ers do not deceive me in that point. 'I plainly see all you tell of. I have 'looked all about the chariot, and I 'can descry neither oxen nor white 'unicorns, and don't see so much as a fly 'that draws it; and yet I see it moves. 'Mother of God! if this be not ma-'gick, there is no magick in the world!' —'Do you observe all those princesses 'in the chariot?' said the knight. 'I 'do, indeed!' answered Sancho; 'and, 'by the same token, some of them are 'standing, and others sitting, and have 'iron chains on their hands.'—'And 'don't you also see,' added Don Quix-ote, 'a mighty giant, a monster in a 'red robe, with a crown on his head?' —'I do, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'and 'though I did not see him, I would 'take your word for it.'—'That 'giant,' said Don Quixote, 'is a king, 'as appears by his crown; but I can-'not tell you what island, or what 'strange kingdom, he is sovereign of; 'for I might be mistaken, and a man 'must not assert any thing rashly. But 'those ladies you observe standing be-'fore him are princesses, whom he has 'stolen, and who had not virtue enough 'to withstand his amorous passion. 'Those you see chained, are constant 'women, not to be corrupted. In 'vain does he misuse and load them 'with irons; they will undergo a thou-'sand deaths, rather than comply with 'his infamous desires. Let us move 'forward, my son; now is the time 'we must shew what we are. I fly to 'deliver those princesses from the ty-'ranny of that monster; and you may 'judge of the fate of Bramarbas, by 'the bloody and dangerous combat I 'shall now wage.' This said, he ad-vanced towards the triumphal chariot; and, stopping short before it, grasped his buckler, set his lance in the rest, and, directing his discourse to the divinity-professor, exclaimed—'Haughty and 'prodigious giant! you who so proudly 'range about in that necromantick 'chariot, and deem yourself invin-'cible; I charge you immediately to 'set free those unfortunate infantas! 'Restore to them all the jewels you 'have robbed them of! Come down from 'your chariot! Mount your white ele-'phant, and try your strength with 'me! Fancy not that I will leave those 'lovely damsels in your hands; their 'beauty sufficiently demonstrates them 'to be the daughters of sultans, of 'emperors, or of caliphs, and the 'only heiresses of their parents! Think 'not that I will suffer a Pagan to bear 'away the honour of the tilting! 'Though you were supported by all 'the powers of hell, I would hinder 'you from departing this day with the 'glory of having vanquished all the 'Christian knights!' Thus speaking, he compelled the chariot to halt. The scholars finding their procession im-peded, fancied that it was one of their own party who had armed and dis-guised himself after that manner to make sport: five or six, therefore, stepped out of their rank; and, draw-ing near to Don Quixote, one of them said—'Pray, Mr. Licentiate, be 'pleased to stand aside, and let the 'chariot pass. You see night draws 'on, and we have no time to spare.'— 'That is as much as to say, scoun-'drels!' answered Don Quixote, 'that 'you are this vile giant's base officers; 'and, since you are, you shall first 'feel the strength of my arm, before 'I combat with your master!' So saying, he spurred on his horse against one of the scholars, designing to run him through with his lance; but the scholar, being nimble and active, step-ped aside, and avoided the thrust. The knight's lance dropping out of his hand, he drew his sword; and, com-ing up to another scholar, smote him on the head with such hearty good-will, that he fell down stunned, and dangerously wounded. All the spec-tators set up a dreadful cry; the mu-sick ceased, and the whole street was in an uproar; some fled on foot, and others on horseback; the musicians leaped from the chariot; and the very infantas themselves, forgetting that Don Quixote was fighting their battle, had like to have sided with the rest. They all beset the knight, who made

his ſword whiſtle in the wind, and laid about him ſo furiouſly, that no man durſt come near him; and had Rozinante been a little more mettleſome, Don Quixote might, perhaps, have gone off ſcot-free from this adventure. But the ſcholars preſſed hard upon him; and one of the luſtieſt laying hold of the lance, gave him ſuch a ſtroke on the right-arm with the butt-end of it, that the poor knight dropped his ſword. Having now no offenſive arms left, they ſoon cloſed with him; and, caſting him from the ſaddle on the ground, trampled on him moſt unmercifully. So much were they all incenſed, that they would ſurely have murdered him upon the ſpot, had not Pedro de Moya the author, and ſome of the players, whom Don Quixote had ſupped with the night before, happened fortunately to be preſent. But they, underſtanding who he was, broke through the crowd, crying out to the ſcholars to hold, and telling them that he was a madman. The ſcholars, upon this, gave over beating him; leaving him, however, ſenſeleſs, in the hands of the players, who carried him into a houſe; and, whilſt they brought him to himſelf, the ſcholars fell into their ranks again, the muſick ſtruck up, and the chariot went on.

CHAP. II.

WHAT FOLLOWED AFTER THIS ADVENTURE, AND HOW THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS TRIED SANCHO'S CHASTITY.

SANCHO having ſeen the event of the battle from afar, was almoſt diſtracted: he had, however, wit enough left to feign himſelf utterly unacquainted with Don Quixote; and, mixing with the throng, was taken for a countryman that came to ſee the ſolemnity. As ſoon as he perceived that the ſcholars continued their proceſſion, he haſtened towards the place whither he had ſeen his maſter carried; and, finding him ſenſeleſs, began to blubber aloud, ſaying—'Alas! poor Loveleſs Knight, 'how much you were miſtaken! You 'thought to have killed the giant, and 'death ſits heavy upon your own lips! 'Curſed be the ſcholars, and their ill-'ſtarred proceſſion!' The players comforted Sancho; and Don Quixote, by their means, being come to himſelf, the author ſaid to him:—'Open your 'eyes, Don Quixote; and behold, in 'me, the wife Alquife your friend, 'who am come to your aſſiſtance in 'this imminent danger!' The knight, looking on the author, and knowing him again, cried out—'O my protector, and my faithful hiſtorian, what 'a ſatisfaction is it to me to ſee you! 'I knew you would not forſake me in 'this dangerous adventure; and I muſt 'own, that, were it not for you, I 'ſhould have loſt my life there, through 'Rozinante's fall, whoſe mettle failed 'him this time. Give me another 'horſe quickly, and let me renew the 'combat! Permit me to fly after thoſe 'traitors, and take ſuch vengeance on 'them as may make future generations 'quake! Yes, I ſwear by the order of 'knighthood I have received, that I 'will put no bounds to my rage! I 'will ſcour the ſtreets, and put to the 'ſword all the men and women in the 'town! I will kill the very dogs and 'cats! In a word, I will deſtroy every 'thing that has life in it!' The wiſe Alquife was too conſcientious to conſent to ſo bloody a reſolution; and therefore diſſuaded the knight from attempting it; ſaying—'Don Quixote, 'let us think of nothing now but 'your cure: let us ſee your wounds.' Upon this, the knight was diſarmed and examined; and, though not a little bruiſed, was found to have no need of a ſurgeon; which the author obſerving—'Chear up, Don Quixote,' ſaid he; 'all this will be nothing; I will ſet 'you right again with one draught of 'a ſovereign balſam I will give you 'by-and-by.' He next deſired two of the players to go and gather up all that the knight had loſt in the ſcuffle, his horſe, his head-piece, his lance, and his ſword. They obeyed their orders ſo exactly, that none of theſe things were loſt. When it was dark, the author and his companions, ſupporting Don Quixote under the arms, in this manner conveyed him to the inn; where Sancho told him that he would find Zenobia. They found her in the ſame room in which Don Quixote had left her: ſhe was all alone, and very impatient to ſee the knight again; believing that he muſt have been detained by ſome important adventure.

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As soon as she saw him enter, supported thus by two men—'Good God, Don 'Quixote!' exclaimed she, 'what has 'brought you into this deplorable con-'dition?'—'Dear princess,' answered the knight, 'the fortune of war is 'doubtful. I alone attacked a nu-'merous army; and the same fate has 'attended me this day, as formerly 'befel Orlando in the Plain of Ron-'cesvalles: I slew so many enemies, I 'continued so to lay about me, that at 'length, being totally exhausted, I 'sunk down, through mere weakness 'and weariness, on the field of battle; 'where, questionless, I must have pe-'rished, had not the wise Alquife, my 'great friend, returned on purpose 'from Constantinople to carry me off 'by his enchantments.'—'It is true,' quoth the author; 'but, if you please, 'Sir, let us lose no time; it is requisite 'that I cure you, and put you in a 'condition to set out to-morrow for 'Madrid; where, if Heaven so pleases, 'you are to receive more dangerous 'wounds than these, and to finish more 'important adventures.' Having thus spoken, he caused a fire to be lighted, and a bed to be made. The lovely Queen of the Amazons disarmed the knight, undressed him, and rubbed him all over with brandy. The reader, uninstructed perhaps in the laws of knight-errantry, must not imagine that, in so doing, the princess trangressed the rules of modesty. When knights chanced to be in the company of infantas, if they came off wounded from any combat, the ladies generally dressed their wounds. Most of them understood surgery, and learned it on purpose to dress knights*: and, what is by far the most admirable and marvellous, such was the skill of these fair-ones, that never was knight known, though covered with cuts and gashes, any one of which would otherwise have been mortal; never was knight known, I say, so discourteous as to die under their hands. By this time the host had brought in some good strong broth, which the author administered to Don Quixote, saying—'Sir Knight, take 'this porringer of balsam, which is 'much better than that of Fierabras; 'nay, I dare vouch, it is much better 'than that which Ariobarzanes, Prince 'of Tartary, carried in a golden bottle, 'hanging at his saddle-bows.'—'Then 'it must be the noblest of all balsams,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for that of Prince 'Ariobarzanes was wonderful. The 'effects it wrought were prodigious; 'and I remember to have read, that 'Don Belianis, being one day at the 'point of death, nay, some say he was 'actually dead, no sooner had they let 'fall one drop into his mouth, than 'the knight started up perfectly cured 'of his wounds†.'—'As for this bal-'sam,' replied the author, 'it is not 'quite so quick in it's operation; it is 'requisite to sleep peaceably after tak-'ing it; and therefore I entreat you to 'go to bed immediately.' The knight did as he was directed; he was put to bed, and the author and his company withdrawing, shut the chamber-door, and left him to his rest.

Barbara and Sancho being now alone, went into another room, where supper was brought to them. When they were seated, Zenobia said to the squire—'Chear up, Sancho! Be merry, lad! 'You are still melancholy about your 'last adventure: your master is not 'wounded, he has only his ribs a little 'bruised; but that is nothing; I rub-'bed him so well, that, by to-morrow,

* With respect to the chirurgical skill of the ladies in romance, take the following extracts from Belianis.

"Let my entreaties so far prevail with you, that my maidens may cure your wounds," says the Princess Aurora to Don Belianis. 'Thereupon the prince was uncloathed by those 'ladies; and one of them dressed him most skilfully, having great knowledge in that art.'—Part I. Chap. 2.

'With branches and boughs the damsels made some arbours for the knights, and with 'their gowns, towels, and scarfs, covered them; and, after they had unarmed them, dressed 'their wounds.'—Part I. Chap. 8.

† The Emperor Bellaneo, father to Don Belianis, being brought to death's door by reason of his wounds, the sage enchantress Belonia, or Bellona, 'drew forth of a little box 'certain ointments, wherewith the emperor, lying in a trance, received his vital senses.'—After this, 'drawing forth a little glass, wherein was a certain composition very odoriferous, 'the emperor drank it off; and at that instant he felt himself so well, as if he had never 'been wounded or ill at all.'—Belianis, Part I. Chap. 9.

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'he will be as brisk as a bird again. 'Come, let us make much of ourselves, 'boy! Let us be merry!'—'As for 'being merry, I like it well enough,' quoth Sancho; 'but we shall be forced 'to pay for our mirth, and that I do 'not like: your mule and your silk 'cloaths have cost us a great deal of 'money already.'—'My mule and my 'cloaths stick in your stomach,' answered Hacked-Face; 'you have never 'done upbraiding me with them.'—'Nay, faith,' replied the squire, 'had 'we conquered some kingdom, I should 'not mind it so much. I am none of 'those that love to starve in a cook's-'shop; and I would to-morrow speak 'to my master to buy you a pair of 'new shoes to appear in at court; for I 'see yours are worn out: but, to deal 'plainly, I am afraid we shall never 'be emperors; we are too unlucky. 'When we think to bake, the oven 'falls; all our adventures end the 'wrong way for governments or em-'pires: and I verily think, if we fell 'down backwards, we should not es-'cape breaking our noses.'—'Patience, 'my dear friend,' cried Zenobia; "af-"ter foul weather comes fair." In the 'mean while, let us taste that wine, 'and see whether it is good.'—'A-'greed!' replied Sancho; 'by my 'troth, I am not at all troubled with 'the spirit of contradiction! and I had 'rather take off twenty bumpers than 'refuse one.' This said, he laid hold of the bottle, and filled Barbara's glass, who made but one gulp of it; and he, having done the like, said to Zenobia—'Well, Madam Queen, how do you 'like this wine? Methinks it is not 'amiss.'—'In truth, I have not drank 'enough to give my opinion of it,' answered Barbara. 'I will not tell you 'my opinion till the twentieth glass; 'for I have heard say, that a good 'judge ought to be full of a cause be-'fore he decides it.'—'Faith,' quoth Sancho, 'you would agree well with 'my governess at home: she loves this 'syrup better than her honour, as you 'do; and, I dare lay a wager, she would 'take off her three pints while she is 'spinning one distaff of flax.'—'I am 'very well pleased,' answered Zenobia, 'that I am like your wife.'—'Nay, 'hold; as to likeness,' quoth Sancho, 'pray have a care of that: she has no 'scare on her cheeks, as you have!'—'You are not at all complaisant,' re-'plied Barbara; 'you delight in af-'fronting me; you hate me! But no 'more of that; I am, notwithstanding, 'resolved to be your friend.' In such sort of conversation they passed away the supper-time; and when they had eaten and drank at discretion, that is, till they were ready to burst, Barbara, being of that class of fair-ones who are apt to wax wanton upon a full stomach, began to cast her eyes somewhat amorously upon the squire; and said—'By 'my faith, Sancho, we must make 'peace to-night, and from henceforwards love one another like a new-'married couple! but, first, tell me whether you know what it is to love?'—'Yes, sure!' answered Sancho; 'I 'love my master Don Quixote; I love 'my wife, my children, and Dapple; 'and Mr. Curate.'—'That is not 'what I talk of,' replied Zenobia, 'I 'ask whether you never played with 'the maids?'—'O Lord, yes!' quoth Sancho; 'there is not one in our vil-'lage but what I have played with. 'Every Sunday, after vespers, we meet 'near the mill, and there we divert 'ourselves all together.' Barbara, perceiving that the squire did not guess at her meaning, stroked his chin gently with her hand; saying—'Good God! 'what a rough beard you have, friend! 'I pity the women you kiss!'—'I have 'no women to kiss but my wife,' answered Sancho, thrusting away Barbara's hand rudely; 'and, if any others 'have a mind to be kissed, let the mo-'thers that bare them kiss them, if 'they will.'—'You need not thrust 'away my hand so roughly!' replied Zenobia; 'there are few scholars in 'this university but would be glad of 'the favour.'—'O but I am no scho-'lar!' quoth Sancho. 'What would 'you have me do with your hand? I 'had rather go to bed just now.'—'Well,' said Barbara, 'since you have 'such a mind to sleep, we must both 'lie together; for the nights grow 'cold, and I am naturally very chilly.'—'Nay, if you only want warming,' quoth the squire, 'let me alone for 'that; I will go ask the host for two 'or three blankets, which you may 'lay on you double.'—'By the Lord!' cried Barbara, 'thou art the silliest fel-'low I ever beheld! Why, is it possi-'ble, Sancho, you should not under-'stand

'ſtand what I have been driving at 'this hour? Do not you conceive that 'I deſign you ſhould ſerve me inſtead 'of a huſband to-night, and make 'much of me?'—'That I ſhould make 'much of you!' replied Sancho. 'Mo-'ther of God! what do you mean? I 'am not ſo gameſome, I'faith! I ſhould 'have enough to anſwer for, to do what 'is forbidden in the maſs-book; and 'your being Queen Zenobia would not 'ſave me broiling in the other world!' So ſaying, he turned away from the amorous Zenobia, and went in purſuit of a bed elſewhere.

CHAP. III.

WHICH PROVES THAT KNIGHT-ERRANTRY IS THE MOST USEFUL PROFESSION IN THE WORLD; AND GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE MOST COMMENDABLE ATCHIEVE-MENT DON QUIXOTE EVER PER-FORMED.

DON Quixote having reſted well all night, found himſelf much eaſier in the morning, though he ſtill felt much pain in ſeveral parts of his body: this, however, did not hinder him from riſing, or anywiſe ſtagger his faith in the efficacy of Pedro de Moya's balſam. Sancho now coming into his apartment to enquire after his condition, accompanied by Barbara—'Beautiful princeſs!' cried the knight, 'God be praiſed! your fair hands, and 'the ſage Alquife's wonder-working 'balſam, have cured my wounds; and 'it muſt be granted, that you under-'ſtand ſurgery, to the full, as well as 'the Perſian Infanta, who learned it of 'the great maſter Lugon himſelf.'—'I have no great ſkill,' anſwered Barbara; 'but a maid, who has no for-'tune, muſt underſtand a little of 'every thing. I once ſerved a ſurgeon 'of this town, who had more ſkill than 'all the Lugos in the kingdom: it 'was a ſatisfaction to ſee him ſpread 'his plaiſters; they were always as 'round as a juggler's box. He trim-'med and cut hair delicately; and it 'was he that cured all the chief of the 'univerſity: ſometimes I made the 'lint for him, and attended his ap-'prentices, who put me to many kinds 'of work.'—'Oh, oh, Madam Zeno-'bia!' quoth Sancho, 'then you have 'been a barber's ſervant!'—'I do not 'diſown it,' replied Barbara; 'for 'mean perſons muſt not forget them-'ſelves in proſperity.'—'Maſter Don 'Quixote,' quoth Sancho, 'you hear 'what the princeſs ſays; and ſhe is 'neither drunk nor aſleep. I fancy 'queens do not often uſe to work 'among apprentices: a dutcheſs could 'do no more; and yet ſhe would not 'boaſt of it!'—'O thou perfidious en-'chanter Pamphus!' ſaid the knight, ſighing, and lifting up his eyes to Hea-ven; 'when will you ceaſe diſtracting 'Queen Zenobia's underſtanding?—'Do you not perceive, Sancho,' added he, 'that the princeſs has not the right 'uſe of her reaſon? That it is the 'traitor Pamphus who makes her talk 'ſuch nonſenſe?'—'Right, right, Sir!' anſwered the ſquire; 'by my faith, I 'had forgot it! It is the malignant 'tutor Pompous that makes her talk 'ſo madly: nay, he is not ſatisfied 'with making her talk fooliſhly, but 'makes her act ſo; for laſt night, af-'ter ſupper, ſhe would have—— Oh, 'the curſed enchanter! When you 'had him under you the other day, 'you ſhould have thruſt your ſword 'down his throat, and have ſent him 'into the other world!'—'I ſhould 'not have ſpared him,' replied Don Quixote, 'had not Queen Zenobia's 'compaſſion ſtopped my hand; but 'I will undo that charm at the court 'of Spain. I own it is no leſs dif-'ficult to diſſolve than that which 'the enchanter Friſton made at Baby-'lon to ſteal away Floriſbella. The 'Knight of the Baſiliſks finiſhed that 'adventure; and I flatter myſelf that 'this is reſerved for me; and therefore 'let us away to Madrid this moment. 'I think it an age till the Queen of 'the Amazons is reſtored to her own 'form again.'—'Sir,' ſaid Sancho, 'we muſt breakfaſt firſt, however. 'Madam Zenobia will have patience 'ſo long; and, for your part, I fancy 'the ſage Skiff's balſam has not over-'loaded your ſtomach.'—'I conſent,' ſaid the knight; 'let us eat a bit, and 'be gone immediately.' Upon this, they all breakfaſted together; and, hav-ing paid the hoſt, ſet out for Madrid, Barbara keeping her face ſo cloſely veiled that nobody knew her.

About

About a small league from Alcala, passing along the side of a wood which bordered on the road, their ears were struck by the cries of a woman greatly terrified, accompanied with the firing of small arms. Though the noise seemed to be sufficiently near them, yet they could not immediately discover the cause of it, as the wood happened just at that part to project in an angle. 'Sancho,' quoth the Knight of La Mancha to his squire, 'here are cer-'tainly some unfortunate persons whom 'ill-fate or injustice pursues: let us 'hasten to their relief, my son.' This said, he spurred Rozinante so furiously, that the fiery creature, used only to a walk, fell on a sudden, not indeed into an hand-gallop, but into a trot, little inferior to it. As for Dapple and the mule, thus much must be said in their praise, that as soon as they saw their companion move so briskly, the novelty of the thing raised such emulation in them, that they both trotted after of their own accord. They soon discovered what they were so desirous to know, and Don Quixote was pleasingly surprized by a dismal spectacle: he saw two men on horseback, who fought bravely with seven or eight footpads, two of whom had carbines, and the rest were only armed with swords and bayonets. A young maid, plainly dressed, but charmingly beautiful, stood by the combatants, and seemed to be a forced spectator of the fight. She rent the air with her cries, calling upon Heaven and man to her assistance; and she struggled in vain to get out of the hands of a lusty old woman, who, seeming to side with the robbers, held her, and endeavoured to stop her mouth with a handkerchief. The two horsemen, that were set upon, one of whom was the master and the other the servant, made a vigorous defence: the first had laid one of the robbers flat with his pistol, and the latter had done the same by another with his gun, and both of them had the good fortune to escape the first discharge of their enemies carbines. They might then have avoided that unequal combat by the swiftness of their horses; but the danger of the young maiden so far prevailed upon them, that, though they knew her not, they rather chose to expose themselves to every hazard, than to leave her in the hands of those villains. Heaven gave a blessing to their generous resolution: one of the robbers having charged his carbine again, levelled it at the chief of the two horsemen; but he, making use of his time, rode up briskly to him; and, striking down the muzzle of the carbine with the pistol he had not yet fired, did double service, saving his own life, and killing the old woman; for, the carbine going off at that very moment, the wicked wretch received the shot in her head, and dropped instantly. Her blood spurted upon the young maiden's face; who, in that consternation, thought she had been wounded herself, and fell down in a swoon upon the old woman's body. The horseman, having avoided the shot, pressed in upon the robber; and, clapping the muzzle of his pistol to his forehead, blew his brains out. Yet his death would not have put an end to the danger, for there still remained four or five of the robbers, who, though they had no fire-arms, were nevertheless bold and resolute; and one of them was just going to run the horseman through with his sword, when he was prevented by our brave redresser of wrongs; who, flying, with his lance couched, to the assistance of the weaker side, pierced him quite through the back, leaving his lance in the wound. Though the robber was one of the lustiest and the stoutest rogues in the kingdom, he could not withstand the fury of such a thrust from so redoubted a hand; he fell flat on his face; and, that I may use the words of Homer, 'The noise 'of his fall was as the sturdy oak fall-'ing in the forest, when overthrown 'by the raging of the wind, or hewn 'down by the stroke of the axe.' Our knight, delighted with this atchievement, unsheathed his sword, and was already preparing to lay about him amongst the robbers who remained; but those villains, scared at his strange and formidable appearance, and thinking him no less than a devil loosed from hell to chastise them for their crimes, fled precipitately into the wood.

The gentleman and Don Quixote did not think fit to pursue them: their first care was to help the unknown beauty. Finding her in a swoon, and bloody, they thought at first she had been dead; but feeling her pulse beat, the

the knight hasted to fetch some water from a little brook that ran out of the wood, and brought it in his helmet. The first she cast her eyes on was Don Quixote, whose mien and garb being such as seemed not to promise much security, the poor maiden could not tell whether she might think herself out of danger: but the gentleman soon satisfied her, by giving an account of the success of the combat; and how the rest of the robbers fled upon the approach of the brave knight in the bright armour. In short, he recovered the damsel from her fright; and she, having wiped her face, perceived that she was not wounded, discovering such a ravishing beauty as abundantly paid her deliverers for the pains they had taken. When she had perfectly recovered herself, she returned them thanks suitable to the service they had rendered her; and our Arab assures us that she performed it with as much grace as good sense: each of them answered for himself, but with this difference, that our hero stiled her—'Sovereign Infanta!' and used such language as made it evident that his brains were as extravagant as his outward appearance. The gentleman, on his side, made his acknowledgments to Don Quixote for his seasonable succour; to which the knight of La Mancha returned an answer so uncouth and unusual, that the gentleman and the lady knew not what to think of him, both of them being far enough from dreaming of the noble system of knight-errantry. Sancho, and the Queen of the Amazons, who had kept far enough from the affray, perceiving the robbers had fled before our knight, made haste to the field of battle to congratulate the conqueror. 'By all the gods and 'goddesses,' cried Sancho, as soon as he came near, 'master Don Quixote, 'this bout we have had no cudgelling, 'nor bangs of slings! Now this may 'be called a good hit, i'faith! Let us 'have five or six adventures more like 'this, and I will undertake for twenty 'empires and forty governments, or 'the devil is in them!'—'Son San-'cho,' answered Don Quixote, 'trou-'ble not yourself about that: empires 'and governments will come in due 'season; yet, should fortune be so un-'just as not to grant us them, the glory 'we shall gain by performing the du-'ties of our profession, will abundantly 'recompense our toils.' This dialogue between master and man served still more compleatly to puzzle the gentleman and lady, as to Don Quixote's character. Cudgelling and bangs from slings, intermixed with empires and governments, were mysteries they could not comprehend or develope. In short, whilst Don Quixote was making new tenders of his service to the beautiful unknown, the gentleman went up to Sancho, and began to examine him. 'Friend,' said he to him softly, 'what 'is your master's name?'—'Sir,' answered the squire, 'last year he called 'himself The Knight of the Sorrow-'ful Aspect: but man proposes, and 'God disposes; now he is called, The 'Loveless Knight, or Don Quixote de 'la Mancha.'—'But pray tell me 'what profession he is of?' quoth the gentleman; 'for, by his rich armour, 'I am apt to judge he has some consi-'derable post in the army.'—'As yet,' said Sancho, 'he is but a knight-er-'rant; and, though he has had many 'a good basting, he has not been able 'to make himself emperor of any 'place; but he cannot miss of a king-'dom: and I, who am his squire San-'cho Panza, do make as sure of some 'good island, as if I had it in my 'hand.'—'And who is the lady I see 'upon the mule?' asked the gentleman. 'It is the Princess Zenobia,' replied Sancho; 'who, as my master 'says, is a queen; though the scar on 'her face makes her look more like a 'tripe-woman of Alcala: and, to say 'the truth, a man had need be a knight-'errant not to be mistaken in her.'

CHAP. IV.

OF THE WONDERFUL CONSEQUENCES OF DON QUIXOTE'S VICTORY, WHICH MIGHT PASS FOR ROMANTICK ADVENTURES, BUT THAT OUR ARAB DELIVERS THEM FOR CERTAIN TRUTHS.

DON Cæsar (for that was the gentleman's name) needed no more information from Sancho to comprehend Don Quixote's madness; being satisfied with what he had discovered, he went up to the beautiful unknown, who was still talking to the knight;

but as soon as he came to them, they heard themselves called upon by the highwayman whom Don Quixote had run through with his lance. 'Gentlemen,' said he, with a weak and intermitting voice, 'if pity has any 'place in your hearts, do me the favour to draw this lance out of my 'body, not to save a life I have too 'well deserved to lose, but that, before I die, I may discover to you a 'secret which troubles my conscience, 'and lies heavier upon me than all 'my other crimes; and I am persuaded 'it will be of some use to you to know 'it.' These words he uttered with much pain, and at several intervals, by reason of his great weakness. The gentlemen were moved at the wretch's complaints; and, fancying that the help he desired might give them an opportunity of performing some charitable act, they drew out the lance; but the extreme pain it put him to, and the great loss of blood, made him faint: they at first thought he had given up the ghost, and repented that they had drawn out the lance; when, finding some signs of life in him, they entertained hopes that he might be brought to himself again, if care were taken to stanch the blood, and bind up the wound. Sancho immediately drew out of his portmanteau a number of rolls and scraps of linen, which he carried to supply the dismal occasions of knight-errantry. Barbara, who was so skilful at making of lint, contributed her assistance; and the gentleman's servant, who had some smattering of surgery, performed the operation, applying a sort of tent to the wound. This putting the wounded man to considerable pain, caused him to open his eyes; but he was still senseless, and they were forced to use other means to bring him to himself. They were yet never the forwarder, for he was so feeble that he could not speak: they persisted, however, in exerting all their endeavours to revive him, as believing he had something of moment to communicate; but, their utmost diligence would probably have been vain, had not Don Cæsar's man bethought himself that he had a good bottle of brandy, which he always took care to keep full. As soon as the robber had swallowed three gulps of that rare liquor, he recovered his speech, as it were miraculously, and cried out — 'O 'Heavens! how just are thy judg-'ments! I receive my death in the 'same place where I once committed a 'horrid murder. About two and 'twenty years ago, near this wood, I 'and another of my companions stopped a rich farmer, who was coming 'from Alcala, with a nurse, who had 'a child in her arms: the farmer making some resistance, and the nurse, in 'the mean while, screaming so loud as 'to make us apprehensive that she might 'be heard by some of the Holy Brotherhood, I soon cut the woman's throat. 'We then killed the farmer; and, having taken from his pockets about six 'score ducats in gold, we dragged the 'two dead bodies into the wood, and 'buried them in a ditch to conceal 'the murder: when we had done, we 'stood a good while to consider what 'we should do with the infant. Though 'so very young, he had such a majestick look, that we fancied, if we 'spared his life, he would be a great 'man; but my companion, fearing we 'might be discovered by his crying, 'was for killing him: I consented; I 'came up to the child, and had lifted 'my hand to run him through, but at 'the same time I felt such an impulse 'of compassion, as prevented the fatal 'stroke. The little infant, who was 'as yet too young to have any sense of 'the loss of his nurse, looked upon me 'with such a smiling countenance, as 'must have moved pity in the cruelest 'barbarian: in short, I was overcome, 'and resolved to save his life, whatever 'my companion could say to me; who, 'thereupon, left me, saying, he would 'not stay any longer with a man that 'would venture his undoing out of an 'indiscreet compassion, which, among 'men of our profession, could be 'counted nothing less than down-'right folly. I took care to provide 'a nurse for the child; but I durst not 'carry him to the next village, because 'the farmer and the nurse having been 'both inhabitants there, their absence 'would in all likelihood give an alarm, 'and cause an enquiry to be made af-'ter them: in fine, I resolved to——' Here the robber was forced to stop short; his tongue failed him on a sudden; his eyes began to roll in his head; and he grew so weak, that they all thought he would immediately have expired.

pired. The beautiful unknown seemed much concerned, and laboured to help him. A double dose was given him of the medicine which had the first time proved so successful, and it now wrought a second miracle: the wounded man recovered his senses, and was in a condition to continue his relation, which (after being told where he left off, for he had forgot it) he did as follows. 'I resolved to carry the infant to Torresva. It pleased Heaven, which seemed to favour the preservation of the child, that, going into a house to enquire for a nurse, I met with one Mary Ximenez, whose husband had been dead but a fortnight, and who had just lost a child of fourteen months old, to which she gave suck. The better to engage her to take care of the infant, I told her that she would make her fortune by it, for it was a child of great quality; but that the mother, for particular reasons, was obliged to have it brought up privately. The richness of the infant's mantles and linen gave a reputation to what I so confidently affirmed. Mary Ximenez believed what I said, took the child, and promised to be very tender of it: since then I never knew what became of it, nor ever enquired. Therefore, gentlemen, I charge you to enquire at Alcala, whether some woman of quality has not lost the child, which I left with Mary Ximenez, a peasant of Torresva.'

When the robber had ended his relation, both the lady and the gentleman, who had listened to him very attentively, seemed much concerned; though probably from different motives. The lady, full of anxiety, told her deliverers, that it would be a great satisfaction to her if they could save the highwayman's life; because she desired to be better informed as to some particulars, which extremely concerned her, and which she thought that poor wretch might give an account of. Don Cæsar, who apprehended that he had more weighty reasons than the lady to desire the same thing, ordered his man to place the robber on his horse in the best manner he was able, in order to carry him to the next village; but Don Quixote having remarked, that, in the wounded man's present condition, he could not sit the horse, or be carried any other way upon it than by laying him at length, and fastening him with ropes; and that, as such an uneasy posture, added to the jolting of the horse, would probably kill him before he could reach the village, it would be much better to get some of the country people to carry him upon boughs of trees. Don Cæsar approved of this expedient: he sent, therefore, to collect four or five of the lustiest fellows thereabouts; which was easily done, as the noise of the fire-arms had by this time brought many people together, who stood gazing at a distance upon the melancholy spectacle. When the peasants were come up, they cut down some boughs; and, putting them together, made a sort of a bier, on which they laid the wounded man; who requested them to examine whether the old woman, who was his wife, were past recovery. It was done to satisfy him; but when he was told she was dead—'Heaven be blessed!' cried he; 'then the wretch who made me commit this last crime, has received her due reward!' He said no more; but this was enough to make it very apparent that the old woman had been the cause of his taking part in the late action. The peasants being ready, Don Quixote asked the damsel unknown, whither she would have the wounded man carried. She said, she had some reasons to desire he might be carried to Torresva. The peasants made many difficulties, alledging that it was two great leagues to that place, the way bad, and the wounded man very heavy. Don Quixote, who would have gone beyond the kingdom of Congo to serve the ugliest servant-wench in an inn, was amazed that the men should make any difficulty of going two leagues for one of the finest women in the world; and he was likely enough to have compelled them; but Don Cæsar, promising them a considerable reward, soon rendered the way short and easy, and the wounded man light. The peasants set forward; but the beautiful unknown being on foot, the next question was how she should be accommodated. Don Cæsar offered to take her up behind him; but Don Quixote required, vehemently, that the damsel might not ride any horse but his; since it was one of the principal duties of knights-errant to

mount forsaken damsels, and because Rozinante alone was worthy to carry princesses. Rozinante, it is true, had length of back sufficient to have carried the four sons of Aimon*, could one have contrived a prop for his belly. The damsel, nevertheless, would more willingly have accepted of Don Cæsar's offer, as thinking his person better, and his appearance less formidable; but she durst not follow her inclination, for fear of disobliging the knight, whose character seemed to require some compliance. 'To put an end to the controversy,' quoth Sancho, 'the princess may mount my ass, since he is a limb of knight-errantry, as well as Rozinante; he has already served princesses: and Madam Zenobia, who has tried him, knows his worth.' Sancho's advice was followed. Don Cæsar took the damsel up in his arms, and seated her upon Dapple. They then made away from the wood, and from the place where the tragical scene had been acted; but they moved slowly, being resolved not to stir from the bier.

The strong interest which the unknown damsel seemed to take in the robber's recovery, astonished Don Cæsar; and he began to look on her more earnestly than he had done hitherto. Her person was in all respects so charming, that, notwithstanding her mean habit, he could fancy in her something almost divine. Her behaviour was so pleasing and modest, and the trouble which appeared on her face gave her an air and look so affecting, that had not the gentleman's heart been pre-engaged, he surely must have fallen passionately in love with her; and, though he was devoted to another beauty, yet such charms could not but have some operation on him. The damsel, on the other side, seeing Don Cæsar, felt herself drawn by a certain sympathy which she could not account for. The gentleman, taking care to keep his horse by the side of Dapple, that he might the better view and discourse with her, had no longer power to restrain his desire of informing himself who she was. 'Madam,' said he, 'the amazement 'I am in to find you on the highway 'alone, on foot, and exposed to the in-'solence of ruffians, who stick at no 'villainy, perfectly confounds me; 'and I bless God for the share so lately 'afforded me in your deliverance: but 'may not I know by what ill-fortune 'you were brought into that deplorable 'condition? I feel an impulse to flatter 'myself with the hopes, that when I 'am acquainted with your troubles 'and misfortunes, I may still be so 'happy as to serve you farther.' These words somewhat embarrassed the fair unknown; and she was silent a while, considering what reply she should make. At length, she thus answered him—'My obligation, Sir, to you, is so 'great, for having hazarded your life 'for my sake, that I can conceal no-'thing from you. It would be injur-'ing your generosity to distrust your 'prudence. Since you desire it, I will 'unfold to you the secrets of my heart, 'and make known my wretched situa-'tion; which is, in truth, so calamitous, 'that I cannot promise myself so much 'as a sanctuary in any part of the world.' —'O sovereign infanta!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting her, 'I will not 'suffer such injustice. No longer may 'I be entitled the Loveless Knight, if 'I do not secure you a safe retreat in 'whatsoever kingdom of the world 'you shall make choice of; and if any 'emperor or sultan is so discourteous 'as not to honour you at his court as 'you deserve, your own eyes shall wit-'ness the overthrow of his dominions; 'and I will expel him, as a prince un-'worthy of a crown!'—'Nay, by my 'troth!' quoth Sancho, who heard the last words of his master, 'Lady Prin-'cess, you need not make the least 'question of it; my master Don Quix-'ote will do it with more ease than he 'says it: and, pray, why should not 'he? he who is ready to do as much for 'nasty lousy princesses, that are not fit 'to wipe your shoes.'—'Hold your 'tongue, blockhead!' said Don Quixote in a passion; 'do not impertinently 'interrupt our discourse. Get you 'farther, and let me not bid you twice!'

* Their names were Regnaut, Alard, Guichard, and Richard. In the catalogue of the Reverend Thomas Crofts's valuable library, amongst many other rare romances of chivalry, was one (Lot 4942) with the following title: 'Les quatre Fils Aymon, Duc d'Ordonne; c'est a scavoir, Regnaut, Alard, Guichard, et Richard; avec leur Cousin Maugis. Fig. 4to Rouen, Sans date.'

The

The knight ſpoke theſe words ſo ſternly, that the ſquire fell back without making any anſwer. 'Don Quixote,' ſaid Don Cæſar to the knight, 'there 'is no need of overturning empires; 'but if this lady pleaſes to accept of 'my ſervice, I do engage to procure a 'retreat for her in any place ſhe ſhall 'think fit, without dethroning any 'other whatſoever.—Now, Madam,' added he, looking upon the damſel, 'be pleaſed to recount to us your misfortunes; and then aſſure yourſelf, 'that Don Quixote and I will ſerve 'you to the utmoſt of our abilities.' The damſel then ſpoke as in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE STORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL ENGRACIA.

'I Lived not long ſince at Alcala, in 'a family that was very kind to 'me; and whoſe nobility and wealth 'cauſed me to be ſought after by perſons of the firſt conſequence. But 'why ſhould I talk of the happineſs 'I enjoyed; ſince cruel fortune has not 'only robbed me of that, but even of 'the credit that might be given to what 'I ſay? I have here nothing to vouch 'for me; and my tears are the only 'teſtimony of my ſincerity. The unfortunate Don Ferdinand my father, 'of the noble family of the Peraltas, 'periſhed in the flower of his age in 'the fatal expedition of that mighty 'fleet which King Philip fitted out 'againſt England. He commanded a 'ſhip that was caſt away in the ſtorm. 'My mother being big with child when 'ſhe received this diſmal news, was immediately delivered. However, being 'near her time, it was hoped that the 'birth might repair the loſs of the 'deceaſed parent: ſo it proved. My 'brother and myſelf were the unhappy 'ſhoots of that dying ſtock, and we 'had all the ſymptoms of a ſtrong and 'hale conſtitution. But, alas! the 'hopes that had been grounded on us, 'proved ſhort-lived. The boy, who, 'as they ſay, was the very picture of 'our father, and yet more like him in 'his misfortunes than his features, 'was loſt in his infancy; ſo that we 'could never hear any certain tidings 'of him, farther than what I now conjecture from the ſtory this dying robber has juſt related to us. We had 'each of us a nurſe. My brother's 'having one day aſked leave to viſit a 'friend of hers who lived at the farthеſt end of the town, my mother 'Eugenia, little foreſeeing the fatal conſequences, made no difficulty to 'grant it her. The nurſe took her 'child in her arms, and went out; but 'the day paſſing without any news of 'her, the family began to be uneaſy. 'They waited a while longer; but my 'mother's patience being at laſt exhauſted, ſhe ſent to enquire at the houſe 'whither the nurſe had told her ſhe 'was going. The woman anſwered, 'that the nurſe had been there, but 'was gone a league from Alcala to ſee 'her huſband; who, ſhe was told, lay 'ſick, and durſt not aſk leave of Donna 'Eugenia for fear of a denial; and 'that ſhe went with a farmer of the 'ſame village, whom ſhe happened to 'meet with as he was going home. 'This account made my mother very 'uneaſy; and ſhe was much more concerned when, having ſent a man on 'horſeback to the nurſe's huſband, ſhe 'underſtood that they had neither ſeen 'the child nor the nurſe, and that all 'the village affirmed the ſame thing. 'She cauſed every poſſible enquiry to 'be made about Alcala for ſix months; 'and all her friends uſed their utmoſt 'endeavours to hear ſome news of the 'nurſe and my young brother Don 'Ferdinand, (for he had his father's 'name given him;) but all in vain: and 'the farmer's parents could never hear 'of him more. This misfortune threw 'all our family into a great conſternation. My mother Eugenia could 'not have been viſited with a more ſevere affliction. My uncle, Don Diego 'de Peralta, was ſo much concerned, 'that, being before very diſconſolate 'for the death of his brother, he could 'not endure to ſtay any longer in Alcala; and, notwithſtanding all my 'mother's entreaties to the contrary, 'went away to Madrid, where he had 'an eſtate. He did not, however, fail 'to come ſometimes to Alcala to viſit 'her, and aſſiſt her with his advice; 'for ſhe repoſed ſuch entire confidence 'in him, and was ſo thoroughly con-

'vinced

'vinced of his wisdom and probity, 'that she did nothing without consult-'ing him.'

Don Cæsar was much discomposed when he heard her talk of the loss of that young Don Ferdinand; and, comparing this account with what the highwayman had related, he grew very uneasy; but, being unwilling to interrupt the damsel, he curbed himself, and she went on as follows.

'Eugenia for several years lament-'ed the loss of her husband and child; 'she could take no comfort; but every 'thing seemed to renew her grief. "Engracia, my dear Engracia!" said 'she to me often, clasping me in her 'arms, "I may well cherish you, since "you are the only treasure that is left "me. But, alas! fortune seems to de-"light in robbing me of all I hold "dear; and, perhaps, whilst I am "fondling of you, she cruelly prepares "to snatch you away from me!" Such 'were the tender words she spoke, as 'she bathed my cheeks with her tears; 'and, though I was but an infant, I 'grew sensible of her love and sorrow; 'but I did not, at those tender years, 'imagine that my hard fate would 'part me from my unfortunate mo-'ther. My first years passed away in 'this sorrowful manner: at length, 'time, which mitigates the greatest af-'flictions, made Eugenia's more easy; 'and my education became her only 'care. My natural disposition, as they 'said, being such as deserved cultiva-'tion, I learned all those things that 'were proper for my sex: but, above 'all, my mother endeavoured to instil 'into my heart the love of virtue, and 'to bring me up with that modesty and 'discretion which become the daugh-'ter of a noble family. I never went 'abroad without covering my face very 'carefully, or sitting back in the coach 'so as nobody might behold me: yet 'all these precautions did not protect 'me against the snares of love. A 'gentleman of birth and graceful pre-'sence saw me upon a publick festival; 'and, though my face was covered 'with a veil, yet my shape and mien 'drew his attention. I perceived it, 'and observed that he followed us af-'ter the service was ended. I did not 'think fit to tell my mother, who was 'with me, or to acquaint her with the 'discovery I had made; and there-'fore, there being no way to slip 'from the gentleman, or disappoint 'his curiosity, he soon knew who I 'was. This was enough to deter-'mine him to follow me. From that 'time he never ceased watching me; 'nor did he let pass any opportunity 'of making his intentions known. If 'I appeared at the window, I was sure 'to see him in the street; and when I 'went abroad, I never failed of meet-'ing him: yet, notwithstanding all his 'endeavours, I took such care, that 'for a long time he never saw my 'face, and I fancied he would grow 'weary at last; though, in reality, he 'was far enough otherwise. He pur-'sued me so incessantly, that at length 'he had the opportunity of seeing me 'at a play: he seated himself very 'near me, and in such a manner that 'I could not, without affectation, hin-'der him from looking on me, or for-'bear seeing him. I perceived how 'eagerly he viewed me, though my face 'was still covered; and, methought, 'I could discern in him a desire to 'please me. I must confess this thought 'made me take the more notice of him. 'I liked his mien; and, whether I was 'too busy, or that I did not take care 'enough of myself, my veil flew open, 'and he saw my face for a moment. 'Whether he counterfeited, or whe-'ther it was real sympathy, he seemed 'to be surprized, concerned, and trans-'ported. I took a private satisfaction 'in it; but gave him no opportunity 'to perceive it: he had gone too far to 'be deterred by any difficulties; and, 'though he had seen me but a moment, 'yet my picture remained so deeply 'imprinted in his soul, that he re-'doubled his vigilance and his court-'ship. The spies he had employed to 'observe me, having informed him that 'I was to be at the wedding of a friend 'of mine, he found ways to get admit-'tance to it. I, being a guest formally 'invited, had dressed myself to the best 'advantage to grace the ceremony, and 'had no veil to hide me from the eyes 'of my importunate lover. He had 'leisure enough to view me at his plea-'sure; he seemed to be all transported; 'he was amazed, or, if I may so say, 'enchanted, with my sight: my dress, 'doubtless, added much to his asto-'nishment; but, be that as it may, my 'mother at that time was not with me,

'being

'being then indiſpoſed. The gentleman, availing himſelf of this opportunity, ventured to ſpeak to me whilſt the reſt were dancing: he declared his love in the moſt paſſionate manner. Though I was convinced of the truth of what he ſaid, yet I pretended to look upon it all as mere gallantry. One that took me out to dance, parted us: the gentleman tried all ways to renew his diſcourſe, but I prevented him. Another day, meeting me maſked at the Carnival, he came up cloſe to me: I endeavoured to put him off; but he gave me to underſtand he knew me. I then began to be plain, and ſpoke very ſeverely to him; but, whether I did it with an air that betrayed me, or whether he was too far gone to be dannted, all I could ſay ſignified nothing; or, rather, my hard uſage ſerved only to carry on the diſcourſe, which at length proved my ruin. What woman can promiſe herſelf to hold out always againſt a man ſhe does not diſlike? When ſhe hears him, ſhe pities him; when ſhe pities, her heart is engaged; and this return is not far from love. In ſhort, I yielded to his conſtancy, and to the ardour of his love: I found his expreſſions were too tender to proceed from a heart that did not really feel them. However, though I felt ſome kindneſs for him, yet I treated him with as much cruelty, in outward appearance, as I felt real compaſſion for him in my heart. I made him deſpair, and perplexed him more than if I had really hated him: but, alas! he was not the only ſufferer by my counterfeit cruelty; I endured as much as he did, and revenged his cauſe upon myſelf. At laſt, I thought fit to come to ſome reſolution, and either to put an end to his ſufferings, or render them deſperate. I enquired into his quality and reputation, and underſtood that his name was Don Chriſtopher de Luna; that he was polite, without valuing himſelf upon it; a man of courage; and beloved by all perſons of worth. I began to uſe him better, and allowed him to write to me, and to appear under my windows at night: in fine, after ſeveral private conferences, we promiſed each other marriage. Our impatience to be ſo happily united, made us agree that he ſhould be admitted one night into my chamber; there to take the moſt ſuitable meaſures for our deſign, and to contrive ſome method of bringing over my uncle Don Diego to our party, thinking it neceſſary to ſecure him before we broke the matter to my mother. But, alas!—fatal and deplorable night!—how can I call it to remembrance, and not die with grief!'

Here the beautiful Engracia was forced to make a full pauſe; ſighs choaked her words, and ſtreams of tears ran down her cheeks; which made her audience conclude that ſomething extraordinary happened that night. They repeated their tenders of ſervice; and ſo far prevailed, that, after having dried her tears, ſhe went on in this manner.

'The fatal night we had pitched upon being come, my lover, urged by his impatience, haſtened to the rendezvous before the time. I was at my window; I ſaw him, and went down to tell him that he was too early; that I ſtill heard a noiſe in the houſe, and my mother was not gone to bed. Don Chriſtopher went away, to wait the hour in another ſtreet. An hour after, ſuppoſing by the ſtilneſs that every body was in bed, I went down, and opened the ſtreet-door. Don Chriſtopher came in that moment: I took him by the hand; and, having led him into the houſe, left him at the ſtair-foot, going up myſelf before to ſee whether all was clear; but I bid him follow me, and wait at the top of the ſtairs. I went into my chamber to light a candle; but, the weather being damp, my tinder would not take fire, and I was almoſt a quarter of an hour before I could light it. When I had done, I went back to the ſtairs to light Don Chriſtopher into my apartment; but the candle went out before I had gone half way: however, I went on, calling him ſoftly to lead him in. He anſwered not! I was amazed, and ſtill called in the dark; till, ſtumbling at ſomething, I fell down, and laid my hand upon it, and it ſeemed to me like a man lying on the ground, and his cloaths very wet. I fancied it was ſome drunken ſervant that had fallen aſleep in that place: however, it ſtartled me, and

'I went

'I went back into my chamber to light 'my candle. Figure to yourselves my 'astonishment and terror, when I perceived that my hand was bathed in 'blood! I was so distracted, that, forgetting myself, I went out with my 'candle; but, good God! what was 'my condition, when, drawing near 'that body which had caused my alarm, 'I discovered the unfortunate Don 'Christopher weltering in his blood, 'pale and lifeless! O Heavens! what 'a sight was this for a lover to behold! 'I let fall the candle, which went out 'upon the ground; a deadly shivering 'seized me, my senses failed, and I 'sunk down upon the insensible and 'bloody body. I lay some time in a 'swoon, and, if I may so say, as dead 'as my lover: at length, coming to 'myself, I began to reflect on that dismal adventure, to which night seemed 'to add new horrors. All the dreadful ideas that such a situation could 'suggest, presented themselves under 'the most terrifying forms to my imagination. I surveyed my wretchedness in it's full extent; but, amidst 'this confusion of tormenting thoughts, 'I could not comprehend how, or by 'whom, Don Christopher had been 'murdered: however, I fixed upon one 'supposition; I fancied that my kindred, and perhaps my mother, having 'got intelligence of our assignation, 'and concluding my honour lost, had 'committed this outrage to punish my 'lover's presumption. This notion 'soon filled me with many more: I 'guessed, that the same penalty which 'had been inflicted on Don Christopher, would, perhaps, fall upon me, 'if I did not speedily prevent it. How 'powerful is the love of life over weak 'souls, since it could make me forget 'my duty to myself and to Don Christopher! The fear of death made me 'resolve to beg a sanctuary; and, thinking that delay still made the danger 'the greater, I hasted back to light my 'candle. I packed up all my jewels, 'and some money I had got together, 'and went out of the house. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, I 'made my way into one of the suburbs of the town. I knocked at a 'door, where I saw a light, which was 'the house of a poor woman, whose 'name was Paula, and who told me 'that her husband was then abroad. 'She not knowing me, I told her I was 'a stranger, whom misfortune obliged 'to lie concealed, and that I came 'to her for shelter, supposing nobody 'would look for me there. She received me kindly enough; but whatever she could say to assure me of her 'secresy, I would not trust her. My 'tears moving her, she used all her endeavours to comfort me. I know 'not whether she heard of the search 'my family made after me; but she 'took no notice of it to me. I durst 'not ask any questions, for fear of 'causing a jealousy; and, perceiving 'she was of a covetous temper, I began to fear she might betray me in 'hopes of a reward. This apprehension troubled me; but yet that was 'not my greatest concern. Five weeks 'were passed, and I was very uneasy 'that I could not know what had 'happened at home after I came away; 'what construction my mother had 'put upon my flight; and, in short, 'what had been Don Christopher's 'fate, whom my love sometimes induced me to think living, though I 'had so much cause to believe him 'dead. This curiosity tormenting me, 'I could no longer withstand my impatience to be satisfied, but resolved 'to go to Madrid to my uncle Don 'Diego. I was willing to believe that, 'if I confessed my fault to him ingenuously, I should prevail upon his 'good-nature to grant me his protection. I acquainted Paula with my 'design; and made her such promises 'as prevailed with her to bear me company. To conclude what remains 'in a few words; when I had procured 'these poor cloaths you now see, that 'I might be the less observed, Paula 'and I set out this morning from Alcala on foot; for I would not buy or 'hire a litter or mules, for fear of 'discovery: but, as soon as ever we 'came near this wood where you found 'me, I was seized by seven or eight 'men. At first I thought they had 'been persons employed by the magistrates, or my own family, to secure 'me. The wicked woman who bore 'me company, so well counterfeited 'terror and surprize, that she confirmed 'me in that belief; but it was not 'long before I discovered my mistake. 'The robbers beset me; and, whilst 'some of them searched me, others

'had

'had the impudence to handle me in-
'decently. I pierced the air with my
'cries, and called upon all that might
'protect me to defend my honour.
'Upon this, the execrable Paula, whom
'I had not before mistrusted, fearing
'lest my cries might be heard by any
'of the officers of the Holy Brother-
'hood, threw off her mask, and endea-
'voured to stop my mouth with her
'hands and her handkerchief. She
'urged on the robbers to search me
'more narrowly, and told them in
'what places she had observed me hide
'my gold and jewels; when Heaven,
'that protects innocence, brought you
'to my relief. This, gentlemen, is
'what you desired to hear, and what
'I would not have told you, were I
'not so deeply indebted to you both;
'for which I can make no other re-
'turn, but by reposing an entire con-
'fidence in you.'

CHAP. VI.

WHICH UNFOLDS THE HISTORY OF DON CÆSAR'S BIRTH.

As soon as Engracia had concluded her story, Don Cæsar spoke first, and said—'Madam, though you do 'not know me, I am more deeply con-'cerned in your misfortunes than you 'imagine. I am particularly ac-'quainted with Don Christopher, and 'I do assure you that he is not dead; 'he is even perfectly recovered of his 'wounds: but I must tell you, at the 'same time, that this Don Christopher, 'who on so many accounts owed you 'an eternal love, is false and unjust to 'you. Let not this news discompose 'you, beautiful Engracia; I take your 'misfortune upon me, and your wrong 'is done to myself: you shall know 'the reason another time. In the mean 'while, assure yourself, I will lose my 'life before I will suffer Don Christo-'pher to marry any woman but you.' Engracia was much surprized at this discourse of Don Cæsar, who at once comforted her, and added to her sor-row, by acquainting her with Don Christopher's recovery, and his infide-lity. On the other side, she could not imagine how Don Cæsar should be con-cerned in her misfortune, or why he so passionately espoused her quarrel. Whilst she laboured under these con-fused thoughts, and was preparing to answer, an old gentleman passing by, stopped short to view Don Quixote. It, however, he was amazed to see the knight, his astonishment was much greater, when Engracia, knowing him, threw herself from the ass, and, hastily running up to him, clasped one of his knees, exclaiming—'O my dear uncle 'Don Diego! I implore your goodness! 'I cannot doubt, after what has hap-'pened, that you are incensed grievously 'against me: but, notwithstanding all 'outward appearances, which seem to 'condemn me, I dare assure you I ra-'ther deserve your pity than your an-'ger; for my misfortune is greater 'than my offence.' Thus saying, she wept so bitterly, that her two protectors could not but pity her: but Don Diego, looking on her angrily, answered—'Do not think, base woman! to impose 'upon my credulity. Who can ima-'gine you innocent, when your own 'flight, and Don Christopher's wounds, 'are your accusers?' Don Cæsar, upon this, thinking that Engracia's virtue stood in need of his assistance to be fully cleared, said to the old man—'You will 'wonder, Don Diego, that a stranger, 'who has nothing about him to recom-'mend himself to you, should undertake 'to vouch for your niece's virtue; and 'you will think this still stranger, when 'I tell you that I never knew Engracia 'before this day: nay, I am satisfied 'that, seeing me with her, you rather 'look upon me as accessary to her of-'fence, than as a protector and witness 'of her innocence. But be pleased to 'suspend your judgment, and assure 'yourself, that I am so far from design-'ing to wrong your honour, that it is my 'duty, as much as yours, to maintain 'it, since I have all the reason in the 'world to believe myself your nephew.' —'My nephew!' replied Don Diego, in amazement, and looking upon Don Cæsar as an impostor; 'I wonder at 'your boldness in pretending to be of 'my family, when I have never seen 'you! Take notice, I have no relations 'but what I know; and that I never 'had any other nephew but my brother 'Don Ferdinand's son.'—'And what 'if I should tell you,' replied Don Cæsar, 'that I am the young Don Fer-'dinand, whose loss you and the vir-'tuous Eugenia have so much lament-

'ed, and should bring you proofs of 'it?'—'These proofs,' answered the old man, 'will not be equivalent to 'the testimony of twenty years, which 'assure us he is dead. Should we have 'been so long without hearing any 'news of him, if he had been alive?'— 'That very ignorance,' said Don Cæsar, 'makes his death the more dubious. 'Were it certain, some circumstances 'of it might have been known. But, 'Sir, I would not have you rely upon 'what I say: do but believe that 'wounded robber we are carrying to 'Torresva. When you have heard 'what he has now told us, and shall 'be satisfied that I was brought up in 'my infancy by that Mary Ximenez 'he talks of, you will then, perhaps, 'think my conjecture sufficiently pro-'bable to deserve further investigation.' Don Cæsar then told him all that the highwayman had related. This account amazed Don Diego; who, looking more earnestly upon the young gentleman, felt his bowels begin to yearn towards him: but, being resolved to have more convincing proofs, he said to Don Cæsar—'I must confess, young 'gentleman unknown, that a voice 'within me speaks in your behalf, and 'that in you I find my brother's air 'and features: yet give me leave still 'to doubt of one particular, which I 'heartily desire to be convinced of 'when we shall see Mary Ximenez.' This said, he made his niece mount again upon Sancho's ass, and went along with the rest towards Torresva, to procure more certain information of Don Cæsar's birth.

As soon as they came to the village, they put the robber into the best bed in the inn, and sent for a surgeon to search the wound; who, finding it very dangerous, desired every person to leave the room, that, if possible, the patient might take some rest. In the mean while, Don Cæsar paid and dismissed the peasants; and Don Diego enquired of the host for Mary Ximenez: the innkeeper told him that she had lived in affliction for ten years, because she had not in all that time heard of her only son. 'Are 'you sure,' said Don Diego, 'that 'Mary Ximenez is the true mother of 'that son whose loss she laments?'— 'I have not lived long enough in the 'village,' answered the host, 'to be 'able to give you an account of that; 'but, if it any way concerns you, I 'will send for Mary Ximenez hither.' —'I shall thank you for so doing,' replied Don Diego: 'go to her, and 'tell her that there is a wounded per-'son in your house, who would speak 'to her about a matter of great mo-'ment, which may give her some sa-'tisfaction.' The host ran to the countrywoman's house; and, because what he had said did not make the truth evident, the old gentleman was pleased that he had not been too forward in crediting the robber's relation; but, whilst he was thus dubious, Mary Ximenez came into the room where all the company was assembled, except Don Cæsar, whom the old gentleman had caused to withdraw, not chusing that the countrywoman should see him before she had been confronted with the robber, as he apprehended, by thus doing, he should be more likely to discover what he sought after. The woman was so pale, and spent with grief, that it was distressing to see her: she cast her eyes round the room; but not seeing what she looked for, it increased her sorrow. 'Good woman,' said Don Diego to her, 'pray come along with 'me into the next room; you will there 'see a man whom, perhaps, you may 'have some knowledge of.' The poor woman was moved at these words, and followed the old gentleman without speaking a syllable. As soon as she came into the robber's chamber, they led her to the bed; and, the instant she beheld the wounded man, though it was so long since she had seen him, she recognized his countenance: her heart failed her; and she wept so bitterly, that Don Diego considered it as a good omen. At last, directing her discourse to the robber, she said, sighing—'You 'are certainly come, Sir, to demand of 'me the child you trusted me with 'twenty-two years ago: but, alas! 'fortune has cruelly deprived me of 'him, and I shall lament his death all 'my days!'—'Good woman,' said Don Diego, 'do not afflict yourself; we do 'not come to demand him of you, but 'to bring you news of him, and to re-'quite you for the care you took of his 'education: you shall see one who is 'more concerned in it than we are.' This said, he ordered Don Cæsar's man to call in his master, who stood listening at the door, and only waited to be summoned.

ſummoned. Mary Ximenez was ſtruck at his ſight, and exclaiming violently—'Oh, my ſon! my dear ſon Anthony!' her joy was ſo exceſſive, that her ſpeech failed her. She turned pale, and fainted away in the arms of Don Diego and Don Cæſar, who ran in to hold her. Don Cæſar was much moved at his nurſe's concern for him, Engracia wept, and the old gentleman relented. They all made haſte to bring her to herſelf; and, as ſoon as it was done, ſhe claſped her arms about Don Cæſar's neck, and, hugging him cloſely, cried—'O, my ſon! how many tears have I 'ſhed for you!'—'My mother!' replied the gentleman, kiſſing her affectionately, 'compoſe yourſelf, I be'ſeech you, for my ſake: I fear this 'diſorder may be prejudicial to you.' In ſhort, Mary Ximenez, growing more calm after the firſt tranſports, confirmed all that the robber had ſaid; and Don Diego, no longer doubting that Don Cæſar was his nephew Don Ferdinand, was full of joy: he drew near the young man, and ſaid—'My 'dear Don Ferdinand, I neither can 'nor ought any longer to oppoſe na'ture and reaſon; I own you as my 'nephew, and my brother's ſon.' This ſaid, he embraced, and expreſſed all poſſible kindneſs for him. Engracia was no leſs pleaſingly ſurprized to find in her deliverer a brother worthy her affection; and both of them gave each other teſtimonies of their love.

Don Quixote and his ſquire were very attentive to this extraordinary diſcovery, which they admired in ſilence. The knight, looking upon it as an effect of chivalry, applauded himſelf for having taken up a profeſſion ſo beneficial to mankind, and ſo fruitful in prodigies; whilſt Sancho took ſuch part in the affairs of all parties, that the tears ſtood in his eyes. Don Diego, after he had given way to all the tranſports of joy which nature could inſpire, thought it, however, requiſite to make a farther enquiry to clear the honour of his family. He aſked his nephew what certainty he had, that nothing ſcandalous had paſſed between Engracia and Don Chriſtopher, ſince he had never known her before that day. 'To remove all your doubts,' anſwered Don Cæſar, 'I muſt inform 'you that, for ſome time, I was Don 'Chriſtopher's beſt friend; that he 'concealed nothing from me, and that 'he entruſted me with ſecrets relating 'to my ſiſter, which I have no cauſe 'to be aſhamed of. If you miſtruſt 'what I ſay, I will farther tell you 'what has paſſed within my own know'ledge concerning the ſad accident 'which was the cauſe of Engracia's 'flight; and will acquaint you with 'ſuch circumſtances as no man is privy 'to but myſelf. In the mean while, 'you may rely upon me.'—'If that 'be not enough, Don Diego,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'and that you ſtand in 'need of a knight-errant's teſtimony 'to ſatisfy you, I am ready to anſwer 'for the beautiful Engracia's honour, 'and to challenge all knights who ſhall 'dare maintain that ſhe had any diſ'honourable affection for Don Chriſto'pher.' Don Diego, who had at firſt been ſufficiently amazed at the mien and garb of Don Quixote, though the diſcovering his niece and nephew had called off his attention from that object, was now anew aſtoniſhed at this extraordinary language. Don Ferdinand, perceiving it, apprized him of the knight's name, and mentioned how greatly his ſiſter and himſelf were beholden to him. This account ſerved but to increaſe Don Diego's aſtoniſhment; for, till then, he had looked upon that renowned perſon's hiſtory, the firſt part whereof he had read, rather as an effuſion of the Arab Benengeli's wit, than as adventures which had really happened. As he liked, however, well enough, notwithſtanding all his gravity, to make himſelf ſport, he was glad to meet with the real hero treated of in thoſe annals. It is true, he made ſomewhat leſs account of his teſtimony than of Don Ferdinand's; however, he thought himſelf obliged to make the knight imagine otherwiſe, and ſeemingly to attribute to his prowеſs the entire honour of the adventure. Turning therefore to him, he ſaid—'Great Don Quixote, that you may be 'ſenſible how much I regard the word 'of a knight-errant, ſo renowned as 'yourſelf, I am willing, for your 'ſake, to reſtore Engracia to my fa'vour and friendſhip.' This ſaid, he embraced his niece, aſſuring her of his good offices with her mother: then, making haſte to be gone, he ſaid to Don Ferdinand—'Two things make 'me impatient to be at Alcala; the

'one is the desire of comforting your 'mother, by carrying her such pleas- 'ing news; and the other, Engracia's 'concerns; for I have been informed, 'that the false Don Christopher is 'within these two days to marry Don- 'na Anna de Montoya.'—'It is true, 'that marriage is concerting,' answered Don Ferdinand, 'but it is not 'yet concluded on; and, I hope, Don 'Christopher, when he is convinced of 'my sister's innocence, will do her jus- 'tice; or, if he does not, he shall 'give me satisfaction.' Engracia could not hear that marriage mentioned without being greatly concerned; but she saw her uncle and her brother so bent upon opposing it, that she could not but hope they would break it off; and she had been less troubled, had she known all the reasons her brother had to cross it. As for Mary Ximenez, Don Diego and Don Ferdinand hired a mule for her, resolving to carry her to Eugenia, to be rewarded as she deserved. When they were ready to set out, they desired the knight and his lady to bear them company; being willing to give their friends at Alcala some diversion. Don Quixote replied, that he was sorry he could not grant their request, being obliged to repair speedily to Madrid, upon business of great consequence; but, to make some amends, he promised to visit them at his return. They were satisfied with his promise, and set out for Alcala. Don Quixote, Sancho, and Zenobia, continued their journey towards Madrid. The highwayman was left in the inn, where he died of his wounds two days after. And thus, says our Arab, he disproved the predictions of the astrologers, who, by his stars, foretold that he was to die of a strangulation.

CHAP. VII.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S ARRIVAL AT MADRID, AND OF HIS DESPERATE COMBAT IN THE PRADO.

OUR knight and his companions were too full of this adventure to pass it over in silence. 'Is not this 'very wonderful?' said Don Quixote. A damsel falls into the hands of rob- 'bers, and a gentleman, who knows 'her not, comes in accidentally, and 'saves her life and honour. She tells 'him her story, as if it did not con- 'cern him; and at last, by her dis- 'course, he is informed she is his own 'sister. O wonderful accident! There 'is no question but that such things 'occur in knight-errantry as are not 'usual in the common course of life; 'and therefore it is, doubtless, that 'the noblest adventures of ancient 'knights-errant are at present looked 'upon as fables.'—'How do you 'mean fables!' cried Sancho; 'I dare 'take my oath that all that has hap- 'pened to us is true. You did won- 'ders in the fight, and spitted the rob- 'ber through the back; and at a time 'when he least thought of it; and 'whoever says the contrary lyes.'—'What a comfort will it be to Euge- 'nia,' quoth Don Quixote, 'to see 'her two children! What thanks will 'she return to Heaven!'—'I do not 'question it,' said the squire: 'me- 'thinks I see her hug first one, and 'then the other; then this again, and 'then that once more. In short, I 'fancy I see her pull out great hand- 'fuls of gold and silver from her 'cupboard, and give them to Mary 'Ximenez, who pockets it up, as well 'pleased as I was when I put up Car- 'denio's crown-pieces in Sierra Mo- 'rena. I will warrant her, Eugenia 'will be ready to throw her house out 'at window: there will be nothing but 'feasting and merry-making in that 'quarter. The deuce take me, Sir, 'if it is not a considerable loss to us 'that we did not follow Don Diego: 'we should have been treated like 'archbishops; and, I dare answer for 'it, that the Princess Zenobia would 'desire no better.' This sort of dia- logue held master and man till they came in sight of Madrid; upon which Don Quixote, taking up a new subject, said to his squire—'At length, San- 'cho, you see Madrid, the happy re- 'sidence of our kings, the most fa- 'mous town in Spain; but I know not 'whether I ought to enter into it, till I 'have signalized myself by some no- 'table exploit: for the most renowned 'knights-errant, before they would 'enter the cities where emperors kept 'their courts, always performed some 'glorious action, the fame whereof 'went before them to the palace, and 'disposed

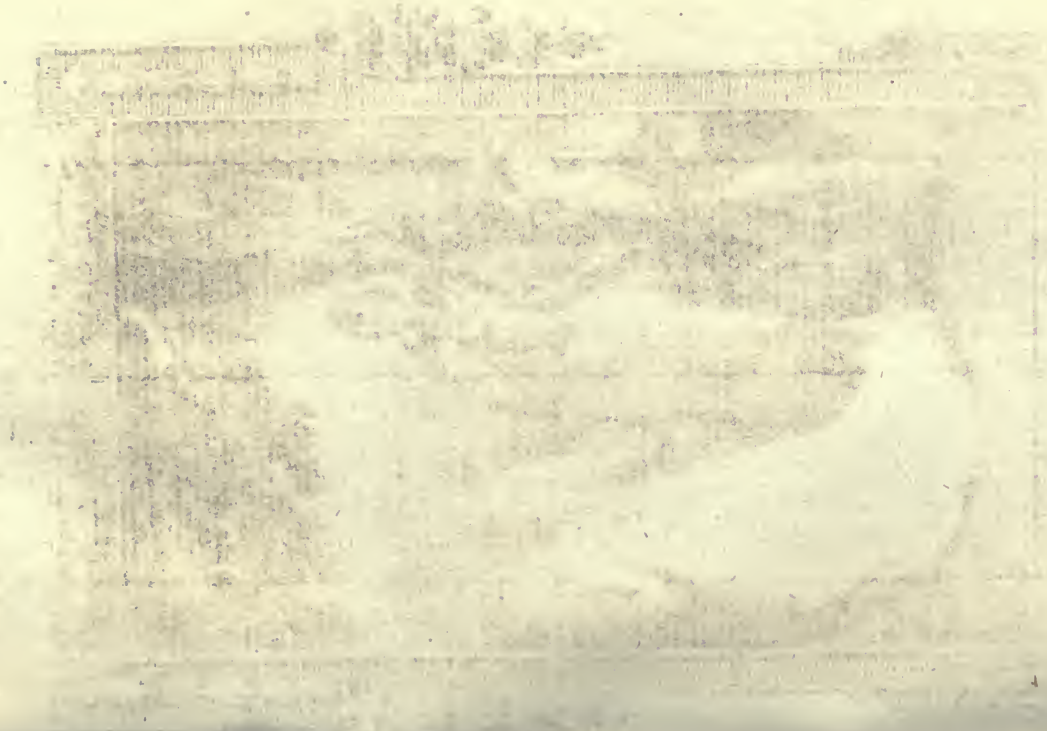

Plate VI. Published as the Act directs by Harrison & C.° Sept.r 25. 1784.

'disposed the emperor, the empress, 'and the infanta, to give them a more 'favourable reception. Roficlair did 'not enter Constantinople till he had 'slain the giant Mandrake; and the 'Knight of the Precious Image* 'would not go into Persepolis, till he 'had finished the adventure of the Un-'happy Bridge. I wish there were 'such another bridge here, defended 'by four valiant knights, and two 'dreadful giants.'—'God deliver us, 'Sir!' cried the squire, 'we should 'never get over such a bridge as that 'without broken bones: and, in short, 'this day's combat is enough to carry 'you not only into Madrid, but into 'Rome, if you had a mind to it; and 'I assure you, the Pope himself would 'be satisfied.'—'You are in the right, 'Sancho,' replied the knight; 'and I 'believe my last combat is sufficient to 'gain me a favourable reception from 'the king, the queen, and the infan-'ta. I must own the action had been 'more glorious if I had fought knights; 'but we are not to chuse our adven-'tures, my friend; we must take what 'fortune throws in our way: so let us 'say no more of it, but make haste 'into the town.' This said, he clap-ped spurs to Rozinante; Barbara and Sancho did the like by their beasts; and thus they soon came to St. Jerome's Meadow, commonly called El Prado.

'O mirror of knights-errant!' cries the Arabian author in this place; 'in-'comparable Don Quixote! return 'thanks to Heaven, which hath con-'ducted you to this place! Here you 'are more talked of and celebrated 'than ever the Knight of the Basiliscs 'was in Babylon. Your unheard-of 'exploits are here in print, and every 'body reads them with so much admi-'ration, that they can scarce believe 'any mortal capable of having per-'formed them. Appear now yourself! 'Appear in person to justify them: 'evince that you are no imaginary he-'ro. Your own presence can alone 'establish the truth of your magnani-'mous atchievements!' The sun was now set, and there was consequently a good deal of company walking in the Prado; for the pleasantness of the place, and the many assignations made in it, draws abundance of people thi-ther every evening. Don Quixote as-sumed a stern countenance, grasping his lance in one hand, and his buck-ler in the other: as soon as he appeared, all that saw him stood amazed at the whimsical uncouthness of his figure, and questioned one another what it could mean; but, not being able to sa-tisfy themselves, they drew near to view him the better. His mien and his device seemed so ridiculous, that they could not forbear laughing. 'Gra-'cious Heavens!' cried one, 'there is 'a genteel knight! I will lay a wager 'it is the Knight of the Precious 'Image, who conducted the Infanta 'Aurora to the Sultan of Babylon!' —'No,' replied another; 'I will lay

* This Knight of the Precious Image, or (as it is rendered in an English translation of the Romance of Don Belianis of Greece, edit. 1683) of the Golden Image, is Don Belia-nis of Greece. Afterwards he appears in green armour, decorated with golden basiliscs, (which he had won from the Emperor Bendanazar) under the title of Knight of the Basi-liscs. I hardly need remark, that it was a very usual thing with the heroes of romance to change their appellation, the ornaments and devices of their armour, &c. as often as they found it expedient. Under the title of Knight of the Basiliscs, Don Belianis atchieves the adventure of the Enchanted Tent, which was contrived by Friston the enchanter for the purpose of carrying off Florisbella. This adventure of the Enchanted Tent is the same which the Archbanterer of the Indies applies to himself in Book 6. Chapter II. of the pre-sent work. An extract or two from the translation of Don Belianis abovementioned, con-taining the reason of his being styled the Knight of the Precious or Golden Image, may not be displeasing to the curious reader. 'His armour was of colour orange-tawny, with 'a sea-wave so big, that it seemed to overwhelm a ship there figured. On his shield was 'pourtrayed the picture of a most beautiful lady, with a knight kneeling before her, as if 'he craved mercy at her hands, from whom she turned her face.' Page 21. This armour was provided for him by the sage Belonia, against his first receiving the order of knighthood; and the lady pourtrayed on the shield was Florisbella. 'You shall know, my good lord,' says Belianis to the Soldan of Persia, 'I am called the Knight of the Golden Image, be-'cause I bear it on my shield.' Page 65. An account of the adventure of the Unhappy Bridge, with the knights and giants there defeated by Belianis, would be too long for a note.

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'it is the Knight of the Chariot, who 'comes to defend the Scythian princeſs's beauty!' Our adventurer, overhearing the above converſation, halted; and, accoſting the men very gravely, ſaid—'Gentlemen, if you 'would know my name, you may aſk 'it of my ſquire, who follows me; 'that account belongs to him.'—'By 'the Lord!' cried one of the lookers-on, 'this muſt certainly be that Don 'Quixote de la Mancha, whoſe hiſtory 'was lately printed in this town! I 'know him by his horſe.'—'Right,' ſaid another, 'for that is a perfect Rozinante: beſides, here is Sancho and 'his aſs; and this damſel who hides 'her face, is certainly the famous 'Dulcinea del Toboſo!'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Sancho, 'you are in the 'right, as far as regards Rozinante, 'my maſter Don Quixote, my Dapple, and myſelf. We are the very 'ſame, God be praiſed! and here we 'are all four before you in ſoul and 'body: but as for Madam Dulcinea, 'ſhe is at this time at Toboſo; and, 'perhaps, filling a pair of panniers 'with dung in her father's ſtable; and 'if ſo, beſhrew the ſquires that carry 'her any love-letters. She has played 'the devil with us ſo long, that at laſt 'we have even left her to herſelf, and 'we had rather the devil had taken her 'away, than that we had made, I will 'not ſay an infanta, but ſo much as a 'plain counteſs of her. As for the lady 'on the mule, it is Queen Zenobia, 'whom an enchanter has converted into a tripe-woman.' Whilſt Sancho uttered this harangue, Barbara took care to keep her face covered; and, though all the company deſired her to unveil, her modeſty prevented her compliance. Peerleſs princeſs,' ſaid a gentleman waggiſhly, 'be pleaſed to 'ſuffer us to gaze upon your lilies and 'roſes: let your fair hands, though 'but for one moment, remove that 'envious veil, which obnubilates your 'beauty.'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I pray you reſt ſatisfied, 'without deſiring Queen Zenobia to 'unveil: ſhe is ſtill enchanted; and 'you can make but an ill judgment of 'her beauty at preſent.' Theſe words only ſerved to heighten the curioſity of the ſpectators. They at length ſo earneſtly entreated the knight to prevail with the queen to diſcover herſelf, that he turned to her, and ſaid—'Madam, 'I join with theſe gentlemen in re'queſting that you will ſuffer your face 'to be ſeen: you may not, perhaps, 'appear ſo charming to them as you do 'to me, who ſee you as you are in re'ality; but I proteſt your beauty is 'matchleſs, and they may rely upon 'my word.' Barbara, who rightly enough ſuſpected that the ſpectators would give greater credit to their own eyeſight than to the word of the knight errant, had no inclination to diſcover herſelf. She ſtood out for a long time; but was at laſt compelled to ſubmit, and expoſe her ſcarified countenance to the inſpection of the company. All that beheld her burſt out a laughing, and ſhrugged up their ſhoulders; nay, ſome young fellows had the preſumption even to ſpeak diſreſpectfully of the tripe-woman: among the reſt, a gentleman of Galicia, lifting up his hands, cried out—'Bleſs us all! 'here's a princeſs forſooth! I proteſt 'ſhe is as like an old mule I have in 'my ſtable, as one egg is like another!' It is eaſy to imagine the emotion theſe words produced in the breaſt of Don Quixote: his eyes ſparkled with fury; and, brandiſhing his lance in dreadful wiſe, he cried, as loudly as he was able, to the Galician—'Stay, raſh man! and I will chaſtiſe 'thy inſolence! I here challenge thee 'to ſingle combat; and, at the ſame 'time, I challenge all thoſe that have 'inſulted Queen Zenobia, who, I do 'maintain, ſurpaſſes in beauty the Infanta Imperia, the Princeſs Materoſa*, and even King Olivier's 'daughter.' This curious defiance ſerved but to renew the mirth of the company; and the Galician, being a jocoſe fellow, anſwered Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, though you are in armour up to your chin, and mounted 'on a haughty courſer, more lofty 'than that of Alexander the Great, I 'will not refuſe your challenge: I will 'combat you with my ſword alone, a'foot and unarmed as I now am; and 'I will defend withal the beauty of my 'mule, which I would not barter for

* The Princeſs Materoſa was couſin to the Princeſs Floriſbella, the Soldan of Babylon's daughter. See the Romance of Don Belianis.

'your

'your Zenobia.'—'Since you are on 'foot and unarmed,' replied Don Quixote, 'it is but reason that I alight 'and lay by my armour; for knights 'are not to take any advantage in 'fight.' This said, he alighted: Sancho did the like; and, running to disarm his master, said—'You were 'wishing for an adventure before you 'came to the court, and I think you 'have now met with one. Go to, defend the Princess Zenobia's beauty 'bravely; and make that scoundrel 'knight own that she is handsomer 'than his mule. If you have the ill 'fate to be overcome, I may very well 'fight him after you in defence of my 'Dapple, which I do maintain to be 'handsomer than his mule, though 'she were more beautiful than master 'Valentin's mare, which is reckoned 'at Ateca the fattest beast belonging 'to the Chapter.' Don Quixote (whilst Sancho prated thus) was stripping himself to his very drawers and shirt, to remove all cause of suspicion that he meant to take advantage of his antagonist. Some of the company, more prudent than the rest, observing that the knight was preparing for the combat in good earnest, endeavoured to dissuade the Galician, telling him that such jests for the most part end in earnest; but the Galician, relying on his strength and skill, laughed at what they said; and, drawing one of the longest swords that ever Spaniard wore, stood upon his guard, stretching such a distance from his left foot to the point of his weapon, that they were at least two fathom asunder. Don Quixote, in like manner, plucked his formidable steel from it's scabbard; and in an instant their furious blades flashed with a thousand sparks of fire. The Galician, when he had awhile tried his adversary's skill, with a jerk threw his sword over his head; and, dropping his own, closed with him, took him by the collar, and shook him so violently, and with so much ease, that the ancient poets would have compared the condition of Don Quixote to a shrub that plays in the wind. The knight was sensible he had not the feeble defender of Mambrino's helmet to deal with; and the dread of being vanquished before Queen Zenobia enflamed his valour to a pitch of rage utterly inexpressible: he rallied all his strength, and gave the Galician such a terrible blow under the ear with his gauntlet, which he had forgotten to take off, that he laid him flat on the ground, senseless, and much hurt. The bye-standers were much concerned at this unlucky catastrophe; but the Galician having brought the misfortune upon himself by his own imprudence, his friends did not hold themselves obliged to revenge his quarrel upon a madman, and therefore only thought of taking care of him. As soon as Sancho saw the Galician down, he roared out in an extasy of exultation—'Courage, ma-'ster Don Quixote, follow the laws of 'chivalry to the utmost! Take up 'your sword, and thrust it down that 'knight's throat, if he refuses to own 'that Madam Zenobia is more beauti-'ful than his mule.' The knight approved of the advice, seized his sword, and made towards the Galician, with full purpose of putting it in execution, had not several of the company interfered; telling him, that he ought to be satisfied with having overthrown the best knight in Galicia. 'Let him, 'then, confess,' said Don Quixote, 'that all the world cannot match Queen 'Zenobia's beauty.'—'He shall own 'it another time,' said one of the company; 'for, by my troth, at this time 'he is not in a condition to confess his 'sins.'—'Well,' cried Sancho, 'then 'let him say he owns himself con-'quered: methinks that is not very 'hard to be said.' Don Quixote would fain have caused the Galician to own his defeat; but at length, overcome by the arguments of the by-standers, he was persuaded to consider his combat as a perfect victory, and stepped aside to put on his cloaths and armour. Whilst he was equipping himself, two of Don Alvaro Tarfe's pages happened to come into the Prado; and, knowing the knight, drew near to salute him. Don Quixote and Sancho received them with gracious affability; and enquired after Don Alvaro. 'Don Carlos and he,' said one of the pages, 'have been here 'some days, and expect you with im-'patience.'—'I am very desirous to 'embrace them both,' answered Don Quixote. 'That you may soon do,' replied the page; 'for, if you please, 'we will conduct you to Don Alvaro's 'lodgings.' At these good tidings, Sancho's heart leaped for joy: he was full

full of the thoughts of pleasure and good eating; and, as soon as his master was armed, they and Queen Zenobia followed the pages, leaving the Galician among his friends, who took care to carry him home, and see him dressed.

CHAP. VIII.

HOW DON ALVARO AND DON CARLOS RECEIVED THE KNIGHT AND HIS PRINCESS; AND HOW SANCHO REJOICED AT REVISITING THE LITTLE LIMPING COOK.

IT was dark night (the history informs us) ere our adventurers arrived at Don Alvaro's lodgings, so that the populace had not the satisfaction of seeing them. They did not find the Granadine at home; his servants, however, received them kindly; and whilst one of the pages went to give him an account of their coming, the steward conducted them into a good apartment. Sancho, when he had seen the beasts into the stable, went directly to the kitchen, where he had enough to do to embrace all his old acquaintance. But as soon as he set eyes on his invaluable friend the limping cook, he ran to him with open arms; and, kissing both his cheeks in a rapture, exclaimed —'My dear little Crookshank! how 'glad am I to see you once more be-'fore I die! To tell you the truth, I 'love you almost as well as I do my 'Dapple; and I shall never forget the 'good bits you gave me at Saragossa. 'It was you fed me up with carcases 'of turkies, and such leavings of sauce-'boats, as had been fit to tickle the 'chaps of an emperor. Aye, and at 'night too, such wines, and the Lord 'knows what all of that sort, as were 'sweeter than honey: hang me, if I 'could not feel it warm at my heart 'till next morning! Let me die, if 'that be not rare wine for one's health.' —'Friend Sancho,' answered the cook, 'this country wine is still better than 'that at Saragossa.'—'I can't be-'lieve that,' replied the squire: 'nor 'shall any man persuade me to it, till I 'have tasted.'—'Well, then,' quoth the cook, 'you must drink immediate-'ly. I am sure you will be of my 'opinion.'—'So much the better,' quoth Sancho; 'and you may rest sa-'tisfied with my judgment in matters of 'this nature, since I am not enchanted 'for wine, as I am for things that 'relate to knight-errantry.'—'How, 'then, Sancho!' cried one of the pages; 'have the enchanters put some trick 'upon you since you left Saragossa?'— 'That's a good question, truly,' quoth Sancho; 'do we ever escape a day with-'out their putting some knavery or 'other upon us? I find you don't 'know them. If they miss doing us 'mischief an hour together, they think 'they have done great things by us. 'In short, all I can tell you is, they 'have so betwitched my sight, that I 'see every thing quite contrary to what 'my master does. They impose upon 'me every moment; and it is not above 'two days ago, that they made me 'take the Prince of Cordova's garter 'for the crupper of a mule.' The servants desired Sancho to recount that adventure, which he did readily enough; though some wine, which the cook had just brought for him, occasioned several long halts and pauses in his story.

At length, Don Alvaro came home, with Don Carlos, and a young count who was to be the latter's brother-in-law. They went up to Don Quixote's apartment, and found him talking with Barbara and the steward of the household. The knight embraced the Granadine and Don Carlos; and, presenting Barbara to them, said—'Behold 'here, gentlemen, the great Queen of 'the Amazons, the Princess Zenobia, 'whom good-fortune cast into my way; 'and whose beauty I now come to de-'fend publickly in the court of Spain!' The princess's face and appearance corresponded so very ill with this introduction, that the gentlemen had enough to do to hold their countenances. However, they made shift to contain themselves; and Don Alvaro returned Don Quixote the following answer: 'Sir 'Knight, you have done me the greatest 'honour in taking up your lodging 'in my house with that queen, whose 'merit must be very extraordinary, 'since you undertake to protect her; 'but though the value you put upon 'her were not commendation enough, 'a man needs but look upon her to 'give a near guess at what she is. She 'has such a physiognomy, as soon 'makes her known; and, I can assure 'you, that the more I look on her, the 'worthier

'worthier I judge her of the great enterprize you have undertaken for her 'sake.' The Granadine and Don Carlos then presented the count to the knight, and acquainted him that he was the young lord whom the Princess Trebasina was designed for, and that they were to be married very shortly. There wanted nothing farther to produce a long harangue from Don Quixote to the count; who, on his part, exhausted all the common places of rhetorick, that he might not fall short of the knight in point of courtesy. Don Carlos and Tarfe took that opportunity to talk to Barbara apart. 'Queen Zenobia,' said Don Alvaro to her, 'do us the favour 'to tell us, truly, of what country and 'of what family you are?'—'Gentlemen,' replied open-hearted Barbara, 'you may believe me if you 'please; but, I swear to you, I am 'none of Queen Zenobia! I am but 'a poor woman of Alcala, who live 'by my labour, and my honest trade 'of a tripe-woman. My name is Barbara Villalobos; a name left me by 'a grandmother that was very fond of 'me. My life has been all ups and 'downs, like the land in Galicia. I 'am now old; but I know the time 'when I was young; and I have been 'as much made of as another. I am 'now good for nothing but to dress 'meat, for I can make a soup and fry 'tripe with any body; and I defy any 'body to season sauce better than I can. 'However, a scholar of Alcala persuaded me to sell all my goods, drew 'me out of Alcala, carried me into a 'wood, tied me to a tree in my smock, 'and then ran away with all my money 'and cloaths. By good luck Don 'Quixote, on whom Heaven has bestowed more charity than sense, passing by, heard my cries, and unbound me, calling me Queen Zenobia. I told him I was no such; but 'he would not believe me; and he 'bought me a mule, and these cloaths 'you see. In short, when we came to 'Alcala, I begged of him to leave me 'there; but I could not prevail, and 'was forced to come along with him. 'He has promised to give me fifty ducats, when he has defended my beauty 'at court. I am come to be as good 'as my word; and, when he has performed his, I will return to my own 'country, where I will set up my shop 'again, an't please the Lord! and let 'me die if ever I trust a scholar again, 'though he promised me the philosopher's stone.'

At this moment Sancho came into the room; and, being in a merry humour, cried—'A good day to you, gentlemen! I wish you a good stomach, and 'a merry heart; which two things will 'keep you in health, as Master Nicholas, our barber, says.'—'O my 'friend Sancho!' said Don Alvaro, giving him his hand, 'I am very glad 'to see you again in health and good-'humour.'—'God reward you,' answered the squire, 'and bless you, and 'make you merry!'—'And don't you 'know me, my dear Sancho!' said Don Carlos; 'or am I not of the number of your friends?'—'Excuse me, 'Sir,' quoth Sancho, making up to him. 'I must kiss your hands too, with 'your leave; though sometimes men 'kiss those hands they could wish cut 'off.'—'O Heavens!' quoth Don Carlos, 'what is that you say? What 'have I done to you, that you should 'wish me so much harm?'—'By my 'troth, I beg your pardon!' answered the squire. 'That proverb slipped 'from me before I thought of it. 'Just so I used to let them fly last year. 'As fast as they came up, I used to spit 'them out; and the dog of an Arab 'that writ our history has not forgot 'one of them. He has done like one 'that sells small nuts, who throws in 'good and bad to fill up the measure the sooner. Therefore, let me 'tell you, Don Carlos, I do not wish 'to see your hands cut off; I had rather see them full of that delicate 'white-meat, and of those force-meat 'balls you know of. Body o' me! 'I can never think of them but my 'mouth waters.' The Granadine, perceiving that Don Quixote was ill pleased to hear his squire chatter thus, broke off the discourse; and said to the knight—'Don Quixote, the great con-'cern we have in whatsoever relates to 'you, and tends to the glory of knight-'errantry, makes us very desirous to 'know what adventures you have met 'with since you left Saragossa.'—'Don Tarfe,' quoth the squire, 'it is 'my business to tell you all that, as I 'am squire to my master Don Quixote.'—'Well, then, Sancho,' replied Don Alvaro, 'give us a true relation.' The

squire complied: he began at his own affray with Bracamonte the soldier, and ended with the combat of the Galician. The three gentlemen were mightily pleased; but above all with the adventure of the players, and the batchelor's ceremony for disenchanting Sancho. Don Carlos and the Granadine were particularly delighted; for Barbara, who sat between them, whispered to them all the circumstances which Sancho either forgot or was ignorant of. Supper-time drew on, and the sewer came to tell them all was ready. Then the three gentlemen, Don Quixote and Zenobia, went into another large room, where they sat down to table; and Sancho returned into the kitchen, where, whilst he supped, he was obliged to recount anew the exploits of his master.

The grave knight of La Mancha, whose brain always laboured with his own great designs, demanded of the cavaliers, whether Bramarbas was then at Madrid. 'He is not yet arrived,' answered Don Carlos: 'he is gone to 'Cyprus, to convey to his seraglio a 'number of young damsels whom he 'has ravished from their parents; but 'he will soon return, when we least 'think of him; for the sage Silfenus 'favours him, and will transport him 'hither in the twinkling of an eye. 'On my word, that giant is a great ra'visher of maidens; and, I assure you, 'I should be much afraid for my sister 'if Don Quixote was not with us; 'and I could not but fear as much for 'the count here present—for you know, 'gentlemen, how he designs to use the 'counts and barons of this court.'—'Let not that trouble you,' said Don Quixote. 'Marry your sister boldly, 'and let the count fear nothing: I 'pledge myself to protect him, and 'engage that he shall have a numerous 'issue.' The count could not forbear laughing at this prediction; but, though he fancied himself able to accomplish it without the assistance of the knight, he failed not to return him thanks for his protection. Don Quixote, after this, told them of the combat he was to maintain with the Prince of Cordova; and at last, after supper, the discourse turning upon Queen Zenobia, Don Carlos and the count assured Don Quixote, that they highly approved his design of maintaining that princess's beauty, for she well deserved it. But the Granadine, being somewhat nicer in points of knight-errantry, said—'Gentlemen, 'I am not of your opinion; I do not 'altogether approve of Don Quixote's 'resolution. I rather marvel that he 'will assert the beauty of a lady whom 'he is not in love with. Can the 'Knight of La Mancha think of do'ing a thing contrary to the rules of 'knight-errantry, which he has al'ways so strictly observed?'—'Don 'Alvaro Tarfe,' replied Don Quixote, 'I own I have not thoroughly consi'dered that affair; and yet I think I 'shall not in it do any thing blame'worthy, or unprecedented.'—'Nay, 'I much doubt,' answered the Granadine, 'whether you can find any ex'amples of this nature among the an'cient knights. We know that others 'have accompanied, like yourself, the 'princesses they have disenchanted or 'delivered from some extraordinary 'danger. They have conducted them 'about the world, restored them to their 'parents, or reinstated them in their 'possessions; but they never took upon 'themselves to maintain their beauty.' —'In good faith,' cried Don Carlos, 'I now perceive this is quite a different 'affair; I agree with Don Alvaro that 'it is a very nice point: but what strikes 'me as the most irregular, is, that the 'beauty of any lady should be main'tained by a knight who bears an ap'pellation and device so injurious to 'the fair-sex.'—'I grant,' answered Don Quixote, 'that the appellation of 'the Loveless Knight seems opposite 'to my design; but my intention re'conciles those contradictions: I only 'maintain the princess is beautiful, be'cause, being enchanted, she seems de'formed. I will that justice be done 'to her beauty, in spite of her enchant'ment. This is all I aim at; and 'consequently I perform an act of 'justice, and not of love.'—'Take 'heed, Don Quixote,' replied Don Alvaro; 'take heed you do not impose 'upon yourself. Our severe grand'children will not make that distinction, 'but will flatly condemn your pro'ceeding.'—'Then he must not be 'guilty of it,' said the count: 'Don 'Quixote ought not to hazard any thing 'that may bear a double construction; 'since it behoves no man more than him'self to secure the good graces of poste'rity. Let us consider of some medium.

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'Do you think it were amiss for him to 'change his name, and make choice of 'another Dulcinea? For my part, I 'must frankly declare, that I look upon 'his contempt of ladies as a great 'fault; and I cannot conceive how he 'dares to continue without a mistress: 'he, especially, who, as his history 'informs us, used to say, last year, 'that a knight without a lady was like 'a body without a soul; and that 'it were better to be in love with an 'imaginary object, than not to love at 'all.' Don Quixote, not knowing how to answer reasonings so forcible, fell into a profound reverie. Don Alvaro, perceiving his embarrassment, said—'I think, gentlemen, we have 'said enough for the present. Let us 'give Don Quixote time to consider 'this point seriously. He has a sound 'judgment, and will know how to 'chuse that which shall conduce most 'to his glory. Let us consider he has 'gained two victories this day, and 'must needs want rest, as well as 'Queen Zenobia.' This said, he called to his servants; and, whilst Barbara was conducted into a chamber altogether inaccessible to coachmen, he himself conveyed Don Quixote to a other, leaving a page to undress and disarm him, Sancho being still in the kitchen. Don Carlos went away with his intended brother-in-law; at whose house he and his sister were entertained.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

OF THE WEIGHTY CONSIDERATIONS WHICH PERPLEXED DON QUIXOTE; OF THE RESOLUTION HE CAME TO FOR THE SAKE OF HIS HONOUR; AND OF THE DISCOURSE HE HELD WITH HIS SQUIRE UPON THIS SUBJECT.

WHEN the page had disarmed the knight, he went out of the room, and secured the door after him, as his master had ordered. Don Quixote, much perplexed with those objections the cavaliers had just started, was glad to find himself alone, as wanting opportunity to deliberate on the part he ought to act; and he immediately betook himself to his bed, that he might ponder the more commodiously. 'Good 'God!' said he, tumbling from side to side, 'is it possible I may not be allowed to maintain a lady's beauty 'without being in love! Let us call to 'mind the actions of the most famous 'knights-errant; and let us see whether what I think to do is really so 'unprecedented.' Thus saying, he recollected all the adventures of the two Amadis's, of Esplandian, of Palmerin of England, and of Palmerin de Oliva; and not finding what he sought for in these books, he ran over the mirror of chivalry, Don Belianis of Greece, Tirante the White, Aquilant the Black, Don Florismarte of Hircania, and Don Olivante de Laura. But, alas! the poor knight laboured in vain; he perceived he could in no wise maintain the Queen of the Amazons beauty, without introducing a novelty into the established practice of knight-errantry. —'Well, then,' cried he, 'what is it 'you are about, unhappy innovator? 'Will you, who never transgressed the 'least rule of your profession, now give 'yourself the lye? You imagine, perhaps, that your renown may justify 'your fault; or, at least, that posterity, dazzled with the splendor of 'your atchievements, will pardon 'your irregularity. But do not deceive yourself; the base actions 'which Alexander the Great committed in heat of wine or passion, are not 'yet forgotten: heroes must not flatter themselves; they must not think 'to shroud their failings under the 'shade of their laurels. If their faults 'escape the censure of one age, another follows that may expose them 'to the whole world. I must, then,

'observe

'observe the laws of knight-errantry 'inviolably, if I design to transmit my 'fame pure and untainted to posterity. 'On the other hand, should I abandon 'the queen to her ill fortune! Shall I 'leave her in the wretched condition 'she now suffers? Shall I grant the 'malice of enchanters that satisfaction? 'No! it is better I change my device, 'and that I fall in love with this fame 'peerless princess. It shall be so; and 'certainly Heaven has inspired this 'thought into me for a blessing to my 'life, and for the glory of my memory! 'O thou beautiful Dulcinea del To-'boso, first sovereign lady of my soul, 'who now seest me submit myself again 'captive, do not complain of me! I had 'still been thine, hadst not thou obliged 'me to shake off thy yoke!' The hero of La Mancha, having thus resolved to yield himself a most humble slave to the rare perfections of Queen Zenobia, spent the rest of the night in forming projects worthy both of the person beloved, and of the lover.

When it was day, Sancho, being impatient to see his master again, came into the room, crying—'Up, Don 'Quixote, up! Knights-errant are very 'lazy to day: you went to roost last 'night with the poultry; and by this 'time the pots are skimmed. Come, 'rouze, master! Are you not weary of 'sleeping so long?'—'You upbraid me 'without reason, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote; 'I have not slept 'one wink all this night.'—'Perhaps 'you over eat yourself at supper,' quoth the squire. 'I am like you; for 'when I have eaten two or three pounds 'more than ordinary, I do not sleep so 'well as at other times.'—'Glutton!' cried Don Quixote, 'do you think 'every body crams as unreasonably as 'you do? If, alas! slumber closed not 'my eye-lids last night, it is not to be 'wondered at. True knights-errant 'are not born to rest: their nice feel-'ings touching the duties and de-'cencies of chivalry, always find them 'some matter of disquiet. You once 'beheld me, indignant of Dulcinea's 'scornfulness, resolutely burst my fet-'ters; and, revolting against the do-'minion of the ladies, fiercely assume 'the title of "The Loveless Knight!" 'This day you will behold me in a 'different situation: I will again offer 'incense on the altars of that irresistible 'god, who, as the poets say, dips the 'points of his arrows in gall. I mean, 'Sancho, that I will again love; for, 'besides that I am of a very gentle dis-'position, I am of opinion, that a mis-'tress is so essential a part of a knight-'errant, that I much fear blame for 'having remained thus long unen-'amoured.'—'I will not swear for it,' said the squire; 'for we ought not to 'swear at all; and the world often 'condemns that which it ought to 'praise. Mr. Curate is much found 'fault with for making his sermons 'too long; and yet he is never above 'two hours in the pulpit. But pray 'tell me, Sir, who is the lady you are 'resolved to love? Where is she?'—'She is in this palace,' answered Don Quixote; 'she is Queen Zenobia.'—'Out upon it!' replied Sancho, abruptly; 'what do you think to do with 'Madam Barbara Zenobia? What! 'I will warrant you would call upon 'her in your battles! Pox take me, 'an excellent confounded invocation! 'I would as soon call upon Antichrist! 'Take my advice for once, Sir, let us 'shake off that gypsey: let the scholar 'that ran away with her money become 'her knight, if he will; it is his busi-'ness, and none of ours; "since he has "got the child, let him rock it."'—'It 'is a strange thing,' answered Don Quixote, 'that you cannot beat it into 'your head that Queen Zenobia is en-'chanted! I have told you a hundred 'times, that, though to you she seems 'frightful, yet she is certainly the most 'beautiful princess in the world. Re-'member this, blockhead; and do not 'give me the trouble of repeating it to 'you again.'—'I am in the wrong, 'Sir! I am in the wrong!' quoth the squire. 'A plague on it! I always 'mind my own way of seeing, without 'thinking of yours. See what it is to 'have an ill habit! But, patience—'sure, after all, I shall mend at last, 'or never!'—'I have made choice, as 'I tell you,' replied the knight, 'of 'the Queen of the Amazons for my 'sovereign lady. My sole fear is, lest 'she be deeply in love with Hyperbo-'rean of the Floating-Islands, my ri-'val.'—'That is likely enough,' answered Sancho; 'for the princess is a 'lady that will exchange commodities 'with any one that pleases; that will 'stroke down a chin very dextrously, 'and drink bumpers. But I will say 'no more; for you will be sure to tell

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'me I did not see what I have seen; 'that my eyes are enchanted, and the 'rest of that usual story: however, 'God knows the truth of all things. 'But, to return to that Hyperborean of 'the island you talk of; if the queen's 'ladyship is in love with him, you must 'not take her for your mistress; you 'had better send her to those islands.' —'It is not certain she is in love with 'Hyperborean,' replied Don Quixote; 'but, though I knew it to be so, this 'would not hinder me from loving 'her. The laws of knight-errantry 'do not forbid loving a lady who is 'before engaged to another knight: 'and, though I tell you my fear that 'Hyperborean is beloved, do not ima- 'gine this apprehension is any trouble 'to me; I rather look upon it as a sa- 'tisfaction, since it furnishes an ex- 'cellent subject for my complaints. 'The knight who has no rival, never 'tastes the sweets of love: if he is con- 'vinced of his good fortune, his life 'is too uniform. Hope and despair 'ought to distract him by turns; jea- 'lousy, fear, and restlessness, must 'continually disturb his repose: nay, 'it is good he sometimes persuade 'himself that he is hated by his fair- 'one, since this may rouze him to per- 'form immortal actions. For myself, 'who am extremely delicate and sus- 'ceptible, I protest I should be sorry to 'enjoy Queen Zenobia's heart peace- 'ably. I have before me a perfect idea of 'what she will make me endure; and I 'warn you, when you hear me sigh and 'groan, that you approach not indis- 'creetly to interrupt me, under pre- 'tence of comfort; for, you must un- 'derstand, there is a secret pleasure in 'the fiercest pains of love, which ren- 'ders them delectable. I question 'not but Amadis de Gaule found a 'thousand sweets in the rigid penance 'he performed on the Poor Rock; and 'I can assure you that my soul was 'plunged in joy when I gave all those 'dangerous skips in Sierra Morena! 'Amorous torments possess abundance 'of charms for those knights who 'know truly how to love. One while 'I will take a lute from thy hands; 'and, playing on it more harmoniously 'than Orpheus, I will accompany it so 'sweetly, that it shall ravish the king 'and all his court; and, composing an 'hundred verses extempore, I will ex- 'press my anguish and secret sufferings 'so artfully, that no person, except 'my princess, shall understand one 'word. Another while, when I am 'sad, jealous, and in despair, I will 'leave, at night, the palace; and, re- 'tiring into the depth of some umbra- 'geous forest, will send forth cries of 'unutterable plaintiveness. To the 'trees and echoes I will proclaim it, 'that I am the most unfortunate of 'created beings, since my ingrate, 'more beautiful than Helen, prefers 'another knight before me. Then will 'I make the woods ring with my com- 'plaints, calling upon death to relieve 'me: then will I throw myself on the 'damp grass; and, giving loose to 'mortal affliction, will shed so many 'tears, and breathe out so many sighs, 'that I will faint away. In short, I 'shall be ready to give up the ghost; 'when the pitiful Aurora, having 'heard my doleful cries at the bottom 'of the waves, shall haste to open the 'sky-lights of day, and call me back 'to life. Then shall I start up nimbly, 'and discover one of the valiantest 'knights in the world, who comes in 'quest of me; and who, hearing of 'my name, shall have travelled from 'the farthest part of Tartary to fight 'me. I shall overcome him with much 'difficulty, and shall then return to 'the palace, covered with blood and 'wounds. Ah, Sancho! what a plea- 'sure, what a happiness, is this, to a 'knight truly amorous!'—'By my 'faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'if it be 'so great a happiness for a knight to 'despair, and not to be beloved by his 'lady, there was no need of forsaking 'Madam Dulcinea! She hated you as 'she did the devil; and she would have 'given you cause enough to hang 'yourself at last!'—'I would not have 'left her,' answered Don Quixote, 'though she repaid all my services with 'cruelty, but she plainly made it ap- 'pear that she despised me; and you 'must understand, my son, that con- 'tempt provokes a knight, and con- 'sequently extinguishes his passion; 'whereas cruelty, being no affront or 'provocation, he must be constant even 'to insensibility. Perianeus of Persia, 'that perfect model of unfortunate 'lovers, had never loved Florisbella so 'constantly, had she despised him; 'but, though she mortally hated that

'prince

'prince, she was so far from despising 'him, that she sometimes pitied his 'unhappy love, which paid him for all 'his sufferings with usury.'—'But, 'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'methinks, now 'you are in love with Madam Zenobia, the name of the Loveless Knight 'does not at all become you.'—'No, 'sure!' answered Don Quixote, 'I 'must change my name and device; 'and I will consider of it this moment.' —'Hold a little, Sir,' replied the squire: 'as I gave you the name of the Knight 'of the Sorrowful Aspect last year, 'so will I endeavour to find another 'for you now.' This said, he was silent; and, scratching his head, began to deliberate. Don Quixote was not idle; but, though he himself was readier than most others in conceits of this nature, Sancho was too quick for him, and cried—'By St. Crispin, I have hit 'the nail on the head! God take me, 'if a man has but a good memory, he 'may invent what he pleases! I have 'found one of the bravest names for a 'knight that ever was hatched. You 'must call yourself "The Knight of "the Robbers," in remembrance of 'him you ran through the back.'—'I 'do not like that name,' said Don Quixote; 'I will have one that may 'express the sentiments of my heart. 'You have not succeeded this time so 'well as you did the last, though you 'have taken more pains about it. I 'wonder how you could hit it off last 'year so exactly. This makes me 'think, that most curious inventions, 'most extraordinary discoveries, and 'most surprizing thoughts, in authors, 'are rather mere flights and accidental 'productions, than the work of much 'study and labour.'—'Well, then, 'Sir,' answered the squire, 'call your-'self "The Knight of the Enchanted "Lady," since Madam Zenobia is so. 'On my conscience, that is a rare name 'to be found off-hand! Is it not?'— 'That is not amiss,' replied Don Quixote; 'but I have a wonderful fancy 'come into my head, and which I think 'I must follow. I will cause Queen 'Zenobia to be painted on my buckler, 'extending to me one of her delicate 'hands, which I shall kiss amorously: 'around shall be pourtrayed divers 'little Cupids, some sporting and flut-'tering about my fair-one, and others 'binding me in chains. As for my 'name, I will take it from my buck-'ler, according to the usual practice of 'knights-errant, and will be called "The Knight of the Cupids:" a name 'I like the better, because it will make 'some amends for that I bear at pre-'sent.'—'Blessed Virgin!' quoth Sancho, 'where do you meet with all this? 'You must needs be a great scholar to 'contrive such a device. By my troth, 'I defy all the friars in Rome and Con-'stantinople to find out a better!'

CHAP. II.

WHICH CONTAINS AS MUCH FOLLY AS ANY OF THE REST.

WHILST the squire was extolling his master's device, Don Alvaro came into the room. 'Dear 'Tarfe,' cried Don Quixote, going forward to meet him, 'how infinitely 'am I obliged to you! Had it not been 'for you, I had transgressed the laws 'of knight errantry, and laid an eter-'nal blemish upon my reputation; but, 'God be praised! it is now out of 'danger; and, in compliance with our 'sacred rules, I am resolved to love 'the Queen of the Amazons. My 'name and my device will no longer 'offend your delicacy of sentiment; 'for, from henceforward, I will be 'called "The Knight of the Cupids." Thus saying, he proceeded to acquaint Don Alvaro in what manner he designed causing himself to be pourtrayed with Queen Zenobia on his buckler; which the Granadine highly approved of.— 'I am overjoyed,' said he to the knight, 'both that you are in love, and that 'you have made so good a choice. 'But, Don Quixote,' added he, 'will 'not you immediately wait on Queen 'Zenobia, and apprize her of your in-'tentions?'—'I shall take care how I 'do that,' answered the knight; 'a 'regular and discreet knight must not 'discover his passion so hastily. The 'gallant Don Brianel of Macedon did 'not declare his love till he had placed 'his mistress on the throne of Anti-'och; I therefore will conceal mine 'till I have disenchanted my princess, 'and caused her to be crowned Queen 'of the Island of Cyprus: yet, in the 'mean while, I may do all that belongs 'to an amorous knight. I will this

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'moment change my name and device.' —'You are in the right,' answered Don Alvaro; 'and a painter must be sent 'for with all expedition.' Thus speaking, he called one of his pages, and in his ear bade him go out and bring the first painter he could meet with. Whilst he was giving his orders, Don Carlos, the count, and another gentleman, came in. 'Don Alvaro,' said the count to the Granadine, 'Don Carlos and I 'have brought Don Pedro de Luna 'with us, and are come to dine with 'you; but it is on condition that the 'great Don Quixote and his peerless 'princess be pleased to sup at my house 'this night, where there are several 'beauteous ladies impatient to see them.' The knight having accepted of the invitation—'I was very well satisfied,' said Don Carlos, 'that Don Quixote 'would not deny the ladies such a favour; for, though he be resolved to 'stile himself the Loveless Knight, 'yet he is, nevertheless, the most ac-'complished cavalier in the world.'— 'Don Carlos,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, 'with your leave, my 'master is no longer "The Loveless "Knight;" he is now called "The "Knight of the Cupids;" for he is in 'love with Madam Zenobia.' Don Quixote confirmed his squire's report; and, whilst Don Carlos and the count were congratulating him on this happy alteration, the page, who had been sent to summon a painter returned. 'Well, 'have you found a painter?' said his master. 'I have, Sir,' answered the page; 'and I can assure you he is the best 'master in Spain at drawing from the 'life.'—'Such a one we would have,' quoth Don Alvaro; 'bid him come 'up.' The painter, who was instructed by the page, and had wit enough for a dauber, was accordingly introduced; and, when he had saluted the company—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'what is your 'will with me?'—'Sir,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'you must now exert the ut-'most of your art: you are to paint 'forthwith the matchless Don Quixote 'de la Mancha, who is here present, 'and his peerless mistress, who will 'soon appear.'—'Gentlemen,' answered the painter, 'you know it does 'not beseem a man to praise himself; 'I will not, therefore, expatiate on my 'own excellences; but content myself 'with telling you, that I draw like 'Michael Angelo, that I colour like 'Titian, and that I have all the graces 'of Raphael. I will exert my utmost 'endeavours to be called for the future "The Hero of La Mancha's Apelles." —'Gentlemen,' said the count, 'Don 'Quixote is fallen into good hands. 'I am acquainted with this famous 'painter, and can assure you his skill 'is not inferior to his modesty: he has 'such surprizing freedoms and ra-'pidity of pencil, that I dare under-'take he will, in three hours time, 'paint Don Quixote and Queen Zeno-'bia with all their adventures, which 'is no small piece of work.'—'That 'is most certain,' quoth the painter; 'and you need only put me upon the 'trial whensoever you please.'—'Don 'Quixote,' said Don Alvaro, 'you 'know these great men have no time 'to lose; we must send to desire Queen 'Zenobia's presence into this room, 'which is fitter for the purpose than 'her own.'—'Well, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'go see whether it be 'day with the queen, and tell her an 'excellent painter expects her here.'— 'Yes, yes, Sir!' answered the squire; 'I know where she lies, and I will go 'fetch her to rights presently.' He accordingly went and knocked at the chamber-door, crying—'Soho! Ma-'dam Zenobia! awake, if you please!' The princess, who had not spent the night like her lover, was then getting up. She knew the squire by his voice; and, opening the door, said—'My dear 'friend Sancho, is it you? What wind 'blew you hither this morning? Can 'I do you any service?'—'No, I thank 'God!' answered the squire; 'I only 'come to bid you dress yourself quick-'ly, and go down: there is a painter 'below that asks for you.'—'A pain-'ter!' cried Barbara; 'what would he 'have with me?'—'There is a great 'deal of news,' answered Sancho; 'my master has invented a new device, 'fit for the three kings of the east: he 'will have you and himself painted 'on his buckler, with other comical 'figures; and all this, because he fell 'in love with you last night.'—'It is 'impossible!' cried Barbara. 'Yes, 'faith!' quoth the squire; 'in spite of 'your scar, there is nothing more cer-'tain! You would never have thought 'it, I will warrant you: you are very 'fortunate to be mistress to such an

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'ancient knight as my master Don 'Quixote. Egad, when the scholar 'left you in the wood, and gave you 'so many kicks on the guts, you did 'not think it was for your good!'—'To tell you the truth, Sancho,' replied the tripewoman, 'I cannot believe all you say. Had your master 'fallen in love with me last night, he 'would have come himself and told 'me so.'—'Oh! you are out there,' quoth Sancho, 'knights-errant do not 'do like other men; they do not discover their secrets so soon. Before 'they come to that, they must play on 'the lute, they must sing, they must 'weep their belly-full, and must despair 'in the woods; and, in short, they begin by penance, which is quite contrary from others. But I will tell 'you no more; for my master Don 'Quixote will not have you know that 'he is in love with you as yet; and, 'since squires are not to blab what relates to their masters, I am glad I 'only let slip a word by the by. Dress 'yourself quickly, and follow me 'down.'

When Barbara was dressed, she went down; and the squire conducted her into the room where the company was assembled. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'here 'I bring you Queen Zenobia ready 'saddled and bridled.' Don Quixote, luckily, did not hear these words; for he was just then finishing the explication of his device to the painter. When every body had saluted the princess, the painter, looking round upon her, was so staggered, that our knight could not help seeing it; he therefore said to him—'Signior Painter, I perceive you 'are astonished at being unable to discover those divine beauties in the 'queen which I described to you: but 'you must understand this princess is 'enchanted, and consequently bears 'not her natural form. I desire you, 'therefore, to pourtray her, not as she 'now appears, but as she will be after 'her disenchantment. If you would 'draw a picture that shall admirably 'resemble her, you need but add to 'Venus's beauty the majesty and lofty 'air of Pallas, and you cannot err 'essentially.'—'Fear me not, Sir,' quoth the dauber; 'I will execute it 'charmingly. We draw such pictures 'every day: it is very seldom we draw 'the ladies as they really are.'—'Queen 'Zenobia,' said Don Quixote, 'needs 'not to be flattered; and, if you do not 'believe me, ask Don Alvaro; who, 'being dubbed a knight, possesses the 'same privilege that I do of beholding the queen as she is in reality.'—'On the word of a knight-errant,' replied the Granadine, 'she is a beautiful princess: her hair, which looks 'half black, half grey, is the most 'exquisite flaxen in the world; that 'wrinkled forehead is as smooth as 'glass; that scar appears like a rainbow; and, in short, her whole face is 'a wonder of nature. Happy, a thousand times happy, that knight who 'shall enjoy the bliss of expiring for 'love at the sight of her amiable little 'foot!'—'Nay, as for her little foot,' quoth Sancho, 'in troth, I will never 'allow of that! I have seen the princess's foot, and I do not think the 'great Turk has such another.'—'I 'grant you,' answered Don Alvaro, 'that the queen may have a very large 'foot; but it must be observed, that 'she, being an Amazon, cannot have 'been so tenderly bred as other princesses. She is an infanta enured to 'the most laborious exercises; and, in 'short, a heroine bred in the *corps de* '*garde*, and in the camp.'—'Besides,' said Don Carlos, 'that is rather a perfection than a fault; for there are local beauties; and I have been told 'that great feet are in as much request 'in Cappadocia as little ones are in 'Spain.'—'That may very well be,' quoth the painter; 'for nations differ 'in fancy: but, to return to Queen 'Zenobia, I must tell you the truth, 'that, being no knight-errant, she 'looks to me most dreadfully. Yet 'must I allow, that, even under this 'deformity, I can descry, methinks, 'something curious; though, indeed, 'so confusedly as to be scarce worth 'mentioning.' Barbara, a little nettled at this discourse, could not help putting in her word; and, with her ordinary simplicity, said—'Aye, gentlemen! I know I am now old and ugly; 'but I was not always so. I once had 'no grey hair, nor scar on my face; and 'in my younger days, as simply as I 'look here, I have received as many 'billet-doux as a lady-abbess: but every one that would, could not come at 'me. I was so reserved, that, of fifty 'scholars that courted me, I turned off

'almoſt half.' This artleſs declaration ſet the company a laughing; but Don Quixote, aſſuming a double portion of gravity, ſaid to them—'Reflect, gentlemen, I beſeech you, that the queen's intellects are diſordered, and that her preſent converſation is the effect of enchantment.—Come, Signior Painter, can you begin your work immediately?'—'I can, Sir,' replied the painter; 'I have all things in readineſs: but if you are deſirous that the portrait ſhould be extremely like, I muſt requeſt that Queen Zenobia will have the goodneſs to withdraw herſelf; for the ſight of her would ſpoil all. I muſt rely on my own imagination to furniſh me with features.'—'Well, gentlemen,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'let us then leave the artiſt here to his work, and go down to dinner, for I believe it is ready.' Upon this, they all quitted the room; and the painter, having ordered Don Quixote's buckler to be brought him, immediately fell to work.

CHAP. III.

WHICH OUGHT TO BE READ WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

DURING dinner, the company fell into a converſation upon the magnanimous adventures of our hero; in the courſe of which, the count, as in a ſort of tranſport, exclaimed—'Ah, Sirs! what a ſubject of admiration will this be to after-ages! With what amazement will they read the incredible account of ſuch heroick actions, provided ſome wiſe enchanter, a friend to Don Quixote, delivers them more faithfully than the Arab Cid Hamet Benengeli!'—'That author,' quoth Don Quixote, 'is my mortal enemy; and his work a ſeries of falſhoods.'—'Why, have you read it?' quoth Don Carlos.'—'I have ſeen it,' anſwered the knight; 'but I did not vouchſafe to read it through.'—'To ſpeak truly,' ſaid the count, 'he ridicules moſt of your actions: ſometimes he makes you take mills for giants, and ſometimes flocks of ſheep for armies. In ſhort, according to his account, you are a mere viſionary; and, if a man may credit him, there never were any enchanters nor knights-errant in the world, whatever the Palmerins and the Amadiſes can ſay to the contrary.'—'By this,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'you may perceive that he is a raſh writer, with whom nothing is ſacred or reſpectable; ſince he pays no regard to books of ſuch authenticity.'—'That is the thing for which I can never forgive him,' ſaid the count; but, laying this aſide, and allowing his work to be no better than a comick romance, I aſſure you it is very diverting; nay, I look upon it to be a maſter-piece in it's kind.'—'I cannot allow that,' ſaid Don Pedro de Luna: 'I have found ſeveral faults in it; for I have the misfortune of being unable to read without making my reflections; which is the reaſon I cannot laugh, as others do, at ſeveral things that are not coherent or judicious.'—'As for your part,' anſwered the count, 'I know you do not like theſe ſort of books; you delight only in ſerious works.'—'So far from it,' replied Don Pedro, 'that I am very fond of good raillery; and nothing diſpleaſes me more than the ſerious diſcourſes I frequently meet with in that book, and, for the moſt part, nothing to the purpoſe.'—'I admire the diverſity of taſtes,' ſaid the count; 'I know ſome who like no part of the work but thoſe very paſſages.'—'I am not of their opinion,' quoth Don Pedro: 'I would not have a comick romance ſtuffed with frigid diſſertations, and dull lectures on morality. Benengeli, with his leave, ſets up too much for a politician; he does not at all apprehend tiring the reader's patience. For inſtance; when he makes Don Quixote talk for an hour together of the uſe of arms and letters, what is all that to the purpoſe? On the contrary, how intolerably tedious is it: an effuſion of bad rhetorick, ſcarce worthy a ſchool-boy.'—'However,' ſaid the count, 'that very book is now all the diverſion of the town and court.'—'That does not ſave it,' quoth Don Pedro, 'from being full of faults in point of judgment, of contradictory adventures, and of defects in nature or probability: I will convince you of it whenever you pleaſe.'—'You will oblige me,' anſwered the count; 'for I muſt confeſs I have not

'observed any absurdity in it.'—'For 'my part,' said Don Carlos, 'I read 'it since I came to Madrid; but I was 'so wholly taken up with the base re-'flections I found in it against Don 'Quixote, that I did not mind any of 'the rest.'—'I have read it too,' quoth Don Alvaro; 'and I must own I formed 'the same judgment with Don Pedro. 'Methinks Benengeli makes his hero 'too much a moral philosopher: be-'sides, he has so little regard for pro-'bability; that is, nature and reason; 'that there is scarce an adventure in the 'whole work which has not some cir-'cumstance added to it that renders it 'impossible. Besides, I find he is too fond 'of making sport, and that he chuses 'rather to forget his characters, than 'to lose the opportunity of breaking a 'jest. This he does in some of his 'very first chapters, when he makes 'the peasant, who carries Don Quix-'ote home, exclaim—"Open your "gates to the valiant Valdovinos, and "the great Marquis of Mantua, who "come home sorely wounded from "the field, together with the Moor "Abindar-raez, who drags in capti-"vity the valorous——" I do not re-'collect the rest: I must confess, my 'memory is bad; for, though I have 'read these odd names several times, I 'cannot remember them so well as the 'peasant, who yet never heard them 'but once, and that confusedly, a-'midst abundance of mad talk.'—'Your remark here is very just,' said Don Carlos; 'the peasant ought to 'have murdered those names, which 'would have in no wise hurt the jest, 'and the character of a peasant would 'have been more closely adhered to,'—'The author commits the same fault 'again,' quoth Don Pedro de Luna, 'when Don Quixote and his squire 'discovered the fulling-mills: Sancho, 'in raillery, is made to repeat, word 'for word, all his master said to him 'the night before, when he resolved to 'try that dreadful adventure. Sure 'the peasants of Toboso must have 'excellent memories!'—'In troth,' quoth Sancho, 'the dog of an Arab 'lyed when he said so. How would 'the whelp have me repeat a long 'speech from one end to the other? 'How should I do it above all men, 'who could not remember one word 'of the letter my master Don Quixote 'wrote in Sierra Morena to Madam 'Dulcinea del Toboso; and yet he read 'it to me several times, that I might 'have it in my noddle, in case I hap-'pened to lose Cardenio's pocket-'book.'—'There, gentlemen,' said the count, 'you criticise without rea-'son: that passage must be taken in 'the most favourable sense; and though 'Benengeli says that Sancho repeated 'all his master spoke, word for word, it 'is plain he only meant the sense of it.'—'That is good,' answered Don Pe-dro; 'the author tells us an improba-'ble story, and you would lay the 'blame on the readers, as if they were 'bound to supply his defects, and to 'believe he did not mean as he says. 'But what do I talk of meaning? 'Does he not make Sancho use the 'very same words his master had done 'before? Let us not insist on those tri-'fles: let us proceed to the adventures.'—'Hold, gentlemen,' said Don Alva-ro; 'we must first examine the chapter, 'which gives an account how Don 'Quixote was knighted: it would not 'be proper to pass that over in silence. 'Don Quixote kneels down before the 'host, and begs he will knight him, 'that he may be capable of seeking 'adventures in all parts of the world, 'relieving the distressed, and punishing 'wicked persons, according to the 'laws of knight-errantry. Attend, 'I entreat you, to the host's answer. 'He commends Don Quixote for his 'noble resolution; observes, that he 'himself once followed that honour-'able exercise; and, to convince him, 'adds, that he has visited several parts 'of the world in quest of adventures, 'doing infinite mischief, courting wi-'dows without number, debauching 'damsels, ruining heirs, and, in short, 'making himself known at the bar of 'every tribunal in Spain. Pray, my 'lord, are not these jests very ill placed 'there, and wholly nonsensical? And 'would not such an account startle a 'man so well versed in the laws of 'knight-errantry as Don Quixote is? 'and yet Don Quixote takes no notice 'of it.'—'Benengeli is an impostor,' answered Don Quixote: 'the Castellain 'who knighted me said no such thing; 'and had he said it, I would never 'have received the glorious character 'of a knight-errant at his hands.'—'Since we are got into that chapter,'

said Don Carlos, 'pray, gentlemen, do 'not you admire the temper of the 'mule-drivers that were in the inn? 'Don Quixote wounds two of their 'companions dangerously; and they, 'in revenge, begin throwing of stones 'at him: the host bids them hold their 'hands; telling them that he is a mad-'man, and they presently give over. 'I fancy those people, when once pro-'voked, do not so easily hearken to 'reason.—Is it not true, friend San-'cho?'—'No truly, Don Carlos,' an-swered the squire, 'you need not break 'those people's heads to heat their 'blood; I am as well acquainted with 'those sparks as any man, and I can 'assure you they are very free of their 'cudgels.'

'Let us come to the adventures,' said Don Pedro; 'and, to begin with 'that of the Biscainer, I find one cir-'cumstance in it which perplexes me. 'The author says, that at the instant 'Don Quixote made at the Biscainer 'with his arm lifted up, the said Bis-'cainer snatched a cushion out of the 'coach, and made use of it instead of 'a buckler: I must confess I cannot 'comprehend that. I will grant it 'might not be so large as those gene-'rally used for the seats of coaches are, 'and that it was not made fast with 'leathern straps, as is usual; but still 'the ladies are sitting on it; the coach 'was full; Don Quixote pressed on: 'now how could he get out the cu-'shion in so short a time? I would 'fain clear up this, and endeavour, 'with the author, to make it appear 'possible, but I cannot do it.'—'And 'in the adventure of the Benedictines,' said Don Alvaro, 'can you con-'ceive in what manner they were able 'to tear off Sancho's beard, so as not 'to leave a hair behind them? But 'the count here will say, that Benen-'geli designed to make us laugh; and 'I must own that it is a very pleasant 'story.'—'You are wonderful at ob-'servation,' answered the count; 'if 'you have nothing more material to 'urge, you may be sure, that the 'merry companions, who laugh at it, 'will not side with you.'—'Have a 'little patience,' replied the Grana-dine: 'the author says, that Sancho 'was mounted on an ass, and had no 'sword; and in another place Don 'Quixote bids his squire be sure not to 'draw his sword to assist him, what-'ever danger he is in. Is not this a 'contradiction?'—'I grant it,' quoth the count; 'but these are very poor ob-'jections. Shew me one adventure 'which wants probability in the rela-'tion, and which contains any palpa-'ble contradictions or absurdities.'—'I will,' answered Don Pedro; 'it 'is easy to give you that satisfaction: 'for instance; let us examine the story 'of the galley-slaves; perhaps, we 'may there find very great want of 'judgment. "The chain of galley-"slaves," says Benengeli, "was con-"voyed by four men, two on horse-"back, and two on foot: the horse-"men were armed with firelocks, and "those on foot with swords and half-"pikes." We, who are acquainted 'with the Knight of La Mancha's 'strength and valour, must not won-'der that he should put these conduc-'tors of the slaves to flight; but I ad-'mire that the author, who describes 'him in old armour with a coat over 'it; a scurvy lance made of the bough 'of a tree, in his hand; a barber's ba-'son on his head; mounted on a very 'poor horse, and followed only by an 'unarmed peasant; did not take notice 'that, in such an equipage, Don Quix-'ote was little likely to frighten four 'men so well armed.'—'You are too 'nice,' said the count; 'this book 'was not intended to be so strictly 'examined, but merely for diversion.' —'It would be a pity,' answered Don Pedro, 'to give you a perfect work to 'read; and, if all the world were like 'you, it would be needless to take so 'much pains to write what is proper 'and judicious.'—'If you can find 'nothing else in the adventure,' said the count, 'to displease you, this over-'sight is not worth speaking of.'—'It 'will not come off so easily,' replied Don Pedro: 'the author says, "The "galley-slaves had chains about their "necks, and hand-bolts on their "wrists;" and he adds that, "Gines "de Passamonte had, over and above "all the rest, such a chain at his heels, "that it was wound about his body; "two collars round his neck, one of "which was made fast to the chain; "and the other had two irons fixed to "it which reached down to his waist, "fitted with a pair of hand-bolts, and "secured by two heavy padlocks; so

"that

" that he could neither lift his hands " to his mouth, nor bow down his " head to his hands." I cannot conceive how thoſe galley-ſlaves could knock off their chains ſo ſoon, and eſpecially Gines de Paſſamonte, who was loaded with ſo many irons and padlocks. I would fain know how ſuch a difficult matter was ſo expeditiouſly performed.—But you, Sancho, can clear up this buſineſs, ſince the author ſays it was by your aſſiſtance that Gines got looſe. Tell us, then, what art you employed, or rather what miracle you wrought, to compaſs it? What tools did you make uſe of? Had you any files?'—'Files!' quoth Sancho; 'by my troth, if all thoſe chains muſt have been filed, I ſhould have had work enough till Chriſtmas! I will be hanged, if a lock-ſmith, with all his tools, could have done it under a week!'—'Inform us how it was, then,' ſaid Don Pedro. 'I will tell you,' anſwered the ſquire, 'here before my maſter Don Quixote, who may diſprove me, if I do not ſpeak the truth. You muſt underſtand, that two of the galley-ſlaves, who were not ſo faſt as the reſt, contriving to break looſe whilſt my maſter attacked the commiſſary, began to throw ſtones at the other guards ſo thick and ſmartly, that they put them to flight: then they ſtripped the commiſſary; and, taking from him the keys of all thoſe padlocks, which he carried about him, they left him to follow his companions, and then we went into Sierra Morena, where, with the keys, we ſet looſe all the galley-ſlaves.'—'Sancho reports nothing but what is very true,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'all the ſlaves, except thoſe two he tells you of, were delivered from their irons in Sierra Morena; and eſpecially Gines de Paſſamonte, whom we had much ado to rid of his chains, though we were maſters of the keys.'—'The thing now carries probability with it,' replied Don Pedro: 'but Benengeli tells it after another manner; for firſt he acquaints us that the ſlaves were faſt bound, and then he ſays they got looſe, without ſhewing us how. There is ſtill another thing which does not ſeem likely in my opinion: he ſays that the galley-ſlaves gathered about Don Quixote, to liſten to a long ſpeech he made them; methinks, when they were once free, they ſhould have thought of nothing but making their eſcape. Do you imagine that men who ſtood in dread of the Holy Brotherhood, would wait ſo patiently to hear an harangue?'—'No, faith,' cried Sancho; 'but, with the Arab's leave, he lyed: I can aſſure you they had not the manners to hear my maſter out; for, as faſt as they were let looſe, they fled into the wood like ſo many bucks, ſo great was their fear of the Holy Brotherhood.'—'Since we are upon this adventure,' ſaid Don Alvaro, 'and I am ſo much concerned for every thing that relates to my friend Sancho, I would fain know of him whether the galley-ſlaves ſtole his cloak or not; for Benengeli argues on both ſides of the queſtion.—He ſays, friend Sancho, that you had made a wallet of your cloak, in which you carried the proviſions you had taken from the eccleſiaſticks who accompanied the dead body: this cloak, as it appears, you were plundered of by the galley-ſlaves; and yet, preſently afterwards, he tells us, that the proviſions your aſs carried had eſcaped untouched. What a contradiction this is!'—'Pox take him!' quoth Sancho, 'what a downright knave of an author is this, to blow hot and cold in the ſame breath! There is no doubt, gentlemen, but that, if the galley-ſlaves had got the leaſt ſcent of our proviſions, there had been an end of them; and, faith, my cloak is indebted a good candle to the church. However, I have it ſtill, in ſpite of all the Arabs that pretend to write hiſtories; and when I have worn it ten or twelve years longer, I will ſend it to my little daughter Sancha, to make her a wedding-jerkin.'—'Gentlemen, I admit your obſervations are good,' ſaid the count; 'yet, after all, you criticiſe upon trifles.'—'I grant it,' anſwered Don Alvaro; 'but what is it you would have us criticiſe? Is there any thing in the book but trifles?'—'Trifles!' replied the count; 'I will maintain there are in it very ſolid matters: though there were nothing but the curate's and barber's trial of Don Quixote's library, that ſurely muſt be allowed a piece of very pleaſant,

'sant, acute, and judicious criticism.' —'I allow it to be pleasant,' answered Don Pedro, 'but not acute: what acuteness is there in saying that one book is good, and another naught?' —'What do you say?' replied the count. 'The curate criticises upon each book separately, and applauds or condemns it with admirable taste and judgment.' — 'Right,' quoth Don Pedro, smiling; 'and, to make good what you say, I remember, that the barber, taking up a book, and opening it, says—"This is the "Mirror of Chivalry."'—"I have "the honour to be acquainted with "it," says the curate; "and, if my "advice may be followed, it shall only "be condemned to perpetual banish-"ment, because it has something of "Boyardo's invention, from whom the "chaste Ariosto borrowed his. As "for that Ariosto," adds the curate, "if I meet with him in any language "but his own, he must expect no "mercy. To say the truth, I have a "great esteem for him in his own lan-"guage."—"I have him in Italian," quoth the barber, "but I understand "him not."—"So much the better "for you," answers the curate; "it "is no great loss to you." Is this now the curate's wonderful judgment? He thinks Ariosto excellent in Italian, and yet he congratulates the barber for not understanding him. You see the curate contradicts himself; and I would not advise your boasting of his decisions any more: for my part, I make no great account of him; especially since he is so favourable to Galatea. He ought to have condemned her to the flames, if he would be thought an impartial and judicious critick.'

'Well, for all that, gentlemen,' quoth the count, 'Benengeli's Don Quixote is an incomparable book. All men of wit have approved of it; and you had best not make yourself singular.'—'I don't question it,' answered Don Pedro; 'few men are sincere enough to own themselves wrong, and that they made a false judgment on a piece of wit. This is the reason why many ancient authors still continue in vogue; none will disown their first sentiments.'—'I perceive,' quoth the count, 'you read these books with too much application; and I will warrant there is scarce one adventure in this book, but what you find defective somewhere. But at least own that the novels are excellent, and above your criticism.'—'I shall not own that,' answered Don Pedro; 'and you cannot but grant yourself, that the story of the shepherdess Marcella is of a tiresome length. Notwithstanding this, it contains no striking incident; and the whole of the affair is nothing but that the said Marcella had many lovers; that she rejected them all, and that her cruelty was the death of the shepherd Chrysostom. Nobody can help feeling the insipidity of that story. But now you talk of the amorous Chrysostom, pray let us say something of the fine verses that were read at his funeral.—What do you think of them, gentlemen? Have not they charmed you?' —'O, now you put me in mind of them,' cried Don Carlos, 'good God! they are—— but I will not say what, since they are under the count's protection.'—'Nay, as for the verses,' replied the count, 'I leave them to you. Benengeli is a very indifferent poet; I never much relished his verse. But, to return to the novels in Don Quixote, that of the Impertinent Curiosity pleases me.'—'It is well written,' quoth Don Pedro; 'but it is a detached piece, foisted in, and not to the purpose.'—'That is true,' answered the count: 'but you know there are sometimes digressions which are better than the books themselves.'—'No matter for that,' said Don Pedro; it is a fault; and Benengeli ought to have avoided it, which might easily have been done without great stretch of imagination. As for the story of the captive, and the beautiful Zorayda, it is too verbose; but that is the author's style. Let us on to that of Dorothea.'—'That is what I wish for,' quoth the count; I defy you to make the least criticism upon it.'—'There you are mistaken again,' replied Don Pedro. 'Do but hear me without prepossession. Dorothea tells her story to the curate and his company. She gives them a particular account of her misfortunes, in such terms as persuade them she is as full of affliction as her condition deserves. And yet, for all this, no sooner does the curate acquaint her that he designs to disguise the barber like a princess, in order to seduce Don

Quixote

'Quixote back to his village, but she, 'of her own accord, offers to play that 'part; assuring him that she can do it 'better than the barber. I would fain 'know of you, whether Dorothea, 'under all her misfortunes, was in a 'situation to take part in this comedy. 'When you would have me excuse the 'author for these errors in judgment, 'you put me in mind of the admirers 'of the old masters in painting. If 'you tell them, "Methinks the co-"louring of this piece is not good," 'they answer, That was not the ma-'ster's talent. "Aye," but say you 'again, "this attitude is forced; this "figure is ill fore shortened; the "picture has two different lights;" 'it is true, say they; but that is a 'licence they take; the greatest ma-'sters have done the same. Such 'pieces as this are not to be examined 'after this manner; we must consider 'the connexion, the whole together, 'and a sort of I know not what to 'call it, which is altogether divine.' —'There is no answering what you 'say,' replied Don Alvaro; 'and, to 'tell you my opinion of Dorothea's 'story, to me it seems almost all of it 'remote from probability. I cannot 'believe, that a young maid, genteelly 'bred, could have the courage and re-'solution to put on men's cloaths, and 'serve a peasant in a frightful moun-'tain: nor can I believe, that Doro-'thea could live three months with 'this peasant, without being discover-'ed. Though her beauty had not be-'trayed her, yet she had very long 'hair, and a great deal of it; and how 'could she hide it under her cap? 'Nor is this all; we never find any 'body talk all alone in a desart; much 'less, so loudly as to be heard thirty 'or forty paces off. And yet Doro-'thea does all this. She talks by her-'self in the wood; and the curate and 'his company, though at a great dis-'tance from her, do not lose a single 'word. That may pass in heroick ro-'mances, where such wonders are 'allowed of; but not in comick 'ones, where all the actions of life are 'to be naturally represented. I should 'never have done, should I tell you 'all that displeases me in this story.' —'And what do you think of Car-'denio's?' said the count. 'It has 'more of probability,' answered the Granadine. 'Cardenio does nothing 'but what is possible.'—'You are in 'the right,' quoth Don Pedro; 'his 'madness is well contrived, and ex-'cellently delineated. But, however, 'when I find all on a sudden that he is 'no longer mad, without any intima-'tion how he came by his wits again; 'that, indeed, is a wonder I do not un-'derstand. I see him perfectly fran-'tick as soon as Don Quixote talks to 'him of romances; and presently af-'ter, when he sees the comedy of the 'Princess Micomicona acted, and bears 'a part in it himself, he is not moved 'at all. Methinks the author ought 'to have taken some notice of this sud-'den change; for nothing had happen-'ed to Cardenio to restore him to his 'right senses: he had not yet found 'his Lucinda. On the contrary, Do-'rothea's adventures, the recital where-'of he had heard, and which bore great 'affinity to his own, should have ex-'cited violent commotion in him; 'and then, again, when he sees Don 'Ferdinand, his mortal enemy, and 'the cause of all his sufferings, should 'he not, in all probability, become ab-'solutely furious? What was it that 'had so perfectly cured him? I can-'not imagine why Benengeli forgot to 'give us an account of that. I am 'willing to forgive him all the imper-'tinent circumstances he generally 'thrusts into the relation of every ad-'venture, provided he does not omit 'those which are necessary.'—'Gen-'tlemen,' said the count, 'I am al-'most persuaded that you are in the 'right; and perceive that books with-'out faults are scarcer than I ima-'gined. I protest, from this time for-'ward, I will read witty books with 'more attention, and not give my ap-'probation so hastily.' The discourse being ended, they all arose from table, and adjourned up stairs to the painter. Sancho followed Don Alvaro's pages, and went to dinner with them.

CHAP. IV.

OF QUEEN ZENOBIA'S PICTURE, AND OF THE EXCITEMENT OF SANCHO'S LAUGHTER.

THE dauber had not been at work more than two hours, and yet he had laid about him with his pencil so lustily,

luſtily, that he had not only compleated Don Quixote and his Hacked-face princeſs, but all the little Cupids into the bargain. And, to ſay truth, the whole was as curiouſly executed as if it had been intended for an alehouſe ſign. The figures were all cripples: the knight of La Mancha had unfortunately one leg four times larger than the other; and, with reſpect to Queen Zenobia, beſides that her head hung hideouſly awry, her noſe, mouth, and chin, were in immediate contact. Her hair was magnificently frizzled; but in a ſtyle not ill ſuited to one of the Furies. The Cupids, indeed, were ſomewhat leſs deteſtable; but they bore up, in the form of garlands, long links of hog-puddings and ſauſages, knotted at proper diſtances with ſprigs of laurel; ornaments, which, in the painter's judgment, accorded, infinitely better than wreaths of flowers, with the tripe-woman of Alcala. The Granadine and his company, not expecting to find the princeſs's picture ſo richly decorated, had ſome difficulty to preſerve their ſerioufneſs of countenance. The artiſt himſelf was as well diſpoſed to laugh as any of them. 'Gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'I muſt requeſt you will examine my performance cloſely. I 'flatter myſelf it will not diſpleaſe 'you.'—'I am amazed,' anſwered Don Carlos, 'that you could perform 'ſo rarely in ſo ſhort a time.'—'You 'muſt not wonder at that,' replied the painter: 'when a man has ſo much li-'berty of thought allowed him, the 'execution coſts nothing. The bold-'eſt and moſt animated ſtrokes are for 'the moſt part the work of a moment. 'But, gentlemen, what ſay you to 'Don Quixote? Do you think I have 'expreſſed him with that noble mien, 'and that auſtere look, for which men 'reſpect and ladies love him?'—'You 'have certainly,' anſwered Don Carlos: 'and, indeed, ſeeing him thus 'armed at all points, and kneeling be-'fore the young and beautiful Zeno-'bia, a man might well take him for 'the god of war, making humble 'ſuit to the goddeſs Cytherea.'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'let us rather admire the portrait of the 'queen. How warm and freſh is that 'colouring! What a noble air in that 'head! How graceful is that face! I do 'not think that, among the antiquities 'of Rome, there is a piece of painting 'comparable to this portrait: it effaces 'Raphael's Galatea, the Medicean 'Venus, and even that of Titian him-'ſelf.—Yes, Signior Artiſt,' continued he, 'the vigour of your pencil has moſt 'happily realized every perfection the 'imagination can conceive.'—'Signior Don Quixote,' replied the painter, 'you having yourſelf aſſured me that 'the beauty of Queen Zenobia was un-'paralleled, I have combined all the 'peculiar excellences of the moſt cele-'brated princeſſes of antiquity to ex-'preſs it. I have given her the front 'of Helen, the mouth and noſe of Pe-'nelope, the chin of Andromache, 'Angelica's eyes, Niquea's complexion, 'and the neck of Dido.'—'By uniting 'all theſe,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'you 'have repreſented the queen, ſuch as 'ſhe will appear after that I have diſen-'chanted her.'—'God be praiſed!' replied the painter; 'but I pray you, how-'ever, to take notice of one thing: if 'the princeſs ſhould chance not to be ſo 'beautiful as I have drawn her, you 'ſhall anſwer for it yourſelf, ſince I 'took your word for it; and I declare I 'waſh my hands of that.'—'Do not 'trouble yourſelf,' replied Don Alvaro; 'you will never ſuffer any diſcredit upon 'that account. The Infanta of the 'Amazons, when diſenchanted, will 'be ſtill more beautiful than her pic-'ture; for ſhe will then be as charm-'ing as ſhe is now frightful.' As he finiſhed theſe words, the ſquire to the Knight of the Cupids entering the room—'Come hither, Sancho,' ſaid he, 'and tell us what you think of 'theſe pictures.' The ſquire drew near, and began to gaze on them with all his eyes; but, when he had ſurveyed all parts very attentively, the garlands ſo powerfully tickled his fancy, that he burſt into a roar of laughter. 'Friend 'Sancho,' quoth the count, 'may we 'know what it is you laugh at ſo 'heartily?' The ſquire made no anſwer; but laughed on, holding his ſides as if they would crack. 'Tell us, thou 'brute,' quoth Don Quixote, 'what it 'is thou laugheſt at ſo like a madman?'—'Pray, Sir, be not angry,' anſwered Sancho; 'I can aſſure you, at this time, 'I neither laugh at you, nor at the 'princeſs: it is at thoſe fancies the 'Cupids hold in their hands.'—'The 'garlands, you mean?' ſaid Don Quix-

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ote. 'What the devil is there in them 'so ridiculous as to cause this immo-'derate laughter?'—'By my troth, 'Sir,' answered the squire, 'there is my 'plaguy cheating sight come in play 'again! You will never guess at what I 'see. Faith, the enchanters are queer 'wags! Instead of those garlands you 'see, they look to me like black-pud-'dings and sausages!' These words made the company titter. 'Sancho, San-'cho!' cried Don Carlos, 'put on your 'spectacles. Can you then mistake 'the garlands of myrtle and laurel for 'black-puddings and sausages?'—'Nay, pray, Sir,' replied the squire, 'when a man is enchanted, he does 'not see as he would, I can assure you. 'If you should tell me they are gar-'lands ever so often, I cannot help it; 'for my part, I shall still see nothing 'but black-puddings; and puddings 'so well painted, that a body would 'think they could speak!'—'Gentle-'men,' said Don Quixote, 'I am glad 'you are witnesses yourselves of this 'surprizing prodigy. Now let Benen-'geli talk on, and say there are neither 'enchanters nor enchantments. Is it 'natural, that what to every one of us 'appears like garlands, should appear 'quite otherwise to my squire?' All the gentlemen allowed that Don Quix-ote was in the right, and began to make sport with Sancho's enchantment. The knight then desired his portmanteau might be brought, to bestow some du-cats on the dauber; but the generous artist, whom Don Alvaro had privately satisfied for his trouble, utterly refused pecuniary compensation; assuring Don Quixote that the honour of having painted the greatest knight and most beautiful princess in the world, was to him recompence sufficient. When night drew on, two coaches were made ready: the count and his brother-in-law went into one coach, together with Don Quixote and his lady; Don Al-varo, Don Pedro, and Sancho, got into the other; and all departed together for the count's house.

CHAP. V.

OF WHAT HAPPENED AT THE COUNT'S HOUSE; OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE BLACK SQUIRE; AND OF THE CONQUEST OF THE ISLAND OF FORCEMEAT-BALLS BY THE VALOUR OF SANCHO.

AS soon as the count came home, he led Don Quixote and Zenobia into his sister's apartment; where seve-ral ladies expected them with all the impatience natural to women who de-sign to divert themselves at their neigh-bour's cost. 'At length, ladies,' said the count to them, 'I have brought 'you hither the hero of La Mancha, 'that great and gallant knight, of 'whom you have been told so many 'wonders.' The ladies made their profound obeisance to Don Quixote, and received him in the most serious manner they were able; but, when they espied the scarified tripewoman, with her gaudy cloaths, her irregular shape, and weather-beaten physiognomy, they could not possibly withstand an object so ridiculous: they all burst out a laugh-ing; and this threw the gentlemen and pages into such a violent fit, that the Knight of the Cupids was not at all pleased with the harmony. It scandal-ized him so extremely, that, though he professed himself the most devoted ser-vant of the fair-sex, I cannot tell but he might have forgotten that profound respect which he naturally bore them, if Don Carlos, who was apprehensive of it, had not wisely said to him—'Don 'Quixote, you perceive these fair la-'dies have not been informed that 'Queen Zenobia is enchanted; and 'therefore form their judgment from 'external appearances.' The ladies, hearing these words, assumed serious countenances, and made their apologies to the knight; who told them, that the next day he intended to begin to main-tain the Queen of the Amazons beauty against all the knights of the court. 'But pray, Sir Knight,' said one of the ladies, 'had you not better delay 'this till the princess is disenchanted? 'Methinks she would then be in a 'better condition to make good the 'assertion?'—'No, Madam,' answered Don Quixote; 'for, after her disen-'chantment, she will appear so full of 'all sorts of perfections, that no knight 'will presume to maintain his mistress 'against her. The sight of her, like 'that of the peerless Niquea, will over-'come sense and reason; and I shall

'not then have the satisfaction of combating for her beauty; which, I can assure you, is a very poignant pleasure. I therefore lay hold on the present opportunity, whilst Queen Zenobia is in a condition that does not deprive me of the hopes of finding some knight who will combat me.'—'Nay, by my troth,' cried Sancho, 'let those knights come before us! My master Don Quixote will, by down-right dint of cuffs with his gauntlet, make them all own that Madam Zenobia outstrips all the court-ladies, as well as the mules.' This sudden flight set them all a laughing; and Don Carlos, to bring the squire's hand in, said to him—'Friend Sancho, with your master's leave, pray relate to these ladies all that has befallen you since you left Saragossa.'—'With all my heart,' quoth Sancho; 'for I am in very good humour to give the ladies any satisfaction.'—'Take heed, then,' said Don Quixote; 'speak with circumspection, and be not guilty of any extravagances.'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' replied the squire, 'I must tell your adventures! Let me alone; I will go talk like an apothecary; all my sentences shall be words.' Thus saying, he began the recital of his own and his master's adventures with such quaintness and volubility of language, as afforded infinite entertainment to the ladies. He had not yet finished, for he never gave over of his own accord, when a page entered the apartment, and announced aloud, that there attended in the anti-chamber a person extraordinarily habited, and blacker than the devil, who desired to speak with that company. 'Let him come in,' said the count; 'let us see what he is, and 'what he would have.' The door thereupon opened, and in came Don Carlos's secretary, disguised much after the same manner as when he personated the ambassador at Saragossa. His face was smeared with soot; he had on a long robe of black velvet; a tall cap adorned with feathers; great pendants at his ears; and about his neck a vast ruff, painted with all the colours in the rainbow, and embellished with several chains of gold and silver, to which hung a prodigious number of medals and steel-plates: he had no sword, but a great dagger hung by his side. When he entered, he did not pull off his cap; but, advancing into the middle of the apartment without paying deference to any body, he exclaimed—'Princes and princesses here 'present, you see here before you Halimet Salducian Micronsfa Morocco 'the Smoaky, tyrannical governor of 'the Island of the Forcemeat-Balls, 'discreet and only squire to the haughty 'giant Bramarbas Ironsides, King of 'Cyprus, overseer of his pleasures, &c. 'I come to seek the arrogant Knight 'of La Mancha.'—'Here he is!' cried Don Quixote; 'what would you have 'with him?'—'I come to tell you,' said the black squire, 'that my master 'is at present at Valladolid; where, in 'a tournament, he has slain above two 'hundred knights with a mace of steel, 'given him by his friend the Moorish 'enchanter, and which is the same the 'dreadful Giant Brumaleon formerly 'used, when in one battle he slew eight 'thousand knights-errant. He impatiently longs to knock out your 'brains; and he will do it whensoever 'you please.'—'Go back to your master,' answered Don Quixote; 'bid 'him repair to this town immediately! 'That wretch has too long sullied the 'light of the sun by his execrable life! 'Be gone without lingering; and tell 'him that he may appear before me 'with his fatal club, which I fear as 'little as Don Lucidanor of Thessaly 'did Grindalaso's!'—'Before I go 'back,' replied Morocco, 'I must be 'revenged of your squire Sancho Panza. I have been informed that he insolently vaunts himself to be a braver 'fellow than I: if he is in this company, I challenge him to single combat. I will tear his body into a thousand fragments, and cast them to be 'devoured by the birds of the air!'

Sancho making no answer to these threats, but rather seeming desirous to hide himself behind Don Quixote, the count said to him—'How now, Sancho! do not you answer these menaces?'—'I am not here at present!' quoth Sancho; 'let Mr. Morocco come 'another time, and perhaps I may be. 'He may knock at another door, for 'this is not like to be opened.'—'O 'are you there!' cried the black squire: 'you are a hen-hearted fellow to say 'you are not here.'—'And you are a 'woodcock;'

'woodcock,' answered Sancho, 'to 'say I am here, whether I will or no. 'By thunder and lightning, if you put 'me into a passion, and I once lay my 'talons on that hell-cook face, you 'may have cause to remember me the 'longest day you have to live! Take 'my word for it, drunkards do not 'like dry raisins. I do not love fool-'ing; "and when an old dog shews his "teeth, the best way is to keep off."— "Great talkers are commonly little "doers," answered Morocco; 'and I 'am mistaken if you accept of my 'challenge.'—'If he did not accept of 'it,' replied Don Quixote, 'would he 'be worthy to be my squire?—Chear 'up, Sancho; let these ladies see that 'you are not inferior in valour to any 'squire in the universe.'—'Very good, 'Sir!' quoth Sancho; 'I knew you 'would not forbear meddling in this 'business. Why the plague must I 'fight to humour every body? Was it 'for that I listed myself again in 'knight-errantry? No, marry! I came 'to be your squire, to receive my 'wages, and to look after Rozinante 'and your worship: and, after all, 'what do we get by our combats? 'Why, cracked crowns, battered jaws, 'and tossings in a blanket!'—'Well, 'then,' quoth the smoaky squire, 'since 'your valour is so mercenary, and you 'do not like fighting without profit, I 'will make a proposition, which I think 'ought to be very acceptable to you. 'If you overcome me, I will yield up 'to you the government of the Island 'of the Forcemeat Balls.' All the company approved of the prize; and Sancho, encouraged by the hopes of gaining it, said to the black squire— 'Master Morocco, upon those terms I 'am even content to fight you, pro-'vided it be not with a sword; for the 'devil is mischievous, and we may 'chance, when we least think of it, to 'run the point into our eyes.'—'That 'is to say,' cried Morocco, 'that you 'are afraid of a sword. Well, then, 'we will say no more of it; neither 'ought we to make use of it, because 'we are not yet dubbed knights.'— 'If so,' answered the Squire of La Mancha, 'we surely ought not to of-'fend against the laws of chivalry.'— 'Heaven forbid!' quoth the smoaky squire; 'I have observed them as in-'violably as I do my grandmother's in-'structions: and so we will endeavour, 'if you please, to satisfy ourselves with 'simple bayonets.'—'No, no!' cried Sancho, 'that will not do neither: bayo-'nets are too like swords; and ill acci-'dents may happen!'—'What weapons 'will you fight with, then?' said Moroc-co. 'What better weapons than our caps?' answered Sancho. 'We will stand 'at a good distance, and throw them 'at one another; and then it will be bad 'luck if we have much need of lint or 'plaisters when the combat is ended.' —'You do not mind what you said,' replied the black squire: 'people would 'think we were in jest; and we are not 'now talking of making sport, but of 'fighting in good earnest.'—'Stay till 'next winter,' quoth the Squire of La Mancha, 'and we will then pelt one 'another with snow-balls; or else let 'us now fall to fisticuffs.'—'Be it at 'fisticuffs,' answered Morocco; 'I am 'content our difference be so decided. 'The government of my island is well 'enough worth a bout at fisticuffs: 'but, before we come to blows, we 'must agree in all points, and settle 'the conditions of the combat. If I 'am overcome, as I told you, my island 'is yours; but, if I conquer you, I 'will shut you up in a tower, where 'you shall be allowed but a pound of 'bread a week.'—'If so, I am off 'again,' quoth Sancho. 'Why so, 'monster!' cried Don Quixote. 'Did 'you ever hear that the conditions of 'the combat hindered any from fight-'ing? Do not all men fight as if they 'were sure to overcome, without re-'garding the conditions, though ever 'so hard? It is a custom generally re-'ceived in knight-errantry.'—'So 'much the worse, Sir,' answered San-cho; "it is good to look before one "leaps." A man must think he may "lose when he sits down to play; but 'especially we, who have such dogged 'ill luck, that, for the most part, we 'come off but lamely. D'ye mark, 'Sir, though my hands are as good as 'another's, I can assure you I do not 'make too sure of the victory; and, 'for aught I know, the battle might 'end in the tower and the pound of 'bread: and then, hang me! I had 'rather the devil had taken the island, 'and all the governors it has had since

'the two thieves died!'—'Go to, fear 'nothing, my ſon,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'If you have the ill fortune to be over-'come, I ſwear to you, before all the 'princeſſes here preſent, that I will 'force the King of Cyprus to reſtore 'you to me ſafe and ſound! That ſhall 'be the firſt condition of my combat.' Sancho, encouraged by this promiſe, at length reſolved on action. Then the two ſquires divided the field of battle betwixt them; and, running together, began to give one another ſome hard bangs: but the victory did not long continue dubious, the Squire of La Mancha had ſoon the advantage; for the ſecretary, being a tender youth, was more ſenſible of the blows than his adverſary, who was ſtrong and hardy. Preferring, therefore, the ſurrender of his iſland to any additional pummelling, after enduring four or five ſound cuffs, he demanded a ceſſation; which being granted—'I perceive,' ſaid he, 'that the immortal gods favour my 'enemy. I was in hopes he would 'have fallen by my valour; and I 'thought to have kept him to a ſort of 'diet that would have brought him to 'a delicate ſhape; but, ſince the gods 'will have him to continue round and 'fat, that he may at laſt die of an 'apoplexy, it would be to no purpoſe 'to oppoſe the Divine Will. I there-'fore give over the battle, and confeſs 'myſelf conquered.'—'Then your 'iſland is mine?' cried Sancho. 'It 'belongs of right to you,' anſwered the black ſquire; 'and you may take 'poſſeſſion of it when you pleaſe: I 'only deſire time to remove my effects,' —'What the devil is the meaning of 'all this?' ſaid the victorious ſquire. 'Is an iſland then to be won at the firſt 'caſt of the dice? Does a man become 'a governor in the twinkling of an 'eye? Am I drunk or aſleep? I am 'ſenſible I have not ſupped yet, and 'that I have received ſome cuffs with 'the fiſt!'—'Be not ſurprized, ſon 'Sancho!' cried Don Quixote; 'iſlands 'and empires are gained no otherwiſe 'in knight-errantry. Do not you re-'member, when the hardſhips and fa-'tigues of this profeſſion cauſed you to 'murmur, that I uſed to bid you have 'patience, and that you would one day 'reap the fruits of your labour. The 'day is come at laſt; you are a gover-'nor! Now you cannot but own, that 'when knights promiſe their ſquires 'iſlands, they do not promiſe more 'than they can perform.'—'Nay, pray, 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'do not miſtake 'yourſelf: it was not you that gave me 'this government; I have earned it by 'my own induſtry, and you have con-'tributed nothing towards it, unleſs 'you mumbled over ſome ſhort prayer 'for my intention. But who the deuce 'would have thought that I ſhould 'make my fortune at fiſticuffs! I 'have given above a thouſand in my 'time that never turned to any more 'account than if I had thrown them 'into the water. I find by my hand 'a man muſt know on whom he be-'ſtows them: there lies all the cun-'ning. What was I the better the 'other night for giving the mule-dri-'ver two bangs? I was never the richer 'for it; but this bout I have thraſhed 'good corn. Come of it what will, 'Sancho Panza is a governor! Well, 'I will even make much of myſelf, 'tumble about the ducats with a ſho-'vel, and laugh at the ſhorn and ſhav-'en!' Theſe words he accompanied with the moſt extravagant tokens of exultation. Every one felicitated him on his conqueſt, and addreſſed him by no other title but—'My Lord Gover-'nor!'

When it was ſupper-time, and the company had adjourned into the room where the cloth was laid, the count ſaid to the ladies—'I believe, fair 'princeſſes, you will not refuſe our 'new governor Sancho to eat with us: 'you know we are bound to honour 'him; and it would not be good man-'ners to ſend him to eat with our ſer-'vants.'—'No, indeed!' anſwered one of the ladies; 'and, to honour him 'the more compleatly, I am of opi-'nion that he ſup apart with the moſt 'beautiful and the greateſt lady in 'company; I mean, the Queen of the 'Amazons: for all the ladies here 'know their inferiority too well to 'equal themſelves with ſuch a prin-'ceſs.' This contrivance was gene-rally approved of, eſpecially by the la-dies, who, though deſirous of keeping up the diverſion, yet could not endure ſuch a mean creature as Barbara ſhould ſit by them. Don Quixote took the thing as it was ſaid, and looked upon the

the preference they gave his tripe-woman, as a piece of justice they could not refuse her. A little table was brought accordingly, with two plates; which Sancho perceiving — 'Come, 'Madam Queen,' said he to Zenobia, 'let us sit down without any ceremo-'ny: we shall be better pleased to sup 'together than with all those gentle-'men and ladies; for we shall not be 'obliged to eat little bits, and to drink 'by rule and measure.' Barbara, though naturally impudent enough, could not but be a little out of countenance to see herself made the laughing-stock of the company: but she was not come so far to recant; and therefore, following Sancho's example, she sat down at the little table. Don Quixote, the gentlemen, and the ladies, placed themselves about the great one; and, when they were all seated, the black squire, who was still present, said to Don Quixote—'Farewel, Sir 'Knight! I am going back to Valla-'dolid, to carry my master your an-'swer.'—'Stay, Mr. Morocco,' cried Sancho; 'give me some account of my 'island before you go: I must be in-'formed how the people live there.'—'That is but reasonable,' answered the black squire: 'and, to satisfy your 'curiosity, I must tell you, in the first 'place, that learning flourishes in your 'island; there are great men, who un-'derstand Greek, Arabick, Hebrew, 'Syriack, and High-Dutch. There 'are rare astrologers; who, in the 'night-time, put on their spectacles to 'star-gaze, and know exactly when it 'is night and when it is day. There 'are curious persons, who have so far 'dived into nature, that they have 'discovered the secret of reducing four 'ounces of gold to two, and of con-'verting considerable revenues into 'smoak and coals. Besides, you have 'abundance of poets in your island, 'who write elegies, ballads, songs, 'sonnets, satires, rondeaus, and tra-'gedies in rhime.'—'As for the po-'ets,' said the squire of La Mancha, 'I will give them whole handfuls of 'gold and silver to write verses for me, 'I love them so dearly.'—'Take heed 'what you design to do,' said Don Quixote; 'be moderate in your pre-'sents: poets must be fed, but not fat-'tened; for wealth lays the Muses to 'sleep instead of rouzing them.'—'Sir,' replied the squire, 'when you 'are king of Cyprus, or emperor of 'Trabizond, you may do as you 'please: for my part, I will pay down 'upon the nail for what I bespeak, that 'it may not be said in my island that I 'do not give labourers their hire. I 'should be very sorry to get that ill 'name; governors have bad ones e-'nough besides: in short, had you paid 'the Arab who wrote your history, he 'would not have told so many foolish 'tales of you.'—'I do not value his 'impostures,' answered Don Quixote; 'they are too gross to make any im-'pression upon men of sense.'—'Ay, 'but, Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'you do not consider that if you re-'ward the poets, they will hide your 'faults, and will say nothing but the 'best of you.'—'Nay, faith,' quoth Sancho, 'I do not design to pay them 'for speaking ill of me!—By your 'talk, gentlemen, one would think 'that poets were never to write but to 'abuse folks. Why, pray, are they 'not bound, as well as others, to 'conceal their neighbours faults, ra-'ther than to scandalize them?' The ladies were wonderfully pleased with this discourse, and could not but admire Sancho's simplicity, and his master's judgment; for he reasoned with such propriety that it seemed incomprehensible how such a person could be the greatest madman in Spain. The new governor, whilst he satisfied his curiosity, failed not to stuff his carcase; and it was whimsical enough to see him, with his chaps crammed full, questioning the vanquished secretary. 'Mr. Morocco,' quoth he, 'pray tell 'us what sort of humoured women are 'they in my island? Are they always 'spinning or lace-weaving?'—'O 'no!' answered the black squire; 'they 'love their pleasure too well to take so 'much pains: they are not restrained 'as the fashion is in this country; they 'enjoy an unbounded liberty. But, 'to give them their due, they make 'very good use of it. Every body 'commends their behaviour: none but 'their husbands find fault with it.'—'Why do they complain?' quoth Sancho. 'Do not they find their dinner 'ready when they come home? Or do 'their wives look sour upon them?'—

'Quite

'Quite contrary,' replied Morocco; 'it is becauſe they find the cloth laid, 'and their wives in too good a humour; it is that vexes them. Madam's good-humour puts Maſter out 'of humour.'—'Thoſe are mere block-heads of huſbands,' cried the ſquire of La Mancha, 'to be angry at what 'they ought to be pleaſed with.'—'You are in the right,' replied the ſmoaky ſquire: 'and the worſt of it is, 'that theſe blockheaded huſbands have 'no more wit than to make their complaints to the courts of juſtice; and 'the judges are ſo barbarous as to lock 'up their wives.'—'Oh, ho!' quoth Sancho; 'then there are judges in my 'government, too?'—'That there are, 'I can aſſure you,' anſwered Morocco; 'and very learned ones: why they 'underſtand their buſineſs ſo well, that 'they try cauſes faſt aſleep; and, as 'faſt aſleep as they are, they know 'how to ruin whole families.'—'O 'the knaves!' cried our governor; 'do 'not they think they ſhall pay for it 'when they are dead?'—'Not at all,' ſaid the black ſquire; 'that does not 'at all diſturb their conſciences.'—'Nay, they are right,' quoth Sancho: 'after all, there is no great harm in 'that; for I have heard the prior of 'Toboſo ſay, that all the harm we do 'in our ſleep is forgiven us. And yet 'the families are nevertheleſs ruined. 'O thoſe curſed vermin of judges! 'Cannot I drive them all out of my 'iſland?'—'Why would you baniſh 'them?' quoth Don Carlos. 'Body 'o'me!' cried Sancho, 'do not you 'ſee the reaſon, as well as I? When I 'am grown rich with long governing 'in my government, thoſe ſparks need 'only fall a ſnoring, and my family 'goes to the dogs. By my faith, it is 'not worth while to lie whole nights 'in woods, to endure heat and cold, 'and to dance in a blanket, to gain 'iſlands, if the governors muſt walk 'out again with only a ſtaff in their 'hand! Who the devil would deſire 'to be a governor at that rate? I am 'ſure my aſs would not.'—'Mr. Governor,' ſaid the black ſquire, 'you 'put yourſelf into a heat without 'cauſe: the governor is above all the 'judges. Whatever wealth he has, 'and howſoever he got it, he is only 'accountable in the other world; and 'the judges cannot take one farthing 'from him, though they ſnored all the 'days of their life.'—'Why did not 'you tell me ſo, then?' anſwered the ſquire of La Mancha: 'provided the 'judges and I have no controverſy, 'we ſhall agree well enough. Diamond cuts diamond. They need 'only let me govern as I pleaſe, and 'I will let them ſnore their belly-full.' The count's ſiſter, who had not ſpoken before, ſaid—'Mr. Governor, I do 'not hear you aſk whether there are 'any phyſicians in your iſland.'—'Aye, faith,' quoth Sancho, 'I had 'like to have forgot the beſt!—Tell 'me, Mr. Morocco, whether there 'are any good phyſicians in my government, for I ſhall want them 'to trim my beard and hair.'—'I expected you would aſk this queſtion,' anſwered the black ſquire: 'I can aſ'ſure you it is a pleaſure to be ſick in 'your iſland. The phyſicians there 'are all Machaons, Eſculapius's, and 'Galens. There is one of them has 'moſt divine medicines, and talks like 'an oracle of all diſtempers: I muſt 'needs tell you a wonderful cure of 'his. A preſident falling one day in'to a pleuriſy as he was giving judg'ment, ſix phyſicians were ſent for: 'this wonderful man was one of them. 'They ſaw the patient; preſcribed 'their medicines; he took them all; 'his diſtemper encreaſed; and he was 'at death's door. Well, what came 'of it? Five of the phyſicians gave 'him over; and concluded, he would 'not outlive Sunday. Our great man 'was left alone; and, by his wonder'ful ſkill, the preſident did not die till 'Monday.'—'Pox take it!' quoth Sancho, 'you have made a fool of me 'here: I would have ſworn that great 'phyſician had quite cured the preſi'dent.'—'Nay, that is another mat'ter,' ſaid Morocco. 'God take me! 'if the phyſicians could work ſuch 'cures as thoſe, I would never make a 'jeſt again of their bad medicines, nor 'their good Latin.' Sancho put ſeveral other queſtions to the ſecretary; which the wiſe Aliſolan does not mention in his memoirs, perhaps becauſe he did not know them; or elſe it may be becauſe he did not think them fit to be inſerted in ſuch a grave hiſtory as the preſent.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE RESOLUTION THAT WAS TAKEN CONCERNING QUEEN ZENOBIA, UNKNOWN TO DON QUIXOTE, AND OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE SERENADE.

WHEN the company had supped, the black squire disappeared, and the ladies drew round the Amazon princess, being desirous to hear her talk a little. 'Madam Queen Zenobia,' said the count's sister, 'pray inform us why you are so silent: you have not spoken one word all this supper-time. Is your enchantment the cause of it? Or do the Amazons use to eat like Carthusians?'—'Madam,' quoth Barbara, 'when I am among people of my own rank, I talk as well as another; but little ones must be silent before the great ones; for I have always heard it said, that the best thing a mean person can say, is not so good as the worst that comes from quality.'—'By my faith,' cried Don Carlos, 'the princess is in the right! A scurvy pun, or an old quibble from a great lord, is admired; when at the same time keen wit in an ordinary man is not taken notice of.'—'That is true,' said Don Pedro de Luna; 'it fares with great lords and indifferent people, just as it does with ancient and modern authors: every line the ancients have written is cried up, and their very faults pass for beauties; all the moderns write is damned, and their beauties are looked upon as faults.'—'Gentlemen,' said Don Carlos's sister, 'pray let us lay aside morality, if you please. Will you allow us the liberty to talk awhile with Queen Zenobia in private? We have something of moment to say to her.' The gentlemen immediately retired, with Don Quixote and Sancho, to the other end of the apartment, where they fell into discourse concerning Bramarbas. The ladies then desired Barbara to give them an account of her misfortunes, which she did in such language as was sufficiently entertaining. After they had amused themselves long enough with the poor creature, they began to pity her; and the count's sister, being charitably inclined, said to her—'Well, good woman, by what you have told us, we find you are like the players, who wish the play over that they may go and receive their money. I perceive you only wait for the fifty ducats which Don Quixote has promised you, and you will go back to Alcala; and, it being the same thing to you whether you have them from him, or from another, I will give them to you this moment, upon condition you will be gone to-morrow morning, before Don Quixote or Sancho are awake.'—'I desire no better,' quoth Barbara; 'for, though I have been a queen but five or six days, I can assure you I am as weary of it, as if I had been so all the days of my life. All heads will not fit one cap, I find. I am fitter to fry tripe for the scholars of our university, than to come to court to strut and trick myself out among the gentry.' As Barbara spoke thus, the count's sister took out her purse; and, putting it into the other's hand, without being seen by Don Quixote, or his squire, said to her—'Here, good woman, there are sixty ducats in it; I give them you; but be sure you be gone to-morrow morning.'—'I promise you I will, Madam,' answered Hacked-Face, 'and that is enough; for, God be praised! I was never worse than my word to any body.' The count's sister then beckoned Don Alvaro, and told him the agreement she had made with Zenobia. The Granadine, who was not at all sorry to get rid of her, undertook to manage her departure. The time now growing late, Don Pedro, the count, and Don Carlos, escorted home those ladies who did not belong to the house; whilst Don Alvaro, in another carriage, accompanied Zenobia, Don Quixote, and Sancho. They were not above half way on their road, when they heard a confused sound of guitars and theorboes. They stopped the coach, to discover what it meant; and, looking out at the windows, that they might listen the better, distinctly heard the following words sung by a tolerably good voice, and pleasingly accompanied—

'THE God of Love forsakes the skies,
'In my poor breast to fix his reign,
'And takes his station in your eyes;
'Thus rend'ring all resistance vain.

'Like

'Like Venus proud, like Venus fair,
'You've all her conqu'ring arts and charms;
'He'd take you for her by your air,
'But that you're proof against his arms.'

When the gentleman had done singing, the instruments ceased, which made the Granadine and the knight conclude that the serenade was ended. 'It is pity,' said Don Alvaro, 'that 'we came so late, and missed of the 'beginning. This was a good con-'cert, and well performed.'—'Truly,' answered Don Quixote, 'the musick 'was excellently fitted to the words, 'which are gallant and sprightly, and 'have the true spirit of the ancients.' —'Let us listen a while,' quoth Tarfe; 'I hear the instruments tuning: they 'will sing again.' Accordingly, the same voice began again as follows—

'Arm'd as you are with chilling frowns,
'New love those very frowns inspire;
'The fairest form that nature owns,
'We cannot, sure, too much admire.'

'The fairest form that nature owns!' cried Don Quixote, in a fury. 'What 'then will become of Queen Zeno-'bia?' As he uttered these words, he threw open the coach-door; and, leaping out, in spite of Don Alvaro's efforts to hold him, drew his sword, and ran at the serenaders. 'Where is 'that rash man,' cried he, 'who dares 'say his mistress is the fairest form that 'nature owns? Know, knight, there 'is not a princess in the world compa-'rable with Queen Zenobia, who is 'the phœnix of beauty, and the most 'perfect work of nature, since her so-'vereign power has made me her cap-'tive, and subdued all the faculties of 'my soul by her royal perfections! 'Grant then, that your lady is infe-'rior to her, or expect to receive the 'punishment due to your presump-'tion!' This extraordinary salutation, and the furious gestures of him who uttered it, filled the hearts of the musicians with terror, insomuch that the whole band, who came not thither with any stomachs to fighting, took to their heels, and made off with their guittars and theorboes as expeditiously as possible. The gentleman who gave the serenade was left alone; and, heedless of the mad language he had just heard, drew his sword. He was too much concerned at the disappointment of his concert, to parley with our knight, and was just going to thrust at him, when he perceived that Don Quixote, instead of standing upon his guard, made up close, with his arm lifted up, to cleave him down; and therefore he thought better to fight retiring; but, at the same time that he warded off the cuts, he made such home-thrusts, that, had not the knight been in armour, he had soon put a final period to all his adventures. Don Alvaro, who had followed Don Quixote, did all he could to part them, but in vain. At length, the knight of the serenade, perceiving he made so many home-thrusts to no purpose, and that his sword met with resistance, cried out—'Coward, thou 'art certainly in armour, or I had long 'since reached thy heart!' Don Quixote, hearing these words, stopped short, and answered—'Why, then, have you, 'knight, indiscreetly left your armour 'behind you? Truly, I thought you 'were in armour as well as myself: the 'darkness of the night may excuse me. 'Stay, I will disarm; and we will 'then put an end to our combat, ac-'cording to the rules of chivalry. 'Don Quixote de la Mancha never 'yet fought with odds! I should be 'ashamed of victory, were it gained 'by any other means than by my va-'lour.' The serenading gentleman, hearing the name of Don Quixote, was a little startled; and asked the Granadine, whether that was really the same Don Quixote de la Mancha whose history was then so much in vogue: 'It is himself in person,' answered Don Alvaro; 'the very true original: 'he is come to the court of Spain, 'there to defend Queen Zenobia's 'beauty, for he is fallen in love with 'it: and, therefore, you must not 'think it strange if he cannot endure 'to hear your lady stiled the most 'beautiful object in nature; for, 'though you only asserted this in sing-'ing, you know very well that knights-'errant will not allow of such songs.' —'Nay, since it is Don Quixote de la 'Mancha,' said the serenader, 'I for-'give him for spoiling my concert, 'which I should not easily do to ano-'ther.'—'That is not enough,' answered Don Quixote; 'you must own 'that Queen Zenobia is a more ac-'complished beauty than your lady.'—

'I am

'I am content,' replied the serenading gentleman; 'but then you must grant 'that, next to your mistress, mine 'outdoes all the ladies in the world: 'that will satisfy us both.'—'What 'you require of me is very extraordinary,' said Don Quixote; 'but no 'matter, I may grant that without 'any offence to my princess: besides, 'since you durst fight me without armour, I take you for one of the most 'valiant knights in the universe; and 'consequently your mistress must be 'surprizingly beautiful. And therefore, in honour to your extraordinary 'valour, I admit that your lady is the 'most beautiful person in the world, 'next to Queen Zenobia, who is beyond all comparison or parallel.'—'And I, in return, confess,' answered the serenader, 'that my mistress is not 'so beautiful as Queen Zenobia, to 'whom I wish all happiness, though 'I have not the honour to know her.' After this reciprocal acknowledgment, the swords were put up, and several compliments passed betwixt them; the serenading knight then went home; and Don Quixote and the Granadine, returning to the coach, did the same.

CHAP. VII.

OF QUEEN ZENOBIA'S DEPARTURE, AND DON FERDINAND DE PERALTA'S ARRIVAL AT MADRID.

THE bright Aurora was now emerging from her watery bed, and her radiance had already dispelled the darkness of the night, when the beautiful Queen of the Amazons arose; impatient to return into her own country to fry tripe. Whilst she was dressing, Don Alvaro came himself in his night-gown to acquaint her that it was time to depart. She went down into the court; where, finding her mule ready, she mounted, and set out for Alcala, before Don Quixote and his squire were awake.—O unfortunate Knight of the Cupids! where are your thoughts at this moment? Whilst you indolently resign yourself to slumber, inconstant and cruel fortune robs you of the dear object of your desires! What affliction awaits your arouzing! What desperation will be your destiny! Less did the inconsolable Menelaus bewail the heart-breaking departure of his Helen, than you will that of your transmographied princess! Don Alvaro, having dispatched the Amazon, retired to bed again; and, after resting some hours, sent to acquaint Don Carlos, the count, and Don Pedro, that he waited to regale them with a new scene of pleasantry. They did not long delay their appearance. When they arrived—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you must understand that Barbara is 'departed; I sent her off privately this 'morning. We shall now see our 'knight-errant in a rare agitation; I 'am confident he must be vastly di'verting.' He had scarce spoken these words before he espied Sancho coming from his master's chamber. 'Good'morrow, Mr. Governor,' said he, 'what news have you for us? How 'fares Don Quixote to-day?'—'He is 'very well,' answered the squire; 'and, 'by the same token, designs this day, 'after dinner, to defend Madam Zenobia's beauty before the court. He 'says that there shall be a high pillar 'raised in the Great Square, to which 'the queen's picture shall hang; and 'then there shall be a challenge posted 'up, and then this thing, and then the 'other thing——but hold, gentlemen, 'here he comes: he will tell you the rest 'himself; for I am going to the kitchen 'to find out the little limping cook, my 'very good friend, who waits to give 'me my breakfast.' The gentlemen saluted Don Quixote; and, when he had returned their salute, he said—'Gentlemen, I came to ask Don Alvaro's advice; but, since I find you 'here, I will consult with you all. I 'know not whither I ought to begin 'the maintainance of Queen Zenobia's 'beauty this very day, or whether I 'had better stay till I have overcome 'the King of Cyprus. Pray, give me 'your opinion upon this?' The gentlemen consulted together; and, contrary to the custom of most consultations, were all of one mind; to wit, that Bramarbas ought to be subdued prior to any other consideration. Whilst they were giving the reasons for their opinion, one of the Granadine's pages came and told Don Pedro, that a young gentleman, whose name was Don Cæsar, enquired for him. 'Gentlemen,' said Don Pedro, 'I beg leave to bring

'you acquainted with this young man, 'who is my pupil in military matters: 'the king has given him a post under 'me at the head of his army against 'the Moors; and at two and twenty 'years of age he is a general officer, 'and has gained the reputation of an 'excellent commander.—Don Alvaro, 'will you give me leave to introduce 'him?' Tarfe declared he should be proud of his acquaintance; and Don Cæsar was accordingly shewn into the apartment. Having embraced all the gentlemen, he at last went up to the knight; and, opening his arms to receive him—'Don Quixote,' quoth he, 'I 'am heartily glad to see you!'—'How 'now, Don Cæsar,' cried Don Pedro, 'are you acquainted with the 'knight of La Mancha?'—'Acquaint-'ed with him!' replied Don Cæsar; 'I owe him the greatest obligations in 'the world. It is not above two days 'since he saved my life; and to him 'also I am indebted for the discovery 'of my origin, which, otherwise, per-'haps, I might have remained in igno-'rance of for ever.' Don Quixote, observing Don Pedro surprized at these words, said to him—'Yes, Don Pe-'dro, it was I who had the good for-'tune to prevent the fatal stroke which a 'murderer aimed at this young gen-'tleman, whom you are no longer to 'call Don Cæsar, but Don Ferdinand 'de Peralta, as being brother to the 'beautiful Engracia, and son to the un-'fortunate Don Ferdinand, who pe-'rished in the mighty fleet which King 'Philip fitted out against England.'—'O Heavens!' cried Don Pedro, 'what 'is this you tell us, Don Quixote?' 'Is it possible, that this young peasant, 'to whom I have been a father, is of 'the illustrious family of the Peral-'tas? and that we can no longer ac-'cuse Heaven of having denied noble 'birth to one whose valour and con-'duct so well merited it?—But, pray,' added he, turning to Don Cæsar, 'tell 'us how you came to discover your 'origin? My friendship requires this 'relation of you; and it will be a great 'satisfaction to all the gentlemen pre-'sent.' Hereupon Don Ferdinand related the adventure of the robbers; the discoveries made by him whom Don Quixote had wounded; the history of Engracia; and, finally, all that passed at Torresva. The company listened to him with great attention; and, when he had ended, began to ask some other questions. Some desired to learn who it was that wounded Don Christopher; and Don Quixote, as the avenger of forsaken damsels, demanded tidings of Engracia. 'Inform me, I beseech you, 'Don Ferdinand,' quoth he, 'has Don 'Christopher done justice to your sister? 'I would fain know, likewise, whe-'ther you have put a stop to the indis-'soluble engagement which that cava-'lier was about to contract with Donna 'Anna de Montoya. I remember, 'when your uncle Don Diego de Pe-'ralta mentioned that marriage to you, 'you appeared greatly agitated; and, 'if I mistake not, love had as great 'a share in your disorder as honour.' —'You are not mistaken, Sir Knight,' replied Don Ferdinand; 'I have been 'long in love with that lady.'—'Good 'God!' cried Don Pedro, 'what do 'I hear? How can I learn so many 'surprizing accidents in one day?—'Could you be in love, Don Ferdi-'nand, with the daughter of Don Ber-'trand de Montoya, my intimate 'friend, and conceal your passion from 'me?'—'Do not take it ill of me,' answered Don Ferdinand; 'the thought 'that I was son to Mary Ximenez quite 'overwhelmed me; I judged that I 'could never sufficiently conceal so 'presumptuous a passion, and that you 'would be the first to condemn me.'—'No, no,' replied Don Pedro; 'I should 'not have condemned you. Though 'you were the son of a peasant, con-'sidering the extraordinary valour you 'displayed in Flanders, Don Bertrand 'might well have given you his daugh-'ter without any degradation. There 'is nothing, I must say, above your 'merits.' This extraordinary commendation from a person of Don Pedro's character, highly prejudiced the count, Don Carlos, and the Granadine, in favour of the youthful Ferdinand. They besought him to recount the history of his life; and Don Quixote, touched with the same curiosity, seconded their request. Don Ferdinand yielded to their entreaty; and, seeing them all seated, and ready to listen to him, he began his relation in these terms.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF DON FERDINAND DE PERALTA.

'THE ruffian, who murdered my 'nurſe, having, as I told you, 'left me at Torreſva, under the care 'of Mary Ximenez; that good wo- 'man, as ſhe continued to ſuckle me, 'conceived for me, inſenſibly, a real af- 'fection. Far from deſiring any re- 'ward for nurſing me, her chief fear 'was leſt I ſhould be taken out of her 'hands by my parents. She therefore 'gave out that I was her own ſon, and 'bred me up in the ſame belief; ſo that, 'except ſome few particular perſons 'who knew her family, and whom ſhe 'had earneſtly entreated to keep the 'ſecret, all the village was under the 'ſame error. As ſhe was ignorant of 'my real name, ſhe gave me that of a 'ſon ſhe had loſt: this, perhaps, ſhe 'did to deceive herſelf; that, if poſſible, 'ſhe might bring herſelf to credit the 'impoſition ſhe practiſed upon others. 'But whatever ſhe could do to debaſe 'my ſpirit to her own condition, and 'to breed me up a peaſant, nature was 'above all her endeavours; and my 'generous inclinations diſcovered the 'nobility of my birth. I was better 'pleaſed to ſee a ſword than a ſhep- 'herd's hook. In ſhort, I hated all 'country employments; and by the 'time I attained the age of fourteen 'years, feeling myſelf utterly impa- 'tient of ſuch a deſpicable way of life, 'I reſolved to run away from Mary 'Ximenez, and to wipe off the meanneſs 'of my birth by my courage in the 'army. Accordingly, I left the vil- 'lage privately one night, and went 'away to Alcala; where, the better 'to elude the ſearch of Mary Ximenez, 'I changed the name of Antony, which 'I then bore, for that of Cæſar. I 'made choice of this name, becauſe 'I had often heard the villagers, when 'talking of any brave man, ſay that 'he was another Cæſar. At Alcala 'I was informed that a gentleman '(being this ſame Don Pedro de Lu- 'na) was raiſing a regiment, and was 'lately come to the town to make levies 'there. I laid hold of the opportunity; 'I offered myſelf to him; and, in the 'beſt manner my years and education 'would permit, ſignified the earneſt 'deſire I had to enter into the ſervice; 'which I did in ſuch a manner that he 'could not help noticing it. He liked 'my looks and reſolution, and took a 'great fancy to me; but being yet too 'young to ſerve, he would not carry 'me with him into Flanders, whither 'his regiment was commanded. He 'left me with his brother at Alcala 'to accompany his nephew Don Chriſ- 'topher, who was then about my age; 'and ordered me to be brought up with 'him. My country garb was now 'taken away from me; and I was 'taught every thing that young gen- 'tlemen learn, as if I had been his 'equal. Our maſters were aſtoniſhed 'to ſee me advance ſo faſt in my exer- 'ciſes. But I ſhewed the greateſt abi- 'lity in riding, and fencing; and know- 'ing how neceſſary it was for a ſol- 'dier to underſtand fortification, I 'applied myſelf earneſtly to that ſtudy. 'I ſoon became a new man, and forgot 'all my country behaviour; ſuch is 'the force of education in youth. 'Every body loved me; for I laboured 'to behave with courteſy and polite- 'neſs to every body, that I might make 'ſome amends for the meanneſs of my 'birth. Above all, I paid great re- 'ſpect to Don Chriſtopher, as nephew to 'the perſon to whom I owed all my pre- 'ſent proſpects. And, I muſt ſay this in 'praiſe of him, that, young as he was, 'inſtead of taking upon him, or im- 'proving the obligations I owed him 'to his own advantage, he loved me ſo 'entirely, that all things were in com- 'mon between us. He was never ſa- 'tiſfied unleſs we were together; he 'made me ſhare in all his pleaſures, 'and divided with me all the little mo- 'ney he had to diſpoſe of at that age. 'I muſt in juſtice add alſo, that not- 'withſtanding the emulation we felt in 'our youthful exerciſes, he never 'ſhewed the leaſt ſymptom of envy or 'diſpleaſure, if the ſuperiority, as 'ſometimes was the caſe, chanced to be 'on my ſide.

'Eager as I was to be gone to Flan- 'ders to Don Pedro, I was forced to 'ſpend three years to perfect myſelf 'in my exerciſes. Then I was de- 'tained no longer, but fitted out for 'the army. Don Chriſtopher would 'fain have gone with me, and aſked 'leave of his father Don Louis de Lu-

'na; but the good old man, who de-
'signed to diſpoſe of him otherwiſe,
'would not grant it. Don Chriſto-
'pher and I were forced to part: we
'both wept; but he more eſpecially, as
'the obſtruction his thirſt of glory
'met with from his father, mortified
'him ſorely. I went away to Cadiz,
'where I embarked with ſome gentle-
'men of Andaluſia, who were going
'to ſerve under the Archduke Albert,
'called the Cardinal Infante; who was
'at that time governor of the Catho-
'lick Low Countries for the King of
'Spain. At Dunkirk I was informed
'that Don Pedro was then with his
'regiment in garriſon at Antwerp,
'whither I went with all poſſible ex-
'pedition. He was glad to ſee me;
'and courteouſly told me that, as fa-
'vourable an opinion as he conceived
'of me at firſt ſight, he now hoped ſtill
'better from the progreſs I had made
'in my exerciſes. I would have an-
'ſwered him, and made an acknow-
'ledgment for the favours received;
'but he interrupted me; and, changing
'the diſcourſe, ſaid, ſmiling—"I am
"ſenſible, Cæſar, you are not come hi-
"ther to be idle; but be not too haſty;
"we ſhall ſoon ſee what you can do for
"the honour of the regiment, and the
"king's ſervice." He was as good as
'his word; for Archduke Albert hav-
'ing laid ſiege to Hulſt, our regiment
'was ſent thither. As ſoon as we
'came, the beſieged made a ſally, ſup-
'ported by ſome horſe. They beat off
'our workmen, and preſſed hard upon
'our foot, but we repulſed and pur-
'ſued them at their heels to the very
'covert-way. This I can ſay, that I
'was none of the laſt who came up with
'them, nor the firſt that retired; and,
'as a firſt eſſay, I took a ſtandard,
'killing the trooper that carried it.
'All the officers of the regiment com-
'mended me. This beginning pleaſed
'me; and not being able to endure
'idleneſs, when the regiment was not
'upon duty, I would ſlip away, and
'go every night to ſee what was doing
'in the trenches; where, if any thing
'was carrying on, I contributed my
'aſſiſtance. I had uncommon ſucceſs;
'and going out upon parties, ſeldom
'returned without ſome advantage, or
'ſome good intelligence. The ſuc-
'ceſs of my little expeditions ſoon
'made a noiſe in the army; and I was
'looked upon as one of the moſt reſo-
'lute partizans; but about the latter
'end of the enſuing year, our regiment
'being then in garriſon at Bruges, I
'performed an action that gained me
'great reputation, and procured me a
'commiſſion. Don Melchior de San-
'doval, a Spaniſh officer, having been
'wronged by thoſe who governed the
'Spaniſh Netherlands before the com-
'ing of the archduke, took it ſo to
'heart, that he deſerted to the Dutch;
'who, being acquainted with his ex-
'perience in military affairs, gave him
'the government of the town of Dam,
'whence he harraſſed the Spaniards,
'making excurſions up to the gates of
'Antwerp, Bruges, and Ghent. Being
'abroad one day upon a party, I learned
'that Don Melchior was going to
'marry his daughter to a conſiderable
'Dutch officer, and that the wedding
'was to be kept in a houſe the governor
'had under the cannon of the place, a
'little without the glacis. I under-
'took to go thither, and bring away
'Don Melchior and his family. I will
'now tell you how I contrived it, and
'what ſucceſs I had. I diſguiſed my-
'ſelf like a peaſant, to view the ave-
'nues to the houſe; and, when I had
'gained a perfect knowledge of them,
'I gathered twenty horſe of our regi-
'ment. We ſet out as ſoon as night
'came on, ſo that the enemy might
'have no intelligence of our march, and
'we might get thither when they were
'all dead aſleep. I knew the way per-
'fectly well, and the darkneſs did not
'hinder our reaching the houſe at the
'intended hour. There is a great ca-
'nal between Bruges and Dam, which
'being ordinarily conſidered by the
'enemy as a ſufficient ſecurity againſt
'our incurſions, was, on this account,
'I ſuppoſe, leſs attended to in the pre-
'ſent inſtance, than it would have been
'otherwiſe. This canal being frozen
'over, we paſſed it without any diffi-
'culty. The day before, I had obſerved
'a little wood which reached from the
'canal to Don Melchior's houſe, and
'came up to a corner of the garden,
'being a part little frequented, and
'overgrown with briars and brambles
'on both ſides of the wall. We reach-
'ed this place about two in the morn-
'ing; and leaving our horſes in the
'wood, with five or ſix men to look
'after them, we threw down the wall

'with

'with tools we had brought for that 'purpose, and made a large breach. 'The distance of the place from the 'house, and the noise and confusion of 'the wedding, prevented our being 'heard. We entered the garden with 'our swords, and each of us a brace of 'pistols, and went on in the dark, till 'by the light of his match we espied a 'centinel posted at the door that parted 'the garden from the court. I crept 'along the palisade; and, before the 'centinel could fire at me, I laid him 'flat with a brace of bullets. The 'noise of the shot would have alarmed 'a *corps de garde* posted in the court 'for the security of the house, but they 'were compleatly intoxicated; so that 'we soon put them to the sword. My 'principal design being to carry off the 'governor, his daughter, and his son-'in-law, we made all the haste we 'could into the house. At the stair-'foot I met one of Don Melchior's ser-'vants, who was just come down upon 'hearing the noise. I clapped a pistol 'to his head, and made him conduct 'me to his master's apartment; and, 'whilst he led me thither, a party of 'our men pushed on to the nuptial-'chamber. Unfortunately, Don Mel-'chior, having received notice of our 'approach from a serjeant of the guard, 'who happened to be less drunk than 'his fellows, made his escape down 'the back-stairs. His escape made me 'conclude that we had no time to lose, 'and that he would immediately send 'out parties after us: I therefore made 'haste to the rest of our men, whom I 'found in the wedding-chamber, the 'door being forced open. The new-'married couple were just going to 'bed, and you may easily imagine how 'they were surprized, when they saw 'our men rush in upon them. They 'had scarce time allowed to put on their 'morning-gowns; but were forced 'away almost naked. I could not 'help pitying them; but in war com-'passion is useless. We returned to 'our horses in the wood, repassed the 'canal with the same ease we came over, 'and got home without any molesta-'tion. When we came to Bruges, I 'presented my prisoners to Don Pedro 'de Luna, who entertained them very 'courteously, and carried them to the 'governor; from whom he obtained 'for them the liberty of the town upon 'parole. Some days after this expe-'dition, Don Melchior sent a trumpet 'to Bruges to enquire after his daugh-'ter and son-in-law, and wrote to them 'to treat about their ransom; but that 'affair remained long unfinished, there 'being no cartel as yet settled betwixt 'the Dutch and the Spaniards; and 'ransoms at that time were as arbi-'trary as they are now at Tripoli or 'Algiers: however, it was drawing to 'a conclusion, and the sum was almost 'agreed on, when the archduke came 'to Bruges.

'He came from visiting all the sea-'coasts, upon advice he had received 'that England was preparing to suc-'cour the rebels: he was highly pleased 'with my little expedition, gave me 'more commendation than I deserved, 'and very courteously assured me that 'he would take care to advance me 'accordingly as I should merit it; and, 'for the present, till he could better 'reward my last enterprize, he added 'the title of Don to the name of Cæsar, 'which I then bore. I was extremely 'pleased with that honour; it enflamed 'my courage; and, resolving in some 'measure to deserve the good opinion 'he had conceived of me, I continued 'my excursions. Scarce a day passed 'without my performing something 'beneficial or honourable for our na-'tion: sometimes I brought home pri-'soners, and sometimes sums of mo-'ney, with hostages for the payment of 'contributions that I had exacted; in 'short, I omitted no opportunity of 'disturbing the enemy. They often 'sent out great parties to catch me; 'but still I either defeated or avoided 'them. It is true, I paid the country 'people so liberally when they brought 'me intelligence, that I had always 'notice of their march. The arch-'duke, extremely pleased with my un-'dertakings, did not fail to gratify me 'with considerable sums out of the 'contributions I raised; and he loaded 'me in publick with praises, which I 'valued above money. However, hav-'ing hitherto been but a volunteer-ad-'venturer, I thought it long till I had 'a commission; but the archduke's 'generosity soon satisfied my wishes: 'he granted me a commission to raise a 'troop of light-horse, which he in-'corporated into Don Pedro de Luna's 'regiment; and, what was still more

'peculiar,

'peculiar, he gave me leave to under-
'take whatsoever enterprizes I should
'think fit for the publick service, ex-
'cepting only when the regiment was
'upon duty. This great trust reposed
'in me, contrary to the known rules,
'so encouraged me, that I thought of
'nothing but forming greater designs.
'Being informed one day, by certain
'peasants, that the garrison of Sas van
'Ghent kept not strict guards, and seem-
'ed to neglect those precautions that are
'usual in time of war, and that the gates
'of the town were open all the day, I
'began to conceive that, with good con-
'duct and secresy, it might not be im-
'practicable to surprize that place. I ac-
'quainted Don Pedro with my inten-
'tion, who at first looked upon it as a
'chimera; but, when I had given him
'a true account of the place and coun-
'try about it, and told him we might
'make our advantage of a hollow way,
'which, on one side of the place, goes
'up to the foot of the glacis of the
'covert-way, and would facilitate our
'approach, he no longer questioned
'the feasibleness of the attempt. He
'spoke to the archduke, who approved
'of it, and left the whole management
'to him. Don Pedro would not take
'with him on this expedition more
'than two thousand horse and a thou-
'sand foot; fearing lest too great a
'number should retard the march, and
'endanger a discovery. Having made
'choice of such troops as we best liked,
'we marched all night, and came to
'the hollow way some time before day.
'One of our men drew near the town,
'disguised like a peasant, with orders
'to make a signal when the gate was
'opened; and I was ordered to be in
'readiness with sixty troopers, and
'each a foot soldier behind him, to set
'out upon the signal. What shall I
'say, gentlemen! The enemy had not
'the least suspicion of our design; and
'accordingly I made myself master of
'a gate without the least difficulty: the
'garrison offered to make some resist-
'ance; but Don Pedro was so close at
'my heels, that, after a very conside-
'rable fight, they begged quarter.
'Thus a strong and regular place cost
'us scarce any thing: we lost but ten
'soldiers, one officer of a Neapolitan
'regiment, and the lieutenant-colonel
'of our own. The archduke looked
'upon the taking of Sas van Ghent as
'a very considerable advantage gained,
'because it shut up the enemy in their
'fens: he gave thanks to Don Pedro,
'who generously made over to me all
'the honour of the action; saying, that
'I had a greater share than himself both
'in the contrivance and the execution.
'The cardinal, not satisfied with mere
'commendation, bestowed on me the
'post of lieutenant-colonel of our regi-
'ment.

'However princes may aim at privacy
'and concealment, their actions can
'never remain long hidden from the
'innumerable Argus' eyes that swarm
'in courts. It was soon perceived that
'the archduke admired the beauty of
'Don Melchior's daughter. Sensible
'that young minds are fond of gran-
'deur, he took care to exert all his
'magnificence in splendid entertain-
'ments to the ladies; yet so as to make
'it sufficiently evident that the beauti-
'ful Spaniard was the object of his
'thoughts: but, though he spared no-
'thing to please her, it was visible she
'did not receive his addresses as he
'would have hoped. The Dutch of-
'ficer was none of the last who disco-
'vered the prince's affection; and was
'so much disturbed at it, that, as soon
'as ever he had paid his ransom, he
'made all possible haste out of Bruges,
'to save his honour from the danger
'that threatened it. The archduke was
'much troubled at the beautiful Spa-
'niard's departure; but his grief lasted
'not long; and these ideas were soon
'dispelled by the hopes he conceived
'of marrying the Infanta Isabella
'Clara Eugenia, daughter to King
'Philip the Second, then living. The
'conditions of that match were very
'advantageous to the archduke, for it
'was reported that the princess was
'to receive the Low Countries and
'Franche Comté in dower for her and
'her heirs. Albert had an envoy at
'Madrid, who conducted that nego-
'ciation; but, finding it did not go on
'so expeditiously as he wished it, and
'well knowing that Philip was slow
'in all his deliberations he thought
'fit to send some person of known abi-
'lity, whom he could confide in, to be
'his agent: he made choice of Don
'Pedro for this business; and, having
'given him his instructions, ordered
'him to be gone as soon as possible,
'and without any retinue, since the
'matter required secresy and expedi-
'tion. All that Don Pedro could ob-
'tain

'tain of him, was, that I should go 'with him. We embarked at Dunkirk, and landed at Corunna; thence 'we travelled to Segovia; where we 'parted, Don Pedro wishing to pass 'through Avila, where he had some 'business to transact before he went to 'court. I took the way to Alcala, to 'carry the news of his arrival to his 'brother and his nephew.

'The nearness of my native country 'brought a thousand thoughts into 'my head concerning my unhappy extraction. I could not reconcile my 'great spirit with the meanness of my 'birth; and, when I examined my affection to Mary Ximenez, who had 'bred me up as her son, methought it 'did not feel like that which nature 'and blood inspire: in short, I only 'felt a sense of gratitude towards her; 'and, being satisfied with my resolution to requite her with a sum of money, I was neither hasty to see her, 'nor concerned that I had left her for 'so many years, without sending her 'the smallest account of myself. Sometimes I fancied she was not my mother; and, the more to root myself in 'this opinion, I looked back to my 'very infancy, and called to mind all 'that could strengthen me in it: in 'fine, I endeavoured to conceal from 'my own self an original so unworthy 'of my courage, and which I considered as an unsurmountable obstacle 'to love; for I could not bring myself 'to think of any but a woman of quality; and such a one I was too scrupulous to expose to the probability 'of blushing at having listened to me. 'I soon found, however, that to love, 'or to forbear, is not in our own option. I had now travelled about five 'or six leagues, and the heat of the 'sun began to be troublesome, when I 'came to the edge of a wood, where the 'full-leaved trees afforded a pleasant 'shade: I alighted to walk in it, leaving 'my horse and my valet de chambre. A 'long path, which I happened to stray 'into, exciting my curiosity to discover 'it's termination, I arrived at a large 'iron-grate, through which I beheld a 'magnificent castle, situate in a most 'beautiful garden. By the iron-grate 'I espied a door, which was not fastened. I went into the garden; and, following a walk of orange-trees, came 'to a little wilderness shut up by an 'iron-gate. The noise of the fountains I heard within, as I drew near, 'made me conclude that this was some 'pleasant enclosure, which used to be 'locked up when any body was within, 'to avoid disturbance; yet this door 'was only shut to, like the other. I 'thrust it open; and, though it was an 'indiscreet action, curiosity prevailed; 'and I went along a walk fenced 'breast-high with a palisade, with 'grass-banks on the sides set with 'yew and orange-trees; and along both 'sides of the palisade, at certain distances, there were statues of white 'marble on pedestals of the same colour: at the end of this walk was 'a large summer-house, raised three 'steps from the ground, and opening 'on two sides with arched glass-doors. 'I had gone too far to turn back without seeing the rest. I entered into a 'saloon, which I found superlatively 'magnificent. The thing which chiefly 'caught my attention in it was a statue of Venus: that goddess was represented lying on a bed of black 'marble; an unpolished rock of the 'same marble served for a pillow to 'rest her head, and spouted out abundance of little streams, which, washing her body, fell into an oval bason, 'the brim whereof was of a curious 'marble of divers colours. I thought 'I could never be weary of admiring 'that figure; but, whilst I gazed on 'it, I heard a voice, which drew away 'my attention. I made to the place 'whence it seemed to come. How was 'I astonished, when I discovered, in 'the middle of a green-house, in a 'fountain of running-water banked 'with turf, a young creature perfectly 'celestial, far surpassing in beauty the 'Venus I had so admired in the saloon! She was quite alone; and her 'bathing-robe was so fine, that it was 'easy to judge through it of the whiteness of her skin: she was so near to 'me, and so conveniently seated, that 'I could easily distinguish all the features of her face. The nymph Arethusa did not expose more charms to 'the eyes of the amorous Alpheus! I 'can give no adequate idea of my 'sensations at that moment; my dazzled eyes, and my vanquished reason, 'put my heart past all resistance. Love 'took possession, without giving me 'time to dispute his admission. What

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'to do I knew not; for, though it was 'madneſs to think ſhe would hearken 'to me, yet I could not prevail with 'myſelf to be gone from her, without 'acquainting her with the paſſion I 'had conceived. I reſolved to ſpeak 'to her; but, conſidering that ſhe was 'in a ſituation which in modeſty muſt 'oblige her to make me a ſevere an-'ſwer, I meditated returning to the 'ſaloon, where I might wait her com-'ing out of the bath. It was my mis-'fortune to be too long conſidering; 'as I drew back, ſhe caſt her eyes up-'on me, and ſhrieked out: however, 'I returned into the ſaloon, whilſt ſhe 'got haſtily out of the water, that her 'modeſty might not be expoſed to any 'ſecond ſhock; and, looking through 'the glaſſes, I obſerved her ſlip on a 'morning-gown which I had ſeen ly-'ing on the graſs, and make away to-'wards the caſtle. I followed, and 'ſoon overtook her: but what confu-'ſion was I in when I drew near! I 'accoſted her with ſuch trembling, 'that it leſſened her fear. "What in-"ſolence is this," ſaid ſhe, "thus to "ſurprize one of my ſex in this place?" 'She uttered theſe words in ſuch a 'tone as quite put me beſide myſelf. "Madam!" anſwered I, in great diſ-'order, "chance was the cauſe of my "crime; and you are more than ſuffi-"ciently revenged on my preſumption, "ſince you have inſpired me with a "paſſion which cannot but prove un-"fortunate."—"What!" ſaid ſhe, 'looking on me with anger and ſcorn, "is it not enough that you intrude "into a place where modeſty thinks "itſelf ſafe; but, to add to that of-"fence, you pretend to make love? "Be gone immediately, and do not "oblige me to call thoſe who will pu-"niſh your preſumption!"—"Ma-"dam," replied I, now ſomewhat re-'covered, "perhaps thoſe people you "threaten me with may give little ſa-"tisfaction to your reſentment; for I "can fear nothing but your anger."—"Once more I ſay be gone!" anſwered 'ſhe auſterely; "eaſe me of the chagrin "of bluſhing any longer at the poſture "you have ſeen me in, and at what "you now have the boldneſs to ſay to "me!" As ſhe uttered theſe words, 'ſhe turned away, leaving me motion-'leſs as a ſtatue, and torn with a thou-'ſand diſtracting apprehenſions.

'I went out of that fatal place, whi-'ther fortune ſeemed to have led me 'for my ruin. I returned to my ſer-'vant, and we both mounted. Then 'did I give a full looſe to my thoughts. "And muſt one moment," ſaid I, "decide the fate of all my future life? "Shall I, who have not been moved "with the moſt beautiful ladies in "Flanders, in a moment become the "moſt amorous, or rather the maddeſt, "of all men? And for whom? For "one, whom I know not ſo much as "by name, and who will never allow "me to ſee her again! What a weak-"neſs is it to be overcome by a look! "I will call up all my reaſon. Is it "ſo hard to cruſh a paſſion in it's firſt "riſe, and to oppoſe love, when it "only promiſes pain?" Theſe thoughts 'made me reſolve to forget my un-'known fair-one; but an accident I 'never could foreſee broke all my re-'ſolutions. I eſpied three horſemen 'in the plain riding full ſpeed; and he 'that was beſt mounted among them 'carried away a woman by force, who 'ſtruggled in his arms, and cried out 'as loud as ſhe was able for ſuccour. 'Judge my feelings, when, by the co-'lour of her gown, I perceived the 'lady was my beautiful unknown. 'Hearing theſe cries, which rent my 'heart rather than my ears, I ordered 'my ſervant, who was a man of cou-'rage, to follow me, and we both flew 'to her relief. Our horſes being ſwifter 'than thoſe of the other party, we 'ſhould have ſoon come up with them, 'but that the raviſher, gueſſing at my 'deſign, detached his two followers to 'ſtop us, whilſt he endeavoured to carry 'off his prey into a wood which ap-'peared at a diſtance on the other ſide 'of the plain. I would willingly have 'ſhunned them, that I might the ſooner 'come up with their maſter; but they 'croſſed me, and I was forced to at-'tack them. I rode up with my arm 'ſtretched out to him that made to-'wards me; we croſſed our piſtols, and 'my wriſt being ſtronger than his, his 'ſhot paſſed under my arm; but mine, 'being better levelled, entered his 'ſcull, and he dropped inſtantly. My 'ſervant, at the ſame time, diſpatched 'the other man with his firelock; ſo 'that there being nothing now to ſtop 'us, we made after the raviſher, and 'overtook him a quarter of a league 'ſhort

'short of the wood where he was going 'to hide himself. I pressed so hard 'upon him, that he had scarce time to 'set down the lady, and stand upon his 'guard. I still rushed on; and, mak-'ing such a strong pass that he could 'not put it by, I ran my sword up to 'the hilt into his body; so that he fell 'dead under his horse's belly. I pre-'sently alighted; and, drawing near the 'lady unknown, cast myself at her feet, 'saying—"I am a happy man, Ma-"dam, if the service I have now done "you can atone for the offence I lately "committed." She made me no an-'swer; for she was still disordered with 'the fright of being carried off, and 'the death of her ravisher: but at 'length coming to herself, and look-'ing upon me now with eyes no longer 'filled with the indignation I had lately 'beheld in them, she said she was will-'ing to pardon my indiscretion in con-'sideration of what I had done for her; 'but that nothing less than so consi-'derable a service could have expiated 'my crime. "Then I may flatter "myself," said I, in a transport of 'passion, "that I am no longer the "object of your hatred and aversion. "Then, Madam, that I may quite "blot out the guilt of having dis-"pleased you, give me leave to express "the respect and adoration I pay you!" —"Let me beg of you," answered she, "to talk of something else; you lose "the merit of saving my honour, by "giving me fresh cause of complaint." —"Madam," replied I, "what is it "that is so offensive in my words? My "love is so pure, that it cannot wrong "your virtue."—"Let me entreat you "to give over," said she; "consider "that decency will not allow me to be "here alone with you: besides, I can-"not look upon this bloody body "without horror. Let us remove from "that unhappy man, whose misfortune "I cannot but pity, as little cause as "I have to be sorry for his death." 'I offered to conduct her back to the 'castle; but she would not consent to 'it, and said it was enough if I would 'bear her company to a village, which 'was about two or three hundred 'paces from us, and whence she would 'be safely conveyed to the castle. I 'pressed her to mount upon my horse; 'but, she excusing herself on account 'of the shortness of the distance, I 'gave her my hand, and we took a 'long path that led to the village. "Madam," said I, as I attended her, "since you deny me the satisfaction of "waiting on you to the castle, do not "refuse me the comfort of knowing "who the wonderful person is that, at "first sight, has such mighty influence "over hearts?"—"What you desire," 'answered the lady, "is so little wor-"thy your curiosity, that you must "grant me the request I make you; "which is, to excuse me from giving "you that account."—"How, Ma-"dam," said I, in a surprize, "can "you desire any thing so unreasonable "of me!"—"Nay, more than that," 'replied she again, "you must promise "me that you will not use any means "to enquire into it."—"Good God!" 'cried I, in a sort of anger which I 'could not master; "do you consider, "Madam, what it is you require of "me? No, Madam, that law is too "severe, and you make me desperate, "if you impose it on me!"—"That "will never make you desperate," an-'swered she; "such poor features as "mine do not leave such powerful im-"pressions; and, when you have been "a few days without seeing me, you "will not remember any thing of this "adventure, but on occasion of the "valour you have shewn in it."— "Ah, Madam!" said I, "why do "you distract me with your words? "Will you destroy me? Will you de-"prive me of my reason? Do not tell "me who you are! Conceal yourself "from my wretched eyes, since you "make their good fortune an offence! "But, to forbid me looking after you, "and doing all that love can inspire "me to know you; that, Madam, is "an unparalleled piece of inhumanity! "I am not so blind, but I can perceive "plainly, that, unless I avail myself "of the present opportunity to learn "your name, I must never hope to see "you more. Alas! do you think I "can tamely give up all my hopes? "And have you the barbarity to be "offended with me for the difficulty I "feel in renouncing them?"—"No, "generous stranger!" replied she; "Heaven is my witness, that I am not "offended with you! But trust in me, "and do not refuse what I require of "you. My motive is more favourable "to you than you imagine: but, be it

" caprice, or be it delicacy, in me, I " cannot depart from it; and, if you " advance one ſtep towards finding out " who I am, you ſet yourſelf at a diſ- " tance from me for ever."—" Ma- " dam," ſaid I, " the laws you pre- " ſcribe are hard; you remove me from " you under penalty of loſing you for " ever: and is it not loſing you for " ever to grant what you require of " me?"—" No," replied the lady un- ' known; " if you perform what I de- " ſire, you ſhall ſee me again; but I " will firſt make trial of your diſcre- " tion. If I like your proceeding, I " will make myſelf known to you. " Only tell me your name, and rely " upon the aſſurance I give you, that " you have not ſerved an ungrateful " perſon."—" My name is Don Cæ- " ſar," ſaid I; " and you may hear " of me at Alcala, at Don Louis de " Luna's."—" I deſire to know no " more," replied the unknown; " I " will in time make uſe of the infor- " mation you have given me, provided " you deſerve it. Be gone, Don Cæſar; " leave it to my gratitude to plead for " you with me; and aſſure yourſelf " you will gain more upon my heart, " by your obedience, than you could " do by many years ſervice." I was ' ſo full of grief, that I could not re- ' turn one word of anſwer; but my ' diſorder ſpoke for me: it moved her; ' and, holding out her hand to me, ſhe ' ſaid—" Farewel, Cæſar! be gone! " do not forget one that will always " remember you, if you do not make " yourſelf unworthy of her remem- " brance!" I put my lips to her hand, ' and bathed it with tears, holding it ' ſo long, that ſhe drew it away bluſh- ' ing. I alſo perceived her charming ' eyes were ready to weep; but ſhe left ' me abruptly, to conceal her tears from ' me, and give free way to them when ' I was gone. In ſhort, ſhe went into ' the village, and I loſt ſight of her, re- ' turning to the highway that leads to ' Alcala, in the moſt violent commotion ' that ever lover felt. I durſt not ſa- ' tisfy my curioſity; but reſolved punc- ' tually to obey my unknown miſtreſs, ' that, if I was ſo unhappy as never to ' ſee her again, I might not have cauſe ' to blame myſelf for having contribu- ' ted to my own misfortune.

' The next day I came to Alcala, and ' went to pay my reſpects to Don Chriſ- ' topher and his father, who received ' me with every demonſtration of joy. ' Don Chriſtopher, in particular, gave ' me every poſſible token of true friend- ' ſhip. His friends and he endeavoured ' to make all the time I was to ſtay ' with them as delightful as might be; ' yet all the diverſions of youth, and ' the moſt attracting pleaſures, could ' not prevent my falling into a deep ' melancholy. Don Chriſtopher uſed ' all means to divert it; ſometimes he ' would upbraid the fineſt ladies of the ' town, telling them, they had not ' charms enough to eaſe me of my hea- ' vineſs; and when he found that all ' his care was ineffectual, he preſſed ' me to reveal to him what it was that ' weighed ſo upon my heart. Though ' I entirely confided in him, I was ſo ' exact in the performance of what my ' unknown miſtreſs had required of ' me, that I durſt not acquaint him ' with my adventure, for fear leſt, ei- ' ther out of friendſhip or curioſity, he ' ſhould attempt making ſome enquiry, ' which would not fail to be charged ' upon me, and could not bring any ' advantage to my affairs. Neverthe- ' leſs, thinking I was bound to juſtify ' myſelf to my friend for the reſerve I ' exerciſed towards him, I aſſured him ' that reaſons eſſential to my welfare ' compelled me to conceal from all the ' world, for ſome time at leaſt, the ' cauſe of my inward uneaſineſs: that ' I felt a mortal regret at being un- ' able to entruſt them to his boſom; and ' that I requeſted he would not preſs ' me further upon the ſubject. He ' being fully convinced that I loved ' him, and that I would not have con- ' cealed the cauſe of my grief from ' him, if it had been proper for me to ' diſcloſe it, ſincerely pitied my condi- ' tion, and left me at liberty to devote ' myſelf entirely to my love. I was ſo ' full of it, that nothing could draw ' away my thoughts. My unknown ' miſtreſs was continually before my ' eyes: ſometimes ſhe appeared to me, ' as, when taking our laſt farewel, ſhe ' was moved at my piercing ſorrow; ' ſometimes I fancied I ſaw her in the ' bath, and I called to mind that daz- ' zling whiteneſs, and all thoſe match- ' leſs charms, which had raviſhed my ' ſenſes. But the more I imaged her ' perfections to myſelf, the more I en- ' creaſed my torment. A conſiderable

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'time having elapsed, without the least 'news of her, my heart was wholly 'seized with sorrow. The most dread-'ful torments cannot be compared to 'the distractions which then consumed 'me. I repented a thousand times 'that I had let slip the opportunity of 'knowing her, and that I was so weak 'as to trust to a woman's word. To 'add to my sorrow, Don Pedro wrote 'to me from Madrid, that he had con-'cluded his negociation with success, 'and would in a few days come to me 'to Alcala, in order to return to Flan-'ders. I thought I should have run 'mad; for, though I had all the rea-'son in the world to believe I should 'never hear of my mistress, yet I could 'not blot her from my memory: and 'I was inconsolable, when I considered 'that my departure destroyed the small 'hopes I had left of seeing her. This 'was my condition; and I had enter-'tained thoughts of going to the cas-'tle where I first beheld her, when one 'morning, coming out of church, a 'woman in a veil slipped a little note 'into my hand, and vanished, with-'out allowing me time to stop, or to 'ask her any question. I presently 'opened the paper, and in it found 'these words.

"IT is but justice that I be as good "as my word, since you have kept "yours. Be you, to-morrow, at the "same time, in the same place where "this note is delivered to you. You "shall be conducted where you will "hear such news as will please you, "if your mind is not changed."

'I could not make any doubt but 'that this note came from my lady un-'known. I read it twenty times with 'all the transports of a young man 'beside himself with love and joy. 'The satisfaction of finding that she 'was not insensible to my passion, cast 'me into a disorder, a rapture, a deli-'rium of extasy. I was not master of 'myself all the remainder of the day; 'and could scarcely controul the im-'patience I felt from expectation of 'my approaching happiness. The sun 'seemed to move too slow, and every 'moment of the night appeared like 'an age. I arose before day, and was 'at the place appointed long enough 'before the time. At last the person I 'waited for arrived. I followed her 'to a little house, at the end of one of 'the suburbs. I was carried into a 'chamber very ill furnished; but it 'appeared to me the richest in the 'world, when I beheld my mistress in 'it. She came forwards to meet me. "Don Cæsar," said she, "I was re-"solved I would not seem any longer "ungrateful to you; and, by what I "do for your sake, you may perceive "that, perhaps, gratitude has carried "me too far."—"Madam," said I, "I am fully sensible of the value of "such a favour: I shall ever cherish "the memory of it; but, if my ac-"tions could not deserve, you, at least, "shall never have cause to repent your "granting it."—"You have deserved "it," answered she, "by relying on "my word, and by your secresy. I "know how your best friends have en-"deavoured to wrest your secret from "you, and how you have withstood "their importunities. This has in-"duced me to overcome all the diffi-"culties my modesty suggested to op-"pose your ardent desire of knowing "me: I will now give you that satis-"faction; I will not have you any "longer be ignorant of the name of "one who is so much indebted to you.

"My name is Donna Anna de Mon-"toya; I am sprung from one of the "most ancient and noble families in "Castile. My father and I lived at "Siguenza, when you came to the "castle where you first saw me, which "is a duke's country-house: you "might guess, by it's grandeur, that "it did not belong to any private per-"son. A niece of the dutchess's fall-"ing sick, could not go with the duke "and dutchess to court at a time when "they were obliged to repair thither "upon urgent business. She was left "in that castle, as sole mistress in their "absence: I went to visit her, with "some other ladies of our city, who, "as well as myself, were her particu-"lar friends. That house being a "most delicious place in the heat of "summer, and having most stately "baths, I had bathed there several "days, as well for health sake, as for "coolness. I had not the least ap-"prehension of being surprized in "that delightful retreat, and thought "myself particularly secure on the day "I saw you, having ordered the maid

" who waited on me to lock up all the " doors that led to it; but the falſe " wretch, being corrupted by a gen- " tleman of Siguenza who admired " me, had left them open. His name " was Don Livio; and he had aſked " me of my father, who refuſed him " for reaſons of no conſequence to " you: neither had I given him any " greater encouragement; ſo that, ſee- " ing no other proſpect of gratifying " his paſſion, he determined, in de- " ſpair, to carry me off. My maid, " who was corrupted by him, took " care to let him know that I was at " the duke's houſe, and that I fre- " quently bathed all alone; and, in " ſhort, that he could never have a " better opportunity to execute his " purpoſe, there being none but wo- " men in the caſtle: in effect, it hap- " pened on that day, that all the ſer- " vants were gone to celebrate a wed- " ding at a village a good diſtance off. " They agreed upon the time when " Don Livio ſhould be ready at the " garden-gate next to the wood, with " his attendants. He went up to the " ſummer-houſe; but not finding me " in the baths, the ſight of you hav- " ing occaſioned my quitting them " ſooner than at other times, he pro- " ceeded to the caſtle with his men. " He ſeized me in a great room, among " my companions, who were playing " at ombre, as I was relating how I " had been ſurprized in the bath. He " did not ſtay to talk, or to attempt " any apology for his baſe action; but " cauſed his men to carry me off, in " ſpite of all the cries and reſiſtance of " myſelf and my companions. They " dragged me to the wood, where they " had left their horſes; and Don Li- " vio, having cauſed me to be ſet up " before him, claſped his arms ſo " ſtrongly about me that I could not " help myſelf: the reſt of this adven- " ture you know as well as I. I will " now tell you what happened after- " wards, and the reaſon why you ſee " me here. When you were gone, I " could not but feel a great eſteem for " you; and, being moved at your ſub- " miſſion, was grieved to ſee you de- " part; nay, I almoſt repented uſing " you ſo cruelly, but I judged it ne- " ceſſary for my own peace. I was " reſolved, before I ſuffered your ad- " dreſſes, to make proof of your diſ- " cretion, which I thought it not un- " reaſonable to diſtruſt: I remained, " therefore, fixed in my plan. I cauſed " myſelf to be re-conducted to the caſ- " tle by a great number of peaſants, " armed with bills and prongs: there " I found my companions in diſtrac- " tion, and all the caſtle in an uproar. " My return, and the account I gave " them of my deliverance, turned " their diſorder into joy. From that " hour I grew penſive, and delighted " in being alone: the idea of you was " the pleaſing object of my thoughts. " I indulged myſelf in calling to " mind the ardour I had diſcovered in " your eyes; the diſconſolate condition " in which I had left you; and I revolv- " ed perpetually in my memory every " ſyllable you had ſpoken: in ſhort, " I canvaſſed every circumſtance of " our meeting, twenty times a day. " Next I had a curioſity to know how " you lived at Alcala, and whether " your actions did not diſprove your " profeſſions. It was no difficult " matter to learn what I deſired, for " my father had an eſtate near the " town, and I wanted not friends " whom I could confide in. I learned " with joy that you appeared to labour " under ſome ſecret affliction, the " cauſe whereof you concealed from " all the world. This confirmed me " in the reſolution of being as good as " my word to you; whereas, had I " been told that you were more eaſy, " you ſhould never have heard from " me. My father Don Bertrand, " conſidering the action of Don Li- " vio as a ſtigma upon the honour of " our family, attempted, by legal pro- " ceſs, to cauſe that gentleman's perſon " and memory to be declared infa- " mous: but that was not to be done " ſo ſoon; all the town engaged in the " quarrel on one ſide or other, as kin- " dred, friendſhip, or intereſt, drew " them. At laſt, Don Bertrand, per- " ceiving the affair was likely to be of " long continuance, grew weary; and " finding that, at his age, he had more " need of reſt, than of ſo much buſi- " neſs, he reſolved to leave Siguenza, " where his enemies faction was ſtrong- " er than his own, and to ſpend the " remainder of his days more peace- " ably in ſome other town. I was " not backward in ſtrengthening his " reſolution; and, ſeeing him doubt-

" ful

" ful what town to pitch upon, I per-
" ſuaded him to fix upon this, where
" he has an eſtate, and many friends.
" Having ſettled our affairs in Sigu-
" enza, we left that place, and have
" now been here a few days. My firſt
" care was to find an opportunity of
" diſcharging myſelf towards you;
" and I think I have ſo done it, that
" you can have no juſt cauſe of com-
" plaint againſt me."

' Here Donna Anna concluded her
' diſcourſe. I returned thanks for her
' goodneſs; and, after a long conver-
' ſation, we parted for that time; but
' afterwards held frequent meetings at
' the ſame place. I was full of my
' good fortune; and though ſhe had
' never declared how far I might hope,
' yet no apprehenſion diſquieted me.
' But in the empire of love revolutions
' are too frequent for a lover to conti-
' nue long in happineſs. Don Pedro,
' cruel Don Pedro! came to rob me of
' my bliſs: he had at length conclud-
' ed the match between the archduke
' and the infanta, after numberleſs
' difficulties and delays of the council
' at Madrid. The news was of too
' great moment to delay giving the
' archduke an account of it; and Don
' Pedro determined that we ſhould travel
' poſt. He could ſcarce be perſuaded
' to grant a few moments to the affec-
' tion of his brother and nephew, who
' in vain uſed all their endeavours to
' detain him, though it were only two
' or three days: in ſhort, he was ſo
' haſty, that all I could do was to gain
' one interview more with Donna An-
' na. Good God! how moving was
' that interview! She uttered a thou-
' ſand tender expreſſions, and plainly
' owned that ſhe loved me as paſſion-
' ately as it was poſſible to love. I
' made ſuch returns as could be ex-
' pected from a man ſo entirely full of
' love and gratitude; but, being deſir-
' ous to know whether I might hope to
' marry her, notwithſtanding the mean-
' neſs of my birth, I ſaid to her—
" Madam, ſince I am going to leave
" you, may I preſume to aſk, whether
" you will indulge me with the hope
" that we may one day be perfectly
" united? May I raiſe my ambitious
" deſires ſo high? Shall I ſet out with
" that expectation?" — " Hear me,
" Cæſar," anſwered ſhe, ſhewing ſome
' diſorder by her bluſhes; " I muſt
" confeſs your birth troubles me: not
" that I value your perſon leſs than if
" you were deſcended from our firſt
" kings; but I know my father's hu-
" mour, and I fear he will not be
" prevailed upon to admit, as his ſon-
" in-law, a man whoſe origin is infe-
" rior to his own."—" I am too ſenſi-
" ble," ſaid I, " that your father,
" juſtly diſliking my birth, will not
" approve of my demand. I know
" that Cæſar, whilſt he is only bare
" Cæſar, muſt not expect to enjoy
" you: but I muſt tell you, Madam,
" I have ſuch a heart, that I dare hope
" for that by my ſword, which might
" be refuſed to the obſcurity of my fa-
" mily. Love has made many he-
" roes. Encouraged by my paſſion,
" and by the deſire of rendering myſelf
" worthy of you, I ſhall, perhaps,
" perform ſuch actions as my courage
" would not attempt, were the object I
" aim at leſs valuable. But, Ma-
" dam, ſhould your father, whilſt I
" am endeavouring to merit you, cru-
" elly give you up to ſome man who
" does not love you, will you ſuffer
" yourſelf to be torn from me?"—" I
" have never conſidered," ſaid Donna
' Anna, " what I ſhould do upon that
" exigency: I believe my father is too
" good to force me; but ſhould he,
" alas! be hard-hearted enough to ex-
" erciſe the power Heaven and nature
" have given him, I feel I ſhall not
" have courage to withſtand him. I
" ſhould pity you, and ſhould pity my-
" ſelf, if I ſaw my heart ſo oppreſſed;
" but, whatever be my affection, do
" not flatter yourſelf, Cæſar, for I
" would ſacrifice it to my duty."
' Such a virtuous reſolution was,
' doubtleſs, very honourable in Donna
' Anna; but I ſhould not have liked
' her the worſe had ſhe been ſomewhat
' leſs ſubmiſſive to the will of her fa-
' ther. She ſoon perceived the effect
' her laſt words had on me: to comfort
' me, therefore, ſhe aſſured me that we
' had no occaſion to fear, for her fa-
' ther loved her ſo tenderly, that there
' was no reaſon to imagine he would
' put her upon ſo hard a trial. " Go,
" my dear Cæſar," added ſhe, lov-
' ingly preſſing my head between her
' hands; " go; and, by your illuſtri-
" ous actions, put fortune to the bluſh
" for having dealt ſo unjuſtly with you
" at your birth: go; and return ſo full

" of

" of glory, that my father may think " himself honoured by accepting you " as a son-in-law. Go, I say again, " where your own duty calls you; and " assure yourself I will do all that mine " will permit me, that I may never " have any husband but Cæsar." As ' she uttered these words, I saw the ' tears trickle from her bright eyes, ' which touched me so to the quick, ' that, falling down before her, I em- ' braced her knees, without being able ' to utter one word. At length, af- ' ter a thousand mutual protestations of ' love and fidelity, I returned to Don ' Pedro, and with him went into Flan- ' ders.'

CHAP. IX.

HOW SANCHO INTERRUPTED DON FERDINAND, AND OF THE AFFLICTION OF DON QUIXOTE UPON BEING INFORMED THAT THE QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS WAS DEPARTED.

DON Alvaro, the count, and the rest of the company, were attentively listening to Don Ferdinand, when Sancho, returning from the kitchen in a heat, interrupted the relation, crying out, as loud as he was able—' Great ' news, master Don Quixote! mighty ' news! You designed to combat this ' day at the court for Madam Zenobia; ' but, by my troth, you may save your- ' self the trouble: " the setting-dog " may stay at home when the partridges " are flown."—' What do you mean ' by that?' said Don Quixote. ' I ' mean, Sir,' answered the squire, ' that the nest is empty; and " when " the cage is made, the bird flies a- " way."—' Have done with your pro- ' verbs,' replied the knight, ' and be ' plain in few words.'—' Well, Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' to be plain in few ' words, I must tell you, that as for ' Madam Zenobia—whip's the word!' —' Speak that you may be understood, ' you brute!' said DonQuixote. ' What ' is the meaning of all that?'—' Why, ' then,' answered the squire, ' the mean- ' ing is, that our lady queen has packed ' up her alls, and is no longer in Ma- ' drid.'—' What do I hear!' cried the knight: ' but you mistake, friend. It ' is impossible she should have left us ' so!'—' Pray, Sir, excuse me,' quoth Sancho; ' there is nothing more cer- ' tain: she went away last night, and ' nobody in this house knows what is ' become of her.'—' O Heavens!' cried Don Quixote, rising from his seat in such a manner as shewed he was full of grief and despair; ' some enchanter has ' certainly conveyed her away! O un- ' fortunate knight! Die! die with the ' shame of having so ill protected your ' princess! Who will trust you for the ' future with infantas?—Son Sancho, ' go saddle Rozinante and Dapple im- ' mediately; let us fly to seek the peer- ' less Zenobia in all parts. I swear by ' the sacred order of chivalry which I ' profess, that I will not stop in any ' place that is inhabited, and that I ' will eat without a table-cloth or nap- ' kin, till I have found that only lady ' of my affections!'—' Belly o'me!' cried Sancho, abruptly; ' where the de- ' vil shall we go look for her, when we ' do not know which way she is gone? ' You will make me renounce all my ' generation! What, I warrant, we do ' not know when we are well? Why ' should we leave these gentlemen, who ' entertain us so nobly, to run after a ' sham queen, who gives us the slip, ' with the mule and her silk cloaths, ' without so much as thanking us?'— ' Do what I bid you,' answered Don Quixote; ' and let me hear no more.' Thus saying, he would have gone to his chamber for his lance and buckler; but the count and Don Carlos, seeing him so resolved, endeavoured to dis- suade him, by representing to him the dangerous consequences of his depar- ture. ' In short, Don Quixote,' said the Granadine, ' do you consider what ' you are going to do? Do not you re- ' member, that, if you quit Madrid, ' the King of Cyprus, who is near at ' hand, will not fail to accuse you of ' cowardice? He will say you durst not ' wait his coming, and will proudly ' boast that he made you fly. I am ' sensible how much you are concerned ' at the loss of your princess; but you ' know, better than I, that a knight is ' to prefer his honour to his affec- ' tions.'—' You are in the right, Don ' Alvaro,' answered Don Quixote; ' he ' is to mind three things; the first is ' religion, the second is honour, and ' the third his mistress: and, therefore, ' since honour obstructs my departure,

' I will

'I will ſtay here till I have ſlain Bramarbas; but, whilſt I ſtay, I am in 'the mind to ſend Sancho to ſeek 'the queen every where, as ancient 'knights uſed to do upon the like occaſions.'—'Good!' quoth the ſquire; 'by my troth, a hopeful commiſſion! 'Why, d'ye think I have ſtudied philoſophy, then, to prognoſticate where 'to find the princeſs? And, in caſe I 'ſhould happen to light on her in the 'paws of ſome enchanter, do you take 'me for ſuch a fool, forſooth, as to go 'and get my beard ſtripped off my face 'without a razor?'—'No, friend,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'I do not deſign 'you ſhould expoſe yourſelf to unheard-'of dangers to reſcue her from the 'hands of a necromancer: that is not 'lawful for you, who are not dubbed 'a knight; and, provided you can but 'diſcover the caſtle where ſhe is con-'fined, I deſire no more of you.'—'You ſee, Sancho,' ſaid Don Carlos, 'that your maſter requires nothing of 'you that is hard or unreaſonable.'—'It is not hard to be ſaid,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but it is quite a different 'matter to perform it. "It is one "thing to ſeek, and another to find;" 'and a man may travel ten leagues 'without ſtumbling over ſuch a port-'manteau as Cardenio's.'—'Well, 'Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'you 'muſt, nevertheleſs, ſet out immedi-'ately; and, that you may proceed re-'gularly in your ſearch after Zenobia, 'I will now inſtruct you in the courſe 'it will be proper for you to follow. 'Proceed firſt to France, then into 'Flanders, and ſo to Holland; where 'you ſhall embark at the mouth of the 'Maeſe for England; then ſearch Ire-'land, and Scotland, formerly called 'Albania; thence make a ſtep into the 'Iſland of Thule, ſo much talked of 'among the ancients, who thought it 'the fartheſt part of the earth, becauſe 'they were ignorant of the new world: 'next, continuing your voyage north-'ward, you ſhall go into the Hyper-'borean regions, where you will find 'the floating-iſlands of the Hyperbo-'rean prince, my rival; there you muſt 'enquire narrowly after the queen; 'for it is likely the enchanter who has 'taken her away, may have conveyed 'her thither, to ſatisfy the Hyperborean 'prince's paſſion. If, upon ſtrict 'ſearch, you miſs her there, you ſhall 'embark on the frozen ſea of Green-'land, where ſome ſage enchanter, my 'friend, will not fail to furniſh you 'with a veſſel to carry you to Lap-'land. You ſhall croſs Norway, Goth-'land, and the country of the Vandals, 'now called Sweden; whence you ſhall 'paſs into Denmark, once called the 'Kingdom of the Cimbrians; and, 'after viſiting all parts of Germany, 'you ſhall traverſe Illyria, Italy, and 'Sicily; and, when a veſſel has carried 'you from Syracuſa into Macedon, 'you will there ſee the famous fields of 'Philippi; then you ſhall travel through 'Bulgaria, Sclavonia, Servia, and the 'other parts of the famous Grecian 'empire. After that, you ſhall go in-'to Sarmatia; thence into Circaſſia, 'that flouriſhing kingdom of the va-'liant Sacripant; and thence into the 'vaſt empire of Lucia, whoſe mighty 'power had like to have overthrown 'the flouriſhing empire of Greece, in 'the time of the warlike Amadis: 'then, directing your courſe to Con-'ſtantinople by the Euxine Sea, and 'paſſing the Streights of Helleſpont, 'famous for the loves of Hero and 'Leander, you ſhall land in Aſia. In 'that part of the world, Sancho, the 'great empire of the Sultan of Niquea 'will aſtoniſh you with it's rich and 'ſtately cities, and thoſe ſumptuous 'palaces, ſo admirably deſcribed in 'books of knight-errantry. Next, 'drawing towards Cappadocia, and the 'banks of the clear River Thermodon, 'which waters the delicious plains of 'the noble kingdom of the Amazons, 'you ſhall repair to Themiſcyra; where 'you ſhall comfort thoſe warlike wo-'men for the abſence of their queen 'the Princeſs Zenobia; telling them 'that I am her knight, and will re-'ſtore her to them in ſpite of all en-'chanters who ſhall pretend to oppoſe 'it. From Cappadocia fail not to pro-'ceed onwards into Armenia, Iberia, 'Georgia, and the famous empire of 'Tartary, now in the poſſeſſion of the 'ſucceſſors of the famous Agrican and 'Mandricardo, lovers of the beautiful 'Angelica, and rivals to that Count of 'Algiers, whom you ſaw not long ſince 'near Ateca. Thence proceed to the 'empire of Cathay, to that of China, 'to the Indies, and the Mogul's coun-'try; but, when you come to Iſpahan, 'contrive, my dear friend, by preſents

'and

'and artful management, to procure 'admiſſion into the ſophy's ſeraglio, 'and examine whether the Princeſs 'Zenobia be there. In ſhort, Sancho, 'when you have ſatisfied your curioſi-'ty at the court of the Sultan of Baby-'lon, you ſhall come back towards the 'kingdoms of Cyprus and Damaſcus, 'where formerly reigned the good old 'man Norandin, the great friend of 'knights-errant; but, before you leave 'Aſia, viſit all the Arabias, and par-'ticularly that where the phœnix is 'found: then, when you have atten-'tively viewed the tomb of the Saracen 'prophet, you ſhall paſs over the iſth-'mus that joins Aſia and Africa. You 'may ſtay one day to reſt you in the 'great city of Alexandria; then, go-'ing up the Nile along thoſe fruitful 'plains that river waters, you ſhall 'paſs into the empire of Ethiopia and 'the Abiſſines: then, turning away to 'the ſouthward, you ſhall advance into 'the kingdom of the Cafres, ſo fatal 'to ſtrangers, becauſe thoſe barbarous 'people feed on human blood. After 'this, returning again to the north-'ward, you will come into the king-'doms of Tombut and Senega, and 'the vaſt empire of the blacks; whence, 'croſſing the dominions of the King 'of Morocco, and thoſe which once 'belonged to King Agramant, that 'fatal enemy to the mighty Charle-'maigne, Emperor of the Romans, you 'ſhall embark at Algiers to return into 'Spain.'—'Mother of God!' cried Sancho, 'what a journey is that! I 'had rather go to the Shrine of St. 'James in Galicia. Faith, my aſs and 'I ſhall try what our feet are made of!' —'In truth, Sancho,' ſaid Don Car-los, laughing, 'Dapple and you are 'like to ſee abundance of countries: 'you need but follow the road your 'maſter has traced out for you, there 'is no danger of miſſing it. Go quick-'ly, and make haſte back!'—'Make 'haſte back!' quoth Sancho. 'Fair 'and ſoftly, Don Carlos! I muſt firſt 'go to Conſtantinople, and thence into 'France; from France into the Sophy 'of Seraglio; and from thence to the 'Devil in Hell! Do not you conſider, 'that, though my aſs trotted all the 'way, he could not perform that jour-'ney in a week?'—'Be gone quickly, 'my ſon!' ſaid Don Quixote; 'make 'all the haſte you can, and return as 'ſoon as may be: you ſhall find me 'here. I, during that time, will im-'mure myſelf in my chamber; for the 'laws of ancient chivalry require that 'I wholly give myſelf up to ſorrow, 'that I pine away with grief, and that 'I perform all the actions of a deſpair-'ing knight.'—'That is but reaſon-'able,' ſaid Don Alvaro; 'but I am 'of opinion that you ſhould dine with 'us firſt, the better to feed your afflic-'tion.'—'Heavens defend me from it!' anſwered Don Quixote; 'I will be 'eight days without eating or drink-'ing, or ſpeaking one word.' This ſaid, he gravely ſaluted the company, and retired to his own room, double-locking the door, for fear ſome indiſ-creet perſon ſhould come to diſturb the pleaſure he was going to take in afflict-ing himſelf.

In the mean while, the gentlemen, having detained Sancho with them, began to railly him about his journey. 'Then you are going to leave us, Mr. 'Governor?' ſaid Don Alvaro. 'Will 'you not dine before you go?'—'Dine 'with you!' anſwered the ſquire: 'you 'need not queſtion it, Don Alvaro; 'and, if you pleaſe, I deſign to fill my 'wallet, as I did at Saragoſſa; for I 'have a great way to go, and, you 'know, it is the belly that carries the 'legs.'—'You are in the right,' ſaid Don Carlos; 'it is a long way, and 'you will do well to lay in proviſions. 'I could wiſh you were come back al-'ready, to give us the marvellous ac-'count of your expedition; to recount 'to us the rarities of ſtrange countries; 'and, like other travellers, to talk of 'a thouſand fine things you never ſaw.' —'I have one favour to aſk of you, 'Mr. Governor,' ſaid the count. 'Pray bring me the largeſt pearls you 'can find in the Indies to make a neck-'lace for my wife the Princeſs Treba-'ſina.'—'Pearls do you ſay!' anſwered Sancho. 'Why, is the country I am 'going to a pearl-country?'—'No 'queſtion of it,' replied the count. 'Pox on it! why did not you tell me 'ſo ſooner?' quoth the ſquire. 'I had 'been gone an hour ago, and by this 'time I had been in England!'—'May 'I preſume,' ſaid Don Pedro, 'to de-'ſire another ſmall kindneſs of Mr. 'Governor?'—'You may,' anſwered Sancho; 'you need only name what 'you would have, and it is done.

'Would

'Would you have some pearls too?'—'I desire neither pearls nor diamonds,' replied Don Pedro. 'I would only 'have you, as you pass through the 'country of the Caffres, make enquiry 'how many squires they have eaten 'this year: I have a curiosity to know 'it.'—'Nay, as for that misbegotten 'kingdom,' quoth Sancho, 'I crave 'leave to kiss your lordship's hands: 'I will not come within an hundred 'yards of it. I know enough already 'of a spit with three points; and a 'man that has once felt the colick, 'had need be afraid of the gripes.' Don Carlos and the Granadine continued to give the squire farther commissions; but, whilst they were communicating their instructions, a venerable old man entered the apartment: he was clad in a long robe of black sattin, girt about him with a broad yellow ribband; he had a cap of goat's hair, and a white beard which reached down to his knees: in his right hand was a staff, with which he supported his steps; and in his left he carried a great book. The gentlemen soon perceived that the old man was Don Carlos's young secretary; and this new disguise was the more pleasing to them, as they did not expect it. Sancho, the instant he cast his eyes on the enormous furniture of the stranger's chin, exclaimed—'By the lady, what a beard! 'our horse's tail is nothing to it!'—'Friend,' replied the aged stranger, 'speak with greater reverence of a beard 'which has been twelve hundred years 'in growing.'—'Saints and Fathers!' replied the squire, 'is it possible you 'should be twelve hundred years of 'age! Then you are an enchanter?'—'Right,' quoth the old man. 'By 'my troth, I fancied as much!' answered Sancho; 'for, I have heard say, 'enchanters live so long that they bury 'their grandfathers.'—'You have 'been rightly informed,' replied the secretary; 'and I must tell you I am 'called "The Sage Lirgandus." I 'believe you are no stranger to my 'name?'—'No, faith!' quoth the squire; 'I know you well enough: 'you are a friend to my master Don 'Quixote. We have often called upon 'you in our combats: but so it is; "My brother may cry on, for my fa-"ther does not rock him." To deal 'plainly, you have left us so often in 'the mire, that it is a wonder we ever 'pulled our legs out.'—'My poor 'Sancho!' answered the enchanter, 'you have no cause to complain: we 'enchanters cannot be here, and there, 'and every where. We have so many 'damsels to enchant, so many knights 'to cast into prisons, so many squires 'to toss in blankets, and, in short, so 'much business on all sides, that we 'cannot always come just in time to 'help out a knight we take under our 'protection. Is it not sufficient that 'we arrive, after he is well beaten, to 'rub him down, or bring him some 'balsam? I can assure you it is not 'for want of good-will; and your 'master would be in the wrong, should 'he complain that I am unconcerned 'at his misfortunes. I come to Madrid on purpose to comfort him upon 'the departure of Queen Zenobia.'—'Then you are welcome!' cried Sancho; 'but, in the name of God, Mr. 'Lirgandus, take care to hinder him, 'by your magick, from being eight 'days without eating or drinking; 'and satisfy him that there is no need 'I should pass over the Hellish Ponds, 'and all the other ponds in the world, 'to run after the princess! Pray order 'it so that I may not leave this place: 'save my ass this jaunt, and he will 'give you a thousand benedictions.'—'Well, friend,' said the enchanter, 'lead me to your master's chamber, 'and I engage for it you shall not go.' The squire, overjoyed at this promise, conducted him as he desired. The gentlemen, willing to know what the Sage Lirgandus would say, followed him; and, when they came to the chamber-door, they heard the knight exclaim aloud—'O quintessence of beauty! eighth wonder in the world! 'where art thou at this time? Alas! 'perhaps, environed with monsters, 'thou art now filling with thy doleful 'plaints the castle of some barbarous 'necromancer! Impatient I await my 'squire's return, that I may fly to your 'relief: in the mean while, listen to 'my dismal moan and sorrowful lamentations, thou adorable sovereign 'of my soul!'

'Open the door, Sir! open the door!' cried Sancho, knocking furiously. 'You 'need not despair, Madam Zenobia is 'not lost.' Don Quixote recognizing the voice of his squire, opened the door,

saying—'What now, my son, have you 'found out already where the queen 'is?'—'No, Sir,' answered Sancho; 'but here is the wise Lirgandus, your 'friend; who is come to bring you 'tidings of her.'—'It is even so, Ca'valiero de los Amores; great Knight 'of the Cupids;' quoth the secretary, embracing Don Quixote; 'I come to 'tell you what hath befallen her: cease 'your affliction; and think no more of 'Queen Zenobia. The wise Artemi'dorus has taken her from you, to re'store her to her lawful husband.'—'What do I hear!' cried Don Quixote; 'is the princess married? Has she es'poused Hyperborean, the Prince of 'the Floating Islands?'—'You have 'said it,' answered Lirgandus; 'you 'have read in that prince's history 'with how much valour he delivered 'that princess from the crystal tower 'in which the Enchanter Pamphus had 'confined her. But, since the history 'goes no farther, I must tell you the 'rest. The beautiful Zenobia, being 'set free by the Prince of the Floating 'Islands, grew so fond of him, that she 'resolved to let him know it: and the 'princesses of her country making no 'scruple, as you well know, of going 'to meet princes in their camps, this 'chaste queen went away to see Hy'perborean in his. He received her 'with all the kindness of a passionate 'lover; made a great feast; and they 'were married before dinner was over. 'Then he carried her to his Floating 'Islands; where, for a proof of his 'manhood, she was delivered of three 'children. But about a month after 'she had given this rare demonstration 'of her fruitfulness, the sage, or rather 'the extravagant Pamphus, (who was 'always in love with that princess, 'though she hated him) being deter'mined upon revenge, transported her, 'one day as she was hunting, into a 'wood in Spain: there, having un'mercifully stripped her to the smock, 'he bound her to a tree; and, to add 'to her misfortune, gave her the per'fect resemblance of a base tripe-woman 'at Alcala, called Barbara Hacked-'Face.'—'Aye, by my beard, that is 'true!' cried Sancho, interrupting him; 'for Bracamonte the soldier was mis'taken in her; and I dare lay a wager 'that the players we met the other day 'do not know they spent the night in 'drinking with a princess.'—'Pam'phus the enchanter,' continued the secretary, 'having thus left Zenobia 'in the wood where you found her, 'made no question that the wolves 'would devour her; but when he un'derstood that you had rescued her, 'and that she was under your protec'tion, he was ready to run mad. He 'attempted to steal her from you; but 'missing of his aim, he was so vexed, 'that he retired to one of his castles, 'and has never stirred abroad since. 'On the other side, Prince Hyperbo'rean led a sad life for the loss of his 'consort; but the wise Artemidorus 'found out by his art that she was here, 'and that you was in love with her. 'For this reason he stole her away 'from you last night. Dry up your 'tears, then, knight; banish from your 'heart and memory the resemblance 'of that princess, and think of no'thing now but your combat with Bra'marbas. That giant, I must apprize 'you, will be in town to morrow, and 'you will stand in need of all your 'strength to vanquish him.'—'Enough, 'wise Lirgandus!' answered Don Quix'ote; 'I should be unworthy of your 'friendship did I not entirely follow 'your advice. Since Queen Zenobia 'is married, I will be her knight no 'longer; I take back my heart again.' —'By that worshipful beard,' cried Sancho, 'my master is the better for 'our curate's lectures! This it is to be 'an honest and a conscientious knight, 'thus to let his neighbour's wife alone. 'Would to God the worst in the world 'were like him! O how glad am I 'there's an end of my journey!'—'But, friend Sancho,' said the count, 'if you do not go, farewel my pearls.' —'As for that,' answered the squire, 'send for them by the post. Is there 'nobody in the world can fetch them 'but I? In short, I had rather you 'should go without pearls, than I 'should founder my Dapple.'—'Come, 'gentlemen,' said the Granadine, 'since 'Don Quixote is no longer obliged to 'to lock himself up, and do penance 'for Queen Zenobia, let us go and sit 'down to table?—Will the wise Lir'gandus do us the honour to dine with 'us?'—'I return you thanks, gentle'men,' answered the enchanter; 'I 'cannot stay here any longer; I am in 'haste to be gone into Cochin-China: 'all

'all the enchanters in the world are 'to be there this afternoon, to decide 'a controversy that is risen between 'two of our brethren, about an in-'fanta whom they have stolen from 'her parents, and whom each of them 'would keep to himself.—Farewel, 'gentlemen, till we meet again.— 'Remember, brave Knight of La Man-'cha, that you shall see the dreadful 'Bramarbas to-morrow; and take no-'tice, that if he falls by your hand, 'you will finish one of the noblest ad-'ventures ever performed by knight-'errant!' This said, he embraced Don Quixote, saluted the company, and re-tired into another room to Unlirgan-dise himself; namely, to get rid of his magician's robe and beard, and re-assume his habit of secretary. The gentlemen, meanwhile, finding Don Quixote comforted for the loss of Ze-nobia, carried him into the dining-room, where the table was covered. They all sat down; and, when dinner was over, they desired young Don Fer-dinand to prosecute his story—which he did in this manner.

CHAP. X.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLU-SION OF DON FERDINAND'S STORY.

'DON Pedro and myself, as I told 'you, returned to Flanders with 'all expedition, to carry the arch duke 'our pleasing news. We came to 'Antwerp, where that prince received 'us with extraordinary kindness and 'satisfaction. Don Pedro delivered 'to him the original of the contract 'which was so advantageous to him, 'and with it a picture of the infanta. 'She was extremely like her mother, 'who was daughter to Henry the Se-'cond, king of France, and the most 'beautiful princess in Europe. The 'arch-duke was much charmed with 'the picture, and made mighty pre-'parations for the reception of the in-'fanta, who was to set out as soon as 'possible from Madrid. He preferred 'Don Pedro to the first posts in the 'army, and gave me fresh hopes. 'Though the campaign was then draw-'ing to an end, yet understanding that 'the towns of Sluys and Grave were 'not well garrisoned, or provided, he 'resolved to besiege those two places, to 'put a more glorious period to the 'campaign, and give that happy omen 'to his marriage. To this end he 'gathered two armies of twenty thou-'sand men each, composed of such 'troops as were then in the field, and 'of such as he could draw out of gar-'rison without exposing the frontier 'places to danger. He gave Don Pe-'dro the command of the army de-'signed for Grave; the other was com-'manded by a general officer, who took 'Sluys in a month. Grave held out 'but eight days from the opening of 'the trenches, which was occasioned 'by an accident seldom seen at such 'important sieges. Our trenches were 'well advanced, when the governor of 'the place, believing we should soon 'be in a condition to attack the covert-'way, thought fit to make a grand 'salley with a chosen body of infantry, 'supported by all his horse. We were 'upon our guard, expecting some such 'attempt: Don Pedro posted several 'bodies of men in convenient places 'to protect our pioneers; and I was 'ordered to support them with our 'regiment. The besieged made a vi-'gorous attack upon our trenches; our 'infantry opposed them gallantly, and 'then the horse fell in on both sides. 'The fight was bloody, and lasted 'long; but at last we repulsed them, 'and entered the town with them pell-'mell. My first care was to secure 'the gate, and to send away in haste 'for our next troops to come and sup-'port me. They did so; and the best 'part of our army was in the town 'before the enemy thought of repul-'sing us, their confusion was so great. 'We made all the garrison prisoners, 'except some who fled out at the op-'posite gate; and even most of those 'fell into the hands of a detachment 'posted on that side. Thus we be-'came masters of Grave. When the 'arch-duke received this news, he 'could scarce believe it: he gave me 'great commendations; declared he 'was beholden to me for that im-'portant conquest; and gave me the 'command of a regiment, with a pen-'sion to support my rank. That great 'prince's generosity was a mighty sa-'tisfaction to me; for every thing fill-'ed my heart with joy, which seemed 'to set me any thing nearer to Donna 'Anna. As for Don Pedro, the arch-

'duke shewed him the greatest tokens 'of esteem and honour, and commend- 'ed him for his conduct of the works 'against the place, and the measures 'he had taken to prevent it's being 'relieved. At this happy time the 'infanta arrived at Dunkirk: the 'archduke went thither to meet her, 'and found that she was more beau- 'tiful than her picture. I shall not 'pretend to recount the publick re- 'joicings which were celebrated 'throughout all the Low Countries: I 'will only tell you, that he carried her 'to Bruges, to Ghent, and to Ant- 'werp; where the people vied with each 'other in demonstrating their zeal and 'attachment. The Archduke Albert 'renounced willingly the cardinal's 'robe, to espouse a princess who, be- 'sides her charms, brought him in 'dower such considerable dominions. 'The wedding was kept at Brussels, 'with magnificence suitable to such 'illustrious lovers. Among other pub- 'lick shews, there was a gallant tilt- 'ing in the chief market-place or square 'of the town: all the nobility ap- 'peared at it in great splendor. I had 'the honour to be of Don Pedro's 'troop, and gained my full share of 'applause.

'But however delighted the arch- 'duke seemed with his good fortune, 'the sweets of love did not make him 'forget the care of the war. From the 'time that he became governor of the 'Low Countries, he had applied him- 'self, without remission, to the re- 'duction of the rebels; but the assist- 'ance they had received from France 'had hitherto been an obstacle to his 'success. To remove this impediment, 'conferences were held at Vervins be- 'tween the ministers of Spain and 'France, for the purpose of settling 'a peace between the two crowns, 'which would enable Spain to bend 'all it's power against the United Pro- 'vinces. The peace being conclud- 'ed, the archduke took the field, and 'defeated a considerable body of 'Dutch near Nieuport; but, being de- 'sirous of pushing his success still far- 'ther, he ventured, contrary to the ad- 'vice of his generals, to attack the 'enemy in their entrenchments, and 'was defeated by Prince Maurice. 'This misfortune nothing abated his 'courage: the next year he formed the 'famous siege of Ostend; which will 'ever remain a memorable instance of 'the constancy of the besiegers, and 'the obstinacy of the rebels; for it last- 'ed three years, three months, and 'three days. I shall not trouble you 'with the particulars of an affair so well 'known; but will only tell you, that 'Prince Maurice used all possible means 'to raise the siege; and we, rather than 'forsake it, suffered him to take Grave 'Sluys.

'Though I was employed in the 'war, my thoughts still dwelt upon 'Donna Anna; and my love was so 'great, that I could never have lived 'thus long without seeing her, had I 'not thought it absolutely necessary to 'gain a name by my sword, that I 'might render myself worthy of be- 'coming her husband. However, my 'heart was far from being at rest; I 'was apprehensive that her father, see- 'ing himself advanced in years, might 'be desirous of settling his daughter 'before his death. This apprehension 'greatly troubled me; but fortune, fa- 'vourable to my passion, brought me 'back to Donna Anna, when I least 'expected it. Philip the Third, by 'his father's death, had now succeeded 'to all this mighty monarchy; and the 'Moors, looking upon Tangier, Ceu- 'ta, Oran, Mazagan, and our other 'places on the coast of Africa, with 'an eye of dissatisfaction, were deter- 'mined to make themselves masters of 'them. This they durst not attempt 'during the reign of Philip the Second, 'whom they dreaded; but, believing 'they might make an easy conquest at 'the beginning of a new reign, they 'set on foot extraordinary preparations 'for this purpose. The Duke of Ler- 'ma, who was at the head of affairs at 'that time, being informed of their 'design, began to raise forces. All 'the nobility of Spain, capable of being 'entrusted with the conduct of the 'African war, being then in Flanders 'or Italy, the king wrote to the arch- 'duke to send over some officers; but 'particularly two general officers, on 'whose conduct he might rely. The 'archduke, amidst all the great men in 'his court, pitched upon Don Pedro; 'and made choice of me to command 'under him. I was, you must think, 'sufficiently overjoyed to feel myself 'now become a general officer; nothing

'could

'could add to it, but the pleasure of returning to Spain, where I hoped to see Donna Anna. We had scarce time to return our thanks to the archduke, before we were obliged to take our leave. This I may truly say, that all persons of any note were sorry to part with us; and the archduke himself, when we took our leave, very kindly declared, that he looked upon it as a great loss to himself to be deprived of our service; but that the obligations he had to the crown of Spain obliged him to make that sacrifice.

'We left Brussels; and, as the peace lately concluded with France gave us the liberty of passing through that kingdom, we thought fit to go by land. We entered Spain by the way of Navarre; and, as soon as we came to Madrid, we waited on the Duke of Lerma, and the other great ministers, who received us very honourably, owing to the favourable account the archduke had given of us. They conducted us to receive the king's orders, who expressed himself in terms of satisfaction, and promised that our commissions should be made out immediately. All the business depending on Don Pedro, who was to command our little army, I had no more to do at Madrid till our departure for Africa; which, for the present, seemed at some distance, as our inferior officers were very backward in their levies, and a fleet was to be fitted out at Cadiz to carry us over. This proved very advantageous to me; for it gave me the opportunity of spending some months at Alcala. Thither I went, too impatient about Donna Anna to think of any thing else; therefore, leaving my man and horses at an inn, I hasted to the place where I had so often seen her. There I heard she had been some days gone to Siguenza with her father about their private concerns, and that her return was uncertain. Afflicted at this intelligence, I was returning to the inn to rest myself, for it was then late: when, as I was passing by a house, a woman came out of it; and, taking me by the hand, without speaking one word, led me into it. I followed, without considering at first what I did; but recollected myself upon being ordered by the woman to shut the door, and follow her. I then judged that it was some amorous intrigue I was fallen into; and that the woman, being disordered by the thoughts of what she was doing unknown to her parents, or deluded by her imagination, mistook me in the dark for another person. I was on the point of returning back, though the occasion was such as might make a man bold; yet I would not be obliged to chance for my good fortune, and was too nice to accept favours which love did not design for me. Curiosity, however, prevented my departure. I had a mind to see whether the lady was beautiful, and what would be the issue of this adventure: perhaps my destiny thus ordered it, that by these means I should arrive at the knowledge of my own origin. I followed the lady to the top of the stairs, having only just shut the street-door without locking it, that I might the more easily retreat, if occasion required. She, having ordered me to wait for her in that place, retired. Presently I heard some person mounting softly up the stairs; I shrunk into the corner that he might not discover me: but the method I took to avoid him, threw me into his arms; for the man, who probably knew the ways of the house no better than I did, crept along the wall, and met me in the corner. Though I had not much time to consider, I soon concluded that he was the party designed for the intrigue. We began to feel one another without speaking a word; but, having every reason to fear he would not fail stabbing me when he discovered that I was a man, I took care to prevent him; and, drawing my poignard, struck it twice into his breast. I heard him drop down at my feet, fetching a deep groan. I slipped down the stairs, and out of the house, shutting the door after me that I might not be followed; and made haste to my inn, where I took care to conceal this adventure. I spent the rest of the night in making serious reflections on the extravagant madness of youth, which hurries us into all manner of misfortunes, when prudence does not direct us; and I could not forgive myself the action I had been drawn into the commission of

'from

'from the impulse of a foolish curiosity. What was my surprize, 'when, going the next day to Don 'Christopher's, I found all the family 'in confusion! I enquired into the 'cause of it; and was told that Don 'Christopher had the night before received two stabs with a poignard at 'the house of Donna Eugenia de Peralta; and that nobody knew how, or 'to what purpose, he went into that 'place. I desired to see him; but he 'knew nobody, and lay struggling for 'life. His friends pressed eagerly to 'offer their assistance; Don Louis was 'distracted, the servants all in tears. 'What a spectacle was this for me! 'I had no reason to doubt that I had 'been the murderer of my friend. I 'cursed my own folly; and I should 'have laid violent hands on myself, 'had not the surgeons declared that his 'wounds were not mortal; and, though 'his weakness gave cause of apprehension, yet they said they would answer for his life, if he fell not into a 'fever in two days. This assurance 'suspended my despair, and prevented 'my offering myself a sacrifice to my 'friend. During the two days we 'were all in the utmost anxiety. I 'never left the wounded man; but 'continued by his bed-side day and 'night, felt his pulse every moment, 'and dreaded the thoughts of a fever: 'and, to prove to you the excess of 'my concern, I assure you that, for 'those two days, I never once thought 'of my love. Happily Don Christopher had no fever; and such care was 'taken of him, that he began by degrees to gather strength.

'When he was out of danger, every 'body occupied themselves in guessing 'at the cause and circumstances of his 'adventure, though far enough from 'suspecting the share I had in it. In 'the mean time, Eugenia made all 'possible search after her daughter: 'the magistrates, on their part, enquired into Engracia's flight, and the 'wounds of Don Christopher. The 'judge in criminal causes thought it 'not enough to examine Don Christopher, but he summoned Eugenia, and 'confronted them. Don Christopher 'concealed no part of what he knew: 'he frankly owned his love for Engracia, and their assignation. "By "this, Madam," said the judge, "it "appears that you, looking upon Don "Christopher as the seducer of your "daughter, employed some of your "kindred or servants to revenge your "quarrel: and thus the suspicion of "the intended murder falls upon you." 'Eugenia, in justification of herself, 'answered, that she was never ac'quainted with Don Christopher's love 'to her daughter. "Madam," said 'Don Christopher, "I do not accuse "you of this attempt to assassinate me; "your innocence I make no question "of: and would to Heaven your daughter might be found equally blameless! But I have too much reason to "conclude that some rival carried her "off, after leaving me in a condition "so unable to oppose him."—"Is "there any likelihood," said Eugenia, "that my daughter should make an assignation to murder you?"—"It is "that which confounds me," answered 'Don Christopher, "and prevents my "being positive in my censure." The 'judge, having gained very little insight in the affair from this examination, delayed judgment, and resolved to scrutinize the matter still 'farther.

'During this time, Donna Anna 'returned from Siguenza. She was 'overjoyed to find me; and the more so 'because she did not expect it. On 'my part, besides the satisfaction of 'finding her more beautiful than ever, 'I had the comfort to see her continue 'faithful and constant. We had several interviews in the house I before 'mentioned to you. My rank as general officer made us hope her father 'would approve of my pretensions; so 'that we both thought ourselves happy: but fortune soon thwarted our 'felicity. Don Christopher, recovering his strength within a month, 'went abroad. As I was one day 'congratulating him, he appeared discontented; and said—"My father has "proposed to marry me to the daughter "of a friend of his; and he is so bent "upon the match that he will not allow any objections. This is very "disagreeable to me, because I have "still a kindness for Engracia, what"ever cause I have to suspect her fide"lity."—"Do you know," said I, "the lady who is designed for you?" —"No," replied he; "my father has "not yet told me her name: he designs

"to

"to let me see her first. He has only "informed me that she is very rich, of "noble parentage, and that her person "cannot be displeasing to me." I 'listened to what he said, as no farther 'relating to me than as it concerned 'him; but the next day, going to visit 'Donna Anna at the usual place, I 'found her in tears. This touched me 'to the heart; so that, casting myself 'at her knees, to enquire the cause of 'her affliction, I learned, with astonish-'ment, that her father purposed mar-'rying her to Don Christopher, and 'had positively resolved on it. These 'tidings were like the stroke of death 'to me; and I sunk down at the feet 'of my mistress. Donna Anna, fear-'ing my seizure might be attended 'with fatal effects, held forth her hand 'to raise me up again; and, though 'not less agitated than myself with the 'misfortune that menaced us, she es-'sayed, in the most tender manner, to 'comfort me. For a long time I 'could not speak one word: I recover-'ed my senses; but only so far as to be 'more sensible of my grief. "Just "Heavens!" exclaimed I, "am I "then abandoned to the rigour of my "destiny? Must all those hopes, that "were the joy of my life, vanish in a "moment!" Then, looking upon 'Donna Anna with the greatest disor-'der imaginable—"And you, Ma-"dam," cried I, "can you, then, "consent to such a marriage? Will "you not take the least step in favour "of an unhappy man? Must the first "efforts of a father's will thus easily "tear you from my heart?"—"I have "done all," answered she, "that de-"cency will allow of; I have protested "to my father my aversion to this "match; I have conjured him not to "force me to obedience: and I would "still oppose him, could I think it "were to any purpose; but I know I "shall not prevail; since his word is "engaged, my prayers and tears will "but exasperate. Yet I will speak to "him once more, and will spare no-"thing that may move him: in short, "if I cannot be yours, I promise that "you shall have no cause to complain "of me." This said, she left me, and 'retired to make a last effort upon her 'father.

'As for me, I returned again to my 'inn, where I spent the rest of the day 'in lamenting my hard fortune: but 'hope never failing, even in extremi-'ty, I called to mind the dispositions I 'had observed in Don Christopher; and 'thought that, by exhorting him to 'continue faithful to Engracia, not-'withstanding his father's importu-'nity, I might possibly break off his 'match with Donna Anna. Full of 'this project, I hastened to his house, 'flattering myself with the hopes of 'being successful; when he, perceiv-'ing me, came forth to meet me with 'all the transports of a man who can-'not contain himself. "O, my dear "Cæsar," cried he, "my condition is "much altered since yesterday; I have "seen the charming creature my father "designs for me. You see I am in a "rapture! She is an angel! I was "impatient till I saw you; come now "and partake of my joy." You may 'well guess these words were death to 'me. "How, Don Christopher!" 'replied I; "can you abandon the "unhappy Engracia to her misfor-"tunes? Can you, then, subject "her to the mortal regret of having "drawn down on her head the resent-"ment of her family for a faithless "lover?"—"Engracia," answered 'he, "is herself faithless; it plainly "appears by her flight: but whether "she was carried away by force, or "by her own consent; whether she is "innocent or guilty; I will not think "of her any more. Do not oppose "my new love, my friend: I find a "thousand advantages in the match "with Donna Anna. Her birth, her "fortune, her beauty, do all plead for "my love: I adore her more passion-"ately than ever I did Engracia." 'These words quite overcame me: I 'turned colour; my eyes failed me; a 'cold sweat spread over my body; and 'I was ready to faint. My friend, 'thinking I was not well, did all he 'could to assist me; but, as soon as I 'came to myself, I left him, pretend-'ing that I would go and repose me at 'my inn; but, being very anxious to 'see Donna Anna, I repaired to our 'usual rendezvous. Word was sent 'that I expected her. She soon came; 'and, as I read in her face the sad 'news she brought with her—"Ma-"dam," said I, "I perceive I am a "lost man, and that Don Bertrand "has not more compassion than Don "Christopher.

" Chriſtopher. Do not fear to pro-
" nounce the ſentence of my death; I
" am prepared for it."—" Did you
" know," anſwered ſhe, " how ear-
" neſtly I have endeavoured to diſſuade
" my father! But, alas! he is inexora-
" ble; and we muſt not any longer
" hope to live for one another." At
' theſe words, which diſtracted my un-
' derſtanding, I accuſed Heaven and
' deſtiny; and could almoſt have ex-
' pired with ſorrow at her feet. She
' could not forbear weeping to ſee me
' in ſuch a deplorable condition; and,
' though ſhe wanted comfort herſelf,
' yet ſhe incited me to bear this miſ-
' fortune with reſolution. I conti-
' nued inconſolable. " Madam,"
' replied I, " the ſubject of our ſor-
" row is not the ſame: you only loſe a
" man who had nothing worthy your
" charms to offer you; but I, together
" with my life, am deprived of the
" moſt raviſhing hopes, the moſt glo-
" rious fortune, that ever mortal could
" wiſh for."—" My dear Don Cæſar,"
' replied ſhe, " your loſs is great, ſince
" in me you loſe a faithful and a lov-
" ing heart. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee
" you bear the loſs of me with indif-
" ference; but your ſorrow may con-
" tain itſelf within bounds, and your
" valour muſt triumph over it."—
" Ah, Madam!" cried I, " your re-
" ſolution is great; but though your
" courage were ever ſo extraordina-
" ry, you could ſcarcely bear up, were
" you as ſenſible of the loſs of Cæſar
" as Cæſar is of loſing you." Don-
' na Anna did every thing in her pow-
' er to appeaſe me; but, at that time,
' all ſhe could ſay rather heightened
' my affliction than gave me comfort.
' In ſhort, the concluſion of this diſ-
' mal interview was, that I ſhould once
' more try Don Chriſtopher, acquaint
' him with my paſſion, and repreſent
' how fatal it muſt be to our friend-
' ſhip, if he ſtill perſiſted to rob me of
' my love. Donna Anna, with diffi-
' culty, was prevailed on to permit this
' attempt; but, ſeeing it was our only
' reſource, ſhe at laſt gave her conſent.

' I went, therefore, in purſuit of Don
' Chriſtopher, whom I found much
' concerned for me. " Don Cæſar,"
' ſaid he, " I am glad to ſee you; I
" was afraid your diſtemper might
" have been attended with ſome ill
" conſequences."—" It is not yet
" over," anſwered I; " but is greater
" than you imagine."—" What can
" be the cauſe?" replied he. " It is
" ſuch," ſaid I, " that I have reaſon to
" be apprehenſive leſt it break off that
" friendſhip which you have always
" honoured me with."—" That can-
" not be," cried Don Chriſtopher;
" our friendſhip is too ſtrongly linked,
" and nothing can ſhake it."—" What
" if I ſhould avow that it was I who
" ſtabbed you at Engracia's?" an-
' ſwered I. " Who, you!" cried he
' abruptly. " Could you be my aſſaſ-
' ſin? But, if you did, it was without
" knowing me; and I have no reaſon
" to be angry with you."—" It is
" true," ſaid I, " the night was guilty
" of that crime, and I was not con-
' ſenting; but what you cannot for-
" give me is, that I aſpire to the love
" of the perſon whom you have
" thought worthy of your affection."
' Theſe words made Don Chriſtopher
' change countenance; but, being lia-
' ble to a double meaning, becauſe
' Donna Anna was not named, he re-
' covered himſelf, and anſwered—" If
" it is Engracia you are in love with,
" the declaration you have made will
" cauſe no breach in our friendſhip:
" nay, more, I ſhould be glad to ſee
" my ſecond ſelf fill up that place
" which I cannot forſake without ſome
" regret."—" It is not Engracia I
" love," anſwered I, in a melancholy
' tone; " you appeared, the laſt time I
" ſaw you, too averſe from her, for me
" to imagine you could be concerned
" at her infidelity to you: Donna An-
" na is the object——" " Donna An-
" na!" cried he, in a paſſion. " What
" do you tell me, Don Cæſar? I for-
" give your ſtabbing me, but I cannot
" forgive you for aſpiring to the only
" perſon who can make me happy."—
" Had I ſtaid till now," anſwered I,
" before I offered up my vows to Don
" Bertrand's daughter, I ſhould think
" myſelf deſerving of the ſevereſt pu-
" niſhment; but I have adored her for
" ſeveral years. Remember that ſad-
" neſs you ſaw me labour under the
" firſt time I returned from Flanders;
" it was Donna Anna who then filled
" my heart."—"Ah, cruel man!" cried
' Don Chriſtopher, " why did you not
" then tell me ſo? Muſt you needs ſtay
" till I was myſelf bewitched by her
" before you would own it? You did

" not

" not confide in me when you ought. " Had I known your paſſion, I would " have fortified my heart againſt lov- " ing your miſtreſs; and friendſhip " would have aſſiſted me: but you " concealed your love, and that miſ- " truſt has ruined us. We muſt needs " be both unhappy; for it is now too " late for me to withſtand my new " paſſion. Do not expect that I ſhould " quit claim to Donna Anna: I have " formed to myſelf too ſweet an idea " of enjoying her, to be able to make " a ſacrifice of it to you. You may " ſooner aſk this life you have already " attempted, and I will ſooner grant it " you."—" I know," replied I, " that " I owe all I have to you, and that I " ought not to contend with you for " the poſſeſſion of a heart; but reflect, " that I loved Donna Anna before ever " you heard her name; before I could " conjecture that you would ever know " her. Take my advice, my dear " Don Chriſtopher; do not perſiſt in " robbing me of my miſtreſs: you will " never be happy in her. In ſpite of " all your merit, your love has already " coſt her abundance of tears."— " Then you are beloved," anſwered ' he, " ſince you are ſo well acquainted " with her averſion to me."—" I had " the good fortune," ſaid I, " to do " her a conſiderable piece of ſervice; " and ſhe has been as grateful to me " as I could wiſh."—" O Heavens!" ' cried he, in a fury. " May I be- " lieve my ears? It is not enough that " I am informed my beſt friend is my " rival, but I muſt be told that he is " well received, and myſelf hated!"— " I tell it you," anſwered I, " for " your own good, to prevent the mi- " ſeries that might follow, ſhould you " deprive me of Donna Anna."— " Such a diſcovery," replied he, " is " fitter to diſtract, than to compoſe " me!"—" Can you, then," ſaid I, " think of marrying a lady whoſe " heart you can never be maſter of? " No, certainly, you deſerve better; " and you have too great a ſoul to " make a woman wretched." Much ' more I added, to diſſuade him from ' the match, but all to no purpoſe. I ' perceived, however, that his ſoul was ' full of diſtraction, and that friend- ' ſhip pleaded ſtrongly in my favour; ' but the violence of his paſſion pre- ' vailed over his generoſity.

' The ſame day I gave an account of ' this diſcourſe to Donna Anna. " Ma- " dam," ſaid I to her, " we muſt now " take our leave for ever. I come di- " rectly from Don Chriſtopher: neither " my deſpair, nor Engracia's cauſe, " will move him; and he is reſolved, " rather than forſake you, to tranſgreſs " the moſt ſacred laws of love and " friendſhip." Donna Anna, hearing ' theſe words, wept plentifully, and ' ſunk into a deadly dejection: my con- ' dition was not much better. At ' length, making an effort above her- ' ſelf, ſhe ſaid to me with firmneſs— " My dear Cæſar, this is the time to " ſhew reſolution: we muſt part, ſince " cruel fate will have it ſo. Inſtead " of ſuffering theſe ſorrows to melt " our hearts, we muſt reſolve to harden " them."—" Ah, Madam!" anſwered ' I, " when I think of loſing you, my " heart has not courage to withſtand " the ſhock! O Heavens, what a diſ- " mal ſeparation is this!" Our words ' were continually interrupted with ' ſighs. I kiſſed Donna Anna's hands, ' and moiſtened them with my tears; ' but, perceiving that, greatly as ſhe ' was concerned at my ſorrow, ſhe ſtill ' perſiſted in the neceſſity of our ſepa- ' ration—" Well, Madam," ſaid I, " it is in vain to ſtruggle; I yield to " fate, which has decreed my ruin. " Farewel! I go to ſeek death at a diſ- " tance from you. My preſence ſhall " no more diſturb your quiet; and I " pray Heaven, that the happineſs I " wiſh you may not be interrupted by " the leaſt thought of me!" At theſe ' words, I forced myſelf away, went ' to my inn, and the next morning ſet ' out for Madrid. As I went out of ' the town, I met Don Chriſtopher ' coming from a friend's houſe: he ' was ſurprized, and would have ſhun- ' ned me; but the ſight of him having ' put a thought into my head, I went ' up to him, and ſaid—" Don Chriſ- " topher, may the unhappy Don Cæſar " beg one favour of you?"—" You " have a better claim to it," anſwered ' he, " than any other man."—" May " a ſoldier of fortune," replied I, " hope you will do him the honour to " try your ſword with him? I know " you cannot but be ſurprized at what " I propoſe; I have not forgot how " much I am obliged to you; and I " own I have nothing but what I owe

" to your uncle Don Pedro's goodneſs: " but no conſideration can prevail with " a deſpairing lover; I only deſire to " die; and certainly fortune will have " me fall by your hand, ſince you have " already given me my mortal wound, " in robbing me of Donna Anna." ' Don Chriſtopher could not but be ' moved at my words; but, having re- ' covered himſelf, he replied—" Don " Cæſar, I ſhall not refuſe the ſatiſ- " faction you deſire: I take it as an " honour that you ſhould look upon " me as a rival worthy of your valour. " Yet I confeſs it grieves me to be " forced to draw my ſword againſt my " deareſt friend: but I muſt ſubmit to " fate."—" I am not deceived," an- ' ſwered I, " in my opinion of your " magnanimity; I was ſatisfied Don " Chriſtopher would ſcorn, on ſuch " an occaſion, to have regard to the " inequality of my birth: but ſince we " are to fight without malice, and only " love is the cauſe of it, I could wiſh " it might be done without expoſing a " life ſo dear to me as yours is; and, " therefore, if I am ſo fortunate as to " get the better of you, I deſire you " will deſiſt from your deſign on Don- " na Anna."—" I would loſe ten " thouſand lives," ſaid he, " rather " than make you any ſuch promiſe. " If I am worſted, ſpare not my life: " whilſt I live, Donna Anna ſhall ne- " ver be yours." Theſe words per- ' plexed me to a high degree; for I ' had only propoſed fighting in hopes ' of diſarming him, that then he might ' be reſtrained from croſſing my love. ' But finding him now reſolved ne- ' ver to reſign Donna Anna, I cried ' out, in a ſort of fury—" Why can " you entertain ſuch a thought of me, " as that I would take away your life? " I would ſooner ſtab myſelf to the " heart a thouſand times. Though " you are the cauſe of my misfortune, " you are ſtill more dear to me than " my own happineſs. Farewel, un- " feeling Don Chriſtopher! the wounds " you give me are more cruel than the " ſtabs you received at my hands. Go; " and, if you can without remorſe, en- " joy the bleſſing you rob me of. Fol- " low the inconſtancy of your inclina- " tions, in contempt of your firſt miſ- " treſs, and with the loſs of your beſt " friend." Thus ſpeaking, I left ' him, without waiting for his reply. ' I had not yet recovered myſelf, when ' I met my ſiſter Engracia in the midſt ' of ſeven or eight robbers: I ran to ' her aſſiſtance without knowing her; ' but I had periſhed in the conflict, had ' I not been ſuccoured by the brave ' Knight of La Mancha. I have al- ' ready told you that adventure: I muſt ' now give you an account of what ' happened after Don Quixote and I ' parted at Torreſva.

' When we came to Alcala, my un- ' cle Don Diego de Peralta left my ' ſiſter and me in an inn; judging it ' not ſafe to preſent us immediately to ' Eugenia, leſt the exceſs of ſudden joy ' might operate too powerfully upon a ' frame which long affliction had debili- ' tated extremely: he went to her alone, ' and acquainted her in what manner ' he had found Engracia; and, when ' he had prepared her for the happy ' news that was to compleat her joy, ' he ſent for my ſiſter and me. We fell ' down at my mother's feet; and, whilſt ' I kiſſed one of her hands, Engracia ' waſhed the other with her tears, beg- ' ging pardon for her offences. Eu- ' genia, ſhedding tears of joy, made us ' both riſe, and embraced us. Having ' ſatisfied the firſt tranſports of maternal ' tenderneſs, ſhe next affectionately em- ' braced Mary Ximenez: then ſhe de- ' ſired to know all the wonderful paſ- ' ſages of my life; which I related to ' her after the ſame manner I have ' to you. This done, the next thing ' was to contrive ſuch meaſures as ' might oblige Don Chriſtopher to ' marry Engracia. I was of opinion ' that force muſt be uſed, in caſe he re- ' fuſed to comply. My prudent uncle ' could not at firſt approve of my pro- ' poſal; but at length he conſented, in ' regard the honour of the family of ' the Peraltas was too deeply concerned ' to ſuffer Don Chriſtopher to marry ' any woman but my ſiſter, after the ' publick ſcandal occaſioned by his ' wounds. I went, therefore, to Don ' Chriſtopher with a reſolution to chal- ' lenge him, if he refuſed to marry my ' ſiſter. I was told he was indiſpoſed, ' and would admit nobody: but, as ' ſoon as he heard that I was there, and ' deſired to ſee him, he ordered me to ' be brought in. I found him lying ' on his bed, overwhelmed with a de- ' jection that ſurprized me. " Come, " Cæſar," ſaid he, " you have van-

" quiſhed

" quiſhed me! The ſtruggle is over; " friendſhip has got the better of love; " I reſtore your miſtreſs. I cannot " deny that this reſolution has coſt me " dear; but your deſpair touched me, " and my own thoughts have done the " reſt!"—" My dear Don Chriſtpher!" ' anſwered I, embracing him in a rap- ' ture of joy, " Heaven has given you " this reſolution, that you might not " ſully the ſplendor of your virtues, " by tearing my miſtreſs from me, and " being unjuſt to Engracia!"—" As " for Engracia," ſaid he, " ſhe has no " ſhare in the offering I make you: " her flight, ſo unknown to me in all " it's circumſtances, abſolves me from " any fidelity to her."—" Engracia's " truth has never failed," anſwered I; " and her flight ought not to ſet you " againſt her. It is in your own power " to be aſſured of her innocence."— " Alas!" cried he, " who can aſſure " me?"—" Myſelf!" ſaid I. Then ' I related the adventure of the rob- ' bers, and repeated to him all that I ' had heard from my ſiſter; and, laſtly, ' I acquainted him with the diſcovery ' I had made of my birth. He liſtened ' to me very attentively; and, when I ' had done—" O my friend!" cried ' he, " how ſurprizing are the things " you tell me; Wonderful are the " ways of Providence; which, by ſuch " unuſual means, has brought you to " the knowledge of your parents! You " may believe my joy is as great as " yours! As for Engracia, telling me " ſhe is innocent, you revive my love; " I reſtore her my heart, and entail the " happineſs of my life on her." Not ' to loſe this favourable diſpoſition in ' Don Chriſtopher, I preſently led him ' to Eugenia's houſe, who received him ' as her ſon-in-law. He thought my ' ſiſter ſo beautiful, that he was aſhamed ' of having been falſe to her; and he ' proteſted that he ſhould have always ' continued faithful, had he not unfor- ' tunately miſtruſted her innocence. ' To conclude in few words, my uncle ' Don Diego went in ſearch of Don ' Bertrand de Montoya and Don Louis ' de Luna; and, having given them a ' full account of all that had paſſed, ' obtained conſent of the latter that his ' ſon ſhould marry Engracia; and of ' the former, that I ſhould marry his ' daughter. I am now come to Ma- ' drid to communicate theſe happy tid- ' ings to Don Pedro, and to acquaint ' him that my relations and his own ' wait only for his preſence to conclude ' theſe two marriages.'

Don Ferdinand having ended his ſtory, all the company expreſſed their ſatisfaction in his good fortune. Then they parted: Don Carlos and the count went out together to pay ſome viſits; Don Pedro and Don Ferdinand to prepare for their journey to Alcala; and Don Alvaro ſtaid at home with the Knight of La Mancha and his ſquire.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

OF THE GREAT ARCHBANTERER OF THE INDIES; HIS ARRIVAL AT MADRID; AND OF THE LOFTY SPEECHES MADE TO HIM BY DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO.

THE sage Aliſolan, continuing the faithful relation of the matchleſs Don Quixote's heroick adventures, tells us that, the next morning, Don Carlos's ſecretary came to Don Alvaro, to communicate a project of diverſion, which his maſter and the count had laid the night before, with a friend of theirs called the Marquis de Oriſalvo; who, from the account he had heard of Don Quixote, felt a ſtrong inclination to amuſe himſelf at the expence of our knight-errant. Tarſe being informed of their deſign, which he thought very pleaſant, diſmiſſed the ſecretary; having taken upon himſelf the taſk of preparing Don Quixote for the buſineſs. He accordingly went to his chamber; and ſaid to him—'Sir Knight, I am 'come to announce a moſt agreeable 'piece of news; the great Archban- 'terer of the Indies arrived laſt night 'in this city!'—'The Archbanterer of 'the Indies!' replied Don Quixote, in amaze; 'I never heard of that prince 'before!'—'I wonder at it!' anſwered Don Alvaro. 'How can you, who 'know all things, be unacquainted 'with that monarch, who is doubtleſs 'one of the greateſt princes upon the 'face of the earth?'—'And, pray, in 'what part of the world lies his em- 'pire?' quoth the knight. 'It lies,' anſwered the Granadine, 'betwixt the 'dominions of the Great Mogul and 'thoſe of the Emperor of China.'— 'If ſo,' ſaid the knight, 'he muſt have 'conquered the kingdoms of Baran- 'tola, of Pegu, of Aracan, of Cochin- 'China, and all the other places which 'lie from the mouth of the Ganges to the 'Philippine Iſlands; and have aſſumed, 'by way of eminence, the haughty title 'of Archbanterer of the Indies.'— 'That may very well be,' replied Tarſe; 'or rather, it cannot be other- 'wiſe: for he alſo ſtiles himſelf Em- 'peror and Lord of the Kingdoms of A- 'racan, Cochin-China, and all the reſt 'of the dominions you have named. I 'long to ſee him; and, if you will be 'ruled by me, we will wait on him this 'very day.'—'With all my heart,' anſwered Don Quixote. 'And with 'mine too, Don Alvaro!' cried San- cho;

cho; 'I would fain see the great arch-'bantling you talk of.'—'It is a com-'mendable curiosity,' answered Don Alvaro; 'and you may soon satisfy it 'at your leisure. Don Carlos and the 'count, who design the same thing, 'sent me word that they would take 'us thither this afternoon.' Don Quixote was never weary of talking with Tarfe about the archbanterer; of whom he formed to himself a marvellous conception from the novelty of his title, which he had never heard of before. Don Carlos and the count arriving about four o'clock in the afternoon, Don Alvaro ordered the mules to be put into his coach; and Don Quixote having armed himself at all points, they set forth as follows: Don Carlos and the knight in one coach; and Tarfe, the count, and Sancho, in the other.

In the mean while, the Marquis de Orisalvo, under the burlesque title of Archbanterer, was preparing for the reception of Don Quixote, in a magnificent hall, illuminated, though it was not yet dark, with a profusion of wax-tapers and torches. Being perfectly acquainted with the custom of ancient chivalry, he had caused a small throne to be erected at the end of the room, under a stately canopy; and, to make up a numerous court, he had invited all his friends, and abundance of ladies: besides this, he had equipped himself with a diadem of cloth of gold, and a small wooden sceptre wound about with red ribbands. As soon as he heard Don Quixote was at hand, he seated himself on the throne, assuming the utmost gravity possible. When the knight entered the hall, and saw the archbanterer with his crown and sceptre, enthroned under a rich canopy, he presently called to mind what he had so frequently found described in his volumes of chivalry, and felt all the satisfaction of the ancient knights-errant when they presented themselves before the foot-stool of some magnificent emperor. Don Alvaro, the count, and Don Carlos, first advancing, saluted the archbanterer with every token of the most profound respect. Then the Granadine, taking Don Quixote by the hand, led him up to the canopy; and, presenting him to the marquis, said—'Renowned archbanterer, behold here 'the famous Don Quixote, the flower 'of La Mancha, the lanthorn of chi-'valry, the terror of giants, your 'mightiness's sworn friend, and the 'protector of your kingdoms!' This said, he fell back, leaving Don Quixote in the middle of the room. Then the knight, resting the butt-end of his lance on the ground, looked around him without uttering a word; till, judging by the general silence that it was expected he should speak, he raised his voice, and directed his discourse as follows to the marquis, who found sufficient difficulty in preserving his gravity from being shaken by the whimsical gestures of his visitor—'August and 'magnanimous monarch, Supreme 'Head of the ebb and flood of the In-'dian Ocean, Emperor and Sovereign 'of the kingdoms of Aracan, of Pegu, 'of Tonquin, of Cochin-China, and of 'Barantola! highly do I, doubtless, 'esteem myself indebted to my fortune 'for the happiness I this day enjoy in 'your imperial presence! I have tra-'velled the greatest part of this vast 'hemisphere; I have slain an infinite 'number of giants, righted wrongs, 'disenchanted palaces, set princesses at 'liberty, revenged offended princes, 'subdued provinces, and restored usurp-'ed kingdoms to their lawful owners! 'If all this can incline you to desire 'that I should devote my redoubted 'sword to your mightiness's service, I 'here make offer of it; assuring you 'that, as long as it shall support your 'interest, you will be respected by the 'Mogul and the Emperor of China 'your neighbours, and dreaded by all 'your enemies. The fame of my un-'heard of exploits will pierce through 'their ears into their very hearts: but, 'to the end that you may be yourself 'a witness of my wonderful valour, I 'humbly beseech your great mightiness 'to grant me a boon.'—'Courteous 'and puissant knight,' replied the arch-banterer, 'whatever be your request to 'me, I most voluntarily do accord the 'same, were it even my very arch-'bantership.'—'Great monarch,' replied Don Quixote, 'I neither ask your 'dominions, nor your wealth: the em-'pires of Greece, Babylon, and Tre-'bisond, have enough to satisfy my 'ambition. The boon I ask is, that 'you will permit me, in your presence, 'to combat the Giant Bramarbas, who 'will speedily make his appearance in 'this city of Madrid?'—'I grant it,' answered

anſwered the archbanterer; 'and will 'be myſelf judge of the combat, which 'will doubtleſs be as delightful to be-'hold as was that which the valiant 'Clarineus of Spain maintained againſt 'the dreadful Brolandio. I do not 'queſtion but the event will prove to 'you ſufficiently glorious; your mar-'tial air warrants it, and puts us out 'of all concern for the ſucceſs.'

Whilſt the archbanterer thus ſpoke, Don Carlos drew near to Sancho, and whiſpered him in the ear, ſaying—'Come, my friend, your turn is next. 'It is time for you to ſhew yourſelf. 'Go, ſalute the archbanterer; and ha-'rangue him in your turn. I am ſa-'tisfied he will dub you knight, when 'he perceives you are a man of ſuch 'abilities.'—'As for that, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'if there goes nothing but 'making a fine ſpeech towards dubbing 'me a knight, let me alone for that; 'the buſineſs is half done.' Having ſpoken theſe words, he went forwards into the middle of the room; and, kneel-ing before his maſter with his cap in hand, ſaid to him—'Maſter Don Quix-'ote, if ever I did you any ſervice in 'my life, I beſeech you, by Rozi-'nante's merits, give me leave to let 'fly half a ſcore words at my Lord 'Archbanterer, to the end that he may 'know I am a man of parts, and may 'beſtow on me the order of knight-'hood, back-ſtroke and fore-ſtroke.'—'Hark ye, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quix-ote, 'I conſent you ſhould have the 'honour of addreſſing yourſelf to the 'archbanterer, provided you neither 'ſay nor do any thing that is imperti-'nent.'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' anſwered Sancho, 'if you are ſo much afraid, 'ſtand behind me; and if I happen to 'ſay any thing amiſs, you need only tell 'me ſo, and I will unſay it the next 'word.'—'In plain terms,' anſwered the knight; 'if I give you leave to 'ſpeak, I fear I ſhall have cauſe to re-'pent me.'—'No, no, Sir,' cried San-cho; 'fear nothing; every word I ſpeak 'will be worth it's weight in gold; 'for I remember ſome words of your 'ſpeech, and will clap them in ſo pat, 'that the devil himſelf ſhall be miſ-'taken in me.'—'Take heed, then,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'and I will entreat 'that great prince to give you a hear-'ing.' Then directing his diſcourſe 'to the emperor, he proceeded thus—'Great and potent monarch! be pleaſed 'to grant my ſquire the liberty of ad-'dreſſing your noble mightineſs. I 'can aſſure you, he has all the qualifi-'cations of Bignano, who was ſquire 'to the Knight of the Sun. He is 'prudent, diſcreet, and faithful; and 'when I ſend him on an embaſſy to 'any princeſs, he performs his com-'miſſion exactly. He is, beſides, very 'brave; and it is not more than two 'days ſince he gained an iſland by his 'valour.'—'Moſt hardy knight,' re-plied the archbanterer, 'I give full 'credit to all you ſay in praiſe of your 'ſquire. His mien and phyſiognomy 'diſcover his worth, and convince me 'that he is moſt worthy of ſuch a knight 'as yourſelf. He may talk as long as 'he pleaſes; I am ready to hear him to 'the end, though he were as copious 'as a rhetorician.'

Sancho, having thus obtained leave to harangue the archbanterer, turned to his maſter, and ſaid—'Your worſhip, 'if you pleaſe, will be ſo kind as to 'furniſh me with your lance and buck-'ler, that I may put myſelf into the 'ſame poſture you were in when you 'made your oration.'—'Brute!' an-ſwered Don Quixote, 'to what purpoſe 'ſhould you have my lance and buck-'ler? Don't you conſider you are not 'dubbed a knight? You begin to play 'the fool already.'—'Fair and ſoftly, 'Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'do not work 'yourſelf into a paſſion. Though I 'am not a knight now, I ſhall be by-'and-by; for I ſhall make a curious 'ſpeech, or I am much miſtaken. And 'as for your lance and buckler, you 'ſhall ſee I will do well enough with-'out them.' Thus ſaying, he clapped his cap upon his head, and ſet himſelf ſtiff upon his legs, with his arms a-kembo; then, having pauſed a while, as his maſter did, he began his ſpeech after this manner—'Great monarch, 'Archbanterer of the ebb and flood of 'the Indies, Lord of the Hemiſpheres, 'Emperor of Cuckoldina, and Barren-'toola——' 'No more, ſilly wretch!' ſaid Don Quixote, interrupting him, in a low voice; 'you had better be quiet 'than prate any more. What will the 'emperor think of you?'—'By my 'troth, Sir!' anſwered the ſquire, 'he 'will think what he pleaſes; but, in

'ſhort,

'short, he ought not to think any ill: 'for I design no harm; and God knows 'my meaning. Do you think that I 'have a memory like a scholar, to keep 'cramp words in my head? By the 'Lord! not I; I can never remember 'all that high stuff; but if an ass cannot 'sing, he can bray; and that is enough 'for a governor. Let me go on my 'own way, fair and softly, and you 'shall see I will not trip. You may 'listen to me; for I will go on with 'my speech, and will make an end of 'it, or I shall have very ill luck.—I 'say, then, Mr. Archbanterer,' continued he, raising his voice, 'that my 'wife's name is Mary Guiterrez, and 'I am called Sancho Panza the Black, 'born in the village of Argamasilla 'near Toboso.'—'Good!' said Don Quixote, interrupting him again; 'will not you tell us your children's 'names too?'—'Why not, Sir?' replied Sancho; 'they are not scabby, 'that I should be afraid to name them. '—Yes, Mr. Archbanterer, I have a 'daughter called little Sancha, another 'called Teresa, and a third Joan. 'Peter Tamaydo, the scrivener, is 'godfather to little Sancha; Thomas 'Cecial to Teresa; and John Peres, the 'vintner, to Joan.'—'A plague con- 'found thee and all thy generation!' cried Don Quixote; 'what needs the 'emperor be told all that bead-roll, 'thou coxcomb?'—'This is to let him 'understand,' quoth Sancho, 'that I 'am no liar: for every word I speak 'is true; and I had better speak the 'truth, than say I have killed giants, 'and all those lying stories knights- 'errant let fly in their speeches.' Don Quixote, who little expected such an answer, began to wax mighty cholerick thereat; but the emperor's presence curbing him, he said in a low voice to his squire—'Well, talk on as much as 'you will, scoundrel! but I assure you, 'you shall pay for this when we are 'alone.' Sancho, without paying attention to these menaces, went on with his discourse after this manner—'To 'come to my story again, Mr. Arch- 'banterer, you must understand, that 'last night I won the Island of the 'Forcemeat-Balls, fighting the black 'squire at fisticuffs. Therefore I de- 'sire you to dub me a knight. Do not 'go to put me off by saying I am a 'peasant; for, by St. James, do you see, 'I am of the race of ancient Christians! 'and, when I am mounted upon my 'ass, I look as like a doctor as ever 'you saw any thing. And, in fine, 'and sum of all, I am squire to Don 'Quixote de la Mancha, who is such 'a good man that he never hurts any 'body; for, ever since we have been 'gadding about chivalry, I never saw 'him kill so much as a fly, till the 'other day he run a highwayman 'through the back: but that was a 'very good piece of work, and he will 'be rewarded for it in the other world.' Sancho having no more to say, the archbanterer answered—'Brave squire, 'I am very well satisfied with you. 'I am of opinion that you are very fit 'for the duties of a righter of wrongs; 'and therefore I will not refuse you 'the honour of knighthood, which 'you require at my hands. Had you 'no other merit, that of being squire 'to the redoubtable Don Quixote 'would alone give you sufficient right 'to demand my compliance. But this 'ceremony, with your leave, must be 'put off till another time; because, at 'present, I am under an affliction 'which will not allow me to attend to 'any thing of pleasure.' This said, he drew out of his pocket a laced handkerchief, and covered his face with it; like a man who, overwhelmed on a sudden with the recollection of some grievous disaster, abandons himself to a thousand confused and melancholy reflections.

CHAP. II.

OF THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURE, THE THOUGHTS WHEREOF AFFLICTED THE ARCHBANTERER.

WHILST the archbanterer's face was covered with his handkerchief, Don Carlos, the count, and Tarfe, feigned themselves greatly concerned at his sorrow, and anxious to know the cause of it. As to Don Quixote, he was really troubled; and his profound respect, which restrained him from questioning the emperor upon the subject, added to his distress. At length, the archbanterer reassumed courage; and applying to himself an adventure

venture which he had read in Don Belianis of Greece *, he related it to the company, particularly directing his discourse to the Knight of La Mancha, in these words.

'You have sufficient reason, gentlemen, seeing me thus overwhelmed with grief, to conjecture that my affliction proceeds from no small cause; but, believe me, it is above all you can possibly imagine. The gods had given me an only daughter, and I was thankful to them for having bestowed on her exquisite beauty; whereas, I ought rather to find fault with them for conferring a gift so fatal. Her name was Banterina: I loved her tenderly; and the Empress Merry-dame, her mother, could not bear her absence for a moment. Thus happy were we in our dear daughter; when, on a certain day, some barons of my court came to acquaint me that there was a wonderfully rich tent pitched in a great square about three hundred paces from my palace; but by what means it was brought thither, nobody could form any conjecture. I went with the empress and the infanta to see so surprizing a sight. We arrived at the square; and were astonished at the richness and rarity of it's workmanship. We stood a long time in admiration of it; and drawing nearer, that we might view it more accurately, our ears were saluted by a symphony from within, so delightful and harmonious, as not to be excelled. A most ravishing voice was heard, at the same time, above all the musick; which, at certain intervals, was interrupted by a dreadful noise of trumpets and kettle-drums, as it were sounding a charge. When we had a while enjoyed the pleasure of hearing this variety of instruments, we saw four wonderfully well-built knights issue forth from the tent: they wore their helmets upon their heads; they were cased in green armour, sprinkled with golden stars; and they led four very swarthy damsels, clad in long robes of cloth of silver. They all came up to us, and fell down at our feet. Whatever we could say to them, we could not persuade them to rise; but one of the damsels, directing her discourse to me, with a loud voice, that was heard by all my barons, said —" Most renowned Archbanterer, " Puissant Lord of the Oriental Pearls, " Emperor and Sovereign of the kingdoms of Aracan, Tonquin, and Cochin-China; great prince, to whom " all the kingdoms of the earth ought " to submit, since you excel all the " kings upon the face of the earth in " gallantry and genteelness; you must " understand we are under the greatest " of afflictions. Nothing can equal " our misfortune; and we are persuaded that, unless we find some relief " in this place, it will be bootless for " us to seek it elsewhere. We therefore most humbly beseech your Sovereign Highness, as also the Right " Honourable Merry-dame, and the " amiable Banterina, to grant us a " boon."—" Charming damsel," answered I, " ask what boon you please, " I grant it you; and assure yourself, the " empress and the infanta will not oppose it." My wife Merry-dame and Banterina accordingly confirmed my grant. The knights and damsels then rose; and she that spoke before went on, saying—" Most famous emperor, you must understand, that the " caliph of Syconia is in the tent you " see before you; and I must acquaint " you with the cause and means of his " confinement there. I know not " whether you ever heard of the Infanta Cerizetta, his daughter, whose " beauty has been so much celebrated " throughout the world. The wise " Herodian, King of the Island of " Pearls, and one of the bravest giants " that ever existed, sent to demand her " in marriage of her father, who gave " him a refusal. This so incensed " Herodian, that on a day when there " was a magnificent tournament held " in Syconia, in which the caliph himself gave wonderful proofs of his " strength and dexterity, this giant appeared in the lists, with these four " knights in the green armour; and, " among them, in less than a quarter " of an hour, they slew or disabled " above a thousand knights; which " struck such a terror into all there

* The adventure from which this is copied may be found in Part I. Chapter xlii. of the English translation of the famous and delectable history of Don Belianis of Greece. Edition 1683.

" present,

" preſent that the ſpectators, and thoſe " who came to take part in the combat, " fled together in confuſion. The un- " daunted caliph was almoſt the only " man that remained; for he could rally " no more than ten knights, with " whom he fell upon Herodian and his " men; but he had the ill fortune to be " overthrown, and his ten brave com- " panions were all ſlain. Immediately " this tent appeared in the ſquare, in " the ſame manner as you now behold " it. The giant hurried the caliph and " the infanta into it, after enchanting " them both, and placed theſe four " knights to guard the entrance of it; " and they are ſuch men as cannot be " overcome by any human force; for " though above two thouſand knights " of all nations have attempted to de- " liver the caliph and Cerizetta, yet " none of them could ever prevail. " All the caliph's court was in con- " ſternation; and we knew not what " courſe to take, until one Friday " morning, at ſun-riſing, we were in- " formed by a magician, whom we had " conſulted, that the whole was a ſort " of enchantment, which we ſhould " never be able to diſſolve unleſs we " found out a princeſs more beautiful " than Cerizetta. Could we once find " ſuch a princeſs, we needed only to " perſuade her to try the adventure; " that ſhe would enter the tent without " any difficulty, and Cerizetta would " deliver to her a ſword ſhe holds in " her hand, with which the knights in " the green armour would be eaſily " overcome. The magician farther " added, that all he could do for us, " was to carry about the tent whither- " ſoever we pleaſed: that four of Ceri- " zetta's damſels might go into it, and " that they ſhould be guarded by the " ſame knights. I preſently went into " the tent with theſe three damſels; and " thus have we viſited the courts of " moſt Pagan princes. But, to ſay the " truth, we have never yet ſeen any " princeſſes whom we could think wor- " thy to try the adventure. We now " deſpaired of finding any, when fame " informed us, that your daughter " Banterina was as beautiful as we " could deſire. The tent was in a " moment removed hither by magick; " and we are come to entreat you to " permit the peerleſs Banterina to un- " dertake the adventure. This is the " boon you have granted us."

' Such was the account given me by ' Cerizetta's damſel, at which I was ' not a little ſurprized: I returned, ' however, this anſwer—" Comely " damſel, I am much troubled at the " caliph of Syconia's misfortune; for " we potentates have a great kindneſs " for each other; and I ſhould deſire, " above all things, that this rare ad- " venture might be finiſhed at my court. " But, pray, inform me whether ſome " unhappy accident may not befal the " princeſs, ſhould ſhe be unſucceſsful " in her attempt to atchieve this adven- " ture?"—" No, Sir," replied the ' damſel; " for the magician acquaint- " ed us, that in caſe the princeſs who " attempts it is not more beautiful than " Cerizetta, ſhe ſhall be held back by " an inviſible hand, and will not be " able to go into the tent."—" Well, " then," anſwered I, " my daughter " Banterina has my conſent to make " trial of her beauty: but I muſt firſt " prove the proweſs of theſe four " knights. There are thoſe in my " court who may overcome them; and, " diſpelling the charm by their valour, " will, perhaps, ſave my daughter the " ſhame of attempting in vain to diſ- " ſolve it."—" Sovereign Prince of " Cochin-China," replied the damſel, " you may do as you pleaſe; but I " would not adviſe you to expoſe your " knights to combat with theſe, who " are ſo enchanted, that they alone can " rout a whole army."—" No mat- " ter," ſaid I; " I muſt ſatisfy my " curioſity." I therefore ordered my ' knights to prepare for the fight; and ' in a moment above three thouſand ap- ' peared in the ſquare, all of them am- ' bitious of finiſhing the adventure. ' The four damſels then returned with ' the four enchanted knights into the ' tent; which immediately opened, and ' preſented to our aſtoniſhed eyes a ' ſpectacle worthy of the deepeſt com- ' miſeration. We diſcovered the ca- ' liph of Syconia, armed at all points, ' ſitting at the foot of a golden throne, ' on cryſtal ſteps, leaning his head on ' his hand, like one plunged in extre- ' mity of melancholy. The infanta, ' his daughter, was on his right, hold- ' ing a naked ſword, the hilt whereof ' ſeemed to be all of diamonds; and on

'the left ſtood the god of love, with his 'bow and quiver, ſo exquiſitely repre-'ſented, that he ſeemed to breathe. 'Below this lay a knight ſtretched out, 'with one of the god's arrows ſtick-'ing in his breaſt; and holding in his 'hand a Greek inſcription, which no-'body underſtood; but which expreſſed 'the caliph's and Cerizetta's misfor-'tunes, in ſuch terms, as drew tears 'from all eyes that beheld it. When 'we had fully contemplated theſe won-'ders, preparation was made for the 'trial of the adventure. The firſt who 'would attempt it was Prince Rozinel, 'my baſtard, the very flower and cream 'of Pagan knights. His armour was 'of a roſe colour beſtrewed with ſil-'ver flowers; and he was mounted on 'a beautiful courſer lineally deſcend-'ed from the god Boreas and the fa-'mous mares of Ericthonius, which 'trod ſo lightly, that they would gallop 'over the ears of corn, and not break 'them. He appeared before the tent, 'attended by three of the moſt valiant 'knights in all my archbantererſhip. 'The enchanted knights came out to 'meet them; but the combat was as 'ſoon ended as begun; for, at the very 'firſt rencounter, Rozinel and his com-'panions were thrown out of the ſaddle, 'and borne to the ground with ſuch 'violence, that they were unable to 'riſe again. The reſt of my knights, 'being well acquainted with the va-'lour of thoſe who had been over-'thrown, and concluding they could 'expect no better ſucceſs, retired in 'diſorder; and fled the place, as the 'fearful doves do before the cruel eagle, 'that has juſt devoured a kite. This 'only ſerved to heighten the deſire I 'felt of ſeeing the adventure ended. 'I cauſed the wounded men to be laid 'in rich beds, and ſent the moſt beau-'tiful princeſſes of my court to rub their 'ſides. I then ordered my daughter 'to go up to the entrance of the tent. 'Banterina, who had always kept her 'eyes fixed on Cerizetta, whom ſhe 'thought beautiful to a miracle, obeyed 'me trembling. She drew near the 'tent, and entered it without any dif-'ficulty. But, O unheard-of prodigy! 'O diſmal misfortune! whoſe ſad re-'membrance cauſes ſuch grief in my 'ſoul as is continually recent! No 'ſooner had ſhe placed her feet within 'the tent, than it immediately cloſed 'upon her; and, riſing rapidly into 'the air, vaniſhed with the caliph, Ce-'rizetta, the knights, the damſels, 'and my dear Banterina. We con-'cluded, but too late, that this was 'the fraud of an enchanter—"Hold, "treacherous necromancer!" cried the 'empreſs; "reſtore me my infanta, or "come and take my life!—Banterina, "O my dear daughter! can the righte-"ous gods ſuffer you to be taken from "your mother?" But, alas! her cries 'were in vain; her voice was loſt in the 'air with her unhappy daughter: grief 'overwhelming her, ſhe ſunk ſpeech-'leſs into the arms of her women; 'who, ſharing her ſorrow, beat their 'breaſts, and made the ſquare echo with 'their ſighs. I tore my hair and beard, 'I caſt myſelf on the ground; and my 'barons were forced to hold my hands, 'fearing I ſhould kill myſelf. To 'conclude, in a few words, the re-'mainder of this pitiable hiſtory, the 'empreſs was carried into her apart-'ment, and I into mine. We both of 'us ſpent a whole month in immode-'rate ſorrow; but at length, conſider-'ing that, thus indulging our grief, 'we neglected that which ſhould have 'been ſooner thought of, which was 'to ſend our knights in queſt of Ban-'terina to all parts of the world; I 'employed all thoſe who were willing 'to undertake it, with ſtrict orders to 'ſearch narrowly all the caſtles upon 'the face of the earth, from the caſtles 'of princes to the palaces of financiers. 'This was not all: I cauſed my daugh-'ter to be poſted up from the mouth of 'the River Ganges, to the Danube; 'and from Mount Caucaſus, to the 'mountains of Terra Auſtralis; in-'ſomuch, that the very poſting has coſt 'me in paper and paſte five hundred 'thouſand ducats: and yet three whole 'years are paſſed without hearing the 'leaſt news of Banterina. This makes 'us apt to believe, that the knights we 'have ſent in queſt of her ſpend their 'time idly, inſtead of attending to the 'execution of their commiſſion. There-'fore the empreſs and I, conſidering 'that every body can do their buſineſs 'better themſelves than by proxy, have 'left the government of our archban-'tererſhip to an able and honeſt mi-'niſter, if ever any ſuch was. We

'have

'have croſſed Aſia; and, after traverſing 'Africa, are come into Spain, where 'we ſhall ſtay no longer than is re-'quiſite to ſeek the Infanta Bante-'rina.'

CHAP. III.

OF THE DREADFUL COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GIANT BRAMARBAS IRONSIDES, KING OF CYPRUS; AND THE STRANGE EVENT OF IT.

WHAT pen can declare the thoughts which agitated the Knight of La Mancha, whilſt the Emperor of Cochin-China was making his diſmal relation? Who is able to expreſs how much his tender bowels were moved? All the tongues in the world put together have not words enough to make known the different ſtruggles of rage and pity that diſtorted a heart ſo highly concerned at whatever related to the rape of maidens. As ſoon as the emperor had done ſpeaking, he took upon him to anſwer; and, in a voice that ſufficiently diſcovered his diſorder, ſaid—'Magnanimous emperor, you 'may judge, by my concern for the 'misfortunes of the meaneſt private 'perſons, how much I am diſturbed at 'yours. Your diſaſters are as grie-'vous to me as to yourſelf; and I muſt 'inform you, that it is the enchanter 'Friſton who has ſtolen away the peer-'leſs Banterina; I perceive it by the 'fatal circumſtances of the adventure: 'he made uſe of the ſame enchantment 'to ſteal away the peerleſs Floriſbella 'at Babylon. He brought ſuch ano-'ther tent, with four knights in green 'armour, adorned with golden ſtars, 'and the four damſels clad in cloth of 'ſilver, who begged the ſame boon of 'the ſultan. In ſhort, the whole ſtory 'you have told us, is, word for word, 'in the authentick Hiſtory of the Ad-'ventures of Don Belianis; which is 'an undeniable proof that the ſame en-'chanter has committed this rape upon 'the princeſs your daughter: but I 'ſwear by the ſacred order of knight-'errantry, that, the moment I have ſlain 'Bramarbas, I will depart from Ma-'drid to ſeek that beautiful infanta 'throughout the world; and will ne-'ver reſt in any place till I have found 'her!' The archbanterer thanked Don Quixote for his kindneſs; but, as he was thanking him, the company were alarmed by five or ſix blows of one knocking at the door ſo violently, that they expected it would be ſhattered to pieces. 'See who is there!' exclaimed the archbanterer to his pages. 'It muſt 'certainly be ſome giant; for ſuch is 'the manner in which they accuſtom 'themſelves to tap at the doors of em-'perors.' As he ſaid, ſo it proved: the pages had no ſooner opened the door, than in came the dreadful giant Bramarbas. His dreſs conſiſted of a long robe of blue napped-cloth, an immenſe ruff of black crape, and a turban of muſlin ſtriped with gold, and adorned with a variety of feathers; an enormous belt of pinked leather croſſed his ſhoulder, and ſupported a ſword of painted wood at leaſt two yards in length, and a foot broad. As ſoon as ever Sancho eſpied him, he ran and ſquatted himſelf down by the archbanterer; crying out, with might and main—'Mercy on us! 'here is the dog Barrabbas come in the 'nick! He is grown three pikes length 'ſince we ſaw him. Saints and Fa-'thers! what will my poor maſter Don 'Quixote be in the hands of that con-'founded Goliah, who is like to ſell 'all our guts for fiddle-ſtrings, if good 'Saint Nick does not aſſiſt us!' Don Quixote hearing theſe words, looked aſkaunce upon his ſquire, and commanded him to hold his peace. In the mean while, the King of Cyprus, who had been forced to ſtoop very low to get into the room, came forward, turning his prodigious head every way, and rolling his eyes after a frightful manner, but without ſpeaking a word, or ſo much as ſaluting the emperor; who ſaid to him—'Genteel and courteous 'giant, tell me who you are, and what 'brings you to my court?'—'I am the 'dreadful giant Bramarbas Ironſides, 'King of Cyprus!' anſwered the gi-ant with a broken voice; 'and I am 'come to look for the Knight of La 'Mancha, who, I am told, is in this 'imperial chamber.'—'You have been 'rightly informed,' cried Don Quix-ote: 'and I am glad to ſee you; for I 'ſuppoſe you come to be as good as 'your word to me?'—'I do, knight!' anſwered Bramarbas; 'I come to com-'bat with thee in purſuance of my 'challenge at Saragoſſa. This day my 'dreadful ſword ſhall put an end to 'thy glorious days! This day will I

'cut off thy bald head, and carry it 'into my dominions, to nail it up at 'my royal chamber-door, with an in-'scription in High-Dutch, which shall 'most elegantly expreſs how the flower 'of La Mancha was mown down by 'my invincible hands! This day will 'I cauſe myſelf to be crowned king of 'all the earth; for, when thou art gone, 'there will be none left that will dare 'to diſpute it with me! This day, in 'fine, will I make myſelf maſter of all 'thy victories, and will carry away 'with me to Cyprus all the ladies here, 'to put them into my ſeraglio, which 'wants recruits! If thou art ſo brave 'as thou art reported, thou mayeſt 'come out immediately, and we will 'conclude the buſineſs in this imperial 'chamber, if the emperor will give us 'leave.'—'I conſent,' ſaid the arch-banterer, 'though it be not uſual: theſe 'combats are generally within liſts; 'but I have ſuch a mind to ſee you in 'action, that I cannot ſtay any longer.' —'I would not bring my deadly club,' ſaid the giant, 'becauſe I can, without 'much trouble, overcome the Knight 'of La Mancha with only this ſword, 'which was made by Vulcan, a god 'whom I adore; as I do alſo Jove, 'Neptune, Mars, Mercury, and Pro-'ſerpine.'—'Maſter Barrabbas,' cried Sancho, interrupting him, 'pray take 'heed what you ſay: you had better 'bite your thumbs than to call all 'thoſe ſcoundrels you ſpeak of gods; 'for, ſhould the Inquiſition hear of it, 'black were the day that you came into 'Spain!'—'I ſpeak not to thee, num-'ſcull!' anſwered Bramarbas; 'I 'would adviſe thee to hold thy tongue.' —'You adviſe me!' quoth Sancho; 'do not you know that, at Rome, they 'laugh at one that gives advice before 'he is aſked? What a pox! do you 'think I muſt not dare ſay my ſoul is 'my own becauſe you are as tall as 'Antichriſt? Pray take notice, that a 'little worm eats through a great log; 'and that a gnat troubles a man more 'than an eagle can do him good.'—'Hold thy peace, I ſay again, thou 'knave!' replied the giant; 'or, I 'ſwear by the Alcoran, I will make 'thee an example to all ſaucy ſquires!' —'The Alcoran and you,' quoth San-cho, 'are a couple of louſy rakes; and 'I value neither of you!'—'How now, 'bold man!' ſaid the King of Cyprus, 'do you dare to talk to me ſo ſaucily? 'To me, who make the ſultans and 'the caliphs quake! By the god of the 'herrings trident, if I lay hold of you, 'I will cruſh you to powder, and throw 'you up into the air with ſuch force, 'that your duſt ſhall fly into Japan!' —'You threaten me,' anſwered the ſquire, 'to fright my maſter; but you 'muſt not think to beat the dog before 'the lion. Take notice, that my ma-'ſter Don Quixote is worth us both; 'and values your helliſh carcaſe no 'more than he values the jade that 'bore you!'—'O inſolence!' ſaid Iron-ſides, advancing a few ſteps towards Sancho; 'I will teach thee to pay a re-'ſpect to giants of my quality!'— 'Help! help! Murder!' cried Sancho, ſeeing the giant move towards him; 'if 'he touches me I am gone!'—'Hold, 'Bramarbas!' ſaid Don Quixote, ſtep-ping in betwixt him and Sancho; 'do 'not attack a man that is not in a 'poſture of defence. If you find your-'ſelf offended at my ſquire's diſcourſe, 'I am here ready to give you ſatisfac-'tion. Let us combat in the preſence 'of the great archbanterer and all his 'court; we can never have nobler wit-'neſſes of our valour: but, ſince you 'have no armour, I muſt take off mine; 'I will not fight with odds; the con-'queſt would not be honourable. That 'you may ſee I do not fear you, I will 'take off my helmet and my cuiraſs, 'and will meet you with my ſword 'only: if yours is longer, mine is in a 'better hand.' Having ſpoken theſe words, he turned to his ſquire, and ſaid—'Riſe, my ſon; come and help 'off my armour: you ſhall ſoon ſee 'that dreadful monſter, our enemy, 'ſtretched upon the ground.'—'God 'grant it, Sir!' anſwered Sancho, go-ing towards his maſter; 'but, methinks, 'we and all theſe gentlemen here pre-'ſent had better fall upon him toge-ther; ſome might hold his legs, and 'others his head, till he were half dead. 'By thunder and lightning, could I 'once ſee him flat in this room, giving 'up the ghoſt, I would give him more 'bangs on his long ſides than he has 'hairs in his whiſkers!'—'That is not 'lawful,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'but 'I need no help to overcome a giant, 'be he ever ſo ſtrong. Make haſte to 'take off my armour; and leave the reſt 'to the force of my arm.' Sancho did

as

as he was commanded; so that the knight was presently disarmed. His figure in this dishabille state furnished new matter of mirth and marvel to the company. His pate was bare and bald; his carcase long, lank, and fleshless as a skeleton; it was cased in a doublet of black sattin, miserably scanty, and more than half threadbare; under which peeped out a very dirty shirt; for he had not changed his linen since he left Saragossa.

Such was the appearance of our knight-errant; when, laying his hand upon his sword, he advanced towards the King of Cyprus—'Come,' said he, 'arrogant monster! since the emperor 'gives leave that we combat in this 'room, let us lose no time in frivolous 'babbling: courage is known by ac-'tions.' At these words he unsheathed his weapon; when suddenly, as our knight's adventures always proved very extraordinary, the assembly beheld the immense carcase of Bramarbas tumble backwards; and in his place appeared a damsel, clad like a shepherdess, and her face covered with a napkin. Those who had not been prepared for this event were much surprized; and Don Quixote, dropping the point of his sword, fell back two steps, and stood still, expecting what the maiden would say. The body of Bramarbas being instantly hurried off by two figures habited like demons, the damsel, without unveiling herself, addressed the Knight of La Mancha in the following terms. 'Valiant Don Quixote, indefatigable 'Atlas of chivalry, father of orphans, 'comfort of widows, sweet hope of 'enchanted infantas, fixed star which 'hast conducted me to the haven of 'my desires! be not amazed at be-'holding a horrible giant transmo-'graphied thus suddenly into a little 'tender damsel: this metamorphosis 'ought only to be surprizing to such 'as are unacquainted with the arts of 'enchanters. You have finished an 'adventure which will sink the me-'mory of the Palmerins, and will gain 'you as much reputation among wise 'nations, as the disenchantment of Po-'lixena did the valiant Knight Don 'Lucidanor of Thessaly: but, illus-'trious Prince of La Mancha, you 'must crown this work by restoring 'me to my parents, who are in the 'greatest affliction imaginable for the 'loss of me.'—'I will, beautiful prin-'cess,' answered Don Quixote; 'you 'have a right to demand it at my hands. 'I will conduct you into your domi-'nions: acquaint me only where they 'are situated, and who is the renowned 'prince that gave you your being?'—'My name is the Infanta Banterina,' replied the damsel; 'and I am only 'daughter of the great Archbanterer 'of the Indies.' The emperor hearing these words, overcome by fatherly affection, rushed hastily from his throne; and, lifting up his eyes to Heaven—'O 'ye immortal Gods!' exclaimed he, 'is 'it then possible that you restore to me 'my daughter, when I least expected 'it? In return for this mighty favour, 'I vow, as soon as I return to my pa-'lace, I will offer to you in sacrifice an 'hundred horned animals; for there 'are abundance of them in my em-'pire.' Then stepping forward to the infanta, with open arms—'Dear Ban-'terina,' continued he, 'come and em-'brace your father! Alas! what grief 'pierced my soul when you was ra-'vished from my love! My sad thoughts 'have never ceased to follow you!'—'O my dear father!' answered the infanta, 'I have not words to express 'what I felt at that time; and, if you 'followed me with your thoughts, I 'can assure you I left my heart behind 'when I was carried away.'—'By my 'troth,' quoth Sancho, 'methinks the 'princess ought to shew her face! Who 'the devil ever saw a daughter em-'brace her father after that manner? I 'should laugh to see my little Sancha, 'when I go home to my country again, 'come to kiss me with her nose muf-'fled up in a napkin. Pox take me! 'God knows my meaning!'—'San-'cho is in the right,' said the arch-banterer; 'why do not you shew your 'face, princess? Let fall that veil which 'hides those dear features from me!'—'Pray, Sir,' answered Banterina, 'ex-'cuse me from taking off my veil; I 'have reasons that move me to be co-'vered: and, to convince you, I must 'give you an account of what has be-'fallen me since you lost me. You 'will hear abundance of strange ad-'ventures.'—'I do not question it,' answered the archbanterer; 'a daugh-'ter that has been so long from her 'father and mother must needs have 'fine stories to tell: but no matter;

'provided

'provided the devil be not in them, I 'will take all in good part.'—'You 'shall hear how the matter ſtands,' replied Banterina, 'if you will liſten to 'me.' Then ſhe began the ſad relation of her adventures after this manner.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING THE INFANTA BANTERINA'S SURPRIZING RELATION.

'AS ſoon as the tent flew up in-'to the air, and I heard the 'cries of the empreſs my mother, be-'ing of an excellent diſpoſition, my 'ſenſes failed me, and I fell down in 'a ſwoon upon the cryſtal ſteps at the 'feet of the Infanta Cerizetta. The 'four damſels took pains enough to 'help me; but, though they rubbed 'my noſe with all ſorts of ſpirits, they 'could not bring me to myſelf: there 'was no ſign of life left in me; and, 'therefore, thinking I was dead, they 'began to weep bitterly. I cannot 'tell what could make them have ſuch 'a kindneſs for me; but certain it is, 'nobody ever was more troubled than 'they were: my own ladies of ho-'nour could not have made more ugly 'faces. They preſently ſtruck up a 'funeral dirge; they chanted recita-'tives and trios. Alas! what trios! 'Nothing was ever heard ſo dolorous! 'Their recitativos were now-and-then 'interrupted by a full chorus of all ſorts 'of voices, repeating theſe words—

"We labour in vain, in vain we deplore;
"Alas! Banterina the bright is no more!
"Weep, weep! let tears like fountains flow,
"And ſigh away your breath;
"We've ſtol'n perfection from below,
"To yield it up to death."

'Notwithſtanding all this, I did not 'die; and whether muſick has the pow-'er to call back the ſpirits that are fled, 'or that the grief for the loſs of parents 'is not mortal, I recovered my ſtrength 'inſenſibly. The damſels were in ex-'taſies of joy: they gave over their diſ-'mal ditties; and nothing was then ſung 'but tender and gallant airs in praiſe of 'me. Among the reſt, I remember the 'following verſes were chanted by an 'excellent voice—

"Jove, jealous for his ſlighted fane,
"From earth long ſince to Heav'n had ta'en
"Our princeſs, but he fear'd to do it:
"For Venus threaten'd him full ſore,
"If you came there, ſhe'd make him rue it;
"She'd leave the ſkies, and come no more.

"But, howſoe'er the dame was wroth,
"It need not much have ſcared his god-
"head;
"For he'd have found you, ſurely, both
"A prettier laſs, and abler-bodied."

'All this time the tent flew through 'the air with incredible rapidity, till, 'ſtopping on a ſudden, it opened, and 'I found myſelf at the gate of a ſtately 'palace. Then the knights in the 'green armour, the damſels, the tent, 'and all that was in it, vaniſhed, and 'I was left alone ſadly out of counte-'nance. But it was not long before I 'eſpied ſix curious ladies coming to-'wards me, all clad in white ſattin, 'lined with roſe-coloured taffety, ſlaſh-'ed, and all the ſlaſhes embroidered with 'pearls. They had long ſleeves hang-'ing down, and on them a wonderful 'rich embroidery: their hair was very 'fair, and delicately curled, and their 'heads were ſtuck fuller with dia-'monds than any heroine's upon the 'ſtage. Judging of their quality by 'the richneſs of their apparel, I thought 'they could be no leſs than ſultan's 'daughters; and I was providing a 'high compliment for them, when, 'falling down before me, they all em-'braced my knees; and, when they 'had kiſſed my hands over and over, 'one of them ſaid to me in a moſt re-'ſpectful manner—"Peerleſs Bante-"rina, moſt lively portraiture of the "chaſte goddeſs Venus, univerſal heir-"eſs to all Oriana's and the beautiful "Nichea's graces; behold here at your "feet ſix damſels appointed to wait on "you! The owner of this palace has "culled us out from among an hun-"dred thouſand duennas, to honour "us with this glorious employment: "I can aſſure you he could not have "made a better choice; for, without "vanity, my companions and I are the "cleverest wenches in the world at "pinning a gown, dreſſing a head, co-"louring the hair, mending the com-
"plexion,

" plexion, and curing the green-sick-
" ness."—" Pretty damsels," said I,
" pray tell me where I am, and what
" the prince's name is that reigns
" here?"—" You are," answered she,
" in the palace of the King of Terra
" Australis. This kingdom is of an
" infinite extent, or rather, it is a new
" world unknown to the other inhabi-
" tants of the earth, with the good
" leave of the apocryphal accounts
" strangers have given of it. Pre-
" cious stones, gold and silver, grow
" up under our feet; and are conse-
" quently of so little value with us,
" that these cloaths, which you think
" very costly, are but the common ha-
" bit of tradesmen's wives. I would
" have you see our women of quality
" and our princesses; they have other-
" guise sort of cloaths. By this you
" may guess that the king must be a
" puissant sovereign; but what you do
" not know, and is very fit you be told,
" is, that this prince is very young,
" and has a mind to marry; and un-
" derstanding, by an enchanter his
" friend, that you are the most beauti-
" ful princess in the world, he caused
" the said enchanter to steal you away."
' This news redoubled the tears which
' the remembrance of my parents made
' me shed incessantly: but another of
' the damsels said—" O beautiful in-
" fanta, do not waste those precious
" tears! When you have seen the king
" your affliction will cease. He will
" soon return from hunting." In ef-
' fect, I presently espied him coming in
' a chariot of saphirs and topazes,
' drawn by six white unicorns. I must
' confess, I never saw any thing so fine!
' He leaped out nimbly to the ground;
' and, perceiving he carried a bow and
' quiver, I took him for the god of
' love. I cannot say whether it was
' any enchantment, or the mere work-
' ing of nature, but I was so taken
' with his mien and beauty, that I
' thought no more of my parents. He
' seemed to me not less smitten with
' my features; and he was so disordered
' when he came up, that he made me a
' compliment which was neither rhime
' nor reason. I returned an answer
' without head or tail. The damsels
' smiled; and believed, with some jus-
' tice, that I had not over-much wit:
' but the prince, who had as little as
' myself, was very well pleased. He
' took me by the hand, and led me in-
' to a stately apartment, where, having
' recovered himself from his disorder,
' he confirmed all that the damsels had
' told me concerning my rape, with an
' eloquence I did not expect from him.
' In short, he said such tender things
' to me, that we need no longer marvel
' at the prompt compliance of Psyche
' with the insinuations of the god of
' love. He soon perceived my sensibi-
' lity; at which he was so overjoyed,
' and his passion grew so fast upon him,
' that he earnestly entreated me not to
' defer his good fortune one moment,
' but to marry him immediately.—
" Prince!" said I to him then, so sweet-
' ly that it quite charmed him, " you
" are very hasty. Consider that mar-
" riage is a matter of moment, and re-
" quires mature deliberation. Leave
" me here alone; I desire a full quar-
" ter of an hour to consider." I was
' afraid he had been too deep in love to
' grant this delay; but, on the contra-
' ry, instead of denying it, he com-
' mended my discretion, and went out
' of the room, saying, he had the greater
' value for me, because women, for the
' most part, did not take so much time
' to consider.

' Thus was I left alone to make seri-
' ous reflections on his proposal. I
' found it so advantageous to me, and
' my head was filled with such pleasant
' notions, that a sweet sleep soon over-
' came me: but I slept not long, ere,
' perceiving myself pulled by the arm,
' I awaked. It was the wise Belonia,
' whom I knew, because I had seen her
' sometimes at my father the archban-
' terer's house, she being protectress of
' his dominions. " Look to your ho-
" nour, my dear Banterina," said she;
" it is in wonderful danger. You are
" now upon the edge of the Euxine
" Sea, betwixt Constantinople and Tre-
" bisond. It is not the King of Ter-
" ra Australis that is in love with you;
" it is a false enchanter, who has taken
" upon him the shape of an amiable
" prince to deceive you. My power
" is inferior to his, and I cannot carry
" you hence; but I bring you the fa-
" mous ring of Bendanazar*. As
" long as you keep this, the enchanter

* See Book I. Chap. V.

" will

" will have no power over you: you " will see things as they really are; and " if you can once set your foot out of " this enchanted palace, I will carry " you away in my chariot. Take care " to hide this ring; for if the enchant- " er gets it from you, you must expect " no farther assistance from me." This ' said, she gave me the ring, and im- ' mediately flew out at the chimney. ' When she was gone, I remained me- ' lancholy and musing, as is usual ' when a young woman has a great ' fancy for a handsome man, and is ' told his ill qualities. I was not so ' well pleased that I had been unde- ' ceived, as I was vexed to understand ' that the prince I had been so fond of ' was a mere illusion. However, I ' concealed the ring in my bosom; and ' continued in my reverie, when I saw ' a little old fellow enter the room, ' with a long grey beard, and a violet- ' coloured cloth cap on his head, which ' covered his ears. He had on a gown ' of tygers skins, and he leaned on a ' staff, without which he could not ' move; for, notwithstanding his crutch, ' he limped so wretchedly, that, at every ' step he took, I thought he would have ' tumbled upon his nose.'—' Beautiful ' infanta!' said Don Quixote, interrupt- ing her, ' that was certainly the enchant- ' er Friston; for he has been lame ever ' since he broke his leg at Babylon.'— ' It is very true,' quoth Banterina; ' now you put me in mind of it, the ' wise Belonia told me it was Friston, ' and I forgot to tell you so.—Now, ' gentlemen, do but consider, if you ' please, how much I was surprized, ' when, by that little lame scoundrel's ' discourse, I found out that he was the ' very same fine prince I had been so ' much taken with. I looked aside ' with horror. He drew near to me; I ' shrieked out; and a sudden qualm ' made me faint away. He called in ' his women to help me; five or six ' witches came in and unlaced me, to ' give me air. My ring dropped down; ' the enchanter catched it up; and, ' having viewed it—" Oh, ho!" cried ' he, " here is the knack on it! Who " the devil brought her this jewel, and " has been with her the moment I was " away? By my troth, they are not de- " ceived, who say it is hard to keep " maids!"—' Ads-bobs!' quoth San- cho, ' Friston talks notably enough ' for an enchanter! For I have heard ' our batchelor Sampson say, that maids ' are like sheep: if the shepherd has not ' always a watchful eye, they run astray, ' and the wolf devours them. But go ' on with your story, Madam Infanta; ' these gentlemen and I sit upon thorns ' till we hear the rest.'—' When I came ' to myself,' said the infanta, ' I looked ' about for my ring; and, not finding ' it, was as much troubled as if I had ' lost my lap-dog, or my parrot. I ' called the enchanter, " Old goat; " nasty cripple;" and " ragamuffin " sorcerer!" In short, I gave him ' such scurvy language, that he changed ' all his love into hatred. He mut- ' tered some words in Dutch; and ' then, taking me about the middle, ' threw me like an arrow out at the ' window, with such force and violence, ' that I flew from the shore of the Eux- ine Sea, where I then was, and fell ' into waters of the River Signon.'— ' What a damned skip was that!' cried Sancho. ' How the devil could an old ' fellow, that was not able to go with- ' out a crutch, have strength enough to ' throw you so far?'—' Do not you ' consider, friend,' replied the infanta, ' that he did it by virtue of those hellish ' words he had muttered to himself?— ' But, gentlemen, I should never have ' recovered after such a fall, but that, ' as good luck would have it, a young ' shepherd, who was playing on his ' pipe whilst he looked to his sheep on ' the bank of the river, perceiving I ' was like to drown, came speedily to ' my assistance. He took me upon his ' back, and swam ashore: then, per- ' ceiving that I still breathed, he car- ' ried me into his hut, lighted a fire, ' dried me, and brought me to myself. ' I returned him thanks for his care in ' such words as made him believe I ' had not been ill bred; which awakened ' his curiosity, and he desired I would ' tell him my story. I did so very ' precisely; but not without shedding ' abundance of tears, which made him ' drop as many. He told me he was ' much concerned at my misfortunes; ' and, that he might not seem to con- ' fide less in me than I had done in ' him, he said—" Beautiful princess, " you have related your misfortunes " to a shepherd, who is not less unhap- " py than yourself. I am the natural " son of the valiant Perianeus of Per-

" sia;

" fia; and, as if it were the fate of his " family to be unfortunate in love, I " became enamoured of a lady who " afforded me no better requital than " he received from Floriſbella. The " Queen of the Amazons, the charm- " ing Zenobia, with whom I fell in " love, upon ſeeing her dandle on her " lap a pig ſhe was violently fond of, " has been deaf to all the teſtimonies " of my paſſion. But what drove me " quite to deſperation was, that at the " very time when I complained of her " cruelty, the Prince of the Floating " Iſlands had as much cauſe to boaſt " of her kindneſs. In a fit of anger, " I renounced knight-errantry; and, " removing for ever from my father's " court, I repaired to the banks of " this celebrated river, with a reſolu- " tion to turn ſhepherd." Since then " I have been told that the magician " Pamphus has enchanted my un- " grateful fair-one, and has converted " her into a frightful tripewoman; " but this I do not aver to you for a " certainty."—'Nay, before God, ' and on my conſcience,' quoth San- cho, interrupting the infanta again, ' whoever told the ſhepherd that ſtory, ' did not lye, for there is nothing more ' certain. Madam Zenobia is as per- ' fect a tripewoman as ever you ſaw: ' ſhe has a great ſcar on one cheek; is ' blear-eyed; blubber-lipped; and all ' the reſt ſuitable. When we firſt ' found her in the wood, where ſhe was ' tied to a pine-tree, the ſoldier Braca- ' monte, the alderman, and I, took ' her rather for a daughter of the devil ' than a fine princeſs. Only my ma- ' ſter was not miſtaken in her. Let ' him alone: he preſently eſpied ſhe ' was a great queen. Body o'me! he ' knew her at firſt ſight, and called her ' by her Chriſtian name and ſurname, ' as if they had been old ſchool-fel- ' lows!'—'You need not wonder at ' that,' quoth Don Quixote; 'if knights- ' errant had not the faculty of know- ' ing infantas under every variety of ' enchantment, how could they reſcue ' them out of the hands of enchanters? ' But we do not conſider, Sancho, that ' we interrupt the princeſs.'—'No ' matter, Sir Knight,' anſwered Ban- terina; 'I have a good memory, and ' you ſhall ſee I am not put out of my ' ſtory.

" I came then to eſtabliſh myſelf," ' ſaid the ſhepherd, " in this delight- " ful place: I ſoon got ſome ſheep, a " dog, a reed, and a bag-pipe; and, " changing my name from Prince Per- " ſin, as I was called before, I took " that of the Shepherd Perſino. My " ſquire would not follow my exam- " ple; but deſired me to requite his " long ſervices by conferring on him " the honour of knighthood: I, be- " ing of a generous temper, not only " granted his requeſt, but preſented " him with my own horſe and arms; " for hitherto he had ridden only upon " a ſhe aſs, which would not have " been the propereſt ſteed for a knight. " Then I ſent him, with my bleſſing, " to ſeek adventures. The truth of it " is, he was a clever fellow, very fit " for the ladies ſervice; and if he has " not had his brains knocked out in " ſome melon field, no doubt he has " comforted many widows: for my part, " my only endeavour is to lead a plea- " ſant quiet life in this delicious place. " Sometimes I play on my reed, and " ſometimes on my bag-pipe; and ſome- " times I make verſes on the wonder- " ful works of nature. I deſcribe the " pleaſures of a country life. The " birds are heard to ſing in my poems; " in them the ſilly lambs are ſeen to " ſkip after the careful ewes, and the " murmuring ſtreams to wind their " cryſtal waters along the graſs: in " ſhort, I enjoy a thouſand pleaſures. " But, alas! I want one, which is the " moſt ſubſtantial, and without which " I am ſenſible a ſhepherd can never " be truly happy; and that is a ſhep- " herdeſs. Beautiful princeſs," add- ' ed he, looking on me very earneſtly, " I will not love Zenobia any longer. " I am tender, kind, diſcreet, and " faithful; give me leave to dedicate " my thoughts to you, and do not think " the gods have brought you hither to " no purpoſe: it is certainly their will " that you ſhould make me happy. " Be obedient to their ſovereign de- " crees! Be my ſhepherdeſs! Ah! " what a pleaſant thing it is to love! " Let us follow where love calls; to " him let us yield up our hearts. Let " us renounce our parents empires; " let us deſpiſe our grandeur. Let " us forget our kindred and friends; " and let us ſpend the reſt of our days

" in tender sighs and amorous me-
" lody."

'You may judge, gentlemen, whe-
' ther it was possible for me to with-
' stand such an offer. The shepherd
' Persino was gay, handsome, and sung
' well. What a treasure this to a young
' girl at fifteen! I could not deny him.
' I assumed the habit and crook of a
' shepherdess. Persino committed half
' his flock to my care, together with a
' dog which he called Melampus; and
' not thinking the name of Banterina
' very fit for verse, he changed it to
' Phillis. It is impossible to tell you
' exactly how many verses he composed
' upon me and my dog Melampus; but
' the devil take me, if, in less than a
' year, he did not make two hundred
' eclogues, as many elegies, and above
' a thousand rondeaus! He had a very
' poetical fancy, and there was no end
' of his invention. Sometimes, though
' he was never a day without me, he
' complained of my long absence: at
' another time, he would accuse me of
' cruelty, with as little reason. Ano-
' ther time he would compose lively dit-
' ties, and all to divert his Muse, and
' vary his subjects. There was, in all
' his writings, a characteristical ten-
' derness which ravished me. One
' day, among the rest—I shall remem-
' ber it as long as I live—he sung me a
' song, which I will repeat to you. I
' was transported with it. I was
' quite out of breath. I thought I
' should have died, my rapture was so
' excessive. The words are these—

" As Phillis, late serenely sleeping,
" Stretch'd her soft limbs beneath the shade,
" The gay Persino, near her creeping,
" By stealth the heedless fair survey'd:
" And so divine he felt her beauty,
" And such strange raptures it did move,
" That, ah! forgetful of his duty,
" Too vent'rous youth! he dar'd to love."

' Besides the pleasure of hearing such
' charming songs every day, I had the
' satisfaction of seeing the shepherd Per-
' sino's name, and my own, carved on
' every tree, and the history of our faith-
' ful loves written in the sands of the
' Lignon, in such characters that they
' were proof against the winds. Thus
' I spent my days very happily, when
' one morning, as I was tending my
' flock, there passed by me a knight,
' armed at all points, who stopped to
' take a full view of me; and, turning
' to his squire, said—" Aurelio, take
" notice of that shepherdess. Are not
" those the features of the infanta?"—
" Yes, indeed, Sir," answered the
' squire; " that face is not at all unlike
" her."—" I am satisfied," replied the
' knight; " she is certainly Banterina.
" Her country habit cannot deceive my
" eyes." This said, he alighted from
' his horse; and, lifting up his vizor,
' that I might see his face, I immedi-
' ately recognized Prince Rozinel, my
' father's brave and worthy bastard.
' The surprize and disorder of my
' countenance fully convinced him that
' he was not mistaken. " O, my dear
" infanta!" said he, " the gods have
" at length permitted me to meet with
" you! I have been these twelve
" months seeking you in all parts.
" What chance made you a shepherd-
" ess?" When I had satisfied his cu-
' riosity, he told me that my parents
' were inconsolable for the loss of me;
' and, having a notable fluency of
' tongue, he painted their affliction in
' colours so lively, that I had like to
' have cried at it. " Come, Banteri-
" na," added he, " let us hasten away
" to my father's court: let us fly to de-
" liver him from that dismal melan-
" choly in which I left him, and drive
" away the sad shades of death which
" by this time sit about the empress."
' I was mightily perplexed. If I
' thought of comforting my parents,
' I was no less concerned to leave Per-
' sino. An afflicted father, a weeping
' mother, a despairing shepherd, a
' whining dog, and a straying flock of
' sheep, were all distracting thoughts
' which succeeded one another. But
' it was necessary to come to some de-
' termination; and, my life being a se-
' ries of wonders, I preferred my fa-
' mily before my lover. I chose rather
' to forsake such a discreet and well-
' behaved shepherd, than to be deaf to
' the calls of my disconsolate kindred.
' I had fixed my resolution; but, as I
' was preparing to follow Rozinel, Per-
' sino, the unhappy Persino! came up
' to us. He was looking for me to
' sing me a new song; but he had lit-
' tle mind to sing, when he understood
' he was so near losing me. He made
' the woods and the banks rattle with
' his doleful complaints; he threw
' away

'away his reed; broke his crook; tore 'his eye-brows; and, that I may make 'use of one of Homer's most celebrated 'comparisons, "He rolled himself up-"on the ground, as a black-pudding "rolls upon the fire." In short, the 'doubly and trebly unfortunate Per-'sino did his utmost, and downright 'died before us for mere love and vex-'ation. I must here take breath, 'gentlemen, that I may be better able 'to recount the rest of the transactions 'of that fatal day.' Here Banterina paused a while, and then continued her discourse as follows.

CHAP. V.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE INFANTA BANTERINA'S WONDERFUL ADVENTURES.

'WHEN I saw my shepherd 'stretched out dead upon the 'ground, I reclined myself upon Prince 'Rozinel; was for a time silent and mo-'tionless, and so overwhelmed with 'grief, as to lose all sensation. But 'soon after I tore my cloaths and hair, 'and lifted up my voice to Heaven, 'complaining of his death in terms of 'the most outrageous extravagance: 'I railed so bitterly against Jupiter 'and Calisto, that the prince and his 'squire were absolutely terrified. The 'eloquent Rozinel thought fit to tell 'me, that men, in their greatest afflic-'tions, are bound to honour the gods; 'but though he had read that word for 'word in Seneca, I took little notice of 'it, and never gave over abusing the 'gods and goddesses, till the shepherd 'Persino was buried. After this, my 'sorrow began to grow lighter; I found 'my reason return; and I can safely 'boast that, at fifteen years of age, I 'bore as good a heart as any widow 'at thirty. I wiped my eyes, and 'comforted myself: then my brother 'took me up behind him, and we rode 'sixteen hundred leagues, talking over 'the adventures of knights-errant; 'for I am strangely fond of books of 'chivalry; and I do not yet despair 'but I may, one time or other, distract 'myself with reading them.' Here Don Quixote put up his hand to his forehead, and had a strong temptation to interrupt the princess in favour of the books of chivalry; but he forbore out of respect to the company, which may be considered as an act of uncommon violence to his own inclinations.

'Having travelled, without disturb-'ance, to the frontiers of Colchis,' continued Banterina, 'I was full of 'hopes that I should soon see my dear 'mother Merry-dame, and my ho-'noured father the archbanterer; when, 'in a wood, we met twelve giants car-'rying away five infantas whom they 'had newly ravished. They stopped 'us without ceremony, bidding my 'brother surrender upon discretion, if 'he would save his life. The brave 'Rozinel, having caused his squire to 'set me down, without regarding the 'odds, drew his sword; and, like ano-'ther Don Quixote, had the courage 'to fight all those giants, who looked 'like so many windmills. But, alas! 'the poor bastard had no better luck 'than if he had been lawfully begot-'ten! for he received so many strokes 'on the head with their clubs, that he 'lost his stirrups, and fell down stone-'dead under his horse's belly. Then 'they laid hold of his unfortunate 'squire, and began tossing him in a 'blanket; making him cut such plea-'sant capers in the air, that I could 'have laughed heartily, had I not been 'so full of trouble. I fared like the 'rest of the infantas. They carried 'us directly to the Mooriſh enchant-'er's castle, which was but two leagues 'off.'—'But, Madam Princess,' said Sancho, interrupting her again, 'pray 'tell me whether those two-handed 'rogues took your brother's squire a-'long with them, or whether they left 'him in the wood, after having so well 'settled his bones for him?'—'As for 'that,' replied Banterina, 'they were 'not satisfied with tossing him in a 'blanket till they were weary, but they 'carried him to the castle, where they 'shut him up in a dungeon under-'ground, which was fourscore and 'nineteen thousand fathoms deep.'—'Bless us! what a dungeon!' cried Sancho: 'why a man had as good be in 'Limbo! What an unmerciful crew 'of Goliahs these were! Hang me, if 'the very enchanters be not civiler per-'sons! When they have tossed a squire 'handsomely, they give him at least 'the key of the country, and turn 'him loose about his business.'—'That

'is a great comfort for a squire that 'has been tossed in a blanket,' answered the princess; 'and would to God 'my brother's had come off so well!— 'But to return to my story. You must 'understand that, as soon as I came to 'the castle, with my five unfortunate 'companions in bondage, the enchanter 'desired to see us. Though I was but 'in the habit of a shepherdess, and 'that rather ragged, (for I had not 'spared it in my transports of grief at 'Persino's funeral) yet I was reckoned 'the prettiest of the half-dozen. I 'had the good luck to please the wizzard; and, at the same time, he had 'the misfortune to appear in my eyes 'the most horrid individual of the human species: in a word, his hair is 'frizzled, and red as blood, and his 'face black as ink; and it is doubtless for these reasons that they call 'him the Mooriſh, or the carroty, enchanter. I could not endure the 'sight of the monster. When I looked 'upon him, I made a sort of a face, 'which he did not think very favourable to his desires; and, in truth, there 'was no need of his being a great 'conjurer to guess what it meant. He 'made up a face in his turn which was 'as plain as the other: he knit his 'brow; and, looking fiercely on me— "How now, little gipsey!" said he, in 'a voice like a mule-driver; "I per- "ceive you do not like us. To hu- "mour you, we must send for those fine "effeminate fellows, those starched "beaus of our sex. I could have "borrowed one of those empty shapes, "as poor silly Friston did; but I would "not put such an affront upon nature." 'I durst not make the brute an answer, 'for fear of provoking him yet farther. 'But, to pass by a thousand needless 'circumstances, and come to the conclusion of my adventures, I must 'tell you that, when he had in vain 'tormented me three months, to bring 'me to compliance with his passion, 'he was so incensed to see himself despised, that he resolved to be revenged 'on me. This resolution he executed 'after a manner that has scarce any 'precedent in history. He touched 'me first with his wand; he then pulled out of his pocket a book in folio, 'and opened it; then he read to himself; and, as he read, I perceived my 'little arms increase in length, and 'my whole frame dilate itself hideously: 'to be short, in less than a quarter of 'an hour I was converted into a giant 'from head to foot. The enchanter 'then, addressing me in a scornful 'tone—"Go," said he, "termagant "princess! go, traverse the earth un- "der that agreeable form! I command "you," added he, imperiously, "by "the soul of the great Calchas, who "perfectly knew what was to come, "what was present, and, best of all, "what was past, take the name of "Bramarbas Ironsides. Do all the "mischief you can in the world. De- "throne virtuous princes, and support "the wicked. Slay all the knights "that shall fall under your clutches, "and seek out the most famous men "to combat them. By my powers of "magick, I bestow on you strength to "destroy them all. There is but one "in the world that can overcome you: "his name I withold from your know- "ledge. If you happen to meet him, "and he does but draw his sword "against you, your gigantick figure "will drop off like an enormous case "of pasteboard; which, being carried "away by my familiar dæmons, you "will again become an infanta. But, "to perfect my revenge, I must tell "you that, in the same hour, your "snow-white countenance shall assume "that sable hue of mine which you be- "held with such abhorrence; and this "shall be known to you by a white "veil enveloping your head." I 'have now,' continued the princess, 'been occupied, during two years, in 'ranging the world by the force of 'that enchantment, and performing 'devilish actions. Happily, I have 'not been obliged to dethrone many 'princes. I only invaded the good 'King of Cyprus's dominions; and it 'even now troubles me to the heart that 'I killed him. As for knights, I confess I have demolished of those more 'than enough; and I came into Spain, 'after Don Quixote, for no purpose 'but to treat him in the same manner: 'but, thanks to the Heavenly Powers! 'he, it appears, was that most valiant 'knight who alone could disenchant 'me. The worst of it is, that I am 'still as black as a crow; for, though 'no person has told me so, and I have 'not yet seen my own face, yet, since I 'have this white veil on my head, I am

'as

'as fully convinced of the fact, as if I 'had ſpent four hours at a looking-'glaſs. So that you ſee I am not 'much in the wrong for refuſing to 'diſcover myſelf to the company.'

Banterina having thus finiſhed the ſtrange recital of her adventures, the archbanterer ſaid to her—'My dear in-'fanta, I call to witneſs all Olympus, 'from Saturn's mighty ſon to the eagle 'that ſtole his cup-bearer, that I am 'overjoyed at finding you! When I 'call to mind the Prince of Terra 'Auſtralis, the giants, and, above all, 'the Mooriſh enchanter, I perceive 'you have eſcaped a ſcowering. As 'for the innocent ſhepherd Perlino, his 'moving ſongs make me very much re-'gret his death. But I have this com-'fort, that his ſoul muſt needs enjoy 'ſweet reſt in the fields of Elyſium; 'for I cannot think Pluto could be ſo 'unjuſt as to ſhut it up with the ghoſt 'of Tarquin. As to your complexion, 'my dear child, that malady is not ir-'remediable. There are abundance 'of ladies in my court, who will com-'municate their ſecrets to you: but, 'as yet, we have not ſeen your face. 'How do we know whether it is ſo bad 'as you imagine? Perhaps the Mooriſh 'enchanter has not carried on his re-'venge to the utmoſt, and thought it 'ſufficient to frighten you.'—'No, no, 'Sir,' anſwered Banterina; 'I am too 'ſure it is ſo.'—'No matter,' replied the emperor; 'diſcover yourſelf, your 'father commands you.'—'Then I 'muſt obey,' ſaid the infanta; 'but I 'can aſſure you, you will find me great-'ly altered.' Thus ſpeaking, ſhe threw aſide her napkin; and diſplayed to the aſſembly a countenance ſo far from white, that it appeared to have been daubed over with five or ſix coats of ſhining ink. The ladies and gentlemen ſeemed ſtrangely aſtoniſhed at ſo terrifying a ſpectacle; and Don Quixote, finding his work of diſenchantment imperfect, was ſunk in affliction. As ſoon as Sancho ſet his eyes on this grimly varniſhed viſage, he roared, as loudly as he was able—'Body o' mine, 'what an infanta! I would not be in 'her ſkin, if St. Michael chance to 'meet with her. Saints and fathers! 'what is the meaning of this? All our 'princeſſes, forſooth, muſt be either 'hack-faced or black-faced, with a 'pox to 'em!'—'In truth, child,' quoth the emperor, 'you are in a woeful 'tawny condition. I am much afraid 'we ſhall find it no eaſy matter to 'bleach this freckled complexion of 'thine. However, we will not ſpare 'expence in the experiment; we will 'try thoſe waſhes our brown-ſkinned 'ladies uſe to flay their faces with; 'and, perhaps, by dint of hard ſcrub-'bing, we may at length ſucceed.'—'I ſcarce think it,' anſwered Banterina ſorrowfully: 'I had better paſs 'the reſt of my days in retirement, 'and renounce the world for ever. 'Alas!' added ſhe, weeping, 'what a 'ſpectacle ſhall I make with this fear-'ful countenance! The young people 'will all ſhun me like an old decayed 'counteſs; and, beſides the grief of 'having no lover of my own, I ſhall 'have the vexation of ſeeing other wo-'men every day chopping and chang-'ing!'

CHAP. VI.

OF THE EXPEDIENT THAT WAS FOUND OUT FOR FINISHING THE DISENCHANTMENT OF BANTERINA.

WHILST the poor princeſs thus lamented her fable deſtiny, on a ſudden a paper folded up like a letter was ſeen to drop at her feet, being thrown in by one of Don Carlos's pages ſo dextrouſly, that Don Quixote and Sancho never perceived it—'What 'new prodigy is this?' cried the archbanterer. 'Sure this is ſome advice 'from an enchanter our friend. Let 'us read it, for we ought to ſlight no-'thing.' This ſaid, he catched up the paper, opened it, and read theſe verſes aloud.

'TO THE SOOTY-FACED INFANTA.

'THY ſtrange miſhap revolving late,
'I op'd the magick roll of fate:
'There ſaw I that thine ivory face
'Will ne'er retrieve it's wonted grace,
'Unleſs that warrior, fierce as fire,
'The drubber of the ſmoaky ſquire,
'Will keep a faſt for thy ſweet ſake:
'A thing moſt hard to undertake!
'But, if that kind and gallant wight,
'In pity of thy doleful plight,
'For one whole day ſhall be content
'To take no grain of nouriſhment;

'Then

'Then sha'' the lily and carnation,
'To that infernal bronze succeeding,
'Restore thee like a new creation;
'Fresh beauties in thy visage breeding.
'This vote was pass'd, by full consent,
'Last night, in Pluto's parliament.

'THE MOORISH ENCHANTER.'

'Blessed be the parliament!' said the archbanterer. 'Chear up, child, you 'will soon recover your beauty; for I 'cannot think the most obliging Sancho 'Panza will refuse to do you this piece 'of service.'—'Sir,' quoth Banterina, 'there is nothing certain in the world. 'I cannot tell whether that illustrious 'squire will live a day without eating 'for my sake.'—'How! whether he 'will!' cried Don Quixote. 'Alas, 'beautiful princess! you do him much 'wrong to doubt of it.—Is not this 'true, my son? Do not you now 'reckon yourself the happiest squire 'that ever was; that is; or ever will 'be? Do not you feel a sort of joy you 'are scarce able to contain?'—'No, 'by my troth!' answered Sancho; 'I 'am not so full of joy as you imagine. 'Do you think I am so well pleased 'to be four and twenty hours without 'eating; and to live upon my own 'nails, forsooth, while others work 'their jaws without counting mouth-'fuls? Pox take me! it is a pretty 'business to rejoice at. But, pray, 'why must I do penance for other folks 'sins? That's a choice fancy. I should 'have a long Lent, were I to fast for 'every lady that has played the devil. 'Belly o' me! I will not do it at all.' —'You do not consider what you say,' replied Don Quixote in a half angry tone; 'though you are but a simple 'squire, you may gain immortal re-'nown, worthy to be envied by the most 'applauded knights.'—'Simple or not 'simple, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'the knights 'need not envy me on that account. 'If my fast tempts them, they need 'but say so, and they shall share in it; 'and if one day is not enough, they 'may fast ten. I promise you they shall 'not see me vie with them.'—'But,' Sancho,' answered Banterina, 'you 'do not consider that four and twenty 'hours are soon gone: for all the 'time you have fasted from dinner 'must be reckoned in, and you may 'dine again to-morrow; and then the 'whole business is but going to bed 'without a supper.'—'That is too 'much,' quoth Sancho; 'but it is 'easily said; and yet, if you were to do 'it, you would make many wry faces.' —'Would to the gods,' answered the princess, 'that the success of this af-'fair depended on me! my face would 'be as clear as crystal to-morrow. 'What! can you imagine I should 'think much of fasting till to-morrow 'for the sake of a good complexion? 'If you do, you do not take me for a 'woman. By my reputation, I would 'live a whole year upon bread and wa-'ter to obtain the faintest glimpse of 'whiteness, or any the least agreeable-'ness of countenance!'—'How hard 'you are to be brought to,' said the archbanterer; 'as if you had never 'gone to bed without a supper! I 'believe you did not go to Rome for a 'pardon every time you did it in the 'course of your adventures.'—'I 'grant it, Mr. Archbanterer,' answered Sancho; 'but neither did I tell 'you every time I was fretted to my 'heart.'

Don Carlos, the count, and Don Alvaro, who, till then, had continued silent, now drew near the squire to persuade him to do things with a good grace. The archbanterer conjured him; and Banterina, as most concerned in this affair, did not only entreat, but fell down at his feet to render her prayer the more touching. Don Quixote, whose forbearance was already stretched to the utmost by the emperor's condescending to supplicate his squire, lost all patience when he beheld this action of the princess, and was just ready to break out; when Sancho, unable to resist any longer such earnest entreaties, and melted by the final prostration of the infanta, raised her up, saying—'Well, rise, 'Madam Princess; "Since the child "cries, it must be rocked." I have a 'tender heart enough, considering I 'am a peasant. I will undertake this 'penance for you; and I promise I 'will acquit myself to a miracle.' The archbanterer hearing him, ran to embrace the generous squire; Banterina smothered him with acknowledgments; the ladies and gentlemen showered down commendations; and Don Quixote was pacified. 'My dear friend 'Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'I am 'overjoyed to think that you will have 'the honour of finishing the disen-'chantment

'chantment of such a beautiful in-'fanta.'—'I am glad, too,' replied the squire, 'for that matter: but what 'vexes me is, that I never felt such a 'craving appetite as I have this after-'noon. Hang me, the devil is in the 'dish, I believe! My guts cry a fa-'mine, because I have nothing but 'wind to feed them with.'—'Right,' said the count; 'this is the humour of 'all men: as soon as a thing is forbid-'den, every man longs for it.'—'Aye, 'and the women too are of the same 'humour,' quoth Sancho; 'for I very 'well remember, that John Aspado, 'the shoemaker of our village, one day 'forbade his wife to go to the wood a 'nutting; and yet the jade went, and 'never got home again till she had ga-'thered a lapful.—But, gentlemen,' added he, 'though I am forbidden eat-'ing a supper, yet I hope I may be al-'lowed to dip my fingers-ends in the 'sauce; that will not break my fast.' —'I beg your pardon,' answered Don Carlos; 'we can never be too scrupu-'lous when the disenchantment of a 'princess depends upon it. You must 'not eat so much as a bit of bacon a 'fowl is larded with, for fear of in-'fringing the decree of the parliament. 'Nay, I am of opinion, you should 'keep as far as may be from the 'kitchen; for I look upon the very 'steam of the meat as sufficient to break 'the order.'—'By my troth, Don 'Carlos,' cried Sancho, 'I have an ex-'cellent thought come into my head! 'You cannot imagine what I will do. 'As soon as I can get to Don Alvaro 'Tarfe's house, I will go to bed; and, 'if I can, I will sleep till it be time to 'say grace to-morrow.'—'I like the 'project well,' said the count; 'and by 'that means you will avoid all tempta-'tion. Besides, the proverb says, "That "he who sleeps, dines."'—'Right,' answered the squire; 'let us talk no 'more of it; I will away, and fast like a 'bishop: and then we shall see whether 'the order of knighthood can be de-'nied me.'—'No, no, my dear San-'cho,' answered the archbanterer; 'you 'may rest satisfied you shall be dub-'bed. That is the least reward you 'can expect from me.' The infanta perceiving the squire so favourably in-clined to her, changed the discourse; and said to the emperor—'Pray, Sir, 'give me leave to ask you, whether the 'empress my mother is in this palace, 'or whether you have left her in your 'archbantership. I long to hear from 'her.'—'I am overjoyed at your ear-'nestness,' answered the archbanterer: 'your mother is here, and in her apart-'ment, bewailing the loss of you; and 'is still so afflicted, that she will see 'nobody.'—'Let us go and dry up 'her tears,' replied the princess; 'and, 'having bidden the company a good 'night, await the event of my disen-'chantment, which cannot fail, since 'it wholly depends on Don Quixote's 'abstemious squire.' The ladies and gentlemen hereupon went away to their homes, very well pleased with the actors in this comedy; but particularly with Don Carlos's young secretary, who had played the part of Banterina to such perfection.

CHAP. VII.

HOW SANCHO FINISHED THE DISENCHANTMENT OF THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

WHEN Don Alvaro, Don Quixote, and his squire, returned to their lodging, the knight, who was full of what had happened at the archbanterer's, said to the Granadine—'I can-'not tell, Don Alvaro, whether the 'things we have seen and heard have 'made so great an impression on you 'as they have done on me. These are 'some of those wonderful accidents, 'which have discredited the books of 'knight-errantry; and, I am of opi-'nion, that when posterity shall read 'in my history the adventure of the In-'fanta Banterina, it will not be be-'lieved.'—'I do not question it,' an-swered Don Alvaro; 'nothing is more 'unlikely than that princess's enchant-'ment; and, in short, the whole of her 'relation. I am much concerned at 'her misfortunes. When I consider 'her in a wood at the mercy of twelve 'giants, and then in the clutches of a 'base Moor—What a sad thing it is! 'For, perhaps, the poor infanta did 'not tell us all; she might conceal some 'things out of mere modesty. God 'grant I may be mistaken in my guess, 'and that her father find her as Achilles 'did Briseis! You know, Don Quix-'ote, that Agamemnon swore he re-'turned

'turned her pure and undefiled; and 'that all the Greeks took his word, 'as a man would believe a guardian 'who swears he has not cheated his 'pupil.'—'Don Alvaro,' answered Don Quixote, 'I grant you the chaste 'Banterina has run through great dan-'gers; but, to satisfy your scruples, 'I must inform you, that we read in 'the authentick books of chivalry, that 'the Infanta Aurora* came out pure 'and unspotted, after she had been 'three years shut up in a cave among 'giants; and the same of a thousand 'other princesses I could quote to you.' '—Nay, if so,' replied the Granadine, smiling, 'I shall set my heart at rest as 'to that point.'—'But, pray, gentle-'men,' cried Sancho, 'did not you 'take notice of the coarse expression 'Madam the infanta let slip in her 'story?'—'What coarse expression?' answered Don Quixote. 'Zooks!' quoth the squire, 'did she not say "the "devil take me?" Methinks those are 'curious words for an emperor's daugh-'ter; they savour something of the 'scoundrel giants she had kept com-'pany with!'—'I must confess,' said Don Quixote, 'I was something startled 'at first to hear that expression; but I 'considered afterwards, that, since the 'princess made use of it, it must be an 'usual mode of affirmation at her fa-'ther the emperor's court.'—'I am of 'your opinion,' answered Don Al-varo; 'no doubt but the infanta has 'been too well bred to use such words, 'had not custom authorized them a-'mong the archbanterer's ladies.'

After some farther conversation of this sort, Don Alvaro, changing the discourse, said to the knight—'Don 'Quixote, I have a favour to beg of 'you; which is, that you will excuse 'me from supping with you to-night; 'Don Carlos and the count expect me 'to settle some private affairs depend-'ing betwixt us.'—'Why so much 'ceremony?' answered Don Quixote. 'Friends must not confine one another. 'Go where you please, my dear Tarse: 'I design to shut myself up in my 'chamber with Sancho; for I am re-'solved not to leave him out of my 'sight till he has perfected the disen-'chantment of the Princess Banterina.' —'I approve of your resolution,' an-swered Don Alvaro; 'it will not be 'amiss for you to watch your discreet 'and abstemious squire, that he may 'be the more exact in performing his 'penance.' Thus saying he took leave of the knight, and went away to the count's house; where he found the Marquis de Orisalvo, Don Carlos, and his secretary, laughing heartily at the imposition they had put upon Don Quixote, and concerting new fooleries for the ensuing day.

In the mean while, our knight being withdrawn into his chamber with San-cho, the Granadine's steward came to tell him supper was ready. 'If you 'would oblige me,' said Don Quixote, 'bring me a glass of wine and a mouth-'ful of meat hither; for I would will-'ingly sup in my chamber to-night.' The steward went out, and returned immediately with two pages; one of them bringing a great piece of bread, a bottle, and a glass; and the other the table linen, and a roasted pullet on a plate: they left all upon the table, and withdrew, Don Quixote having dis-missed them, by saying his squire would be sufficient to wait upon him. As soon as they were gone out, Don Quix-ote double locked the door, and caused himself to be disarmed by his squire; who, in the mean while, said to him—'So, Sir, now we are alone, pray talk 'to me as a good master ought to talk 'to his squire. Must I of necessity per-'form my penance?'—'What, do you 'mean to question it?' answered Don Quixote. 'Have you not promised the 'infanta and the emperor so to do?'—'Yes, Sir,' said the squire, 'I have 'promised; but, you know, words are 'but wind, especially among great 'men. Cannot you lessen my penance? 'Do you think, if you give me a leg 'of that little bird, the infanta will be 'ever the less disenchanted?'—'No 'doubt of it!' replied Don Quixote; 'you must not eat the least morsel: 'nay, I cannot tell but the will may be 'taken for the deed.'—'Good God!' cried Sancho, 'what do you mean?

* See Belianis, Part I. Chap. 2 and 5; but I cannot find the term of her confinement there specified. The Princess Materosa, also, in the same romance, (Part II. Chap. 14) is rescued spotless from the hands of Altiser and his two brothers, all monstrous giants, to whom she had been for some time prisoner, by the prowess of Belianis and his knights.

'Where

'Where are we then? I shall have 'made a fine piece of work of it to-'morrow! It will appear that I went 'to-bed without a supper, and that the 'princess is no more disenchanted than 'my grandmother!'—'And, if so,' answered the knight, 'you must begin 'again to-morrow.'—'Then, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I must eat to-night, if 'you think I shall be obliged to begin 'my fast again to-morrow.'—'To tell 'you my opinion,' replied Don Quixote, 'I do not think you infringe the 'order of the enchanters in only wish-'ing to eat; but, however, I advise 'you to go to bed, whilst I eat my sup-'per, if it were only to save the trouble 'of withstanding the temptation.'—'Sir, I will take your advice,' answered the squire; 'but, first, you will 'give me three good glasses of wine; 'for there is nothing better towards 'disenchanting: and, you know, I had 'been disenchanted the other day, had 'I performed the rest of the ceremony 'as cleverly as I took down the three 'bumpers the batchelor gave me.'—'This is not the same case,' said Don Quixote; 'you are absolutely forbid 'taking any sustenance;' and, there-'fore, you must neither eat nor drink. 'For God's sake, Sancho, do what is 'required of you nicely, that I may 'not be upbraided with keeping a base, 'mean-spirited squire, who has not the 'heart to finish an adventure! And, 'pray, what hard matter is put upon 'you? I never knew any infanta dis-'enchanted at such an easy rate; and 'yet you go about this glorious action 'with so much reluctance. What 'would you do, friend, if you were to 'give yourself ten thousand lashes?'—'What would I do?' said the squire; 'By the Lord! I would lash myself 'so gently, that the enchanters should 'have no cause to laugh at me; and, 'if any one did not like it, he might 'even lash himself for me: he is a 'great fool who hurts himself to please 'another. I believe the ancient squires-'errant did not use to flay themselves 'for infantas.'—'There was not one 'of them,' answered Don Quixote, 'but would have whipped himself till 'he had been raw all over, for any 'common damsel.'—'In those days,' replied Sancho, 'when the sun went 'down, he left abundance of asses in 'the shade. The squires in our days, 'God be praised! are no such fools; 'and I could name you those that 'would not pull three hairs out of 'their beard for all the princesses in the 'world.'—'Will you never entertain 'nobler thoughts?' answered Don Quixote. 'You are finely qualified to 'receive the glorious order of knight-'hood! Had the archbanterer heard 'what you say, I am sure he would 'cause you to be turned out of his pa-'lace to-morrow.'—'As for that,' quoth the squire, 'I should take better 'heed how I talked before him; for I 'remember I have heard that we are 'not to tell emperors all we think.'—'That is true,' answered Don Quix-ote; 'but you are little the better for 'the instructions you receive. You 'talked a while ago so loosely before 'the archbanterer, that a courtier 'could not have had the impudence to 'do the like. But let us not rip up 'past faults; I am willing to forget 'them: undress you, and say no more.' The squire obeyed; but, his stomach being ill disposed towards his usual rest, he could not get to sleep, but lay tossing and tumbling in his bed like a widow. The knight sat down to sup-per, and soon satisfied himself with a glass of wine, a bit of meat, and a mouthful of bread, envying, all the time, the good fortune of Sancho; who, opening the curtains to have the better sight of what was on the table, ogled the pullet so lovingly, that he would willingly have forfeited the honour of disenchanting a thousand infantas to have exchanged places with his mas-ter. 'Master Don Quixote,' cried he, 'that fowl delights my eyes! How 'purely it smells! It is quite a perfume 'to me! You should fall to it lustily: 'you only tickle it's ribs. Body o'me! 'if I were at it, I would handle it af-'ter another manner!'—'Glutton!' answered Don Quixote, 'it is better 'for you to endeavour to fall asleep 'than to gaze at this pullet, which is 'such a temptation to you.'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'I cannot sleep; my belly 'does not love fasting, and I find it is 'stark frantick: yet it might as well 'be patient, for the task is not near 'over; yet, however, I will do all I 'can to fall asleep.' This said, he sunk down into the bed; and, giving way to thought, said to himself, (for the wise Alisolan reveals his most secret medita-

tions)—'Alas! poor governor of the 'Forcemeat-Balls, muſt you be ſtarved 'to death, when other governors at 'this time are at table eating their fill? 'By my ſoul, I am a mere fool to faſt 'for a gipſey infanta I know nothing 'of, nor is any kin to me! Beſides, 'what ſhall I get by diſenchanting her? 'Honour, and that is all! Faith, I do 'not value that profit which a man 'cannot put up in his pocket! And 'as for the order of knighthood the 'archbanterer is to beſtow on me, I 'am not in ſuch haſte for it; and when-'ever I am, why ſhould I be harder to 'pleaſe than my maſter Don Quixote? 'I will even make the firſt innkeeper I 'meet with dub me knight. What 'ſhall I do then? Cannot I, when my 'maſter is gone to bed, get up ſoftly, 'without any ceremony, and go mum-'ble the pullet and the lunch of bread 'I ſaw upon the table? That I may; 'and it was well thought on! Who 'will know any thing of it? Nobody! 'O but to-morrow, when they find the 'princeſs is not diſenchanted, they will 'ſay—"Sancho, you took ſome ſuſte-"nance!" What anſwer ſhall I make 'to that? Well, I will ſay I did not. 'It is as eaſy to ſay "No," as "Yes;" 'and I ſhall not be the firſt ſquire that 'told a lye. I ſhall be believed; and 'the mule will be blamed for the driv-'er's fault. There is an end of it; I 'am reſolved I will eat. In ſhort, if I 'break my faſt, what harm can it do? 'It is no faſt impoſed by our Holy 'Mother the Church; and I ſhall not 'ſuffer for it in the other world.'

Whilſt the ſquire was forming this reſolution, Don Quixote made an end of his ſupper: then he walked a little about the room, pulled off his ſcanty doublet, put out the candle, and went to bed. As ſoon as Sancho felt him by his ſide, he loſt no time, but aroſe to put his deſign in execution. 'Whither 'are you going?' aſked Don Quixote. 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'with your leave, I 'muſt get up about ſome buſineſs 'which I hope is not forbidden me.'—'No, my ſon,' replied the knight, 'that matter is lawful.' The ſquire groped out his way to the table; and, meeting with the pullet and the bread, laid hold on it, and went to bed again. 'Be of good heart,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'one night is ſoon gone; and, if you 'happen not to reſt ſo well as at other 'times, you may comfort yourſelf with 'the thoughts that you ſhall reſtore the 'princeſs to her former beauty.'—'I 'do comfort myſelf,' anſwered Sancho; 'and I fancy to myſelf that the 'princeſs's face is by this time as white 'as a ſheet.'—'Now you talk of the 'princeſs,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I am 'glad ſhe told us that Prince Perſin's 'ſquire rode upon an aſs; I ſhall not 'henceforth fear being upbraided with 'your following me upon ſuch another 'creature. From this account I infer, 'that moſt of the ancient ſquires were 'mounted on aſſes; and that, there-'fore, there is no mention made in 'abundance of books of chivalry of 'the ſquire's ſteed. I repeat it once 'more, my friend; I am very glad the 'infanta has told us a thing which au-'thorizes me to leave you your Dap-'ple: for, to deal plainly with you, I 'was not ſatisfied as to that point, and 'was about buying a horſe.' Whilſt the knight talked, Sancho mumbled the pullet and the bread; and, leſt his ma-ſter ſhould overhear the grinding of his jaws, he munched as gently as he could, and for the moſt part ſwallowed down mouthfuls without chewing: yet, with all his precaution, he made ſuch crack-ing, that Don Quixote could not for-bear ſaying—'What is this I hear, 'Sancho? You make a noiſe with your 'mouth as if you were eating.'—'Sir,' anſwered the ſquire, with ſuch a pre-ſence of mind as one would ſcarce have thought him guilty of, 'I am half 'aſleep; and I dream I am at a feaſt, 'laying about me handſomely. Pray 'do not awake me!' Don Quixote ſmiled at this anſwer, without ſo much as miſtruſting the truth. 'Well, ſleep 'on, then, my ſon,' ſaid he; 'I will 'not interrupt the enjoyment of a dream 'you are ſo well pleaſed with, and which 'can no way prejudice Banterina's diſ-'enchantment.' The ſquire, rejoicing at the ſucceſs of his cheat, carried it on to the utmoſt. When he had demoliſh-ed the pullet and the bread, conſidering ſo much meat deſerved ſome drink, he aroſe again to go to the bottle. 'Do 'you riſe again?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Are not you well?'—'Sir,' ſaid San-cho, 'I can bear with my diſtemper; 'and I will do ſo well this time, an't 'pleaſe God! that I ſhall have no more 'occaſion to riſe to-night.' In ſhort, having found the bottle, he put it to his mouth,

mouth, and at one pull ſucked it ſo dry, that there was not enough left to drop *ſupernaculum*. Then retiring to bed again, he had no ſooner laid his head on the pillow, than the lovely God of Slumber, who was generally ſo much his friend when his ſtomach was ſatiated, ſhrouded him all over with his ſomnifick vapours. The knight, on the other ſide, fell aſleep inſenſibly, without the leaſt jealouſy of the horrid breach Sancho had made of the ordinance of Pluto's parliament.

CHAP. VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF SEVERAL THINGS; AND, AMONG THE REST, OF THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

THE Knight of La Mancha was the firſt who awaked in the morning; and, it being then broad day, he called his ſquire; but finding he was aſleep, he began poking him ſo roughly with his knees and elbows on the ribs, that the poor wretch cried out two or three times—'Pox take me, Sir, do not 'thruſt ſo hard! Muſt you kill a man 'to wake him?'—'Let us riſe, my ſon,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'it is a ſhame 'for men of our profeſſion to lie ſo long 'in bed: I am impatient to hear from 'the Infanta Banterina. I have ſeen 'her, Sancho! I have ſeen her in a 'dream laſt night! O Heavens! how 'charming ſhe appeared! what a beauty 'ſhe is, my friend!'—'If ſo, Sir,' ſaid the ſquire, 'ſhe is diſenchanted!'—'Yes, certainly!' replied Don Quixote; 'and, I can aſſure you, your faſt has 'been ſucceſsful already.'—'Have a 'care, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'leſt you 'be miſtaken: dreams are often falſe; 'and I have no faith at all in them.'—'Do not fancy,' ſaid the knight, 'that 'my dream is the production of a heated 'imagination: it is real. The wiſe Alquife laid before me a picture of that 'princeſs, even as the wiſe Belonia diſplayed to the Knight of the Precious 'Image the true reſemblance of Floriſbella in the priſon of Perſepolis: 'ſo that, my ſon, you may reckon the 'infanta is diſenchanted.'—'God be 'praiſed, Sir!' quoth the ſquire; 'but 'if ſhe is not quite, I muſt tell you it 'is no fault of mine.' This diſcourſe occupied them whilſt they were getting up. The knight, if he had looked towards the table, might eaſily have perceived that the penance had not been ſo religiouſly performed as he imagined; but he was pleaſed to take no manner of notice of it; and, when they were almoſt dreſſed, they heard a knocking at the chamber-door. It was Don Alvaro, the count, and Don Carlos, who came to acquaint them with the infanta's diſenchantment. This pleaſing news did not at all ſurprize Don Quixote, who was prepared for it; but Sancho was ſo amazed, that he could not forbear crying out—'By our Lady! is it 'poſſible the infanta ſhould be diſenchanted?'—'Why ſo much wonder, 'Sancho?' ſaid the Granadine. 'Have 'you broke your faſt?'—'No, Sir!' anſwered the ſquire; 'my maſter Don 'Quixote can witneſs for me that I 'faſted like a dean, and am ready to 'begin again, if the princeſs wants 'but a ſpeck of whiteneſs: but, to 'deal plainly, I can hardly believe ſhe 'has changed her countenance ſo ſoon.'—'It is certainly true,' ſaid Don Carlos; 'for this morning one of the Em'preſs Merry-dame's pages gave me 'an account of this wonderful acci'dent, and ſwore to me that the prin'ceſs's beauty was beyond all ex'preſſion. I grant pages are very ready 'to ſwear; but they ought to be be'lieved when they ſpeak well of their 'maſters.'—'Don Carlos,' ſaid the Granadine, 'the empreſs's page told 'you nothing but the truth; for the 'archbanterer has ſent me word that 'his daughter is diſenchanted, and 'that he expects Don Quixote and his 'ſquire, to return them thanks.'—'Gentlemen,' ſaid the count, 'I long 'to ſee that beautiful princeſs; and, 'ſince I do not queſtion but you have 'the ſame curioſity, we may ſatisfy it 'immediately, if you pleaſe; for we 'have a large coach at the door, drawn 'by ſix good mules. Let us loſe no 'time; for, you muſt know, the em'peror is removed from his palace.'—'Right,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'he is 'not now in Madrid: he went yeſter'day, with all his court, to lie two 'leagues off at a palace a prince has 'lent him, which is much more ſtately 'and befitting an archbanterer.' The gentlemen, hereupon, all reſolved to ſet out; and, as ſoon as the knight was

armed, they went into the coach. A while after, Sancho followed upon his aſs, with his portmanteau behind him, carrying his maſter's lance and buckler, and being guided by one of the count's pages mounted on Rozinante.

The palace they went to was a country-houſe belonging to the count: the Marquis de Oriſalvo was gone thither already with ſome of his friends and all the ladies who were at his houſe the day before. Being reſolved to prolong the amuſement they received from the extravagancy of Don Quixote and his ſquire, they had judged it better to draw them from the metropolis to the country, where they could execute their plans with leſs hazard of inconvenience or obſtruction. Don Carlos's ſecretary was making preparation for new wonders: he had procured from the theatre two ſuperb ſuits of cloaths, in one of which he purpoſed to play the Diſenchanted Infanta, while the other was allotted to equip an old waiting-woman belonging to the count's ſiſter, who was to perſonate the Empreſs Merry-dame. Whilſt theſe two were putting on their finery, the ladies and gentlemen were converſing in the hall where the future farce was to be performed; and the author of this true hiſtory relates, that their diſcourſe fell upon the Knight of La Mancha and his ſquire. 'Ladies,' ſaid the Marquis de Oriſalvo, 'what think you of Don 'Quixote? Do not you find abundance 'of good ſenſe amidſt all his madneſs? 'And is not Sancho's ſimplicity wonderful?'—'He is very diverting,' anſwered one of the ladies; 'I am 'mightily pleaſed with his ingenuity. 'Every now-and-then ſomething exceſſively ſhrewd drops from him; and 'yet he has no deſign in it; and it is 'amazing that the ſimpleſt fellow in 'the world ſhould talk ſo wittily without being ſenſible himſelf of what he 'ſays. I am not at all pleaſed with 'Benengeli for having varied his character; for ſometimes he makes Sancho talk like a frank, guileleſs peaſant, and ſometimes like an arch, malicious knave.'—'Madam,' anſwered the marquis, ſmiling, 'if you have not 'a care, you will fall foul upon Benengeli.'—'Heaven forbid!' replied the lady; 'his Don Quixote is an excellent book; it is full of morality; 'and, beſides the true comick humour 'that reigns almoſt throughout, there 'are moſt exquiſite novels in it. Among the reſt, I think that of "The "Impertinent Curioſity" is very pleaſant and inſtructive.'—'I am of the 'ſame opinion,' ſaid the count's ſiſter; 'and I have been mightily taken with 'that novel.'—'I muſt plainly own 'my ill taſte,' ſaid another lady: 'I 'do not ſo well like the Impertinent 'Curioſity as you do; becauſe I obſerve in it many things contrary to 'nature and probability.'—'Be pleaſed, 'Madam,' ſaid one of the gentlemen, 'to give us your remarks upon it. I 'own I am a great admirer of Benengeli, and can ſcarce believe there is the 'leaſt fault in the novel we ſpeak of.'—'If you had read it with attention,' anſwered the lady, 'you would be of 'another opinion. In the firſt place, 'there is one thing in it which you 'yourſelf will ſoon grant me to be 'contrary to nature: it is when Anſelmo lies hid to obſerve his wife Camilla. You recollect Camilla is apprized of this circumſtance: ſhe makes 'a long ſpeech, and performs a thouſand odd actions, which are more 'than enough to cure Anſelmo's jealouſy. After this, ſhe ſtalks about 'like a madwoman, with a dagger in 'her hand, and her eyes full of fury, 'as if ſhe were reſolved to kill Lothario: he comes in; ſhe upbraids 'him with having entertained ſuch a 'vile opinion of her as to imagine ſhe 'could be falſe to her huſband. "I "am to blame," ſays ſhe to him, "that "I have not puniſhed you ſo ſeverely "as I ought to have done; and I will "now revenge that fault upon myſelf; "but dying, I muſt kill you, and thus "ſatisfy my vengeance." So ſaying, 'ſhe throws herſelf upon him, manifeſting ſuch eagerneſs to ſtab him, 'that he himſelf knew not what to 'think of her intention; and was actually obliged to exert his whole 'ſtrength and agility in his defence. 'If the lover was deceived, the huſband could not but be ſo too; and, 'ſince Anſelmo believed all that paſſed 'was done in earneſt, was it natural for 'him to lie ſtill in his hiding-place, 'and not ſtep out to ſave his friend's 'life, by making known his innocence 'to Camilla? Did he deſign that Lothario ſhould receive two or three 'ſtabs with a poignard before he diſcovered

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'vered himself? Nay, he has not only 'the patience to let him remain in that 'peril, but still keeps close, after that 'Camilla, having wounded herself, 'feigns swooning away. Surely he 'intended to stay till she was dead and 'buried before he would shew him-'self.'

'Just so,' said the marquis, 'would 'a husband have done, who had a 'mind to get rid of his wife; but it 'does not at all suit with Anselmo, 'who was desperately in love with his.' —'You see, then,' said the lady, 'that 'I am not so much out in my criticism 'upon that point; but there are many 'more that displease me. As for in-'stance, when the author says—"An-"selmo, hearing a noise in Leonela's "chamber, and endeavouring to get "in and see what it was, perceived "that the door was held against him: "this opposition heightened his cu-"riosity; he made a violent effort, and "forced it open; and then caught "the glimpse of a man slipping down "from the window into the street." 'In the first place, I do not understand 'what violent noise Leonela and her 'gallant could make sufficient to dis-'turb Anselmo, and oblige him to 'rise; and again, methinks two lovers, 'who had reason to fear a surprize, 'should not forget to lock the door: 'besides, what need was there for 'Leonela to tell her master that none 'but herself was concerned in that af-'fair? Was not he sufficiently con-'vinced already? Had he any cause to 'suspect Camilla after the scene he had 'lately been witness to? And why did 'Leonela, after having avowed the in-'trigue to be her own, promise An-'selmo that she would the next day 'disclose things of greater importance 'than he imagined? What design could 'she have in it? By discovering the fa-'miliarity between Camilla and Lo-'thario, she only aggravated her own 'crime: she brought additional blame 'upon herself, and lost her mistress's 'protection; which, if she did not ac-'cuse her, she was sure of enjoying.'— 'Nay,' Madam,' said the gentleman who espoused Benengeli, 'you do not 'consider that Anselmo threatened to 'kill Leonela, and actually clapped a 'poignard to her throat, which must 'necessarily hurry her spirits to an ex-'treme degree, and confuse her so that 'she knew not what she said.'—'Well, 'Sir,' said the lady, 'I will pass that 'by, in complaisance to you. But, 'supposing the fear of death made her 'talk wildly, and that in her agitation 'those indiscreet words might slip from 'her, you cannot but allow that it was 'an unpardonable fault in Anselmo 'not to force Leonela to tell him those 'mighty matters immediately, which 'she reserved for the next day. How 'could he consent to put off that in-'formation, especially being of such 'a curious temper as he is described? 'He was not in disorder like the maid, 'and therefore should have compelled 'her to speak; and, when he locked 'her up, he ought to have considered 'that she might follow her gallant's 'example, and make her escape out of 'the window.'—'That reflection,' an-swered the gentleman, 'is very good; 'and I have nothing to object against 'it.'—'Then let it be granted,' replied the lady, 'that the author's genius was 'deficient; and that, not knowing how 'to unravel his plot, he chose to break 'in upon nature and probability, for 'want of a natural and ingenious con-'trivance to discover to Anselmo the 'familiarity betwixt his wife and his 'friend.'—'I had not made all these 'observations,' said the count's sister; 'and, when I read that novel, I only 'disliked Camilla's flight.'—'That is 'true,' said the marquis; 'considering 'how well she had acted her part till 'then, she took the alarm too soon. 'Since her husband did not yet suspect 'her, she had nothing to do but to 'feign herself more enraged than him-'self against Leonela; and, under pre-'text of terrifying her with menaces, 'to give her under-hand assurances of 'protection, or else to get her dex-'trously out of the house: in short, Ca-'milla ought to have extricated herself 'from this danger by some new piece 'of effrontery. By this means Benen-'geli would have rendered the artful 'character he gives her of greater use to 'him in his story; and the thing itself 'would have been more agreeable and 'perfect.'—'That is not all,' said another lady: 'I would fain know why 'Anselmo left the town, when he found 'neither Leonela nor his wife, nor his 'friend. Had it not been more to the 'purpose to seek them out in Florence, 'and so to have been convinced of the

'misfortune

'misfortune which as yet he was only 'jealous of, than to run away into the 'country, where, in all likelihood, he 'could meet with nobody to inform 'him?'—'Yet, for all that, Madam,' said the marquis, 'he there met a gen-'tleman; and, if you remember, this 'gentleman came from the city. An-'selmo asked him what news there was 'at Florence. "Very strange news," 'answered the gentleman. "It is re-"ported that Lothario hath this last "night carried off the wife of Ansel-"mo, his intimate friend. This dis-"covery was made," added he, "by "a maid who served Camilla, and "who was taken up by the watch as "she was letting herself down into the "street by sheets fastened to her win-"dow." How could any one be told 'by Leonela that Camilla was gone off 'with Lothario, when Leonela knew 'nothing of the matter; for it did not 'happen till after she herself was taken 'by the watch*? Is not that a fault in 'judgment? Besides, Anselmo's death 'is very ill managed, and improba-'ble. He sat down to write a letter: 'he had strength enough to begin it; 'and died half way. What a wretched 'conclusion!'

CHAP. IX.

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY HONOUR THAT WAS CONFERRED UPON DON QUIXOTE.

THIS discourse was interrupted by the young secretary and the old waiting-woman, who now entered the hall, and engaged the attention of the company. Those two princesses were clad in cloth of gold, adorned with abundance of false diamonds: they wore caps embellished with feathers of all colours; whilst a profusion of flaxen hair, which their heads had assuredly very little right to, waved gracefully in ringlets over their shoulders. The secretary, being unfortunately possessed of an immoderate length of visage, grievously scarified with the small-pox, and having, moreover, a squat nose, with a mouth like that of an oven, it was at first somewhat apprehended that he would but ill sustain the reputation of an infanta who had been stolen for her beauty: he had, however, so well managed matters, and had been so lavish of red and white in the composition of his countenance, that the ladies agreed he was inimitable. The Empress Merry-dame, otherwise stiled Madam Uriquez, had not been less diligent in assuming the form and carriage of a magnificent princess. The company had scarce taken a full view of their two highnesses, before a page acquainted them of Don Quixote's arrival. The marquis, hereupon, immediately clapped on his archbanterer's crown, caught up his red sceptre, and ran with the princesses to seat themselves on three thrones, under a great canopy. Don Quixote, Tarfe, Don Carlos, and the count, presently appeared, and made low obeisances to the imperial family; but, as soon as the emperor saw Don Quixote, he came down from his throne, and ran to him with open arms, saying—'Welcome, brave Knight of La 'Mancha! May the gods ever prove 'favourable to your wishes!' Don Quixote then stepping forwards towards the emperor, and kneeling upon one knee, would have kissed his hand; but the archbanterer drew it back, raised the knight; and, having saluted both his cheeks, presented him to his Empress Merry-dame and the infanta, who came down from their thrones to embrace him, according to the custom of ancient empresses, who never failed embracing such famous knights as came before them after finishing some important adventure. 'Invincible Don Quixote!' said the empress; 'worthy offspring of 'the god Mars! what thanks can we 'return you? What can we do to re-'quite your insuperable valour?'—'Sovereign princess!' answered the knight, 'honour is the only reward I 'propose to myself in all my under-'takings. No other recompence can

* This does not appear to have been necessarily the case. The capture of Leonela by the watch might have been subsequent to the flight of her mistress, for any thing that is to be found to the contrary in the novel of Cervantes. It is odd enough, that our author should chuse to alledge so doubtful a circumstance as a proof of Leonela's ignorance, when a much better proof really exists in Cervantes; viz. that Leonela had remained locked up in her own chamber from the time that Anselmo left it.

'please

'pleaſe me: and if I had the honour 'to be the cauſe of your recovering 'the infanta, it is enough for me that 'you ſhould vouchſafe to open your im-'perial mouth to thank me.'—'Well, 'then,' ſaid the emperor, 'expect no-'thing from us but thanks. I had 'thoughts of making you a preſent of 'the noble kingdom of Cochin-China, 'and of giving your ſquire the beſt 'government in my archbanterſhip: 'but no more of that; let the honour 'of having finiſhed a glorious adven-'ture content you both.'—'The gods 'grant,' cried Banterina, 'that all 'the world may ſoon ring with the 'noiſe of my diſenchantment! May 'rumour haſten to ſpread the happy 'news from the fair German to the 'ſun-burned Ethiopian; from the em-'pire of Trebiſond to the little ſhops 'in Toledo! And may the valiant Don 'Quixote ſtill purſue the paths of fame, 'evincing to the whole world that he 'is far above all ſhe can ſay of him!' —'May his renowned name,' added the empreſs, 'be tranſmitted from genera-'tion to generation, and never fail but 'with the failing world!'—'Gentle-'men,' ſaid the archbanterer, addreſ-ſing himſelf to the whole company, 'give me, I deſire you, your ſentiments 'of the Infanta Banterina. Are you 'not ſtricken with the marvellous al-'teration in her complexion?' Don Alvaro and the count readily acknow-ledged their amazement; and Don Quixote, having looked on her with the viſion of a true knight-errant, af-firmed himſelf ready to maintain that no creature could exceed her in perfec-tions. Don Carlos, in corroboration of an opinion ſo reaſonable, obſerved that the infanta's beauty palpably juſti-fied the ſudden death of the ſhepherd Perſino; and he called all the ladies to bear him witneſs; who, notwithſtand-ing the repugnance which women ge-nerally feel in commending the charms of another, were all ingenuous enough to declare that the infanta was really incomparable. The air with which that princeſs received all their com-mendations was diverting enough. She obſerved ſtrict ſilence, it is true; but at every obliging word her downcaſt eyes were ſunk to the ground, and her body inclined in token of acknowledg-ment, with ſuch marks of ſhame-faced timidity, as convinced Don Quixote that ſhe was a princeſs of extraordinary baſhfulneſs. When it was dinner-time, the archbanterer ſaid to Don Quixote—'Sir, it is my will, that you, 'and all theſe gentlemen, dine with 'me; and I requeſt you to make ſome 'ſtay here. The empreſs and the in-'fanta deſire the ſame: you are too 'courteous and civil to deny them that 'ſatisfaction.' Don Quixote, having civilly accepted of the honour that was offered him, took the infanta by the hand, and followed the archbanterer, who led the empreſs. The gentlemen did the ſame by the ladies; and, when they were all come into a large room, where the cloth was laid, they ſat down at a long table: then ſeveral muſicians, whom the count had brought from Ma-drid, began to play on ſundry inſtru-ments, and to ſing delightful ditties in abundance. Don Quixote's ſatisfac-tion was inexpreſſible; for he was ſeated directly oppoſite to the infanta; who, to try the power of her charms, ſmiled upon him, caſt amorous glances, and wonderfully allured him*. He was too ſharp-ſighted not to perceive the lady liked him; but he was not at all ſurprized at the diſcovery: he very well knew it was no unuſual thing for in-fantas to fall in love with knights of his renown, though he thought it ra-ther ſtrange the impreſſion ſhould be ſo lively and violent; and he judged the princeſs muſt needs be deſperately in love with him, ſince ſhe had not the power to govern herſelf before her fa-ther and mother.

When dinner was almoſt over, an

* Relaxations of decorum were not at all unfrequent among the fair-ones of chivalry. In the romance of Palmerin D'Oliva, the Princeſs Alchidiana is introduced accoſting Pal-merin as follows. 'Some in their love delight themſelves with embracing, kiſſing, and 'ſuch ceremonial behaviour: as for me, amorous private and familiar conference I re-'pute a chief content. Yet hath Love one ſhaft in his quiver more pleaſing than all theſe, 'being the only argument of each other's reſolution: in reſpect whereof I commit my ho-'nour into your protection; prizing, eſteeming, and chuſing you above all the men in the 'world beſide.' Palmerin, however, a perfect Don Quixote, in chaſte loyalty to Polynarda his miſtreſs, pretends not to underſtand this amorous intimation, and counterfeits a ſwoon by way of avoiding farther advances. See Part II. Chapter 9. Edit. 1637.

angry

angry voice of a man was heard at the door. The muſick ceaſed; and preſently Sancho came into the room in a ſputtering paſſion. 'What is the 'matter, friend?' ſaid the archbanterer. 'What ails you, Mr. Emperor?' cried the ſquire in a heat; 'you muſt 'come quickly, if you pleaſe, and 'make them put Rozinante and my 'aſs into the ſtable; for your raſcally 'ſervants have a mind to thruſt them 'into a pig-ſtye, as if they were not 'fit company for your horſes.' The ladies and gentlemen could not hold their countenances, hearing this piece of ſimplicity; their highneſſes, the muſicians, the pages, and all the company, burſt out a laughing: but the archbanterer, when he had laughed as well as the reſt, perceiving that Don Quixote bluſhed, re-aſſumed his gravity, and ſaid to the ſquire—'Fear no-'thing, my dear Sancho! I will take 'care, without going to the ſtable my-'ſelf, that ſuch an indignity ſhall not 'be put upon the famous Rozinante, 'and his illuſtrious companion: I de-'ſign them nobler ſociety.—Go,' ſaid he to one of his pages; 'I charge you 'ſee thoſe two peerleſs animals lodged 'with the twelve horſes of my impe-'rial chariot; and I expect they have 'the beſt ſtalls.'—'Nay, as for the 'beſt ſtalls,' anſwered Sancho, 'there 'is no reaſon for that; your great-'neſs's horſes ought to take place, 'without queſtion.' When the page was gone out to execute his orders, the ſquire fell into a good-humour again; and the archbanterer ſaid to him—'My friend Sancho, you behold here, 'ſitting by me, the empreſs and the in-'fanta Banterina; I aſſure you they 'are both much pleaſed with you.' The ſquire immediately caſt his eyes on Merry-dame, and then on Banterina; and was ſo dazzled with the luſtre of their cloaths and diamonds, that he was never weary of gazing at them. 'This is ſomething like!' cried he, in the exceſs of his amazement; 'this is what we call infantas in my 'country. A man need not be knight-'ed to know them; they are ſeen at 'firſt ſight by their cloaths. Ads-'bobs! theſe are not like the Galician 'wench's rags!'—'Generous ſquire,' anſwered the emperor, 'admire your 'own handy-work; behold the bleſſed 'fruit of your penance: view my 'daughter well. Is not her counte-'nance changed?'—'Yes, by my 'faith!' replied Sancho; 'ſhe looks 'now perfectly like a picture: I did 'not expect I ſhould find her quite ſo 'handſome; and when I bethink my-'ſelf how ſhe looked laſt night, by 'the Lord, I thought twenty Lents 'would have been little enough to 'cleanſe her!'—'For all that,' ſaid Banterina, 'you ſee that one day's faſt 'has done it: and, what pleaſes me 'moſt of all is, that I ſhall not marry 'the King of Ethiopia's ſon, on 'whom my father had an intention of 'beſtowing me.'—'It is true,' ſaid the archbanterer, 'that I had ſome 'thoughts of that match; but you 'may think I have no great mind to 'it now.'—'O, my dear Sancho!' quoth the empreſs, 'what gratitude do 'I not feel towards you for perform-'ing ſuch a ſovereign penance for my 'daughter's complexion!'—'Madam 'Empreſs,' anſwered Sancho, 'ſpare 'not me; I am ready to obey all your 'commands, and to keep a faſt, if 'need be, for every tooth that is want-'ing to your highneſs.'—'No, no, 'Sancho,' ſaid the emperor; 'that 'would be impoſing too much hard-'ſhip upon you: it is time you ſhould 'make amends for your abſtinence. 'You may go with my courtiers; I 'have given them orders to make much 'of you.' Thus ſaying, his high-mightineſs roſe from table; the ladies and gentlemen did the like; and Sancho made towards the kitchen, laughing in his ſleeve, to think they attributed the diſenchantment of the princeſs to his abſtinence; but cautious enough of letting ſlip any word touching that ceremony. The company went back into the room where they were before dinner, but ſtaid not long there, for the emperor, the empreſs, and the infanta, retiring to their apartments to take a few hours reſt, the ladies and gentlemen did the ſame; and every one went to the chamber the archbanterer had appointed.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

OF THE AMOURS OF DON QUIXOTE AND THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

AS soon as Don Quixote was alone, he began to meditate on the delight which he had observed his presence excite in the infanta; and was extremely overjoyed when he considered there was no reason to distrust her being desperately smitten with him. Whilst he was thus wrapt in reveries of felicity, his squire opened the door, and came into the room loaded with the portmanteau, the lance, and the buckler. 'Are 'you there, my friend?' cried Don Quixote. 'I expected you; I have a 'secret of importance to communicate 'to you: but shut the door first.' When the squire had done as he was bidden—'So, Sancho,' said his master; 'have you taken good notice of 'the Princess Banterina? Confess she 'has all that beauty I told you of this 'morning.'—'No doubt,' answered Sancho, 'but she is as fine as you 'dreamt she was last night. O, by our 'Lady, it is she that has coral eyes, 'ivory lips, and all the rest you used 'to say of Madam Zenobia! But 'there is one thing which puzzles me 'still. I would fain know why the 'enchanters allow me to see the Infanta 'Bantlina as she really is, more than 'any of the others. Is it because, dis-'enchanting her, I disenchanted my-'self at the same time? Has my fast 'killed two birds with one stone?'—'That is not impossible,' answered Don Quixote: 'but tell me, my son, 'would not you think me very happy, 'if that beautiful lady should chuse 'me for her knight?'—'Yes, by my 'faith, Sir!' replied Sancho; 'that 'would be a lucky job for you: but, 'to deal plainly, I fancy the grapes 'are above the fox's reach.'—'There's 'your mistake,' said the knight; 'what 'would you say, friend, if I should 'tell you that this princess is in love 'with me?'—'Admirable, Sir!' cried Sancho; 'did you dream that too?'—'There is nothing so certain, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote; 'the infanta 'loves me: and, what is most strange, 'her passion is so violent, that she 'could not forbear, a while ago, giv-'ing me many private tokens of it 'before her father and the empress.'

Here they were interrupted by one knocking at the door; and the squire, opening it, found it was a young handsome damsel, well clad, who brought a basket covered with a great piece of green taffety. 'The gods preserve 'you, Don Quixote!' said she, when she came in. 'May one talk to you, 'before your squire, of an affair of the 'highest consequence?'—'Yes, pret-'ty maiden,' answered the knight; 'I 'will answer for his secrecy.'—'If so,' replied the damsel, 'I must tell you 'that my name is Laura: I am one of 'the Infanta Banterina's damsels, and 'have the honour to be trusted with all 'her secrets; and I come from her to 'bring you this basket, together with 'a billet-doux, written with her own 'hand.' This said, she set the basket on the table, pulled the billet-doux out of her pocket, and gave it to the knight; who, after having read it to himself, cried out in a rapture of joy—'O peerless princess! you shall not 'have the ill fate of the Infanta Impe-'ria. I am not pre-engaged to another 'lady, as was the Knight of the Ba-'silisks.—Son Sancho, open the port-'manteau immediately!' The squire, guessing at his master's design, did not obey without muttering; but Don Quixote, enjoining him to hold his peace, took a handful of ducats out of the portmanteau; and, giving them to the damsel, said—'Beautiful Laura, I 'entreat you to accept of this, till I 'can give you greater proofs of my 'gratitude.'—'I thank you, Sir,' answered Laura, taking the ducats; 'I 'am glad my mistress has made choice 'of a knight of your worth. I will 'do you all the good offices I can with 'her; and I swear it shall not be my 'fault, if I do not often bring you 'such billets-doux. But, Sir Knight, 'will not you answer this?'—'I will 'not fail,' replied Don Quixote; 'and 'my squire shall carry it, who will 'perform it with as much art as se-'crecy.'—'That is enough,' said the damsel. 'Farewel, Sir Knight! With 'your leave, I will go back forthwith 'to my mistress, for she is a very hasty 'infanta. I am sure she expects me in 'her chamber with as much impatience

'as a young churchman at the univer-
'sity does a benefice.'—'Genteel dam-
'sel,' said Don Quixote, 'pray satisfy
'my curiosity before you go. Tell
'me how comes it that the emperor,
'the empress, and the infanta, speak
'Spanish as naturally as if it were
'their mother-tongue?'—'I will tell
'you the reason,' answered Laura;
(who had too much wit to be gravelled
by such a question) 'though the Co-
'chin Chinese language is generally
'spoken in the archbantererihip, yet
'there are abundance of masters who
'teach all other languages. Above
'all, Spanish is particularly the fa-
'shion; and the emperor has taken
'such a liking to it, that he cannot
'endure any other language should be
'spoken at court.' Don Quixote, per-
fectly satisfied with this answer, dis-
missed the damsel; who, saluting San-
cho as she passed, very graciously said to
him—'Adieu, courteous squire; cheer
'up.'—'Aye, aye,' answered San-
cho, in a sad tone, 'we must cheer up,
'forsooth, while Madam the Abigail
'runs away with our ducats!'—
'Friend,' said Don Quixote, 'you are
'too covetous of money: let me tell you,
'it is a great fault in a governor. Can
'you never curb yourself? I cannot
'conceive how it comes to pass that
'my words and actions have not in-
'spired you with more generosity, so
'long as you have been in my service.
'Can servants learn nothing of their
'masters but their ill qualities alone?'
—'Sir,' replied the squire, 'these
'are fine words; but, take my word
'for it, it is good to lay up something
'for a rainy day. When we have
'given the damsels all our money, the
'jades will laugh at us; and you shall
'see how we will be treated at inns,
'when we have nothing but love-let-
'ters in our portmanteau.'—'Go, go,
'fear nothing!' replied Don Quixote;
'we are not yet come to the bottom of
'our bag. I do not spend it idly; and
'you cannot but grant that it was no
'great present I made the damsel Lau-
'ra. I am satisfied the infanta will
'make you a greater when you carry
'her my answer.'—'Nay, if that be
'so,' cried Sancho, 'I have no more
'to say. Make haste, then, and write
'to her quickly; for here is pen, ink,
'and paper, ready upon the table.'—
'First, let us see what is in this bask-
'et,' said Don Quixote; 'and let us
'admire the princess's favours.' Then,
taking off the taffety that covered the
basket, he pulled out above two hun-
dred yards of old ribbands of several
colours, and a scarf of black silk much
worn. 'Body o'me! what a parcel of
'ribbands there is!' cried Sancho; 'I
'question whether Bertrand Ricacho,
'the mercer of our town, has so many.
'But pray, Sir, what do you call that
'black contrivance I see there?'—'It
'is a scarf,' said Don Quixote: 'was
'there ever any thing so fine?'—'Yes,
'faith and troth, it is very fine!' quoth
Sancho; 'it would do rarely about a
'hat at a funeral.'—'You do not
'know, my son,' answered Don Quix-
ote, 'what use the infanta wills me to
'apply this to. You will never guess
'what she writes to me about it: I must
'read her letter to you.'—'I shall be
'glad of that,' replied the squire;
'for I have a great mind to hear it.'
Hereupon, Don Quixote read aloud the
infanta's letter, which was to this ef-
fect.

'TO THE HERO OF LA MANCHA,
'THE PARAPET OF ORPHANS,
'THE CURTAIN OF INFANTAS,
'AND THE PLATFORM OF
'KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

'VALOROUS Don Quixote!
'beautiful flower of chivalry!
'which always turns towards glory,
'as the sun-flower does to the sun; I
'ought to die for shame, that I shake
'off the yoke of modesty to declare to
'you that I love you; but the unmer-
'ciful god whose slave I am, will
'have it so; and your rare qualities
'will be my excuse: besides, I do no-
'thing that has not been done before.
'The Infanta Imperia, of gallant me-
'mory, made love to the Knight of
'the Basiliſks: but, alas! you know
'he rendered her but an ill return for
'her forwardness. Heavens grant I
'may prove more fortunate than she
'was! I send you some ribbands I
'wore myself a long time; and a rich
'scarf, which was once the Prester
'John's girdle: do not fail to adorn
'your curious shape with it; and let
'all the court see you anon decked
'with

'with these rich favours. But I beg 'of you to preserve as much discretion 'as I have kindness for you. Take 'care, when you shew love's favours, 'that you do not discover the lover.'

'Well, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'what think you of this letter? Has 'it not exquisite turns of expression? 'And does not the infanta appear 'pregnant in wit?'—'By my troth, I 'think she does!' answered the squire; 'and she must be pretty well used to 'write love-letters to knights, to know 'how to do it so well.'—'Hold there, 'friend!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him hastily; 'you sometimes 'let fall such expressions that, though 'you mean no harm by them, yet 'they are offensive. If any body 'should hear you talk thus, they 'would imagine the Infanta Banterina 'to be a finished coquette; whereas 'she is the most precise and virtuous 'princess in the world: for, in short, 'though she ventures so far for my 'sake; though she writes to me; yet 'Love alone can be blamed, who exercises such an absolute power over 'her, that he makes her insensible of 'the reservedness of her sex, and causes 'her to forget what is due to the nobility of her birth.'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'I can assure you I did not mean 'to affront the infanta: but I speak 'before I think, and that is the mischief of it. By my faith, the rope 'will go after the bucket! When my 'tongue is once set a running, there is 'no stopping it; and the devil makes 'the most of it.'—'So much the 'worse,' answered Don Quixote; 'but 'you ought to take care to curb your'self.'—'I hope, Sir, I shall mend 'one time or other,' replied Sancho: 'and, come what will, it is better to 'be naught, and hope to be good, than 'to be good with a design to be naught.' —'Let us have done with that,' replied Don Quixote: 'I forget that the 'infanta is perhaps in an agony till 'she receives my answer. I will write 'and send it her immediately.' Having thus said, he walked about the room a while, deliberating what he should say; and then, taking pen and ink, wrote a letter, which he read to his squire, as follows.

'TO THE INFANTA BANTERINA, 'THE PHOENIX OF BEAUTY, 'THE QUINTESSENCE OF GRACES 'AND CHARMS, THE SOURCE OF 'SMILES AND PLEASURES, AND 'THE MIRROR OF ALL PERFEC'TIONS.

'I Most humbly thank your sovereign 'highness for the precious favours 'you have heaped upon me. I will 'make such use of them as you desire, 'with such secrecy as you shall have no 'cause to complain of. But is it possible, O noble lady! that the sole 'heiress to the Archbanterer of the In'dies should prefer a plain knight, 'only commendable by unheard-of 'actions, before all the princes in the 'world? How flattering is this prefe'rence to me! Verily, though Love 'has always treated me with much ri'gour, I have now cause to return him 'thanks, since he allows me to raise 'my audacious thoughts as high as 'your lofty and sublime perfections. 'Could he have reserved for me a more 'beautiful infanta! You are the orna'ment of his empire; and your eyes 'seem to be the arsenal of his unavoid'able arrows! Be you, then, peerless 'Banterina, from henceforward, queen 'of my will; and grant me leave that, 'seeking new adventures under the 'auspices of your charms, I may go 'from kingdom to kingdom to make 'all knights, who never had the feli'city of beholding you, acknowledge 'that you are the most beautiful prin'cess in the universe.'

'Hang me,' cried Sancho, 'the cu'rate does not preach so well but his 'vicar will be even with him! Lord, 'Sir! that is a rare answer! Let me 'die, if it be not as good as Latin! 'Give it me quickly, that I may go 'receive my present.'—'In the name 'of God, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'take heed that you do not appear 'too covetous before the infanta! I do 'not forbid you taking whatever she 'will give you; but take it not greedily, and in haste.'—'I understand 'you, Sir,' answered the squire. 'Let 'me alone for that. When the in'fanta says—"Here, Sancho, this is

" for you;" I will take no notice; but ' will hold out my hand fair and soft- ' ly, like the prior of Toboso, when ' he takes the money of the Brother- ' hood of St. Agnes.'—' I have one ' thing more to say to you,' added Don Quixote; ' take heed how you ' talk, lest you let fly some foolish ex- ' pression.'—' Enough,' replied San- cho; " fore-warned, fore-armed." I ' will hold so fast by the mane, that I ' will not fall; and I promise you I will ' not spit out a word but I will chew it ' first.' The knight, then, having closed the letter, gave it him, saying— ' Go, then, my son, slip privately into ' the princess's apartment, and execute ' your commission with all the dexte- ' rity you are master of.'—' Sir,' an- swered Sancho, ' when I meddle in an ' affair, that is sufficient. I would ' defy a monk to do it better, with all ' his divinity.' Thus saying, he went out of the room; but had scarcely quit- ted the door when he met Laura. ' O! ' is it you, Mrs. Laura?' cried he. ' Pray, what do you do here?'—' I ' waited for you,' answered she, ' to ' conduct you to my mistress's apart- ' ment; for I am satisfied you do not ' know where it is.'—' No, truly!' replied the squire; ' but I would have ' desired somebody to direct me to it: ' for a man may go to Rome if he has ' but a tongue in his head.'—' That ' was just what I designed to prevent,' quoth Laura: ' you would have asked ' some prating page, perhaps, who ' would have discovered the whole ' plot. Let me die, we who wait up- ' on amorous princesses must be very ' cunning, and foresee things long be- ' fore they come to pass! We can ' never be too cautious in conveying ' billets-doux to them: and I am of ' opinion that you had best give me ' your master's letter; I will deliver it ' to my mistress, and you may go ' back.'—' No, no, good Mrs. Busy ' Body!' cried Sancho; ' I will carry ' it myself: I have hands as well as ' you, God be praised! to receive du- ' cats; and the fairest way is for every ' one to have his due.'—' You do not ' take me right,' answered Laura; ' I ' would only carry the letter for the ' greater secrecy: but, since you think ' I designed to wrong you of your per- ' quisites, I will soon undeceive you; ' come along with me.' Thus speak- ing, she led him into a room, where they found Banterina lying on a bed. ' Madam,' said Laura to her, ' here is ' Signor Sancho Panza, who brings ' you a billet-doux from his master.' The infanta, hearing these words, start- ed up; and, making towards Sancho very hastily, said to him—' Well, wife ' and discreet squire, do you come to ' bring me good news?'—' I do, Ma- ' dam Princess,' answered Sancho, pulling the letter out of his pocket; ' I could not have brought you better, ' though you were my mother: you ' need only read that letter, and then ' you will find the day is your own.' Banterina instantly took the letter; and, having perused it, exclaimed—' Gra- ' cious powers! what a courteous and ' sprightly gentleman is your master ' Don Quixote! His expressions charm ' me! How much am I beholden to ' my stars for having thrown this ad- ' mirable knight in my way! My only ' fear is, lest I should not possess the ' whole of his heart; for I have been ' told that he still retains some kind- ' ness for the Hacked-Face princess, ' the fat Zenobia.'—' No, Madam,' quoth Sancho; ' my master, I can as- ' sure you, does not love her any long- ' er, since he knew she was married to ' Prince Hiperbolan.'—' But is it cer- ' tain,' said the infanta, ' that this ' prince has married her?'—' Yes, ' Madam,' answered the squire; and, ' by the same token, she had three ' children at a birth, as the wise Lir- ' gandus told us.'—' If Lirgandus ' told you so,' replied Banterina, ' there ' is no doubt to be made of it; and, ' on that assurance, I am resolved to ' make the Knight of La Mancha's ' fortune. It is decreed! I will give ' way to my soft inclinations; nothing ' shall stay me. Go, Sancho, go tell ' your master, that I wholly devote ' myself to my passion for him, and ' that I joyfully accept of the glorious ' empire of his heart.' The squire, still expecting when the infanta should make him some present, was not hasty to be gone, which the princess seemed to be uneasy at. ' What is it detains ' you, friend?' added she. ' Go back ' to your master quickly; run and tell ' him I have made choice of him for ' my knight: make haste and carry

' him

'him this joyful news. Get out of 'my chamber immediately, for fear you 'should be seen here.'—'And what 'if I should be seen here?' cried Sancho. 'Have I stolen any thing?'—'That is not the case, Mr. Squire,' quoth Laura. 'Do not you see the 'princess's reputation lies at stake? If 'the empress, who is very jealous, 'should find you here, we are all un-'done; therefore be gone quickly.' Sancho, perceiving they dismissed him in good earnest, without any present, lost all his patience, and cried out, in a cholerick tone—'I vow, by my beard, 'your infantas are scurvy jades, then! 'They send away a squire, me-'thinks, with as little acknowledg-'ment as if he were bound to serve 'them. Belly o'mine! I will go tell 'my master he is a fool to be in love 'with a griper, that dares not spit for 'fear of being dry.—And as for you, 'Mrs. Impertinence, who can pocket 'up knight-errants ducats so cleverly, 'you had best come again. By our La-'dy, your rump shall not cry for want 'of kicking!' The mild Banterina, instead of being offended at this disre-spectful sally of the squire's, immedi-ately calling to him, said—'Indeed, 'my poor Sancho, you have good 'cause to be angry with me; I confess 'it. How could I thus dismiss a man 'who brings me a billet-doux worth 'more than I am able to pay! Nay, a 'man to whom, on other accounts, I 'am so infinitely beholden; who was 'the great finisher of my disenchant-'ment! I entreat you, kind friend, 'pardon my distraction. I am so full 'of your master's love, that I can 'think of nothing else: besides, I 'must own to you I am very subject to 'oversight; insomuch, that one day a 'farmer of mine, having paid me a 'thousand ducats, I forgot to give him 'a receipt, and soon after made him 'pay them over again. Was not that 'a rare piece of forgetfulness for the 'poor devil of the farmer? But I will 'make amends for my neglect towards 'you, my dear Sancho.' Having spoken these words, she went into a clo-set; and, returning with a great lea-thern bag, said to him—'Here, brave 'squire, take my purse, which you 'see is pretty large and well provided; 'I give it you as freely as if it were a 'little one.' Sancho laid hold of the bag in a rapture of joy, and was going to thank the princess for her munifi-cence; but, as ill luck would have it, his usual eloquence suddenly failed him; and he fell into such a fit of stam-mering and nonsense, that, perceiving himself he could make nothing of it, he returned all his compliment in bows and scrapings: of these he bestowed on Banterina and Laura at least a hundred; and, though they were not very court-ly, yet they came with a good will. This done, he hurried away to his ma-ster; and the damsel Laura, who did not much desire to remain long alone with a princess of Banterina's dispo-sition, returned to her real mistress, who was one of the ladies then in the house.

CHAP. XI.

WHICH REQUIRES STILL MORE AT-TENTION.

'GOOD news! good news!' cried Sancho, as he came into his ma-ster's chamber; 'I have now found the 'hare in her form! I have made my 'fortune! My Lady Infanta has given 'me this purse; and I will warrant there 'is enough in it to purchase a brave 'farm house.'—'I knew well enough,' said Don Quixote, 'you would not 'come away without some costly pre-'sent.'—'Nay, by my troth,' answered the squire, 'it was none of the prin-'cess's fault that I came not away 'empty-handed; but I was no such 'ninny, forsooth! I let fall a few 'words, and she presently dropped her 'present.'—'What have you done, 'then?' cried Don Quixote. 'You 'ought not to have said any thing. I 'fear she will take you for a mercenary 'squire.'—'No, no, Sir!' replied San-cho; 'she soon found she was in the 'wrong, and begged my pardon for 'her discretion.'—'How do you mean 'pardon for her discretion?' quoth Don Quixote. 'What is the explanation of 'that nonsense?'—'It means,' an-swered the squire, 'that the princess 'told me she thought so much on you, 'that she forgot to make me a present; 'and therefore she desired me to par-'don her discretion.'—'Distraction, 'you mean,' said Don Quixote; 'now 'I understand you: but let us see, 'friend,

'friend, what the infanta has given 'you. I must confess the purse is of 'an enormous magnitude; and I am 'much mistaken if the sum of money 'it contains be not very considerable.' Sancho, still more eager to be satisfied than his master, untied the strings very expeditiously, and pulled out of the bag an handful of brass-medals, which had something the resemblance of antiquity, yet were modern enough; being a parcel which the count, to whom they belonged, and who was skilled in coins, had thrown aside as refuse. The squire's excessive joy was soon cooled, or rather converted into utter sorrow, when, in the place of good golden ducats, he beheld a collection of cankered pieces of blackish metal. 'Ill luck 'betide me!' cried he, in a lamentable accent, 'what a congregation of far-'things! How could any princess in 'Christendom find in her heart to make 'me such a present? Without doubt 'the enchanters have been at work 'here, and have transmographied these 'ducats into such scurvy bits of iron: 'the dogs have owed me a spite this 'long time.'—'No, no, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'you are in an error, my 'son; you have no cause to complain 'of the enchanters on this occasion: 'those pieces are Bronze medals of 'inestimable value. The Infanta Banterina has made you a present worth 'more than all the treasures of Asia. 'It is certainly so,' continued he, viewing some of the medals attentively; 'these are what the most curious antiquaries so earnestly seek after: this 'must be a genealogical collection of 'the archbanterer's ancestors; they 'are wonderful; the inscriptions are 'scarcely legible. I am not ignorant 'that some men have counterfeited 'ancient medals so exactly, that those 'very persons who pretend to most 'skill in them are daily imposed upon; 'but, though there were many more 'false medals in the world than there 'are, I am satisfied these are none of 'that sort. This ærugo of theirs is 'a sufficient proof of their excellency; 'and therefore you must keep them 'most charily.'—'Good!' answered the squire; 'and, pray, what would 'you have me do with them? By my 'faith, I believe I must sell them to 'the tinker at Toboso; and I question 'whether he will give any thing for 'them!'—'Heaven forbid!' cried Don Quixote; 'you can never put so 'much value on them as they deserve.' —'Out upon it, Sir!' answered Sancho; 'do you not see they are all worn 'and rusty? These are choice jewels to 'be kept, with a pox to them!'—'What ignorance!' exclaimed the knight; 'it is that very circumstance 'which gives them their value: the 'more they are disfigured with age, 'the more they are worthy the curio-'sity of those great men who seek after 'and study the monuments of anti-'quity. I wish you had applied your-'self to the understanding of medals, 'that you might know the value of 'these. I verily am hurt at seeing your 'abominable ignorance.'—'I am as 'much hurt as yourself, Sir, for mat-'ter of that,' returned the squire: 'I 'wish I had learned grammar and di-'vinity; but not for the sake of under-'standing medals, forsooth! No, no! 'I should be sorry I had taken so much 'pains to so little purpose; but that I 'might cast accounts, and know how 'much money twenty sheep, at two 'crowns a piece, come to.'

'Let us have done with your me-'dals,' said Don Quixote; 'we will 'talk of them another time: let us now 'discourse about the infanta. How 'did she receive you?'—'She received 'me as if I had been a prince,' answered Sancho; 'for she ran directly to 'meet me, gamboling all the way as 'if she were bewitched.'—'And, per-'haps, she fainted away when she read 'my letter?' said Don Quixote. 'Ex-'cess of joy has often wrought such 'effects.'—'No, Sir, she did not,' replied the squire; 'but, when she had 'read it, she fell a chattering at such a 'rate, that, adad, it would do a man 'good to hear her! She said all this, 'and all t'other, and a great deal more 'besides; which made it plainly ap-'pear that she had a soft place in her 'heart for you.'—'That is,' answered Don Quixote, 'that, relying on your 'secrecy, she gave a loose to her pas-'sion for me.'—'That is right,' replied Sancho; 'I meant just so. I will 'be hanged for her, if she does not 'love you almost as well as she does 'her grandfather: and I assure you she 'is very good-natured for a lady.'—'Why, what have you observed, San-'cho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that you

'could

'could judge of her good-nature by?' —'Sir,' anſwered the ſquire, 'when 'ſhe went into her cloſet to fetch me the 'purſe of medals, her damſel Laura 'went in with her; and there I ſaw the 'infanta throw her arms about her 'neck, and kiſs both her cheeks 'without the leaſt ceremony.'—'Perhaps,' replied Don Quixote, 'the 'damſel ſpoke in praiſe of me, and the 'infanta embraced her to ſhew how 'much ſhe was pleaſed with that diſcourſe.'—'It may be ſo,' ſaid Sancho; 'but I believe Mrs. Laura is not 'ſo very good-natured; for ſhe ſtruggled in the princeſs's arms as if ſhe 'had been going to raviſh her.'—'The 'damſel did not ſtruggle,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'ſhe only received the 'princeſs's kindneſs with a reſpectful 'confuſion, which you do not know 'how to expreſs.'—'That may be too,' replied the ſquire; 'and, for aught I 'know, perhaps ſhe was not ſo loth to 'be kiſſed as I fancied.'—'By the account you give me, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I conclude the Princeſs 'Banterina adores me: and, ſince I 'have choſen her for the ſovereign 'lady of my thoughts, I muſt now 'think of nothing but performing ſuch 'actions as may be pleaſing to her; and, 'therefore, to begin, help me on with 'theſe ribbands and this ſcarf. But I 'cannot tell, friend, whether you are dexterous enough to perform that ſervice?' —'O dear, yes, Sir!' replied Sancho; 'I have been with the clerk of our pa'riſh an hundred times, on the eve of 'Twelfth-Day, dreſſing up the three 'kings; and we did it ſo rarely, that, 'the next day, every body took them 'for three bridegrooms.'—'I believe 'I muſt be diſarmed,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for you can never tie on thoſe 'ribbands over all my armour.'—'You 'are in the right, Sir,' quoth the ſquire; 'you had better be in your doublet and 'ſhirt.' Don Quixote conſented, and laid aſide all his armour, except his helmet, which he did not think fit to leave off. Then the ſquire, in proof of his dexterity, began tying on the ribbands one by one; and the quantity being ſo great that he had full ſcope to follow his genius, he was not at all ſparing, but beſtrung his maſter all over from the nape of the neck to the very ancles; and, to compleat this ſingular adjuſtment, the ruſty black ſcarf was ſuperadded to the whole. The knight, ſmitten like a ſecond Narciſſus, was charmed with his own figure; and the ſquire, in admiration, cried out—'Body o'me! "fine feathers make fine birds!" Why 'your worſhip is now fit to ſit for your 'picture. Theſe ribbands look pe'rilous comical; and, for the ſcarf, it 'becomes you better than ever it did 'Peter John. 'Tis a thouſand pities 'you have not got his ſquare cap too; 'you would beat all the lords of the 'court a pike's-length!'—'I marvel 'at your ſimplicity!' ſaid Don Quixote. 'You think, then, that Preſter 'John was a prieſt, like our curate Pe'ter Peres?'—'Why, what was he 'then?' anſwered Sancho. 'I have 'often heard the barber Maſter Nicho'las talk of him; and I would have 'laid my iſland he was a prieſt.'—'No, 'my ſon,' replied Don Quixote; 'I 'will inform you what he was. I do not, 'indeed, ſo much wonder at your igno'rance on this head; for many, much 'more learned than you, are ſo. I muſt 'confeſs hiſtorians do not agree upon 'it: but I will tell you their different 'opinions, and you may adopt that 'which you ſhall judge the beſt. Some 'ſay that a great king of India bore 'the name of Prieſt John, or Preſter 'John, as being deſcended from one 'Joannes Preſbyter, a Neſtorian, who 'killed Coirem Cham, and uſurped the 'crown: others affirm, that Preſter 'John was a powerful Neſtorian king 'in Tartary, next to China, and that 'his ſubjects called him Juhanna, be'ing the name given to all the princes 'of that empire. Some authors will 'have it that the name Preſter John 'comes from the Perſian words "Preſte "Cham," ſignifying Chriſtian King; 'that he was firſt called Preſter Cham; 'that is, King or Emperor of the 'Chriſtians; Cham ſignifying King or 'Emperor, and Preſte being the com'mon name of the Eaſtern Chriſtians. 'I remember alſo to have ſomewhere 'read, that the Moguls, who poſſeſs a 'great part of India, have often taken 'the name of Schah Gehan, ſignifying 'King of the World: and you ſee, 'Sancho, that the word Gehan, added 'to their name, is not unlike that of 'Preſter John. Now, friend, I will 'tell you my opinion in this matter. 'I do verily believe the only and true 'Preſter John was in Tartary; and I 'muſt

'must inform you, lest you should, 'like the greatest part of the world, 'run into this error, that the name of 'Prester John is very improperly given 'to the Emperor of Abyssinia, or of 'Ethiopia: for, when Stephen de Ga- 'ma, governor of India for the King 'of Portugal, entered the Red Sea, and 'left some Portuguese, under the com- 'mand of his brother Paul, with Da- 'vid King of Ethiopia, to help him to 'drive the Mahometans out of part of 'his dominions which they had pos- 'sessed themselves of; neither of those 'two brothers ever gave an account 'that the said Emperor of Ethiopia 'was called Prester John; which they 'would certainly have done, had it 'been his name.'

The Knight of LaMancha might very well have spared this dissertation concerning Prester John; and perhaps the reader would have been better pleased without it; but it must be charged upon the indiscretion of Sancho, who was certainly the cause of it: yet we cannot but admire Don Quixote's memory, since he could remember even to the very barbarous names mentioned by those authors who have written concerning Prester John. The sage Alisolan was, however, very near omitting this tiresome discussion of his hero's; and assuredly he would never have inserted it, had he not observed that many of the same kind had dropped from Benengeli: this gave our author an ill example. Our knight, having now cleared up to Sancho the meaning of Prester John, proceeded in the following terms —'So, friend, now that I have satisfied 'your curiosity, pray listen attentively 'to the advice I am about to give you. 'We are going into the imperial cham- 'ber, whither the emperor is by this 'time come with all his court: take 'heed you do not let fall any words 'that may discover my passion for the 'infanta; nay, you must seem to take 'no notice of her, lest courtiers, who 'are sharp and subtle, should discover 'my love in your looks; for, in short, 'greatly as the archbanterer is obliged 'to me, if he should happen to be told 'that I am in love with his daughter, 'he would certainly treat me as the 'Emperor Marcelian did the Knight 'of the Three Images; and that is 'doubtless the reason why the infanta 'recommends secrecy to me in her let- 'ter.'—'But, pray, Sir,' cried Sancho, 'what was it the emperor you talk 'of did to the Knight of the Three 'Images?'—'He expelled him disho- 'nourably from his court,' answered Don Quixote; 'and we may expect to 'receive the same affront: but we shall 'prevent it, if you take care to be as 'discreet as I am.'

The squire having promised to imitate his master's discretion, they both went into the hall where all the company was assembled, impatiently expecting Don Quixote; the absurdity of whose dress was even beyond their expectations. Having bestowed infinite applauses on the elegance of the knight's fancy, they began next to banter him on the motive of so extraordinary a garb. 'How now, Sir Knight?' quoth the archbanterer; 'you have scarcely 'set foot in my court, and the ladies 'have already overwhelmed you with 'their favours. No merit less than 'your own could have prevailed so ra- 'pidly. The most gallant knights of 'ancient times did not advance with 'such expedition.'—'I should be glad 'to learn,' said the empress, 'which is 'the happy princess for whom Don 'Quixote sighs; for his putting on those 'ribbands, and that rich scarf, is a 'sure token that he repays the lady's 'love who sent them.'—'Why should 'you desire, Madam,' quoth the em- peror, 'to know that fortunate fair- 'one? Would you do the knight of 'La Mancha any good offices with 'her?'—'I would, Sir,' replied Mer- ry-dame; 'I can assure you I would 'spare no pains: what is it I could not 'do for that hero, after the obligations 'he has laid on us?' Don Quixote, in token of acknowledgment, returned a profound reverence to the empress; but avoided strictly every thing that might tend to satisfy her curiosity; and, in spite of all their endeavours, the la- dies could not wrest from him a syl- lable of his secret. Upon this, one of them addressed her discourse to Sancho, saying—'Well, friend, are you too as 'impenetrable as your master? Is there 'no way to get the lady's name he is 'in love with, from you?'—'Not a 'word of it,' answered Sancho; 'my 'master has forbid me telling of it, and 'that's enough. It is better to hold 'one's tongue, than say the thing that's 'wrong. I will not so much as look

'upon

'upon the infanta, for fear any body 'should see in my eyes that my master 'loves her; and that my lord the em- 'peror should turn us out of the court.' This blunder of his squire sorely embarrassed Don Quixote; but the arch-banterer, pretending not to have taken notice of it, started a new discourse, and began conversing on the subject of ancient knight-errantry. Don Quixote recovered by degrees out of his disorder, and exerted his talent upon that subject. Whilst the ladies and gentlemen diverted themselves in listening to the medley of gravity and extravagance which our knight displayed in this conversation, the damsel Laura took the squire aside, and said to him—'Signor 'Sancho, are you pleased with the pre- 'sent my mistress made you?'—'No, 'by my troth!' answered he; 'I would 'rather have had an handful of ducats, 'than those broken bits of iron, which 'have neither cross nor pile upon them.' —'Well, then, friend,' replied Laura, 'let us make an exchange; give me 'your medals, and I will give you all 'the ducats I had of your master, and 'we shall be both pleased.'—'Faith, 'with all my heart,' quoth Sancho: 'and he is a son of a whore that does 'not stand to his bargain.'—'Nay, 'I shall not go from my bargain,' said she; 'for I shall never make a bet- 'ter. Not that I value those rusty bits 'of brass any more than you do; but 'because I know some that light a 'candle at noon-day, who will give me 'any rate for them.' Hereupon they struck their bargain. The damsel Laura, however, as appears certain, did it only to rid her hands of Don Quixote's money, which she did not care to keep upon the terms she received it, though she was but a mere waiting-woman. It is true, the ducats being transferred to Sancho, the restitution was not over exact; but that trusty squire had well deserved them for his services. Our Arabian historian in this place informs us, that the company spent the remainder of the day entertaining themselves at the expence of our adventurers; but that, being willing to mix the pleasures of the country with their present pastime, they appointed a hunting match for the following day.

CHAP. XII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FARM-HOUSE.

ALL things being prepared for the chace by order of the count, the whole company, excepting the Empress Merry-dame and the infanta, sallied forth from the castle after breakfast, to follow that diversion. Don Quixote was mounted on Rozinante, and armed at all points, hoping to meet with some adventure. Sancho followed on Dapple, with the portmanteau behind him, and a wallet full of provisions, as if he had been going a long journey. The ladies and gentlemen, being well mounted, soon left our adventurers in the rear; who, finding themselves alone, stopped short in a wood a quarter of a league from the castle. 'Son Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'I have a thought 'come into my head; I am of opi- 'nion we had best seek adventures, 'instead of hunting. I have a strong 'presage that we shall this day meet 'with something extraordinary.'—'Content, Sir,' answered the squire; 'for Rozinante and Dapple are quite 'out of wind with coming all this way 'upon a trot. This sort of hunting 'does not agree with them. Let us 'rather walk gently; and when we 'have a mind to rest, we may sit down 'under a tree. God be praised! I have 'a thousand pretty bits in my wallet; 'and there is no feast like the beggars, 'when they have put all their scraps 'together.'—'What a glutton thou 'art!' said Don Quixote. 'What 'need was there of bringing out pro- 'visions? Did not you breakfast before 'you came from the emperor's palace?' —'That I did,' answered Sancho; 'but the day is long, and a few hours 'hence I shall be very ready to mum- 'ble what I have in my wallet. But, 'pray, Sir, which way must we go to 'meet with adventures?'—'That must 'be left to Rozinante's discretion,' answered Don Quixote; 'he is a good 'guide; I believe he is endued with 'human understanding, as was Bayar- 'do, the steed of Rinaldo*.' This said, he gave his horse the reins, who struck

* For the rational powers of Bayardo, see Ariosto, Book II.

into a path leading acroſs the wood to a farm-houſe belonging to the caſtle. 'Let us go, in God's name!' cried the knight; 'Heavens grant that the infanta may ſee me again anon crowned 'with freſh glory! What praiſes ſhall 'I not receive from the emperor and 'the empreſs! The ladies will be loſt 'in admiration: but I fear leſt moſt of 'them, charmed with my proweſs, 'ſhould ſend me paſſionate love-letters, 'and overburden me with favours: 'I fear, I ſay; for, ſhould this be the 'caſe, you may believe I will return 'their billets-doux without ſo much as 'reading them. This will neceſſarily 'tranſport them with rage, and then 'they will never give over till they diſ'cover my love for the infanta. This 'diſcovery will redouble their fury; 'and thoſe jealous rivals, conſulting to'gether, will, perhaps, ruin my repu'tation with Banterina by their falſe 'practices.'—'Well, well,' cried Sancho, 'ſo much the better. That is 'what I would be at.'—'Why ſo 'much the better?' anſwered Don Quixote. 'You do not conſider what 'you ſay.'—'I beg your pardon for 'that,' replied the ſquire; 'for if theſe 'princeſſes put you out of the infanta's 'favour, the infanta will turn you out 'of her palace; if the infanta turns 'you out of her palace, you will never 'ſee her again; if you never ſee her 'again, you will have your bellyfull of 'vexation; if you have your bellyfull 'of vexation, you will be as well 'pleaſed as if you were a king; for then 'you may go weep and lament in the 'wilderneſs. Did not you tell me but 'the other day, that it was a happineſs 'for a knight not to be beloved by his 'lady?'—'I did not tell you that,' replied Don Quixote: 'it is always 'more pleaſing to be beloved than to be 'hated. I told you, perhaps, that a 'nice knight finds a ſweet in the ſor'rows of love: and that I yet hold to. 'Nay, I muſt confeſs I ſhould be glad 'if I had rivals, and that Banterina 'might ſeem to be without partiality 'for either of us; for then ſhould I per'form a thouſand famous exploits to 'gain the preference of them. How'ever, though I have no known rivals, 'yet our amours will nevertheleſs be aſ'ſuredly thwarted: for, I will not flat'ter myſelf; I cannot ſuppoſe that the 'emperor and empreſs, however highly 'they may eſteem me, will beſtow 'their ſole heireſs on a plain knight; 'and this obſtacle will furniſh ſufficient 'ſubject for my lamentations. But as 'all worldly things have an end, ſo 'my ſufferings will not laſt always. 'I ſhall, with mighty toil, win ulti'mately the empire of Trebiſond; and 'then the archbanterer of the Indies, 'perceiving how honourable it muſt be 'for him to be allied to me, will freely 'conſent that Love and Hymen ſhall 'unite me to his daughter. Of us 'will come a ſon, who will in time be 'the very model of knights-errant; 'his name ſhall be compoſed of both 'our names, for we will call him Don 'Quibanterin, in imitation of Don Be'lianis and Floriſbella, who called 'their ſon Don Belfloran.'—'Hang 'me!' cried Sancho, 'if I would not 'give a groat, with all my heart, that 'all this were come to paſs already! 'But ſaying and doing are two things: 'we are far enough from ſuch ſport; 'and God knows whether ever I ſhall 'live to ſee it!'

This ſort of talk held them acroſs the wood; and, when they were got through, Don Quixote eſpying the farm-houſe, which was but a ſmall diſtance from them, began to view it very earneſtly. Then turning to his ſquire —'Friend Sancho,' quoth he, 'here 'is the ſtrangeſt adventure we could 'ever have met with. The fortreſs 'there before us is the work of two 'enchanters. The wiſe Silfenus and 'the wiſe Friſton, the mortal enemies 'of Don Belianis, cauſed it to be built 'formerly to ſecure Floriſbella, whom 'they had ſtolen. There the un'fortunate princeſs was delivered of 'Prince Belfloran, whom I but now 'told you of. Do not you ſee a wo'man at the door, bearing a child on 'her lap?'—'Yes, Sir,' ſaid Sancho; 'and, by the ſame token, ſhe is now 'feeding it with pap.'—'Well,' added Don Quixote, 'that child is Prince 'Belfloran himſelf, who has been at 'leaſt theſe fifty years juſt in the ſame 'condition you now ſee him.'—'Saints 'and fathers!' exclaimed Sancho, 'what is it you tell me? Is it poſſible 'that little child ſhould have been theſe 'fifty years in it's ſwaddling-clouts?' —'Nothing ſo ſure,' anſwered the knight: 'that woman is a witch, who, 'by the fatal power of a horrid charm,

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'ſtops the courſe of nature, and keeps 'that prince in an eternal infancy, be-'cauſe it is foretold that he will one 'day exceed his father in valour; and 'that witch, who is an enemy to the 'houſe of Greece, hinders his growth, 'that he may never make good the pre-'diction. But Heaven has certainly 'brought me hither to put a ſtop to 'ſuch a felonious practice. I will 'attempt to reſcue Belfloran; I will 'eſpouſe the intereſt of the houſe of 'Greece; the glory of knight-errantry 'calls upon me to try ſuch a noble 'adventure: all thoſe monſters I ſee at 'the gate of the fortreſs do not in the 'leaſt deter me from my purpoſe.' Sancho gazed with all the eyes he had, and did all he could to diſcover the pretended monſters; but, being unable to deſcry them, he ſaid to his maſter—'For my part, I can ſee nothing about 'that farm-houſe but three goats, and 'a few turkeys, ſcratching upon the 'dunghill.'—'Thoſe you call goats,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'are ferocious 'bears; and your turkeys are the moſt 'dreadful griffins enchanters ever made 'uſe of to guard the entrance of their 'caſtles.'—'Since you ſay it, I be-'lieve it,' replied Sancho; 'for you, 'being dubbed a knight-errant, can 'ſee all that is, and all that is not; 'whereas, for my part, I proteſt I ſee 'nothing at preſent but the witch and 'the little child fifty years old eating 'it's pap. But, marry Sir! let him 'play that knows the game, ſay I! 'If you are ſure of what you tell me, 'even down with thoſe griffins: I 'have a ſtrong fancy they may be diſ-'patched with a blow or two, if they 'do not fly away.'—'Hold a little, 'ſon,' quoth Don Quixote; 'I muſt 'firſt offer up a prayer to that ſove-'reign lady of my heart, beſeeching 'her to give me ſtrength for this ad-'venture; which is ſo perilous, that I 'can never finiſh it without the particu-'lar aſſiſtance of that peerleſs infanta.' As he thus ſpoke, the amorous knight drew a deep ſigh from the bottom of his breaſt, and accoſted Banterina in theſe words—'O thou wonder of na-'ture! princeſs, whoſe beauty ſhall 'never be brought into compariſon 'whilſt I have breath! vouchſafe to fa-'vour me in this firſt adventure I am 'about to attempt under your banner! 'Let the world ſee, by your taking part 'with me, that a knight, ſtrengthened 'by your divine favour, is not to be 'overcome!' Here he broke off, for he perceived an object ſally out of the farm, which took up all his attention. It was a young fellow in a fuſtian cap and waiſtcoat; he was mounted on a black mule, and had a ſack of corn under him. 'Sancho,' ſaid Don Quix-ote, 'do not you ſee that dreadful mon-'ſter coming towards us?'—'Nay, 'Sir,' anſwered Sancho, 'as for him, 'I cannot agree with you. That is 'certainly no monſter. Though I 'were a thouſand times worſe enchant-'ed than I am, I would lay a wager 'that that is a young fellow carrying 'corn to the mill to grind.'—'An il-'luſion, friend; a mere illuſion!' re-plied Don Quixote: 'I aſſure you he 'is a Centaur, a monſter, half man and 'half horſe. He comes forward to 'fight us, fancying he can eaſily over-'come us, and carry us into the fort-'reſs, there to keep us enchanted for 'many ages; but he ſhall ſoon fall by 'the ſtrength of my blows. Be not, 'therefore, afraid of his diſmal ſhape 'and aſpect; but let my preſence en-'courage you.'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am not afraid at all. 'I am not afraid either of the bears or 'the griffins; nor do I ſtand any more 'in awe of them, than if they were 'goats and turkeys.'

By this time the Centaur drew near, thinking to have continued his progreſs without moleſtation; when Don Quix-ote, reſolved upon his deſtruction, made at him with couched lance. The young man, who had only a ſwitch in his hand, not ſeeing fit to ſtand the brunt of ſo formidable an aſſailant, turned ſhort about, and fled back towards the farm-houſe with the utmoſt expedition. The knight inſtantly purſued; but be-ing unable to overtake him, let looſe the torrent of his rage upon the goats; and, drawing his ſword, preſently put two of them to flight, and ſorely wound-ed the third. He next encountered the turkies; but they fled with terror be-fore him. Upon this our hero ſheathed his ſword; and, giving his lance to San-cho, he made up without loſs of time to the woman; who, not knowing what to think of this adventure, was run-ning into the houſe with her child, and the ſaucepan of pap in her hand. Don Quixote arreſted her upon the threſhold,

and endeavoured to take away her child: she screamed and struggled; and, resolving to make the best defence in her power, brandished her saucepan; and, bestowing a weighty blow with it upon the head of the knight, nearly suffocated him with the flummery. Don Quixote, however, quitted not his hold; and Heaven, at that time, favouring the house of Greece, he at length got possession of the son of Don Belianis. This precious charge he instantly delivered to his squire; which was scarcely done before they beheld the Centaur advancing again on foot, with two other young fellows belonging to the farm; all of them armed with long staves, and followed by their mastiff dogs; whose dreadful barkings, aided by the cries of the woman, made the neighbouring country resound. As soon as ever Sancho espied them, he could not but call to mind the dismal adventure of the melon-ground; and though he had remained unterrified either by the bears or the griffins, his heart now began to quake with apprehension. Don Quixote, on the other hand, resolving to maintain possession of his prey, unsheathed his sword, and opposed himself to them as undauntedly as the valiant son of Priam did to the two Ajaxes, when they advanced to wrest from him the body of Patroclus. The young men of the farm were in a deadly fury; their eyes flashed fire; nay, there is a certain Greek author hesitates not to affirm, that the blood-thirsty god of war was himself present, and urged them to the fight. Now, too, had the Destinies seized the fatal scissars, and with merciless hands were about to cut the vital threads of the combatants; when, as good fortune would have it, Heaven was pleased to interpose, and prevent the effusion of blood; for the chace happening to take a turn that way, the presence of the count soon appeased the Centaur and his companions, and pacified the clamours of the woman. Sancho, joyful as a pilot who has just escaped some dangerous rock, bawled out, as loud as ever he was able—'Welcome! heartily welcome, gentlemen! In good faith, you are come as opportunely as Easter does after Lent! Had it not been for you, those three wags there would have handled us very roughly.'—'But, why do you take away that child, Sancho?' said the emperor. 'To wean him, Mr. Archbanterer,' answered the squire. 'Is it not a shame he has thriven no better, and has been at nurse these fifty years?' The ladies and gentlemen easily guessed, by these words, that some new whim had struck the knight's pericranium; and not being able to look on him without laughing, they asked him who had daubed his face so filthily. He answered, very gravely, that it was a witch; and proceeded to relate to them the whole story of Prince Belfloran, and how he had finished the adventure of his deliverance. Very fain would he have fallen upon the young men of the farm; protesting that they were villains unworthy of longer existence: but Don Alvaro and Don Carlos at length pacified him, and persuaded him to put up his sword; alledging that, since they surrendered upon discretion, they ought to have good quarter given them.

'Indeed, Don Quixote,' said the archbanterer, 'so the thing should be; and you ought to rest satisfied with having rescued the heir of the house of Greece: all that remains, is to get him a better nurse, that he may grow apace, and be soon in a condition to fulfil the great decrees of fate.'—'Leave that to me,' quoth the count; 'I shall take a pleasure in performing it, as being so entirely devoted to the Emperor Trebatius, whom I love and honour as my friend and brother-in-law.' This said, he took the child from the squire, who still held it, and privately conveyed it to the farmer's wife. The ladies and gentlemen then returned to the castle, very sufficiently diverting themselves both with the adventure and the adventurers.

CHAP. XIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE AMOURS OF DON QUIXOTE AND THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

OUR knight's visage was still enriched with a considerable portion of the cataplasm, when he appeared before the empress and the infanta. 'Princesses,' said the archbanterer, 'I must inform you that the matchless Don Quixote has this day gained as important a victory as that of yesterday.'—'Sir,' answered Banterina, in

in a tone that marked how sensibly she took part in her champion's glory, 'we can guess, by the noble dew which 'covers his countenance, that he has 'performed some glorious exploit; and 'the empress and I should be very glad 'to know the particulars of it.' The emperor having satisfied their curiosity, they bestowed abundance of praises on Don Quixote, wiped his face themselves with napkins, disarmed him amidst the sound of divers instruments, arrayed him in a blue sattin night-gown and cap; and, leading him in that garb to the supper-room, seated him at table between them. After supper there was a ball: the emperor and empress began it by dancing a pavane; Don Quixote and Banterina followed with a saraband; and, though the honest gentleman had never learned to dance, yet was he satisfied that he acquitted himself excellently, as being persuaded the order of knighthood necessarily conferred on it's possessor every possible species of perfection. The ladies and gentlemen danced, in their turns, till it was time to go to rest: then the emperor dismissed them all, and every one retired to his chamber.

As soon as the Knight of La Mancha had shut himself up in his apartment, he began to revolve in his mind the honours conferred upon him by the empress and the infanta; and he had already heated his imagination with a thousand fascinating images, when on a sudden he heard a noise, which arouzed him from his reverie. He could very plainly distinguish that some person was scratching at his door; and he immediately conjectured it must be one of the ladies of the court, who, being smitten with his person, and no longer able to controul her amorous passion, had taken this method of discovering herself to him: he prepared himself, therefore, to act the cruel part; and his scrupulous fidelity had already destined that unhappy fair-one a sacrifice to his princess, when he perceived his visitor was the infanta herself. A felicity so unlooked for had well nigh killed him with joy. 'O glory of mortals!' exclaimed he in rapture; 'Sovereign lady 'of the universe! Light which dispel-'lest the gloom of my soul! Is it pos-'sible that you should come in search 'of me? Can mortal man be capable 'of such an honour? Do I dream, or am 'I awake? In short, dear princess, is it 'you I behold?' Banterina, leaning in a melancholy posture on her damsel Laura, entered the chamber without answering a word; and approaching near to the knight, cast on him a look of languishment, and burst instantly into sobbing and tears. Don Quixote, petrified at this piteous prelude, besought most earnestly that she would acquaint him with the cause of her distress. Three several times she disparted her fair jaws for utterance; and thrice the word died upon her lips: the immensity of affliction at length utterly overwhelmed her, and she sunk senseless into her damsel's arms. The compassionate Laura, who was well acquainted with the cause of these sorrows and swoonings, could now no longer contain herself. 'Alas! 'poor infanta!' exclaimed she, 'more 'unfortunate than all those mentioned 'in the dismal books of chivalry, how 'happy should I think you, could you 'die this moment! For, if you live, I 'perceive your days will be full of 'bitterness!' Don Quixote, touched to the heart by his mistress's sorrow, did every thing in his power to solace her; and Laura spared no pains. Good fortune decreed they should not lose their labour; the princess came to herself; and the knight, then accosting her, said—'Most beautiful and afflicted 'princess, acquaint me, I conjure you, 'with the cause of your weeping, and 'of that terrifying swoon which pierces 'my very heart!' These words he uttered in an accent so woeful, that it renewed Banterina's grief. Laura, wrung with compassion to see her mistress in such deplorable plight, hereupon said to her—'Cease, dear Madam; cease thus 'cruelly to torment yourself! Why do 'you put a restraint upon yourself be-'fore Don Quixote, who adores and 'loves you so entirely? Break that in-'human silence; or give me leave to 'speak for you.'—'Well, then, Lau-'ra, my dear Laura!' answered the princess, with a languishing voice, 'do 'you acquaint Don Quixote with the 'misfortune that threatens me; for I 'have not strength enough to tell it 'him.'—'Sir Knight,' said the damsel, 'I will tell you the whole matter 'in two words. The emperor has just 'now told my mistress that he designs 'to marry her, out of hand, to his neigh-'bour the Great Mogul's son; and to

'this

'this effect he will set out, eight days 'hence, to return into Asia.'—'See 'there!' cried the princess, bursting into tears again; 'see there the source 'of my desperation! I had rather die 'than marry the Great Mogul's son!' —'Beauteous infanta!' quoth Don Quixote, 'I conjure you, temper your 'grief! Heaven is too just to permit 'that you should be given up to a 'prince you hate!'—'It is very true, 'Madam,' cried Laura; 'and you 'should rather think of preventing the 'mischief, than thus to indulge your 'sorrow.'—'Alas!' answered Banterina, 'which way can I prevent it?'— 'How prevent it?' replied Laura. 'Love will shew you the way. You 'need but leave your parents, and go 'range about the world with Don 'Quixote.'—'You do not consider 'what you say, Laura,' answered the princess. 'What! would you advise 'me to suffer myself to be stolen away?' —'Out upon it, Madam!' replied Laura; 'you put an ill construction 'upon my words. In the language of 'chivalry, excursions of this sort are 'not stiled stealings away, they are 'merely making a sally: and the best 'of it is, that, among you infantas, 'such slips are no damage to your re- 'putation. Take my advice, Madam; 'let us even follow the Knight of La 'Mancha wheresoever he pleases to 'carry us. Lord, what a pleasant life 'we shall lead! We shall be all day, 'from morning till night, upon the 'road seeking adventures; and at 'night we shall lie in the woods. Is 'not that a pleasant way of living? 'What wonder that ancient princesses 'took such delight in it!'—'Madam,' said Don Quixote, 'your trusty Laura 'gives you good advice. Since you 'entertain such aversion for the Mo- 'gul's son, fly from that violence 'which is offered to your inclinations: 'entrust yourself to my protection, 'and let us travel through the world 'together. If you admit me for your 'knight, my future exploits will, per- 'haps, prove to you that I am not 'unworthy of the honour.'—'Oh, 'knight!' answered the princess, sigh- ing, 'how hard a matter is it to deny 'you? I find I shall inevitably accept 'of your propose!; for I perceive no- 'thing but honour, duty, and virtue, 'to oppose it. O ye great gods, if 'you would not have had me make a 'false step, you ought not to have 'made me a maiden!'—'Then, Ma- 'dam,' said Laura, 'you are resolved 'to go along with Don Quixote.'—'I 'am, good girl,' replied Banterina; 'but let us be gone quickly to prevent 'second thoughts; for I am apt to 'be troubled with a scurvy modesty if 'I consider, and sometimes my con- 'science checks me. I must confess I 'am somewhat bashful for a court- 'lady.' The princess having thus given her consent, it was agreed among them that they would set out the next night, as soon as the emperor and em- press were withdrawn to their apart- ments. In pledge hereof, the princess extending one of her tawny paws to- wards the lips of Don Quixote, the knight amorously smothered it with kisses; after which, she immediately withdrew with Laura, to give the arch- banterer and his company an account of this new scene.

CHAP. XIV.

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE MET A DAMSEL, AS THEY WENT OUT A HUNTING, AND WHAT PASSED BETWIXT THEM.

THE next morning, all the com- pany betook themselves again to the diversion of the chace; and the swiftness of Rozinante and Dapple be- ing very little improved since their for- mer expedition, Don Quixote and his squire were soon left in the lurch as be- fore. The knight was not much dis- pleased at this circumstance, as he want- ed to converse with Sancho, which he had not done for some time. 'My 'friend Sancho,' said he, 'I am over- 'joyed I can discourse with you; I 'have a great deal to communicate. 'Are you not amazed at the honours 'I have received at this court?'—'Yes, 'Sir,' answered the squire; 'and I 'am ashamed for you, when I think of 'it. Last night, when I saw you at 'table by the empress, by my troth! I 'was like master Peter's parrot; I said 'nothing, but I thought the more.'— 'Why, what could you think?' an- swered Don Quixote. 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'it is no hard matter to guess 'at that. Methinks you, who are

'but

'but a country gentleman, ſhould not 'ſit, cheek by jole, by the empreſs, 'who is a topping princeſs.'—'I 'grant,' replied Don Quixote, 'that 'my extraction is infinitely inferior to 'hers; but you muſt underſtand, friend, 'that knights-errant, of a certain de-'gree of reputation, are equal to crown-'ed heads, as appears by the books of 'chivalry, which teſtify this truth; 'and therefore you ought not to won-'der at ſeeing me ſit by an empreſs: 'but what you ought to be ſurprized 'at is that particular regard, and thoſe 'ſpecial marks of diſtinction, which 'all perſons beſtow on me. I muſt 'confeſs I am almoſt confounded at 'ſuch accumulated honours; and yet, 'flattering as theſe are to me, I am 'infinitely leſs affected by them than 'by the kind regard of Banterina: 'that peerleſs infanta loves, or rather 'adores me. This to me is incon-'ceivable: ſhe came laſt night to my 'chamber, to acquaint me that her fa-'ther deſigns marrying her to the 'Great Mogul's ſon. Had you ſeen 'her, my child, her ſorrow would 'have grieved you to the heart. She 'had like to have died in her damſel 'Laura's arms: in ſhort, the flame ſhe 'cheriſhes for me cauſes her to behold 'this intended marriage as an affliction 'ſo terrifying, that, in order to ſhun 'it, and preſerve herſelf entirely for 'my love, ſhe has reſolved to forſake 'her father's court, and follow me 'whereſoever I will carry her; and we 'have agreed to be gone privately this 'very night.'—'It is very well done, 'Sir,' cried Sancho; 'but then we 'muſt take Mrs. Laura with us, too, 'for ſhe is a very genteel damſel.'—'Signor Squire,' anſwered Don Quix-ote, ſmiling, 'methinks the damſel 'Laura has found a place in your 'heart. In good truth, my ſon, you 'are catched in love's net! and, to 'prove what I ſay, I will now tell 'you what you feel within yourſelf. 'Is it not true, that you often think on 'that damſel? and that you are pleaſed 'when you think of her?'—'Yes, 'faith!' quoth Sancho; 'I think of 'her every moment; and I do not 'know for what, but I am mightily 'pleaſed.'—'Confeſs,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that you long to ſee her 'again; and that you could wiſh we 'were back at the caſtle.'—'God 'bleſs me, Sir!' replied Sancho, 'how 'can you gueſs at all that without my 'telling you! Hang me, nothing ſo 'true! I am mad to be at the caſtle 'again; and I, who never uſed to be 'weary of ſitting upon my aſs, am 'now as uneaſy as a whore at a ſer-'mon.'—'Do not wonder at my div-'ing into your ſecrets,' ſaid the knight, ſighing; 'I am but too well read in 'thoſe matters! But, to ſay the truth, 'I can never ſufficiently admire the 'power of Love: no heart is proof a-'gainſt his arrows, ſince he has wound-'ed yours. Spread open thy ſoul, my 'ſon! ſpread open thy ſoul to joy! and 'thank thy fortunate ſtars which enti-'tle thee to the moſt delicious expecta-'tions. The damſel Laura will bear 'her miſtreſs company; and your ra-'viſhed eyes ſhall daily behold the ob-'ject of their love.'—'But, Sir,' ſaid Sancho, 'may not I carry her away 'into my iſland without ceremony? 'Can any body have any thing to ſay 'to it? Have not governors always 'ſome damſel in their caſtles for their 'houſekeeper?'

Don Quixote was about ſolving this caſe of conſcience, and, perhaps, in fa-vour of Sancho, when a damſel ſud-denly appearing before them, broke off their diſcourſe; and, by her air and garb, drew their attention upon herſelf. She was mounted on a white palfrey, and held in her hand a large umbrella of roſe-coloured taffety, bordered with a rich ſilver lace. Her cloaths were of a white damaſk, embroidered with flow-ers of gold, and a veil of white ſattin covered her face. She advanced di-rectly towards our adventurers, who thought they had not eyes enough to look at her; and when ſhe came near them, ſhe threw aſide her white veil, and diſcovered the face of a woman at leaſt threeſcore years of age. Don Quixote, however, did not fail miſtak-ing her for ſome princeſs ſtill in her teens, who had been ſtolen from her parents by ſome falſe knight, and then baſely forſaken. This fancy poſſeſſing his brain, he bowed down to the very pummel of his ſaddle; and, ſaluting the lady in the moſt reſpectful manner, ſaid to her—'Charming infanta, you 'have doubtleſs juſt cauſe to complain 'of fortune, ſince we ſee you thus 'travel without any guard or retinue. 'What knight, I marvel, in defiance

'of

'of that raviſhing beauty with which 'you are ſo ſuper-eminently gifted, 'and in contempt of thoſe repeated 'vows he had made to you, could 'come to the baſe reſolution of leav- 'ing you forlorn? Acquaint me, I 'beſeech you, with the diſmal ſtory of 'your misfortunes; you cannot reveal 'them to a knight more entirely de- 'voted to the ſervice of ladies than I 'am.'—'Sir Knight,' anſwered the damſel, 'I perceive, by your noble 'mien and air, that the beauteous ſex 'never implored your aſſiſtance in vain: 'I beg of you, therefore, to grant me 'a boon.'—'I will grant you an hun- 'dred thouſand,' replied Don Quix- ote: 'ſpeak boldly, adorable princeſs! 'What is it you require of me?'—'I 'am no princeſs,' quoth ſhe; 'I am 'but a ſervant; and am thankful for 'that, ſince I can be no better: but 'the boon I aſk of you is for an infanta 'whom I ſerve, who is one of the moſt 'accompliſhed princeſſes in the world; 'you can never employ your ſword 'more glorioufly than in her behalf.' —'Command me,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'explain yourſelf. What 'is the matter in hand?'—'The matter 'is,' replied the damſel, 'to chaſtiſe 'a knight who has proved falſe to my 'miſtreſs.'—'Charming maiden,' in- terrupted Don Quixote, 'I will un- 'dertake that with all my heart: you 'need only name the traitor who could 'be guilty of an act ſo infamous.'— 'Ah, Sir!' exclaimed the damſel, 'how happy am I to have met with 'you! The avengement of my miſtreſs 'cannot be entruſted to a better hand. 'Nevertheleſs, I muſt not deceive you: 'however greatly I confide in your 'courage, I cannot avoid quaking for 'the event: for, to be brief, I bring 'you into an extraordinary danger; 'you are to engage a knight who makes 'the whole globe re-echo with his at- 'chievements, and ſeems to lead about 'Victory by the hem of her garment.' —'When he has overcome me,' an- ſwered Don Quixote, 'I ſhall think 'him invincible. I am impatient to 'try my ſtrength with him! Tell me 'his name quickly, and where I may 'meet with him.'—'Sir,' replied the damſel, 'I am told he is in this coun- 'try; and I will, in a few words, tell 'you his name and his ſtory. That 'changeling, that ingrate, that felo- 'nious man, is called Don Quixote de 'la Mancha; and the unhappy prin- 'ceſs he has wronged is Dulcinea del 'Toboſo. This perfidious knight, 'after having choſen her as his lady; 'after offering up his vows to her in a 'thouſand adventures, which he could 'never have finiſhed without the help 'of her peerleſs beauty, faithleſs and 'baſe as he is! hath undeſervedly for- 'ſaken her, and is fallen in love with 'a fat Amazon queen, the refuſe of 'Prince Hiperborean and of the ſcho- 'lars at Alcala. You change coun- 'tenance, Sir Knight,' added the dam- ſel; 'I perceive the account of this diſ- 'loyalty diſpleaſes you; your gene- 'rous heart riſes at ſo baſe an action; 'and you could wiſh you had already 'freed the earth from that execrable 'monſter: but let nothing ſtay you; 'make haſte to ſeek him out, and ſhed 'his blood in recompenſe for his per- 'jury.' This diſcourſe, as may well be imagined, ſtrangely troubled and annoyed the Knight of La Mancha: perceiving, however, that the damſel expected his anſwer, he ſpoke to her as follows. 'Truſty confidante of the 'Princeſs Dulcinea, I am too much an 'enemy to diſſimulation to conceal the 'truth from you. I muſt, then, avow 'myſelf to be that deplorable knight- 'errant, whoſe death you require at 'my hands! you have before you the 'unfortunate Don Quixote de la Man- 'cha.'—'Who? you!' exclaimed the damſel, with an air of aſtoniſhment. 'Are you that traitor my miſtreſs 'complains of? Nay, then, I find 'there is no truſting to phyſiognomy!' —'I am more unfortunate than guilty,' anſwered Don Quixote: 'I take Hea- 'ven to witneſs, that I had ſtill been the 'Infanta Dulcinea's true knight, had 'not ſhe hated me; but I could no 'longer withſtand her unworthy con- 'tempt of my love.'—'She neither 'deſpiſed nor hated you,' replied the damſel; 'and it was only her nice ho- 'nour that made her miſuſe you. She 'was willing to make trial of your con- 'ſtancy before ſhe would reward it; 'but underſtanding, by the voice of 'fame, that you were in love with ano- 'ther lady, ſhe ſent me immediately to 'acquaint you that ſhe will never ſee 'you more; and that ſhe forbids you, 'in future, from ever ſetting your foot 'in La Mancha. This is what I am

'ordered

'ordered to tell you on her part, and 'this is what I muſt tell you on my 'own. Do not think, falſe knight, 'that Heaven will ſuffer you to go un-'puniſhed. It would no longer be 'juſt, ſhould it forbear to puniſh the 'wrong you have done to the moſt 'beautiful of it's works. May the 'enchanters your enemies mar the ſuc-'ceſs of all your undertakings! May 'they blot out of the memory of man 'all the glory you have acquired! May 'they perſuade all future generations, 'that the dreadful Bramarbas you 'overcame was nothing but a giant of 'paſteboard! And may they make po-'ſterity look upon all your heroick ac-'tions as ridiculous and fooliſh! 'Theſe are the curſes I beſtow on you, 'inconſtant Don Quixote! And, that 'your ſquire, who has a ſhare in your 'change, may not blame me for for-'getting him, may he every day meet 'with Yangueſians to drub his ſides, 'or with galley-ſlaves to pelt him with 'brick-bats!'—'And may you, Ma-'dam Spitvenom!' interrupted Sancho, angrily, 'fall into the next cart-rut 'with your palfrey, and break your 'ſtrumpet's neck for you!—What the 'devil ails her? And what have I 'done to her, that ſhe ſhould wiſh me 'ſo much harm?' The damſel, not regarding our ſquire's replication, turned her horſe's head about in an inſtant, and whipped him on ſo briſkly, that Don Quixote and Sancho ſoon loſt ſight of her.

CHAP. XV.

HOW STRANGELY DON QUIXOTE WAS PERPLEXED WHEN DULCINEA'S DAMSEL WAS GONE; WHAT INWARD STRUGGLES HE FELT, AND THE HAPPY RESOLUTION HE CAME TO AT LAST.

THE Knight of La Mancha, leaning penſively on the pummel of his ſaddle, found himſelf the prey to a thouſand melancholy reflections, and knew not what meaſure to fix upon. Sometimes he had a mind to follow Dulcinea's damſel; and then again he was withheld by the force of his new paſſion. Sancho, ſeeing him thus caſt down, ſaid to him—'Cheer up, Sir 'Knight of the Cupids! What! will 'you be troubled at the words of a 'gipſey?'—'O myſon!' cried Don Quixote, 'did you hear what ſhe ſaid? How 'wretched am I! But, alas! I deſerve 'it. She ſaid her miſtreſs did not de-'ſpiſe me; nay, ſhe did not even hate 'me: and I, too ready to take a re-'pulſe, broke that glorious chain; 'and, through my impatience, loſt the 'love of an adorable princeſs. Alas! 'poor cowardly knight, who haſt no 'courage but in the field of battle! 'Your conſtancy ought not to have 'yielded to the rigour and diſdain of 'that matchleſs princeſs. Return to 'your firſt chain. Run! Fly! Go 'ſwear to that lovely enemy that you 'will, for the future, only live for 'her! But I forget ſhe has prohibited 'me from appearing in her preſence. 'Shall I then provoke her juſt indigna-'tion by my diſobedience? No; it is 'enough that I reſtore to her the ſove-'reignty over my ſoul. She will not 'long remain unapprized that I have 'returned to my duty: Fame will take 'care to inform her of it. Let the 'Princeſs Dulcinea reign in my heart, 'then! May ſhe reign there for ever! 'But what do I ſay? Senſeleſs man! 'Shall I forſake the daughter of the 'Archbanterer of the Indies? Can I, 'in honour, do this, after what ſhe 'has done for me? Juſtly as ſhe will 'be incenſed at the ingratitude with 'which I recompenſe her bounties, 'will not this princeſs have greater 'reaſon to deteſt me than even Dulci-'nea? O, ye gracious powers! how 'ſhall I acquit myſelf of this perplex-'ity without detriment to my honour? 'I cannot be true to Dulcinea without 'being falſe to Banterina. What a 'heavy burden is honour! Whichſo-'ever way I turn me, I ſee my memory 'blaſted and my name covered with 'ignominy. But the time is ſhort; 'the Infanta of the Indies preſſes to 'be gone with me this night. What 'ſhall I do? Heaven inſpire me what 'courſe to follow!'

Here Don Quixote pauſed a while, deliberating on the means of extricating himſelf from this thorny dilemma without breach of his honour. At length, he ſuddenly turned to his ſquire, and

said—'Bleſſed be my favouring ſtars, 'ſon Sancho, I am now no longer dubious! I know what I am to follow. 'I remember what the Knight of the 'Sun did in the like circumſtances, 'and I will imitate his example.'—'What good was it he did?' cried Sancho. 'I will tell you,' anſwered Don Quixote. 'He was upon the 'point of marrying Landabrides, when 'his firſt miſtreſs Clariſiana ſent her 'damſel Arcania to him to upbraid 'him with inconſtancy. He was ſo 'touched with what ſhe ſaid, that he 'immediately left the Emperor Ali'cander's court, and retired to a de'ſart, reſolving there to die for grief.' —'Out upon it, Sir,' cried Sancho; 'what a beaſtly reſolution was that! 'Heaven forbid you ſhould ever do 'the like!'—'You do not know what 'you ſay,' replied Don Quixote. 'Can 'I do better than tread in the ſteps of 'ſuch a renowned knight? I muſt imi'tate him, my friend; and, ſurrender'ing myſelf accordingly to the impulſe 'of a juſt repentance, I this moment 'baniſh Banterina from my heart and 'my memory; and will now remove at 'a diſtance from the court, to finiſh 'the ſad courſe of my miſerable life 'in ſome ſolitary wilderneſs.' The ſquire, utterly averſe to ſo prepoſterous and uncomfortable a project, beſtirred himſelf with might and main to ſhake his maſter's reſolution; but his eloquence was all to no purpoſe. 'Forbear, San'cho,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'forbear 'vainly to oppoſe a reſolution which 'ſo much concerns my glory. Fol'low me, without contradicting any 'more; or elſe never more keep me 'company.' With theſe words he gave the reins to Rozinante, who took by chance the road which leads to Toledo. Bitter grievance was it to the ſquire, that he ſhould be thus forced to leave the caſtle where he had fared ſo daintily; yet he preferred his duty before his inclination, and followed his maſter: whoſe elopement proved a great diſappointment to the ladies and gentlemen; for theſe having employed the fictitious damſel of Dulcinea with a view of diverting themſelves with our knight's embarraſſment thereat, never once took into their account that it might poſſibly be the means of their loſing him.

CHAP. XVI.

THE SORROWFUL SEPARATION OF DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE.

OUR adventurers were now near Illeſcas, when they turned out of the highway to ſtrike into a little wood they eſpied in the plain. As ſoon as they reached it, they alighted, and ſat down on the graſs; and Don Quixote, thinking the place proper for the execution of his deſign, ſaid to Sancho—'It is here, my friend, that I will 'ſubmit to my deſtiny, offering up 'myſelf a ſacrifice to Dulcinea's diſ'pleaſure. We have but a few mi'nutes more to paſs together; we muſt 'now part for ever.' The ſquire, hearing theſe diſmal tidings, began to blubber amain, crying—'O my good maſter 'Don Quixote, what madneſs has poſ'ſeſſed you to reſolve to die for having 'changed your miſtreſs? Does any body 'die now-a-days on that account?'—'Check your ſorrow,' quoth the knight; 'and oppoſe all the ſtrength of your 'reaſon againſt the rigour of our ill'fortune. Our parting troubles me as 'much as yourſelf. I had flattered 'myſelf with the hopes of a longer life; 'but, ſince my honour ſtands not in 'need of it, and that, dying, I have the 'comfort of leaving you governor of a 'good iſland, I am willing to end my 'days. I know you relied on me, and 'thought I would, by my advice, eaſe 'you of part of the weight of your 'government. I deſigned the ſame; 'but no matter: liſten to me, my ſon; 'I will tell you how you ſhall govern 'your iſland ſo as to gain the love of 'all the inhabitants. Be ſevere with'out being rigid; be good without be'ing too indulgent; be generous, 'watchful, and ready to relieve all 'that ſtand in need of you. Let not 'the affairs of the wealthy be expedited 'with more readineſs than thoſe of the 'poor. Let not favour or intereſt turn 'you away from the courſe of juſtice. 'In ſhort, let all the people of your 'iſland live in peace, and quietly en'joy their own. I will ſay no more; 'for, beſides that I will not burden 'your memory, I fear leſt the ſage 'who is to write my hiſtory, and who

'records

'records every thing that I utter, 'should fatigue his readers by a too pro- 'lix discourse.'—'Sir,' answered Sancho, 'it is needless to teach me how to 'govern my island. I renounce all the 'governments in the world: I will die 'here with you; and that will soon be 'done, for I have but one day's pro- 'vision.'—'No, friend,' replied Don Quixote; 'I will not allow you to 'share in my fate. The interest of 'your family requires you should live, 'and keep your government. It is 'enough that I die. Dulcinea's wrath 'requires but one victim.'—'Alas!' cried the squire, redoubling his lamentations, 'what, if you die, will be- 'come of poor orphans? Who will 'defend giants against widows? O the 'cursed Dulcinea! Could she not have 'been quiet without sending her mes- 'sengers after us?'—'Hold, Sancho!' cried Don Quixote; 'take heed, wretch, 'how you utter any blasphemies against 'that divine princess! I had rather all 'nature should return to it's first chaos, 'than to hear one word of reflection 'on that sovereign lady! Instead of 'cursing, you must go to her from me, 'and you must tell her that, not being 'able to survive her indignation and 'the prohibition to appear before her, 'I have pined away to death in this 'desart. Then shall you fall down at 'her feet, and conjure her not to hate 'my memory; and you shall never rise 'till her royal mouth has granted it. 'This is what I require of you. Now 'you may depart. Go, my son,' added he, holding out his hand to him; 'go, and sometimes remember you of 'your master. Farewel; I freely give 'you all that is in the portmanteau.' This present, though pretty considerable, could not console Sancho; who, upon this dismal occasion, gave good proof that he entertained a sincere regard for his master; for, laying hold of his hand to kiss it, he bathed it with his tears; and appeared so transported with sorrow, that our knight could not help being touched by it; and found himself obliged to remove so affecting an object from his sight, by requiring his immediate departure.

When his squire was out of his sight, he drew near to Rozinante, who stood motionless on all four, with his bridle on his neck, and his eyes shut, peaceably expecting his doom. 'Faithful 'companion of my labours,' said the knight to him, weeping bitterly, 'Heaven can testify I am as much trou- 'bled to forsake you, as the Knight 'of the Sun was to part with his Cor- 'nelin. I will make the same speech 'to you, for you well deserve it, that 'he made to him in the island of the 'demoniack Faunus.—O my good 'horse! In recompence for the service 'you have done me, I must needs dis- 'charge you of your bands: I set 'you free. Go, you are no longer 'subject to the power of man; for the 'future follow your own inclination. 'Enjoy the same liberty which other 'creatures enjoy in this desart; for 'what knight would you serve after 'me?' This said, he took off his saddle and bridle, and giving him two gentle claps on the buttock with his open hand, added—'Go, then, beau- 'tiful horse; remove at a distance from 'this fatal spot which I have chosen to 'be my tomb.' The freed beast, insensible of the value of liberty, yet feeling himself eased of his accoutrements, laid down quietly upon the ground to rest himself. Don Quixote observing it—'My dear Rozinante,' cried he, 'you cannot leave me, then. 'You prefer death before your liberty, 'and will not survive my misfortunes. 'Be it so, then; let us both die here to- 'gether: and, when future ages un- 'derstand that I expired for grief of 'having offended my lady, let them 'with admiration learn, at the same 'time, that you died for grief of losing 'me.' Having spoken these words, the unfortunate knight began his bitter wailings to the neighbouring echoes; and, prostrating himself on the earth, invoked death to succour him, being resolutely prepared to yield up his life a sacrifice to his chagrin.

CHAP. XVII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE RECEIVED UNEXPECTED COMFORT.

IN the mean while, Sancho having regained the highway that leads to Toledo, jogged slowly on, his brain occupied

cupied with a thouſand woeful cogitations; often ſighing, and ſtopping at every turn to look back to the place where he had left his maſter. But his dolors were now about to give place to joy; for, when he leaſt thought of it, a man mounted on a ſcurvy beaſt paſſed by; and, ſtaring earneſtly at him, cried out—'By the Lord, I am not 'miſtaken! It is certainly Signor Sancho Panza I behold!'—'O, Mr. 'Barber!' quoth Sancho, recognizing maſter Nicholas his countryman, 'is 'it poſſible I have ſtumbled upon you? 'What chance brought you into this 'ſtrange country?'—'I will tell you 'that punctually,' anſwered the barber, 'when you have informed me 'what is become of Don Quixote.'—'Alas, maſter Nicholas!' replied Sancho, 'all we can ſay of Don Quixote 'now is, God reſt his ſoul! He needs 'nothing now but prayers.'—'O Heavens!' cried the barber in conſternation, 'then your maſter is dead!'—'Not yet,' replied the ſquire; 'but his 'life is in great danger. I left him 'juſt now in the wood you ſee yonder, 'where he purpoſes to die through deſpair for Madam Dulcinea.'—'God 'be praiſed!' ſaid maſter Nicholas; 'ſince he is not abſolutely dead, all is 'well enough. Cheer up, my friend; 'Don Quixote ſhall not die: I come 'now to tell him ſuch news as will 'put him out of conceit with his journey into the other world.'—'What 'news?' quoth Sancho. 'The moſt 'ſurprizing,' anſwered the barber, 'and 'the moſt pleaſing he can ever hear. 'But let us make haſte to convey it to 'him; for let medicines be never ſo 'ſo good, they are uſeleſs when applied too late.' Sancho, who had great confidence in maſter Nicholas, laid much ſtreſs upon his words, and conducted him ſpeedily to the ſpot where he had lately parted from the knight of La Mancha.

There they found Don Quixote, ſtretched out on the ground, leaning his head on his hand, and buried in profound meditation. 'Sir,' cried Sancho, 'I beg your pardon for interrupting your penance, and diſturbing the 'pleaſure you take to die for deſpair; 'but it muſt be ſo, for here is maſter 'Nicholas the barber come with me, 'who brings you good news.'—'Alas!' anſwered Don Quixote, 'what can he 'ſay that will avail me in the wretched 'condition I am in!'—'I know no'thing of the matter,' quoth the ſquire; 'but I rely on him, and am already 'overjoyed at what he is going to tell 'you.'—'You have a true foreboding, 'friend Sancho,' replied the barber; 'and your maſter will rejoice as much 'as you do, when he is informed my 'errand is to acquaint him that the 'Princeſs Dúlcinea del Toboſo is reſolved to make him happy.'—'What 'is it I hear?' cried Don Quixote. 'What pleaſing words are thoſe have 'reached my ears? O my dear friend 'maſter Nicholas, perhaps you only 'utter them to divert my grief, and 'ſnatch me out of the hands of death.'—'No, no,' replied the barber; 'I 'tell you nothing but the truth; and, 'to prove what I ſay, I have a letter 'for you from that noble infanta.'—'Gracious powers! a letter?' cried Don Quixote in a tranſport; 'what 'thanks ſhall I be able to return you, 'Mr. Barber?'—'I am no longer a 'barber,' anſwered maſter Nicholas: 'I have ſold my razors, baſon, and 'waſh-balls; I am now ſquire to the 'Princeſs Dulcinea, and my name is 'Toboſin.'—'Let me be hanged!' cried Sancho, 'that is great news. What! 'you have no ſhop, then? And, pray, 'who is ſhaver at this preſent in 'our village?'—'There is no trim'ming at all there,' replied maſter Nicholas; 'and I will preſently tell you 'the reaſon. But let us now mind 'more important matters.' Thus ſaying, he pulled out of his pocket a letter, and delivered it to Don Quixote, who took and read it aloud. The contents were as follows—

THE LETTER.

'THE Princeſs Dulcinea del To'boſo, the ſlave to the heavenly 'fire-brands; to thee, the cauſe of all 'my misfortunes, the Knight of the 'Sorrowful Aſpect, health. I ought 'to ſhiver at thy very name; and, as 'a puniſhment for thy negligence in 'ſeeking tidings concerning me, I 'ought to blot out of my memory all 'thy exploits, which, to my ſorrow, 'are

' are there engraved as it were on braſs.
' But ladies do not always what they
' ought to do; and, therefore, inſtead
' of treating you with that rigour you
' deſerve, I write to you, to command
' you, by the power Love gives me over
' your perſon, to return immediately,
' upon receipt hereof, into La Mancha.
' My ſquire, who is well known to
' you, will inform you how much I
' ſtand in need of your valour and
' aſſiſtance. Heaven keep you, and
' preſerve my life; which I much fear
' till I can enjoy your unworthy and
' dear ſight.'

' O Heavens!' exclaimed the knight, ' what a felicitous alteration! I can ' ſcarce believe this miracle! How ' obliging is this letter! I am the more ' ſurprized at it, becauſe it differs ſo ' much from what the damſel told me ' whom we met this morning.'— ' What damſel did you meet?' ſaid the barber. ' One of the Infanta Dulcinea's damſels,' anſwered Don Quixote. ' And what did ſhe ſay to you?' quoth maſter Nicholas. ' She told me,' anſwered Don Quixote, ' that her miſtreſs forbade my ever appearing before her, or returning to La Mancha. Confounded at that fatal injunction, I repaired to this ſolitude ' to fulfil my miſerable deſtiny.'— ' Heaven forefend!' replied the barber, gueſſing by this information that ſomebody had been diverting himſelf at the knight's expence. ' It is true, the ' Princeſs Dulcinea was in a great paſſion when ſhe ſent that damſel to you; ' but ſince then the caſe is altered ' with the infanta, and an accident has ' happened which obliges her to deal ' more favourably by you: in the condition ſhe is in at preſent, it would ill ' become her to treat you like a Turk ' or a Moor; ſhe has more need to make ' the beſt of it, and to court you; for, ' to deal plainly, ſhe ſtands in need of ' your ſword.'— ' Explain yourſelf, ' maſter Tobofin!' cried Don Quixote, in a tranſport. ' What danger is my ' princeſs in? Inform me quickly!'— ' She is in the greateſt of dangers,' replied maſter Nicholas: ' ſhe refuſed, ' ſome months ſince, to marry the Emperor of Trebiſond; who, to revenge ' himſelf, has laid a deſign to ſteal her ' away; and to that end he is come to ' Toboſo with an army of ſix hundred ' thouſand men.'— ' Powers above!' exclaimed Don Quixote, interrupting him, ' can ye then favour ſuch an outrage? Tell me, my friend, what did ' the princeſs do in this extremity?'— ' She ſummoned the ban and arrear-ban to be in arms,' replied the barber; ' and not only the gentry, but all ' the inhabitants, of the villages of Toboſo and Argamaſilla, are got together in her palace, with a reſolution ' to defend her to the laſt drop of their ' blood; and have all vowed to let ' their beards grow till they have defeated the enemy: and this is the ' reaſon why I told you they did not ' trim their beards. Now, you muſt ' underſtand, there have been ſeveral ' encounters; the arrear-ban has done ' wonders, as it uſed to do: the Pagans ' have always had the better; they have ' torn to pieces Peter Perez our curate's ' new caſſock, and cut out the tongues ' of our two alcaldes for having given ' judgment wrongfully.'— ' O Holy ' Virgin!' cried Sancho; ' then our ' alcaldes are finely brought to bed!'— ' In ſhort, Don Quixote,' added the barber, ' though the Tobofines behave ' themſelves bravely, they muſt needs ' fall at long run; and, though Dulcinea's palace were better defended ' than the caſtle of Albracca*, ſooner ' or later, the Emperor of Trebiſond ' will make himſelf maſter of it. So, ' you ſee, that unleſs you ſpeedily relieve my miſtreſs, ſhe is a loſt infanta.' —' Away! away!' cried Don Quixote; ' let us fly to her relief! I am as able ' to rout a numerous army as Orlando. ' Let us ſaddle Rozinante quickly, and ' be gone!'—' Don Quixote,' ſaid the barber, ' I find I am not deceived in ' my expectation; I knew you could ' not fail being on fire when I told you ' this news. I aſſure you I am over-

* Albracca was the capital of the kingdom of Cathay. Angelica, daughter to Galaphron the ſovereign thereof, having rejected Agrican King of Tartary, who demanded her in marriage, he raiſed a great army, and beſieged her in Albracca. Agrican was at length ſlain in ſingle combat by Orlando.—See Orlando Innamorato of Boyardo.

' joyed

'joyed to see your readiness; and the 'Princess Dulcinea has good reason to 'ground all her hopes on you.'—'Is 'it possible, Mr. Tobosin,' said the knight, 'that that beautiful queen 'should make any account of my va-'lour?'—'How do you mean?' replied the barber. 'By the Lord, she 'values you more than all the twelve 'peers of France put together! "Go, "my dear Tobosin," said she to me at 'parting; "go seek out the Knight "of the Sorrowful Aspect; bid him "come to defend his princess. Ah! "were he here, how little should I "fear the Emperor of Trebisond!" As the barber spoke these words, Don Quixote, catching him in his arms, hugged him heartily, in token of the pleasure with which such grateful intelligence inspired him.

At this time, Rozinante having smelt out master Nicholas's beast, with whom he had formerly skipped in the meadows of Tobosо, he got up very heavily, and began to neigh so loud, that the whole wood resounded. Don Quixote received it as a favourable presage. 'Re-'joice, my friends!' said he; 'Rozi-'nante forebodes the victory I am go-'ing to gain over the Emperor of Tre-'bisond! We cannot set out under 'better auspices.'—'No, truly!' answered the barber, smiling; 'if there 'were still a college of augurs at Rome, 'he would well deserve to be one of 'them: but we must saddle and bridle 'him instantly; for time is precious. 'You may guess what an havock an 'army of six hundred thousand men 'will make in a country where they 'live at discretion.'—'O Lord!' cried Sancho, 'what will become of my 'oxen, my six ewes, my goats, my 'eight hens, and my cock? I will war-'rant those dogs will soon dispatch 'them!'—'That is done already,' quoth master Nicholas; 'it was the first 'thing they did. The very first day 'they came they devoured your oxen, 'your sheep, and your goats; and the 'emperor, who loves none but nice 'bits, eat your cock boiled with ba-'con.'—'And what became of my 'hens?' said Sancho. 'They made 'broth for their sick men with them,' replied Tobosin. 'Mercy on me!' cried Sancho, 'I am utterly undone! Good 'God! is it lawful to devour other 'men's substance after that manner? 'The Holy Brotherhood ought to take 'up all those knaves, and send them 'to the galleys.'—'That is not so 'easily done,' answered the barber: 'but cheer up, my friend! you serve 'a master who keeps fortune locked 'up in his sword-scabbard: and as for 'the loss you have sustained, I promise 'you the Princess Dulcinea shall make 'it good.' This assurance somewhat comforted Sancho: he saddled and bridled Rozinante; and they all went out of the wood, taking the road to Tobosо.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHAT THE BARBER'S DESIGN WAS; WHAT DON QUIXOTE DID AFTER THE EXAMPLE OF DON BELIANIS OF GREECE; AND, LASTLY, OF THE MOST UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE THAT EVER BEFEL HIM.

OUR Arabian historian begins this chapter by acquainting us with the barber's design; and tells us, that Mr. Valentin being informed by the canons, to whom Sancho told his story of the geese, that Don Quixote was gone to Madrid, had written to the curate Peter Perez, giving him an account of it, and exhorting him in his charity not to suffer that honest gentleman to continue any longer the laughing-stock of Spain. This letter the curate shewed to master Nicholas; and, upon mature deliberation, they both agreed that Don Quixote must be once more secured in a cage; and, for the future, be so well watched, that he should have no opportunity of escaping; that the only way to draw him into La Mancha was to possess him with the idea of Dulcinea's being in imminent danger, and to write a letter, in which that disconsolate princess should implore his assistance; that the barber should go directly to Madrid to deliver the letter; and, to give the better colour to this cheat, should pretend to be Dulcinea's squire. This was accordingly exactly performed, as has been seen. Now let us return to our history.

Our adventurers were not yet got out of

of the wood, when Don Quixote said to the barber—'Mr. Tobosin, I remember I have read that Don Belianis, understanding that a puissant army lay before Babylon to carry off Florisbella, was four days without speaking one word, to express his concern. Would not you advise me to follow his example?'—'No doubt of it,' answered master Nicholas; 'it is the best thing you can do. To what purpose do we read the actions of great men, if we do not imitate them? Do, Don Quixote, speak not in four days: Dulcinea will be charmed at such a notable testimony of your concern; and, upon my word, I will take care to magnify it to her.'—'Then I desire you both,' said Don Quixote, 'not to interrupt my silence. Do you two discourse as if I were not with you.' This said, he was silent on a sudden, to begin his imitation of Don Belianis. 'So, friend Sancho,' said the barber, 'let us deal it about now; let us talk a little to divert ourselves.'—'By my faith,' quoth Sancho, 'you have met with your match! I thank God, my tongue was never backward; and I know you can play your part: so that, betwixt us, we shall ring a brave peal.'—'Well,' said the barber, 'to set you a-going then, recount to me all the adventures that have befallen you since your last sally, to the end that I may entertain the Princess Dulcinea with them when I get home.' Sancho did as he was desired; and, when he had ended the relation, went on saying—'Now, master Nicholas Tobosin, pray do you explain one thing which very much puzzles me. Is it possible there should be a palace at Toboso, and that the sister of Basil and Bertrand Nogales is a princess? For, to say truth, when I carried her my master Don Quixote's letters, I could see nothing but a downright peasant; and yet her damsel we met this morning was clad like a lady of quality. Then it is likely I was enchanted when I saw Madam Dulcinea, and am so no longer now.'—'There is no doubt to be made of that,' answered the barber: it is likely that when you disenchanted that Infanta Bouncerina you tell me of, you disenchanted yourself at the same time. Your fast might produce that effect.'—'My fast!' cried Sancho, laughing as if he were mad. 'By my troth, that is a good notion!'—'Why do you laugh so heartily?' quoth the barber. 'I never laughed with a better will,' replied he; 'and, since my master cares no more for the Infanta Bouncerina, I will tell you how that matter was. All the archbanterer's court, and my master Don Quixote himself, think I fasted for her; but the devil take him that did! Yet, for all that, she is as well disenchanted as if I had not eaten a bit: and thus you see sometimes a good name is gotten by fibbing.' Don Quixote, hearing this discourse, could not restrain himself. 'How now, scoundrel!' cried he to his squire; 'did not you go to bed without your supper?'—'I grant it, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'but when you were in bed, do not you remember I got up?'—'Well, and what then?' replied the knight. 'What then!' answered the squire; 'why it was then I went to pillage the pullet and the piece of bread you had left upon the table.'—'What stories do you tell us!' said Don Quixote. 'You talk of a dream as if it had been a reality.'—'I make no question of it,' said the barber: 'that night when he fasted, he dreamed he got up to eat a pullet and a piece of bread; and the dream has made such an impression on him, that we need not wonder he looks upon it as truth.' Master Nicholas spoke these words so gravely, that Sancho, not knowing what to think of it, cried out—'Good God! is it possible I only eat the pullet in a dream? Then a man, broad awake, cannot swear he is not asleep!'—'You are no good logician,' answered Don Quixote: you must not say, that a man broad awake is not sure he is not then asleep; but you must say, that a man who thinks himself awake, may possibly be asleep; and then you will argue categorically.'—'Nay, faith, Sir!' quoth Sancho, 'I do not understand those morals; but God knows the truth of it!'—'Since the infanta was disenchanted,' replied the barber, 'you may be satisfied that you fasted; for enchanters are not to be imposed upon.

'upon.—But Don Quixote,' added he, 'to your silence again; and, lest 'you should be forced to break it a se-'cond time, do not listen to what we 'shall say.' The knight took his advice, gave over all attention to their discourse, and, occupying his thoughts with the great feats he was to perform before Dulcinea, was entirely wrapped in meditation, and punctually observed his silence for four days.

By this time, they drew near Argamasilla and Toboso, and were almost in sight of those two villages, when the barber said to Don Quixote—'At 'length, Sir Knight, after a long 'journey, we are now near the place 'where your presence is so necessary.' —'We can never come soon enough, 'my dear Tobosin,' answered Don Quixote. 'What a multitude of dis-'mal notions occur to me! My valour 'is ready to sink under them. When 'I consider our country desolated, our 'fields thronged with Pagans, our 'crops carried away by strangers, our 'friends and townsmen slaughtered; 'and, above all, when I think on my 'princess in despair, counting as im-'patiently as myself, the moments I 'am wanting; good God! what a tor-'ment is this for a heart so tender as 'mine!'—'I must confess,' said Tobosin, 'those are woeful thoughts; but 'we must hope Dulcinea will be more 'afraid than hurt. Let us think of 'defending her; and all three of us 'resolve to cut and thrust.'—'Why all 'three?' quoth Sancho. 'Must we, 'that are no knights, run our heads 'into the battle?'—'Sure enough,' answered Master Nicolas. 'It is true, 'we cannot fight knights, but it is 'lawful for us to engage scoundrels 'and rakes; and, I believe, there are 'enough of them in an army of six 'hundred thousand men.'—'You 'need not second me, my friends,' said Don Quixote. 'Though this army be 'very numerous, I shall soon put it to 'flight myself; for I will go directly 'to the emperor's quarters; and, find-'ing out that prince, by the three 'crowns he wears on his head, as is 'the custom of the emperors of Trebi-'sond, I will make myself way through 'the soldiers and knights that encom-'pass him, and then I will attack him. 'He will not be able to withstand my 'force: I will strike him down, and 'cut off his head; as one of his pre-'decessors was served by Contumelian 'of Phœnicia. Then the news of 'his death being spread abroad among 'his troops, they will fall into con-'sternation and fly.'—'So our coun-'try,' quoth the barber, 'will be at 'once delivered from those Pagans. 'Heavens be praised! By my troth! 'well fare the books of chivalry! they 'teach us curious stratagems in war.' Thus they discoursed till they discovered Argamasilla; and, when they were come within two hundred paces of it, the barber, designing to get into the village to acquaint the curate with the arrival of their countryman, and to make ready the cage, said to the knight —'Don Quixote, do you halt here 'with Sancho: I will go view the ene-'my; and will return in a moment 'with an account of the posture I find 'them in. Be you upon your guard, 'the mean while, for fear of a sur-'prize.'—'Go, brave Tobosin,' answered Don Quixote; 'and observe all 'things attentively.'—'I will not 'fail,' replied the barber: 'I will 'examine all things nicely; but I will 'endeavour chiefly to discover where 'the emperor's quarters are.' This said, he left Don Quixote, and made haste into the village. 'Sancho, my 'son,' said the knight, 'let us both 'stand centinel: let us look about; and 'be so watchful that nothing may 'escape us.'—'Would to God,' answered the squire, 'these six hundred 'thousand Pagans would make their 'escape! By my faith, I would never 'hinder them!' As they thus stood, looking around them on all sides, they chanced to espy ten or twelve men on horseback in the plain, making towards Toboso; and these were a party of the Holy Brotherhood. 'To arms! to 'arms!' cried Don Quixote. 'See 'there a strong detachment of the Pa-'gan army! They are the flower of the 'knights of Trebisond, whom the em-'peror, being informed of my arrival, 'sends out to hem me in! But I will 'fall upon them; and, having put them 'all to the sword, will, by their de-'feat, strike a terror into the enemy's 'army!' This said, he spurred on

Rozinante

Stothard del.

Walker sculp.

Plate V.

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Rozinante towards the knights of Trebiſond. Alas, poor Knight of La Mancha! whither is your valour hurrying you? What rueful ſpectacle, alas! are you now about to exhibit to the eyes of the univerſe? O ye Tartars and Chineſe! ye nations who behold the bright Aurora ope the curtains of the day! and ye inhabitants of the new-found world, with whom the great luminary that lights us ſets! ye ſcorched Ethiopians, and ye frozen Laplanders! Don Quixote advances to the combat: attend all of ye to this mighty event.

The troopers ſeeing Don Quixote make towards them, halted to expect him; but, though they were ſurprized at his mien and garb, they were much more amazed, when, being come within hearing, he cried out to them with a menacing voice—'O ye contemptible mortals, who do not deſerve to be called knights, ſince you are not aſhamed to ſupport the baſe cauſe of the infamous prince you ſerve, ſtand upon your guard!' The officer who commanded the party, underſtanding theſe words as a reflection on the king his maſter, replied haſtily — 'Sure thou art mad, or ſome damned inſolent fellow, that dareſt ſpeak ſuch words of the moſt honourable of all princes!' Don Quixote, hearing himſelf called madman and damned fellow, ſet himſelf faſt in his ſtirrups, couched his lance, and ran full tilt at the officer; who, having neither time nor ſkill to avoid the thruſt, received it in his heart, and fell down dead under his horſe's belly. Upon this, the troopers drew their ſwords, and hemmed in the knight to ſeize him; but he drew as well as they, and charged ſo furiouſly, that he wounded two or three of them. The others, fearing the ſame fate, began to give way; when one of their number, aſhamed that the whole party could not ſecure a ſingle man, laid hold of his carbine; and, taking aim at the face of the unfortunate Manchegan, lodged a brace of bullets in his brain. The poor knight had no need of a ſecond ſhot. His feeble hand dropped Rozinante's bridle; and, tottering a while in the ſaddle, he fell off near the dead body of the officer he had ſlain. Sancho, who beheld the combat at a diſtance, put on to help up his maſter; but finding him ſtretched out ſenſeleſs on the ground, and his viſage covered with blood, he broke forth into all the frantick exceſſes of a truly-afflicted ſquire. He wept, he tore his hair, beard, and eye-brows; and made the plain ring with his cries, ſighs, and lamentations.

Whilſt Sancho thus raved, the curate Peter Perez, and the barber, arrived on the field of battle; and, finding no ſigns of life in Don Quixote, were much troubled. The troopers were diſpoſed, at firſt, to have taken poſſeſſion of the dead knight's body, in order to form a proceſs againſt him as a common diſturber of the peace, and render him and his memory infamous; but, as ſoon as they were made acquainted with his ſtrange infirmity, they gave him up to the care of his countrymen, and retired with the carcaſe of their comrade, whom they buried in a place which the Arabian hiſtorian has omitted to ſpecify. When they were gone, the curate and the barber began mutually to bewail the fate of Don Quixote; and were the more inconſolable, as having been themſelves, though innocently, the occaſion of it. Sancho, on his ſide, renewed his lamentations. 'O my good lord and maſter!' cried he, ſhedding bitter tears, 'now it is we are parted! We ſhall never ſee one another more till we meet in the great valley!—Alas! poor orphans, your father is dead! Princeſſes may now cry, nobody will ſuccour them; and chivalry will fall altogether, ſince it has loſt the knight that ſupported it.—Alas! what ſhall I do in this world without you, my dear maſter? I have neither oxen, nor ſheep; the Pagans have diſpatched them; and the Emperor of Trebiſond has eaten my cock, comb and all. I have nothing left but our portmanteau, which you gave me the other day; and I cannot tell but Mr. Curate may ſweep that away for your burial.'—'No, Sancho,' cried the curate, 'I ſhall aſk nothing for that, my friend; and if your maſter has given you that portmanteau, you ſhall keep it.' The barber, having added ſome

other words of comfort to the drooping ſquire, they all three ſet forth with the remains of Don Quixote for the village of Argamaſilla, where it is to be ſuppoſed they rendered him the laſt ſad offices with a pomp ſuited to the dignity of his character. It is to be ſuppoſed, I ſay; for in this place the ſage Aliſolan, through grief, lets fall his pen. Melted with the melancholy ſituation in which he beholds his hero, he averts his eyes from the diſtreſsful ſpectacle; and, abandoning his work, concludes here this hiſtory*.

* This account of the death of Don Quixote originates with the French tranſlator. Avellaneda does not terminate the knight's life at the cloſe of his work; but, in conſiſtency with the intention hinted in his preface of bringing out his hero in Old Caſtile, (which is alluded to by Cervantes at the concluſion of his Don Quixote) leaves him in health and readineſs for farther atchievements.

FINIS.

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN;

OR, THE

LIFE OF MARIANNE,

COUNTESS OF *****.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE FRENCH OF MARIVAUX.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

LONDON:
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M DCC LXXXIV.

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN;

OR,

LIFE OF MARIANNE,

COUNTESS OF ——.

THE

TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

THE reading of that part of hiſtory that relates to human life and manners, has been always conſidered by allowed judges as one of the beſt methods of inſtructing and improving the mind. When we ſee the heart laid open, and the ſecret ſprings and movements that actuate it expoſed, and ſet in one impartial light, with their different good and evil tendencies; we are enabled to form a true eſtimate of human nature, and are taught what ought, or ought not, to be our own conduct in every ſimilar inſtance.

But the inſtruction, I think, is not carried to it's proper extent: the ſcene of action is generally laid in exalted and publick life; among deep politicians and martial heroes. And though this may be of ſome ſervice in cheriſhing publick-ſpirit, and a warm regard for the intereſt and good of nations; few readers, comparatively ſpeaking, will ever have occaſion to reduce the example into practice: and, if we except what I have juſt mentioned, all the advantage reſulting from their ſtudy will be this; that they are informed of ſome matters of fact, pleaſed, and ſtruck with admiration.

But when the hiſtory is reduced to our own level, and applicable to our real circumſtances in life, much extenſive and laſting benefit may accrue from the peruſal of it; for, in the right diſcharge of the common duties of humanity, and in a proper conduct, either in affluent or in embarraſſed and difficult circumſtances, every one has an immediate and important concern: in the frailties, too, and little foibles of our nature, we are all pretty equal ſharers. An example, therefore, given to theſe purpoſes, that deſcribes every different diſpoſition of the mind, according to the variety of it's ſituations, and the actions naturally flowing from thoſe diſpoſitions; and all guarded, too, with juſt encomiums on the ſide of virtue, and ſevere cenſures and remonſtrances againſt vice; cannot fail, I think, of making a ſtrong impreſſion on the mind of every perſon not wholly loſt to all ſenſe of moral excellence, and producing ſome of the genuine fruits of it in his conduct.

Beſides, hiſtories of this kind are generally made publick by way of entertainment; and, under that notion, even a libertine may be induced to read them with eagerneſs and delight: and, it is highly probable, if he goes through them with attention, and is not paſt all reflection and ſerious thought, ſome incident, or applicable circumſtance, may ſtrike him, and tend greatly to his reformation. And what an entertainment, indeed, will they be to a judicious and ſober reader, when he finds religion and virtue painted in the moſt lovely colours, and ſet in every attractive light!

The advantage, too, that theſe entertaining pictures of human nature may be of to youth, is very conſiderable. Thoſe who have been concerned in the important buſineſs of education, muſt know that the love of pleaſure is the moſt natural and eaſy inlet to young minds: every

every thing that presents itself through this channel is sure to gain a ready access; close and abstract reasonings are above their capacity; grave and serious discourses may sometimes fail of the intended effect; for (not to insist on the aversion common in young people to every thing gloomy and solemn, and that is imposed as a task) it requires great exercise of thought and reflection to attend to the thread of a discourse, and conceive immediately every idea the writer or speaker would express. But lively examples, and plain matters of fact, are easily comprehended; and, the moment their understandings are informed, the affections are excited; which, being free from all false biasses, are properly and exactly suited to each particular incident as it occurs to them: and thus, if due care is taken to fix the application deeply in their minds, a love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice, is insensibly instilled into them, and the impressions may last for ever.

It must be acknowledged, then, that a history, in familiar and common life, is in point of real usefulness preferable to every other; since the benefits arising from it are universal, and extend to all stations and circumstances: for even the statesman and general (in which two peculiar views mankind are commonly represented in history) cannot be said to form a compleat character, without attending to the offices and duties of private life; and it is this last branch of conduct (when their history is related) that can be of real advantage to the generality, and point out any thing to them capable of their imitation.

The history before us deserves to be considered as a useful piece of instruction; a lesson of nature; a true and lively picture of the human heart. Our little foibles are exposed with much wit and spirit; the true motive to every action is honestly acknowledged; and not the least pretension made to a virtue which, in reality, had no existence. Of what use this natural colouring, and painting things just as they are in themselves, must be, is very obvious; for they who know any thing of human nature, will readily acknowledge, that we are too apt to impose upon ourselves in ascribing those actions of ours to a laudable motive, which, in fact, had their rise from some low and sordid disposition. The reflections have nothing in them studied and forced; but are the language of the heart, the fruits of experience, dictated immediately by the circumstances of the person who makes them: the sentiments throughout have an uncommon delicacy and beauty in them; they do honour to morality, and ought to be cherished by every one who would be truly polite, and throw a lustre and an attractive quality on his virtues. In one word, it is a production that reflects glory on the French nation.

But still there may be some readers whom it will disgust. A few of mankind, out of a love of cavil, and an affectation of superior judgment, find fault with every thing, for no other reason than because it is generally approved of. Others, again, can relish no history that does not set the hero in a perfect and unexceptionable light; blemishes and defects in his behaviour they will not admit of; a low character, though justly painted, is contemptibly hurried over: in short, their pride and delicacy are shocked, if they meet with any circumstance that suits human nature, and is below the pitch of supreme excellence. The first sort are not worthy the pains of making a reply; and these last, I am afraid, do not propose to themselves any real improvement from what they read, but rather the gratification of a heated and elevated fancy. But I would have these visionaries reflect, that the avoiding

vice

vice is the firſt natural ſtep we take in purſuing virtue: and unleſs the difficulties and obſtacles that ariſe from headſtrong paſſion and corrupt habits are removed at our ſetting out, we ſhall never make the leaſt progreſs towards the height of virtue we aſpire after. What rule of conduct, then, can an example afford us, that is beyond the reach of human capacity to imitate? And how ſhall we be ever able to ſhun the conſequences of vice and folly, to which we are all in ſome degree ſubject, and theſe readers among the reſt, when our whole time is employed in contemplating ſuch objects as have no defect either in point of underſtanding or manners?

Some readers, too, will perhaps be diſpleaſed at the quarrel between Mrs. Du Tour and the coachman; but there cannot be a better argument in it's vindication, than it's containing an excellent moral, vaſtly extenſive, and ſuited to a great number of individuals in all ſtations.

The reflections this quarrel introduces have a viſible tendency to create in the mind an abhorrence of ſuch vulgar ſcenes, which we are daily witneſſes of in real life; and to inſpire a delicacy that will make us incapable of behaving in a manner ſo repugnant to good ſenſe, and ſo contrary to all our ideas of true politeneſs.

They who indulge a brutal behaviour are not confined to the lower claſſes, to whom a want of education, a want of the very means of cultivating and humanizing the mind, may be ſome excuſe: they are even rivalled by ſome amongſt the great, who make one grand privilege of their ſuperior ſtation to conſiſt in the right they pretend to have of acting beneath it at pleaſure.

Perſons of this depraved taſte can only be ſhamed out of a habit ſo mean and contemptible; which cannot be better done than by repreſenting it in it's own light: and one that is incapable of being wrought upon this way, muſt be entirely loſt to all ſenſe of ingenuity.

As to this tranſlation, I have not much to offer. When I read the original, I thought it would admit of an Engliſh dreſs, that might do juſtice to the fine ſpirit that reigns throughout: with this view, and to give my female readers eſpecially a piece ſo worthy of their attention, entire, and in ſome meaſure perfect, I immediately ſet about it. How I have ſucceeded in my attempt, the publick muſt determine; and the encouragement it meets with will ſufficiently declare their ſentiments.

THE

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

PART I.

I Am ſurprized, Madam, to find the few incidents of my life, which made up part of the converſation the laſt time I did myſelf the honour to ſpend ſome days at your rural retreat, ſhould have ſo far raiſed your curioſity as to entreat me to give you the whole. My hiſtory is, indeed, very remarkable: but I am a very improper perſon to write it, except you will tell me where I muſt learn a ſtile. It is true, indeed, that the world once thought I had wit; but that kind of it, I believe, however agreeable to the ear at the firſt hand, loſes all it's ſmartneſs in the reading. When a celebrated beauty ſpeaks, though ſhe has ever ſo little wit, it will be thought ſuperior. Men do not know how to ſet a value upon what we ſay; for, while they gaze with delight upon ſuch an agreeable object, what ſhe ſays is improved by what they ſee.

I have ſeen a lady, whoſe converſation was thought all enchantment, her expreſſions incomparable, her turns vivacity and delicacy itſelf; and while ſhe ſpoke, pleaſure ſat ſmiling on every countenance: but, alas! ſhe was ſuddenly ſeized with the ſmall-pox, and was extremely pitted. What a change! the poor lady has loſt all her charms, and her converſation is dwindled into mere impertinent chit-chat. You ſee how much her fine ſenſe was owing to the ſuperior attractions of beauty: and really, I think, this was my caſe; for my eyes, I believe, have had more wit than I.

How many times have I caught myſelf ſaying things which have given me pain upon reflection; and which would never have ſtood trial without the external charms of blooming beauty, and the pleaſing air that accompanied them, which alone gained all my applauſe; and which the ſmall-pox would have reduced into it's intrinſick worth, mere idle impertinence!

I have juſt mentioned a ſtile; but if you aſk what that is, really the queſtion will remain unanſwered. But if I do not know what a ſtile is, how ſhould I write a good one? I think I have heard you commend my letters; and on that account I intend to write like them. The freedom allowed in the epiſtolary kind of writing will give me a licence to ſet down whatever ideas occur to my mind; and, as I ſhall lie under no reſtraint, I intend, as I am grown very fond of reflection, to follow my own inclinations; and be at liberty either to go on with my narration, or deſcribe the ſituation of my mind, as beſt ſuits with my preſent humour.

But I beg you would not forget you have promiſed to keep my name ſecret: for I am reſolved to be known to none but you.

Fifteen years ago I was abſolutely unacquainted with every circumſtance of my birth, and had never been informed whether I was of a noble or mean extraction; a baſtard or legitimate. I muſt confeſs this looks like the beginning of a romance; but it is not, I will aſſure you.

I am going to relate the firſt cataſtrophe of my life, and which has been

the source of infinite misfortunes: but it was happy for me, I was then too young to feel the greatness of my loss.

A stage-coach on the road to Bourdeaux was attacked by villains, in a place fit for such black designs. Two of the gentlemen leaped out of the coach, and made resistance; but, being overpowered by numbers, were soon murdered, after having wounded some of the assassins. Two women in the coach, with the postilion and coachman, shared the same unhappy fate; and there only remained alive a canon of Sens, and I, a miserable orphan, who seemed to be between two or three years old. The canon fled; while I, who had fallen down in the coach, was screaming and crying in the most dreadful manner, being half smothered under the body of one of the women; who, wounded and unable to support herself, fell upon me; and, in her expiring agonies, almost crushed me to death.

The horses stood as still, as if they had been dead too; whilst I remained in this deplorable situation, filling the air with inceſſant shrieks, without being able to disengage myself.

You must observe, that one of the persons killed in the coach was young and beautiful, of about twenty years of age, and dressed like a person of quality; the other seemed to be forty, and had the appearance of a chambermaid. If one of these was my mother, it was certainly the lady; because the likeness between her and me, though disfigured by death, and stained with blood, was too striking not to be taken notice of by the persons who saw her corpse, and compared the features of her face with mine. Besides, my dress was remarkably genteel and handsome, and my linen extremely fine, which rendered it very improbable I should be the daughter of a chambermaid.

I forgot to tell you, that a footman belonging to one of the gentlemen in the coach, though mortally wounded, fled cross the fields; till, growing weak with loss of blood, he fell down at the entrance of a neighbouring village, where he died without telling to whom he belonged. All they could draw from him before he expired, was, that his master and mistress were just murdered.

Whilst I was struggling and crying under the body of the young lady, five or six gentlemen who were riding by, seeing some persons lying dead near the coach, and hearing the cries of a child within, stopped at this terrible spectacle, either from that curiosity which such shocking scenes are apt to inspire, or from a charitable design of giving me their assistance; when, looking into the coach, they saw the bodies of the two women, and where, by my cries, they judged I was also.

Some of them (as they since have owned) were absolutely for withdrawing; but the others, touched with compassion for me, stopped them; and, alighting, came first to the coach, while the rest followed. Here they were struck with a new scene of horror; the lady lay with one side of her face upon mine, which she had bathed with blood; one arm pressed me close to her bosom, while her head declined upon mine; seemed as if she had been taking a last embrace, and was loth to bid me an eternal adieu. They removed the lady, forced me from her arm, and took me out of the coach almost drowned in blood.

After this, they consulted what should be done with me: they saw at some distance a small village, where they resolved to take me; and gave me to one of their servants, who carried me thither, wrapped up in his cloak. Their design was to put me into the hands of the vicar, that he might seek out a person willing to take care of me. But this gentleman, to whom all the inhabitants were ready to conduct them, was gone to visit another clergyman, and there was nobody at home but his sister and two maid-servants. This lady was a person of the strictest piety and virtue: she was affected with the dismal story, took me into the house, and promised to persuade her brother to keep me; and had all the above particulars set down by a scrivener of the place.

At last, the gentlemen who brought me thither contributed to raise a small sum, which they put into a purse, gave it to the vicar's sister for my use, and then took their leave.

It is from this lady I received all these particulars, the reading of which I do not doubt has filled you with terror. Sure never did any person enter upon life with greater misfortunes: I had

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Plate I.

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loſt thoſe dear relations from whom I received my being, at an age when their care was needful to ſupport my tender frame, and ſow the ſeeds of virtue in my heart. But I was inſenſible of my loſs, and was too young to know the diſmal ſituation I was in.

I need not mention what became of the coach, or the poor murdered travellers, ſince that is foreign to my own hiſtory. Some of the aſſaſſins were apprehended, three or four days after, for another robbery: but what added to my misfortunes was, that theſe villains had found nothing either in the coach, or the cloaths of thoſe they had aſſaſſinated, that could reveal the ſecret of my birth. In vain the ſtage-coach regiſter was ſearched; it could only inform us, that a gentleman and a lady, whoſe names ſounding like thoſe of foreigners, could give us no information, it being likely they had concealed their real names; we could only learn, I ſay, that a gentleman and lady had taken five places in the coach, three for themſelves and a child, and two more for a footman and chambermaid. Thus the ſecret of my birth became impenetrable; and, deprived at one ſtroke of every perſon whom nature or kindred would oblige to aſſiſt me, the charity of mankind became my only ſupport.

The greatneſs of my misfortune procured me the charitable protection of the good vicar, who conſented to keep me. People came to ſee me from all the neighbouring towns; for I was become an object of curioſity, as well as pity. The ſuperſtitious were deſirous to examine the features of my face, and the lines in my little hands, and fooliſhly imagined they ſaw there my ſad adventures writ in legible characters. Every body took a kind of romantick fancy to me: they thought me pretty, and my air engaging; and you cannot imagine how much theſe natural accompliſhments were to my advantage, or how noble and delicate they rendered the tenderneſs which I inſpired. They could not have careſſed a little unfortunate princeſs with greater reſpect, or a more becoming and graceful air. The ladies, eſpecially, intereſted themſelves in my misfortunes; and were continually making me preſents of the fineſt and genteeleſt dreſſes, in which they ſtrove to outvie each other.

The vicar has often ſaid, that he never heard thoſe ladies, amidſt all the favours they heaped upon me, uſe the word Charity; the word was too harſh, and therefore ſhocked the delicacy of their nice ſentiments. Whenever they ſpoke of me, it was in the politeſt and tendereſt terms: they never called me the poor orphan; but it was always 'that lovely child!' If they mentioned my parents, they were foreigners; and, without doubt, of the firſt rank in their own country; it could not be otherwiſe; and they were as ſure of it as if they had been eye-witneſſes of every thing they were pleaſed to imagine. There was a ſtory given out about me, which had been amplified by the extravagances of every one that told it, and of the truth of which they were afterwards as fully convinced, as if they had not been the authors of it themſelves.

But, alas! all things come to an end; and the fineſt ſentiments have their period, as well as every thing elſe. As my adventure grew ſtale, it ceaſed to ſtrike their fancies. A habit of ſeeing me diſſipated the imaginations which had been ſo beneficial to me; their ſublime and generous ideas were forgot; and the tender ſatisfaction they took in ſeeing, in loving, and admiring me, appeared no more in their countenances. As theſe inclinations took their riſe from a capricious fancy, and a love of novelty, it is not very ſtrange that, in ſix months time, their charming little creature, their lovely infant, ſhould become a poor unhappy orphan, to whom they no longer ſcrupled to uſe the word charity; for they ſaid I had a title to it. The clergy in the neighbourhood recommended me to them as a proper object of their concern; but the religion of the ladies was of much leſs ſervice to me than their extravagance had been, for I made little or no advantage of it: and had not the vicar and his ſiſter taken the tendereſt concern for me, I muſt have been miſerable indeed! Their affections increaſed as faſt as the others cooled; and I have reaſon to be thankful, that, though robbed of a father and mother, I found, in theſe two pious perſons, all the affection that could be hoped for from thoſe dear relatives.

Mr. De Roſand, for that was the

name of my benefactor, was a gentleman of a good family, and formerly enjoyed an estate, which was exhausted by a tedious law-suit; however, his living brought him in a handsome subsistence; and he knew how to be contented without enjoying many of the superfluities of life. Pride and ostentation he was an utter stranger to: his generosity, and the agreeable gaiety of his temper, in spite of his age, made him beloved by all who knew him; and he knew how to keep up the two characters of the accomplished gentleman and the judicious divine.

Mrs. De Rosand was a lady of good sense, free from affectation; and, though an old maid, had such a sweet disposition, such true politeness, and undissembled goodness, as abundantly recompensed the want of those charms which had been destroyed by the small-pox, she being extremely seamed by it.

These are the persons to whom I owed my education, and that virtue which has supported me under all my afflictions, and has raised me from the lowest and most miserable condition to my present station. We lived in the greatest harmony: their affection for me knew no bounds; and I, in my turn, honoured and loved them as my parents. The house we lived in was one of the most antique buildings I ever saw; it had, for some ages past, belonged to the vicars of the place: the rooms were spacious and numerous, but the cielings low. We had behind the house a pretty commodious garden, a beautiful sylvan scene, which seemed rather the product of nature than of art: there was fruit in abundance of every kind, which grew promiscuously amongst the other trees that never bore any; so that they all together formed a thick and shady grove. The vine supported his feeble branches by encircling the oak, and the flowers seemed scattered with a careless hand over the verdant turf; those whose tender stalks were liable to be broke down by unfriendly feet, creeped in clusters round the trunks of the trees; while the woodbine and jessamine were made to rise above, and twine amongst the branches: there the trees were never pruned but in order to make them fruitful, or to let in the prospect of the fine meadows, or the far distant hills; which, seeming to mingle with the clouds, formed a delightful horizon. We had no answering platforms, no cut-walks, nor any thing like that studied affectation of regularity which disgusts the eye by a repetition of uniformity, and a constant sameness of design; for it was a maxim with Mr. De Rosand, that nothing but what is natural can be pleasing to the subjects of nature, nor can art any farther delight than as it resembles it. The agreeable intermixture of opening and shade was contrived with such exquisite art, as not only to appear natural, but to let in or exclude the prospect of the adjacent country to the advantage of the whole scene.

Opposite the middle door of the house was a long shady walk, which extended itself to the bottom of a piece of pasture-ground behind the garden; and at the foot of several of the trees were raised seats of earth covered with camomile. When fatigued with severe study, Mr. De Rosand took delight in relaxing his thoughts with working here, and acting the part of a laborious gardener; an employment he chose at once to preserve his health and recreate his mind: he committed the management of his kitchen-garden and vineyard to a poor labourer in the neighbourhood, whom he had released from prison by paying a debt for him; and who, nevertheless, he rewarded well for his labour.

This good man began every day with paying a grateful homage to the Supreme Being, in which we all joined. After breakfast, the sister and I worked with our needles, played upon a spinnet, or amused ourselves with reading; and in the afternoon we walked in the garden to see Mr. De Rosand work, and be entertained with his conversation. In the evening, this pattern of benevolence acted the part of an arbitrator of the differences of his contending neighbours; which he was frequently so happy as to adjust to the satisfaction of all parties concerned: and, after supper, concluded the day as he began it.

This worthy gentleman began early to shew his zeal for my happiness, by establishing in my mind the nicest sentiments of virtue and honour: he represented religion in a light which made it appear all amiable and lovely, and as the highest happiness of a rational being;

being; he painted the ſubſtantial pleaſures of conſcious innocence, the exquiſite happineſs of a mind that can ſurvey itſelf with tranquillity and ſelf-approbation, in ſuch pleaſing colours as perfectly charmed me. The pleaſure that ſparkled in his venerable countenance, and the extreme delight he took in talking on theſe ſubjects, informed me he was no ſtranger to this kind of happineſs; and that he was only deſcribing the actual ſituation of his own upright mind. His good ſenſe placed him above the ſuperſtition and bigotry too common even amongſt the pious and the learned: he never thought a man more religious for being leſs ſociable than his neighbours; and therefore could never bear to hear the moſt delightful employment of the ſoul repreſented in the gloomy light and forbidding language of moſt of our clergy. 'Religion, my dear Marianne,' ſays he, 'and ill-nature, are entirely incompatible; it never was deſigned to 'abridge the innocent pleaſures of life: 'we are not to ſcorn and ſpurn back 'the favours of indulgent Heaven; but 'with gratitude and thankfulneſs to 'uſe them.—Take notice, my dear,' would he ſay, as we were walking ſometimes in the garden, 'what a vaſt pro'fuſion of delight nature has ſpread 'around us! But, if we call off our 'thoughts from this pleaſing landſcape, and view the minuteſt part of 'this verdant ſcene, or the ſmalleſt in'ſects, which in buſy millions fly over 'our heads, our ſurprize will ariſe in 'proportion to our attention! See, this 'ſame earth gives the various colours 'to every flower, and ſupplies the dif'ferent fragrance of the jonquil and 'the roſe: it feeds, with equal impar'tiality, the talleſt elm and the meaneſt 'ſhrub; the fineſt plant, or the moſt 'noxious weed!' Then he would rake up a flower, and enter into a curious deſcription of it's mechaniſm; while the moſt ordinary objects, which were a moment before unregarded, appeared full of wonders, which I longed to be acquainted with. Thus he led me, through a delightful labyrinth, to the Firſt Cauſe, while I liſtened with the utmoſt eagerneſs and attention; till, at laſt, he would break out into a rapture—'O thou overflowing Fountain 'of Goodneſs! how ſoon are we loſt in 'the contemplation of thy works! How 'exquiſite is the delight thou haſt pre'pared for man!'

Theſe early improvements gave me a habit of thinking, which ſerved as a counterbalance to my natural ſprightlineſs and gaiety: they improved and entertained me; and I do not know if I was not, at this time, more happy in this rural life than I am in my preſent elevated ſituation; however, this is certain, that I feel a wonderful ſatisfaction in bringing theſe paſt ſcenes to my remembrance.

Mrs. De Roſand was not behindhand with her brother in her care of my education; ſhe taught me every thing neceſſary for a young lady to learn: ſhe loved me moſt tenderly; and I remember that many times I have ſeen her look upon me with ſuch a moving ſoftneſs in her countenance, and then burſt into tears at the remembrance of my diſaſters, that I have felt the ſame emotion; and, charmed with this proof of her friendſhip, have thrown my arms about her neck, and, with the tendereſt embraces, mingled my tears with hers. A country vicar's ſiſter is commonly an aukward, untoward, unbred creature; but Mrs. De Roſand was perfectly the reverſe; ſhe was polite and virtuous; her behaviour free and eaſy: ſhe was enough concerned for my happineſs to tell me faithfully of my faults, and to conſult the leaſt painful way of doing it; ſhe did it always without any witneſſes, told me the reaſonableneſs of her requeſt, and in a manner ſo friendly, as, inſtead of diſguſting me, heightened my eſteem and affection for her. Happy would it be for children, if parents would take this method; and, inſtead of frightening them into their duty, by gentle methods fix it in their hearts!

I was about fifteen, when one of Mr. De Roſand's relations, who had no other heir than he and his ſiſter, writ from Paris that he was dangerouſly ill. This gentleman had already given them frequent information of his ill ſtate of health; but in this letter he entreated them, with the greateſt earneſtneſs and importunity, to let him ſee at leaſt one of them once more before he died, and to be as expeditious as poſſible in giving him this ſatisfaction.

As Mr. De Roſand placed his delight

light in performing the duties of his function, he determined not to leave his cure; and therefore he sent his sister.

She had no design, at first, to take me with her; but, a day or two before she set out for this journey, seeing me look uneasy, and observing that I sighed—'Take courage, Marianne!' said she; 'since you dread so much my 'absence, I will not be against your 'going with me, if I can prevail upon 'my brother to consent to it. I have 'a prospect in view for you, and have 'some thoughts of putting you to a 'tradeswoman to teach you some bu-'siness that you approve of; for it is 'time to think of doing something. 'Our lives are precarious; we ought, 'therefore, to look forward to futu-'rity: as long as we live, we shall be 'ready to assist you to the utmost of 'our power, not to mention what we 'shall leave you when we die; but 'that will not be sufficient to maintain 'you, for we have not much to leave. 'I do not believe the relation I am go-'ing to see is rich; and we ought to 'chuse such a station for you as will be 'a settlement. I tell you this, my dear 'Marianne, because you are now at 'years of discretion: and, methinks, 'I would fain have the comfort, before 'I die, of seeing you married to some 'honest man; or, at least, in a situation 'that will not make our deaths so great 'a loss as it must be if we are snatched 'away before you are provided for.'

I was so touched with this discourse, that I threw myself into her arms. I could not bear the thoughts of losing her without giving way to the transports of a grief such dismal thoughts occasioned: I wept; nor could she restrain the painful pleasure of sympathizing with me, and accompanying me with her tears. At that instant Mr. De Rosand came in; and, looking at me with an air of benevolence—'What 'is the matter, sister?' said he: 'I be-'lieve Marianne is crying.' Upon this, she told him the subject of our conversation, and the design she had to take me with her to Paris. 'With all my 'heart,' returned he; 'but, if she stays 'there, I fear I shall never see her more; 'and this is a thought I have not yet 'learned how to support. I love the 'dear child most tenderly; we have had 'the care of her education, and have 'spared no pains to fulfil the delight-'ful important task. Now I am grown 'old, and my grey hairs tell me I must 'not expect to live long—but, O my 'dear Marianne! my dear child! how 'shall I be able to bid you a final adieu, 'and to part never to meet again in 'this world!'

Nothing could be more moving than this conversation. I could make no other reply but sighs and tears, the natural rhetorick of an oppressed and afflicted heart. The good man coming up to me—'Marianne,' said he, 'you 'shall go with my sister, since it is for 'your advantage, which I ought to 'prefer to every other consideration: 'but, my dear, never venture to do any 'thing without our advice; and, if my 'sister cannot place you well at Paris, 'you shall return back with her, and 'we will try what can be done for you 'here.'

I will not repeat all he said to me before my departure: I must abridge; for these little particulars of my youth have no doubt tired you; they are not very interesting; and, besides, I long to come to things of greater consequence. I have a great many adventures to relate; and I ought to have a great value for you, to engage me to enter upon a history which will be so very long. I must scribble over a great deal of paper; but I will not think of it, lest my indolence should take the alarm. Let us then proceed, and never mind it.

The thoughts of seeing the world, of being admired, and conversing with men of wit and fashion, together with the childish expectations of being, and knowing, and seeing, I know not what, filled my mind, and displayed my inward satisfaction in the vivacity of my countenance; blind to the misfortunes I was soon to be involved in, I was impatient to leave that safe, that innocent, and peaceful dwelling: but, before we set out, this pleasure palled and sickened upon my mind, and these imaginary satisfactions vanished; I grew dull, and could hardly refrain from tears. What a strange contradiction we are to ourselves! We are frequently all gaiety and mirth; when, in a moment, the scene changes, and grief and pressing anxieties load our spirits. I could see no cause for the satisfaction I had before tasted. I sighed; and, almost

moſt without knowing what I did, I left the hurry my friends were in, we being almoſt ready to ſet out, and ſtepped into the garden to indulge my growing melancholy. As I was walking down the viſto, which extended itſelf into the cloſe behind the garden, I heard the vicar call me; when, ſtarting from my reverie, I turned about, and ſaw him coming towards me. 'Where have 'you been, Marianne?' ſaid he, as we met; 'the coach is ready: however, we 'may make them wait a little.' Then deſiring me to ſit—'My dear child,' reſumed he, 'thou art going to leave 'me; I fear I ſhall ſee thee no more! 'My heart is full! I am all tenderneſs! I feel the affection of a father 'that is about to part with his only 'child! Indeed, we have been to thee 'inſtead of parents: thy education has 'been my greateſt pleaſure; and which, 'though I ſhould never ſee thee more, 'I ſhall always think on with com'fort. I found thee early improve in 'ſentiments of virtue, and with de'light embrace it. How vaſt my ſa'tisfaction! I have endeavoured to 'make thee know thyſelf; have taught 'thee to ſearch thy own heart, in order 'to form a juſt opinion of thy merit. 'Value thyſelf upon thy purity of ſoul, 'and conſcious virtue; eſteem a tender 'heart, eaſily moved with the miſeries 'of others, and apt to take the impreſ'ſion of their calamities, as a bleſſing 'infinitely preferable to the greateſt 'affluence without theſe humane diſ'poſitions. Theſe qualifications will 'render thee truly amiable. Thou art, 'indeed, lovely beyond deſcription! 'But, oh! take care that theſe charms 'are not a ſnare to thee; for, if theſe 'exterior accompliſhments ſhould be'tray thee to loſe thy purity of heart 'and inward rectitude, thou wilt have 'reaſon to wiſh thou hadſt been as de'formed as thou art now lovely. Be'lieve me, penances and auſterities can 'never compenſate the want of moral 'goodneſs; ſince, as I have often told 'thee, and now repeat it, it is all that 'is worthy in man, all that is amiable 'in God himſelf, the perfect pattern of 'ſpotleſs purity and conſummate good'neſs. Never beaſhamed to acknowledge 'thy obligations to the Divine Being; 'nor to love him who is the moſt lovely 'of all beings. May his goodneſs ſur'round thee! may he be thy guide in 'the ſlippery paths of youth! When 'thou art diſpoſed to change thy ſtate, 'prefer the honeſt, the worthy man, 'who loves thee enough to tell thee 'thy faults; but ſhun the flatterer, 'and deteſt the wretch that would rob 'thee of thy innocence. I entreat thee, 'my dear child, never to venture upon 'any thing of moment without advice: 'write often; but never forget to do it 'when you ſtand in need of our coun'ſel. Adieu, my dear!'

After a tender ſalute, and many tears, we parted; and endeavoured, by a free and eaſy converſation, to diſſipate the gloom that ſo affectionate an interview had occaſioned: we ſoon grew chearful and agreeable company; and, after a pleaſant journey, at laſt arrived at Paris; but were obliged to paſs through almoſt the whole city before we reached the houſe of my dear friend's relation.

My ſurprize at the ſight of this noiſy and populous town, at the multitude of the ſtreets, and the magnificence of the buildings, exceeds all deſcription: it was to me the empire of the moon; I was no more myſelf; I ſtared at every thing with aſtoniſhment in my looks; but remembered nothing that I ſaw. However, the length of the city made me come to myſelf; and I began to enjoy, with a pleaſing ſatisfaction, the objects of my amazement; and was glad to find myſelf ſituated in a world ſo new, and ſo different from my expectations. The air I breathed ſeemed to revive my ſpirits; and there was a kind of ſympathy between my ideas and the objects that preſented themſelves to my ſight; and I could not help imagining, that in this vaſt crowd of varieties was contained an inexhauſtible ſource of pleaſures hitherto untaſted: in fine, I thought every delight centered here in it's higheſt perfection. Pray, was this the common effect of inexperience, or a preſage that here would lie my future ſcene of action?

We found the perſon we went to ſee had died about twenty-four hours before our arrival: but this was not all; every apartment in his houſe was ſealed up; and, though he had ſeveral offices under the ſtate, it was ſaid his debts far exceeded his eſtate. How they made it appear, I cannot ſay; for it has ſlipped my memory: all I know of it is, that we were not able to get admittance into

into his houſe; that all his effects were ſeized; and that, after many debates, in the compaſs of three months we were at laſt convinced that there was not a penny to be hoped for, and that it was a pity he had not left more for the diſcharge of his debts.

Had we not then made a fine journey of it? Mrs. De Roſand, however, behaved with prudence and moderation: ſhe was concerned, indeed, at our diſappointment; but it was purely on my account. She had flattered herſelf and me with the hopes that this money would contribute to ſettle me in a ſtation which would be an agreeable ſupport after their deceaſe: but, alas! what misfortunes were about to befal me! This dear woman, at this juncture, was taken with a violent fever; her illneſs increaſed daily; and what at that time added to our perplexity was, that the money we brought with us was almoſt exhauſted; and Mr. De Roſand, who had nothing but his living to depend upon, could not ſupply us with any more, without the greateſt difficulty. Her ſickneſs overwhelmed us both with care; and was to me a moſt inſupportable affliction. What a moving ſight! How tender were the ſentiments of her heart! Never had ſhe ſhewn ſo much affection for me before; for ſhe never had ſeen me in ſo deplorable, ſo wretched a ſituation. Though almoſt ſuffocated with my grief, I dried up my tears, and interrupted her ſighs with a thouſand tender careſſes, the natural tranſports of a grateful afflicted heart: my ſoul overflowed with love and gratitude; and I entreated her, in the moſt melting language, to lay aſide her concern for me, and conſult only the preſervation of a life which then appeared infinitely dearer to me than my own. I ſent to Mr. De Roſand, and informed him of the melancholy news of his ſiſter's illneſs, and the ſtraits to which we muſt ſoon be reduced. But there are times when unſeen diſaſters fall upon us without intermiſſion, and we are overwhelmed in a ſwift ſucceſſion of misfortunes: thus it was at preſent; for this gentleman, going to ſee one of his brother clergymen, ſix weeks after our departure, had the misfortune to fall off his horſe, (a dangerous accident for an old man!) and was not able to ſtir out of his bed when he received my letter. This was followed by another fatal event*: this worthy, this pious gentleman, was obliged to appear before his ſuperiors, to vindicate himſelf from a charge of hereſy which was preferred againſt him; and, though nothing was proved, except his having a fine collection of the works of the moſt celebrated Proteſtant divines, he was obliged to reſign his living, and a ſucceſſor was named. Thus was he made a ſacrifice to the avarice and cruelty of a prieſt who made uſe of his generous ſentiments, his univerſal benevolence and love to mankind, to ruin him, and get into his living. The remembrance of theſe things bring tears into my eyes; and I am obliged, dear Madam, to break off, in order to diſſipate the too-painful ideas which croud into my mind.

The earth is ſurely an abode very foreign to virtuous minds, ſince they are perpetually tortured upon it. In this exigence, many of his pretended friends forſook him, in ſpite of all the obligations of gratitude: but a ſet of gentlemen, of his acquaintance, embraced this opportunity to ſhew their regard for his diſtinguiſhed merit, by offering to contribute to his ſupport; and entreated he would make uſe of their houſes till their intereſt ſhould accommodate his affairs, and place him, if poſſible, in his former ſtation.

We almoſt deſpaired of the ſiſter's recovery, when we heard this news from the brother. At reading the letter, ſhe gave a loud ſhriek, and fainted; whilſt I, drowned in tears, ran to give her aſſiſtance. She came to herſelf, but did not ſhed a tear. From that moment I obſerved in her a courageous reſignation to the Divine Will, and her heart was compoſed and ſteady. The uneaſy fondneſs ſhe before had expreſſed for me became inſtantly a virtuous tenderneſs, which reſigned me into His hands who can make the moſt melancholy events ſubſervient to our happineſs.

When ſhe was come to herſelf, and we were alone, ſhe called me to her, with a faint voice; and, making me

* The Paris edition, and that of the Hague of 1735, have omitted this, and ſeveral of the foregoing particulars, but for what reaſon we cannot imagine.

ſit upon the bed, told me ſhe deſired to ſpeak to me. Give me leave, my friend, to relate here a part of her diſcourſe, the remembrance of which is ſtill dear to me; for theſe were the laſt words ſhe ſpoke.

'My dear Marianne,' ſaid ſhe, 'I 'have no more a brother; for though 'he is not dead to the world, to you 'and I he is. His friends, I doubt 'not, will contribute to his ſupport 'while he lives: for my part, I ſhall 'ſoon be no more. I have placed my 'thoughts on a better world. But in 'what circumſtances do I leave you? 'Oh, how diſtracting is the thought! 'How many the cares in which thou 'wilt be involved! But it is God's 'will: this comforts me under this 'diſtreſſing circumſtance, ſad and 'frightful as it is. His deſigns, though 'impenetrable, are doubtleſs more to 'thy advantage than any I can propoſe. 'Perhaps I ſhall lie a while in this 'lingering condition; though, it may 'be, the firſt fainting fit will carry me 'off. I dare not give thee the reſt of 'my money; thy youth and artleſs in-'nocence will render thee eaſily de-'ceived. I will put it into the hands 'of the monk who viſits me, and de-'ſire him to diſpoſe of it to your ad-'vantage. He is related to me. If 'he does not come to ſee me to-day, 'you ſhall ſeek him to-morrow, that I 'may ſpeak to him. After this ſingle 'precaution which I ſhall take for 'you, I have only one thing to recom-'mend to you, which is, to be ever in-'flexibly virtuous and honeſt. Con-'ſtantly remember your education; 'and be aſſured you ſhall poſſeſs the 'richeſt, the nobleſt treaſure, that 'could be left you; the riches of the 'mind, the proper happineſs of a rea-'ſonable being. A pleaſure of the 'ſame nature with that of angels, and 'all the bleſſed above! It is true, my 'dear child, it will not prevent your 'wanting the comforts of this life, nor 'your being reduced to great ſtraits 'even to ſupport it; though it is not 'improbable, but that God will re-'ward your virtue here. Virtuous 'minds are ſcarce; but thoſe who eſteem 'virtue are not; for there are a thou-'ſand occaſions in life wherein we need 'the aſſiſtance of the virtuous. If a 'man marries an honeſt and prudent, 'though a poor woman, no diſhonour 'attends his choice: but though ſhe be 'beautiful, rich, and of noble de-'ſcent, and yet deſtitute of virtue, 'ſhame will be the portion ſhe brings 'to her huſband. Men will always 'be of this mind: the love of virtue is 'natural to them. It appears amiable 'even to thoſe who have not reſolution 'to embrace it: beſides, it fills the 'heart with comfort, and an inward 'ſatisfaction; it is the ſweeteſt repaſt 'to thoſe who live in indigence and 'want; a repaſt more ſweet than the 'luxuries of the epicure. But the 'diſtreſſes of this life are but ſhort! 'the ſcene, my dear, will ſoon change, 'when oppreſſed virtue will appear 'triumphant! when immortal glories 'and unfading delight will recompenſe 'their painful ſufferings! The ſcorn-'ers of virtue, who boaſt of their 'conqueſts, always condemn the wo-'men they ſeduce: they take advan-'tage of their weakneſs; degrade, de-'ſpiſe, and abandon them to reproach 'and miſery. It is only for want of 'reflection that any woman grows 'lewd! the height of folly and mad-'neſs! It will not bear a moment's 'thought to chuſe whether we would 'get rid of poverty at the ſevere rate 'of loſing the tranquillity of our 'minds, and the delightful expecta-'tions of endleſs unfading happineſs; 'at the ſevere rate of being deſpiſed; 'at the ſevere rate of being abandoned 'here to contempt and miſery, and of 'being hereafter deprived——'

Here ſhe began to falter, unable to finiſh the reſt. You are curious to know what anſwer I made. Indeed I could make none; I was not able to utter a word: her diſcourſe, and the thoughts of her death, had rendered me ſpeechleſs, and had ſwallowed up all the faculties of my ſoul. I preſſed her hand with eagerneſs between mine, and kiſſed it a thouſand times, whilſt my eyes ſtreamed with inceſſant tears: however, I loſt not a ſyllable of what ſhe ſaid; for it made ſuch an impreſſion upon my mind, that, I believe, I have repeated it word for word.

I muſt now come to the uſe I made of it. How many follies have I to relate to you! How ſeldom are we wiſe till there is ſcarcely any merit in being ſo! Why do we ſay that a perſon is at years of diſcretion, when it is rather

the age of madneſs and folly? How improper the expreſſion! for when firſt we enjoy our reaſon, it is a beautiful jewel often looked at, and much valued, but of little uſe; and it's fine luſtre is only fit to be admired.

I beg, Madam, you would bear with theſe tranſient reflections; for I ſhall always take the liberty to make uſe of them, ſince the many follies I have been guilty of give me a right to them, as being the product of my own experience. Now let us proceed.

As Mrs. De Roſand had told me ſhe apprehended the next fainting-fit would carry her off, I was too much concerned to go to bed that night, and therefore ſat up with her. She ſlept pretty well till two in the morning, when I heard her groan. I ran to her bed; I ſpoke to her; but ſhe was no longer in a condition to anſwer me: ſhe took hold of my hand, and ſeemed expiring, with a tender ſmile upon her countenance.

Grief took poſſeſſion of my heart; the terror and anguiſh of my mind ſoon deprived me of my ſenſes; and I had a momentary reſpite from the agony in which I was involved. But my reflection and my miſery returned together; and methought the world was a deſart, wherein I was left alone. I then found how affectionately I loved her; and recollected how affectionately ſhe had loved me: every diſtreſſing circumſtance was painted on my heart in ſuch lively colours, that I was almoſt diſtracted. Oh, how much grief can enter into the human heart! How vaſt our capacity for miſery! and how great our ſenſibility!

My cries and lamentations awoke the family. The landlord and his wife knocked at our chamber-door. I opened it without knowing what I did: they ſpoke to me; but my tears and ſighs were the only anſwer I could make. They ſoon knew the cauſe of my affliction; and went to ſuccour, if poſſible, the dear expiring woman. She lay motionleſs; and, diſtreſſing thought! who knows but ſhe was already gone! However, half an hour after, they were poſitive ſhe was dead. The ſervants came up with hurry and clamour: I fainted again, and was carried into the next room without my perceiving it. When I came to myſelf, as if aſtoniſhed with the exceſs of my miſery, my tears ceaſed flowing, and I was denied the ſweet conſolation of venting my grief, and by thoſe friendly drops aſſuaging the anguiſh of my burſting, tortured heart: but what a condition I was afterwards in I need not tell you; you may more eaſily form an idea of this diſmal ſituation than I expreſs it; beſides, the recital fills me with an inſupportable melancholy; and, on this account, I chuſe to break off.

Philoſophy is of little ſervice when we are oppreſſed with ſuch terrible afflictions. Whilſt our minds are ſerene and undiſturbed, we reaſon upon the virtue of patience, and the government of the paſſions; we applaud our all-powerful arguments, and think them capable of maſtering and controuling the bittereſt afflictions: but when we are borne down by ſuch violent, ſuch terrible calamities; when we have loſt all that is dear, all that makes life deſirable; how can we ſupport the ſhock? We have not even the inclination to make head againſt our ſorrows; we do not ſo much as ſtruggle, or catch at the help that offers, but give up all command of ourſelves, and are carried away by the violence of the torrent, without once attempting to ſtand our ground.

They who would give us a picture of human nature, very often deſcribe what we ſhould be, rather than what we are: like the writers of modern romances, who, fond of every thing that is marvellous, neglect nature, and deſcribe their hero as wanting even the foibles which we are unavoidably liable to; for a perfect character is a very unnatural one; and, whatever theſe viſionaries may think, thoſe who ſpeak from their own experience are more likely to teach us the knowledge of ourſelves than the dreams of theſe noveliſts. But to return.

Now was I left alone, with no other guide than the experience of a girl of about fifteen. As Mrs. De Roſand had called me her niece, the perſons of the houſe gave me a verbal account of every thing they pretended was found about her; which would not have required a more formal proceeding, had they even given me up the whole: but a part of the linen was ſtolen, and ſome trifles; beſides, from four hundred livres, which I knew Mrs. De Roſand had left me, they had the conſcienc_e

ſcience to take half. I complained, indeed, but in ſuch mild terms, that it availed no more than my ſilence would have done. My grief made me inſenſible of every thing elſe; and, as I had no friend, as I was deſtitute of the conſolation of any one to comfort me, and concern himſelf with my affairs, I had no regard to them myſelf. This turn of mind put me into a ſtate reſembling tranquillity: but, alas! how lamentable is ſuch a ſeeming calmneſs! Indeed, the greateſt tranſports of rage and deſpair are leſs to be pitied.

Every one of the family ſeemed to intereſt themſelves in my misfortunes; eſpecially the landlord and his wife, who came, with a diſſembled compaſſion, to conſole me, under a diſtreſs of which they had made their advantage: a ſort of people the world ſwarms with; for generally none expreſs a greater deſire of alleviating our troubles than thoſe who cauſe or get any thing by them.

I conſented they ſhould ſell Mrs. De Roſand's cloaths for me, for which they gave me what they thought proper; and it was about a fortnight ſince my dear aunt, as they called her, (but I would fain term her my dear mother, or rather, my only friend, ſince there is no title but muſt yield to that; nor heart more tender, nor more unſhaken, than one inſpired by a true and ſolid friendſhip;) it was about a fortnight, I ſay, ſince my deareſt friend died, which I had paſſed in her lodging, without knowing, or caring, what would become of me; when the monk, whom I have already mentioned, came again to ſee how Mrs. De Roſand did. He was very ſorry to hear ſhe was dead; and as I was ſenſible he was the only man my dear friend had thought proper to entruſt with the ſecret of my birth, I could not help feeling a kind of ſecret ſatisfaction on ſeeing him come in.

He was touched with my misfortunes: the little care I took of myſelf in theſe heavy afflictions moved him extremely. He addreſſed himſelf to me in a very affecting manner; and ſet before me the dangers I ran in ſtaying in that houſe alone, and without a friend to own or adviſe me. He told me it was a ſituation that expoſed me to their artifices who might make an advantage of me, ſince I was in the bloom of youth, and free from affectation. In ſhort, he let me know that, ſtupid with my grief, I ſlept on the brink of a precipice, blind to the dangers that ought to terrify me, and which ſhould have employed all my thoughts.

His diſcourſe had it's deſired effect: it rouzed me from my lethargy of thought; I ſaw my danger, and trembled to think what would become of me. This inquietude raiſed a thouſand terrors in my mind. 'Where 'ſhall I go?' ſaid I, all in tears. 'No 'ſoul on earth knows me; I am related 'to no man living. To whom ſhall I 'apply for help; or who is obliged to 'aſſiſt me? What ſhall I do, when I 'leave this houſe? My money will not 'laſt long: beſides, it may be taken 'from me; and this is the firſt time I 'ever had a ſum to ſpend.'

The good monk did not know what to anſwer. Methought I was become a burden to him; and theſe are a ſort of people who, when they have once given you their advice, have done all they are able to do. To return into the country would have been a folly; I could have no aſylum there: my dear friend Mr. De Roſand had ſent us all his money, which we received with his laſt letter, and had nothing to do but to drag out a tedious life in dependence. There was then no reſource on that ſide; and, indeed, my perplexity and terror almoſt made me diſtracted.

At laſt, the monk, after having racked his invention, thought of a charitable and pious gentleman, who was, he ſaid, entirely devoted to good works, and to whom he promiſed to recommend me the next day: but the next day would not do; I could not ſupport the thought of ſtaying any longer—I wept, I lamented my condition—He offered to go—I held him faſt—I threw myſelf at his feet—I entreated him to take me with him immediately—I could not bear the thought of his going without me. 'Oh! caſt 'me not into deſpair!' ſaid I. 'What 'would you have me do here? They 'have already taken from me ſome of 'my money; to-night they will take 'the reſt. They may convey me 'away. My honour and life are at 'ſtake; I dread every thing! Be aſ-'ſured I can never have a moment's 'repoſe here—I will die rather; I will 'fly at all hazards: and, if you are

'indeed my friend, would not this af-
'flict you?'

The monk was terribly embarraſſed; and, finding he could not get rid of me, pauſed for a moment; and then, calling for a pen and ink, wrote to the gentleman he had told me of. He read the letter to me. It was wrote in the moſt preſſing manner; and he conjured him, by all the obligations of religion, to haſten to us with ſpeed. 'God,' ſaid he, 'has reſerved for you an act 'of charity the moſt precious, the 'moſt meritorious, and the moſt ac-'ceptable, in his ſight, of any you 'ever did in your life.' And to excite him more effectually, he mentioned my ſex, my age, and beauty, with the fatal conſequences they might poſſibly have, either from my own weakneſs, or the wickedneſs of others.

When the letter was writ, we ſent it as directed; and, while we waited for an anſwer, I kept the monk in ſight, being fully reſolved not to lie that night in the houſe. I cannot tell you what it was I apprehended, nor what was the reaſon my fears were ſo great: all I know of it is, that I took notice of my landlord's face, which I had not obſerved till then; and in his aſpect I read the moſt terrible things. That of his wife, methought, was ſurly and gloomy; and even the ſervants had the look of villains: in ſhort, every countenance there made me tremble. The moſt terrible ideas crouded into my mind; and I could not think of ſtaying, without thinking too of ſwords, daggers, aſſaſſinations, robberies, being purſued and inſulted by villains; whilſt my blood froze at the dangers which my fancy painted to me: for whenever we ſet our imagination to work on ſuch gloomy ſcenes, our own ideas readily furniſh us with a variety of horrors, and all that is dreadful immediately appears in it's moſt formidable, moſt frightful terrors.

I was amuſing the monk with theſe black and melancholy thoughts, when the man whom we had ſent with the letter returned, and told us, that the gentleman's coach was waiting for us below, and that he could neither write nor come himſelf, becauſe he was engaged in buſineſs when he received the letter. I packed up my cloaths, and made haſte to ſave my life. I ordered my dreaded landlord and landlady to be called, and inſtantly diſcharged what was due: and, in reality, their looks were not the moſt engaging; and imagination had little to do to render them perfectly diſagreeable. This, however, is certain, that I have remembered their faces ever ſince. Methinks I ſee them ſtill, and could even draw their pictures. I have, I believe, known ſome honeſt men, whom I have been at firſt ſight prejudiced againſt, only becauſe the air of their countenances ſeemed to reſemble theirs.

I went into the coach with the monk, and we ſoon arrived at the above-mentioned gentleman's houſe. He was between fifty and ſixty, yet ſufficiently genteel; very rich; and of a mild but grave countenance, which was predominant over a good complexion; and a happy plight of body. He gave us a kind and free reception, without compliment, or any other ceremony than embracing the monk; and then caſting his eye upon me, deſired us both to ſit down.

My heart fluttered; I was extremely embarraſſed and diſconcerted; and ſo out of countenance, that I durſt not even lift up my eyes. 'Come,' ſaid the gentleman, taking the monk by the hand, and preſſing it with an air of devotion and reverence; 'come, let us 'ſee what is to be done for this poor 'unhappy girl: pray, Sir, relate more 'particularly her hiſtory.' He inſtantly obeyed: which done, the gentleman reſumed—'How ſtrange are her ad-'ventures! how dreadful her ſituation! 'You was much in the right, father,' continued he, 'when you told me I 'could not do a more meritorious ac-'tion, than the ſerving this unfortu-'nate young creature: I am of the ſame 'opinion; and think too, that ſhe has a 'thouſand times more need of help than 'any other of her ſex. I am obliged 'to you for having pitched on me for 'that purpoſe. I bleſs the happy mo-'ment in which you was inſpired with 'the reſolution of informing me with 'her ſituation and misfortunes; for I 'am ſenſibly touched with your narra-'tion. But let us conſider what me-'thod we muſt take to extricate her 'out of her troubles.—How old are 'you, child?' added he, with an affectionate look. At this queſtion I could only ſigh, being unable to make any anſwer. After a ſhort pauſe, he reſumed—

resumed—'Do not afflict yourself; 'take courage; I desire nothing more 'than to serve you: God, the sovereign 'Lord of all we enjoy, demands that 'we should supply the necessitous, and 'feed the poor with the substance he 'has given us. Tell me, then, how 'old you are.'—'I am about sixteen, 'Sir,' said I. 'Really,' resumed he, turning towards the father, 'one 'would be apt to think her older: at 'first sight one cannot help observing 'something to her advantage; the na-'tural innocence and expressive sim-'plicity of her countenance give me 'a good opinion of the purity of the 'heart, and even shew she is of a noble 'extraction. But, indeed, her mis-'fortunes are very great. How im-'penetrable are the designs of Provi-'dence!

'But let us now mind the main af-'fair,' continued he. 'As you have no 'fortune, we must know what sort of 'employment you chuse. Pray, had 'your deceased friend taken no resolu-'tion on that head?'—'She had,' said I, 'an intention of putting me out to 'learn some trade.'—'Very well,' re-plied he; 'I approve of her design: but 'do you likewise approve of it your-'self? Speak freely; there are, perhaps, 'many things which may be more 'agreeable to you. For instance, I 'have a sister that is rich, and of a sweet 'disposition, who has just lost a servant 'whom she had a great esteem for, and 'who, doubtless, if she had lived with 'her till her death, would have left her 'something considerable. If you are 'willing to succeed her, I am sure my 'sister will receive you with pleasure.'

This proposal made me blush—'Alas, Sir!' said I, 'though I am 'destitute of every thing, and though 'I do not know to whom I owe my 'birth, methinks I would chuse to die, 'rather than to live with any body in 'so mean an employ; since, if my pa-'rents were alive, to all appearance I 'should have domesticks of my own, 'instead of being one myself. Liber-'ty is one of the greatest blessings that 'Heaven can bestow; a blessing that ap-'pears infinitely dearer to me than life 'itself.' My grief and confusion here forced me to stop and wipe my eyes, and give way to a passion too violent to be restrained: however, I endeavoured to compose myself; and, with a me-lancholy air, resumed, interrupted with sighs—'Since I am obliged to 'work for my bread, I shall always 'prefer the meanest employment, pro-'vided I can be free, to the condition 'you propose, even though I should 'make my fortune by it.'—'My dear,' said he, 'do not afflict yourself; I ap-'prove of your thoughts; and am glad 'to find your sentiments are not de-'pressed with your circumstances; and 'that, in spite of all your afflictions, 'you retain an elevation of mind which 'raises you above them. A little of 'this sort of pride may be dispensed 'with; but you ought not to carry it 'too far: if you do, it will be very 'unreasonable. Let the conjectures 'of your being born of noble parents 'be ever so probable, it will give you 'no estate; and you ought to regulate 'yourself according to that. Consider 'you have nothing: but, however, we 'shall follow the views of your de-'parted friend. It is true, it will cost 'more, because your board must be 'paid for every year. But no matter, 'you shall be provided for this very 'day. I will take you to my linen-'draper, and there I know you will be 'welcome. Now are you satisfied?'—'Yes, Sir,' said I; 'and never will 'forget your goodness.'—'Be sure 'you make your advantage of it,' said the monk, who had hitherto been silent; 'and let your conduct recompense this 'gentleman for the care his piety in-'duces him to take of you.'—'I fear,' replied he, in a devout and scrupulous tone, 'I shall have no merit in assisting 'her, I am so much affected with her 'misfortunes.' Then rising up—'Do 'not let us lose time,' continued he; 'it grows late. Let us go to the gen-'tlewoman I have mentioned.—For 'you, father, you may retire; I shall 'give you a good account of the trust 'you have committed to my charge.' Upon this the monk left us. I thank-ed him for his kindness with a amo-rous voice; for I was extremely trou-bled. And my benefactor and I step-ped into the coach.

I wish I could tell you all that passed in my mind, and how much I was af-fected with this conversation, of which I have told you but a very small part; for it was filled up with many other disagreeable and mortifying hints. It may not be improper, however, to tell

you,

you, that, young as I was, my temper was a little lofty. I had been educated with such a tender indulgence, and had been always treated with such respect, that a conversation of this kind was extremely shocking.

The favours we receive from some men are accompanied with such an ill grace, as render them extremely mortifying. They had sifted my misery for an hour together: and the conversation ran upon nothing but the compassion with which I inspired them; the great merit it was to relieve me; and that religion demanded their care of me, as the greatest object of compassion, and the most forlorn and wretched creature living. At last followed a crowd of proud, though seemingly charitable, reflections, and all the airs of persons puffed up with an ostentatious affectation of superior piety. Never did charity dress it's melancholy duties in so stately a garb. I was overwhelmed with shame; and all that self love, which is inseparable from the human heart, seemed expiring. How grating is this kind of behaviour to every ingenuous mind! What greater misery can befal us than to be forced to depend on the help of such persons, whose tender mercies are cruelty! Is that charity which does not sympathize with the miserable? Is that charity which begins with trampling upon our self-love, and never relieves the soul till it has wounded it in the tendereſt part? A pretty virtue, indeed, which throws into despair those who are the objects of it! O how unlike that goodness they pretend to practise! how sublime, how transporting is the pleasure of easing the aching heart! of diffusing tranquillity and joy through the tortured, anxious soul! for how can we help sympathizing in the delight which we ourselves inspire? But how vastly are they mistaken, who applaud themselves, who strut and swell with their imagined liberality; who make a boasted shew of a few of the external acts of charity, without the principle of benevolence rooted in the heart? I would say to these pretenders to this virtue, 'When 'you so unmercifully insist on a particular enumeration of all my miseries; 'when you bring me face to face with 'the whole groupe of my misfortunes, 'of themselves almost insupportable; 'when the ceremonial of your questions, 'or rather of your burdensome examination, precedes the assistance you are 'pleased to afford me; you call that charity: but I say it is an act brutal, 'barbarous, and uncharitable; and not 'the result of any generous sentiment.'

I have now done. Let such as need this information make a good use of this lesson; they may be sure it comes in good part, since I speak from my own experience.

To return; I was in the coach going to the draper's with this gentleman. I remember he was much more inquisitive as we went, than he had been before the monk; and that I answered him in a voice low and sorrowful; and was under such restraint, that I durst not move a limb; and, like a tender plant blasted by the rude north wind, I shrunk up, and seemed to take no room in the coach.

However, in spite of the melancholy in which I was involved, I was astonished at the subjects with which he entertained me. Methought his conversation was very odd; that he softened and grew mild of a sudden; and that he instantly became more fawning than zealous; more generous than charitable: in short, he was entirely changed.

'I am sorry to see you, my dear, 'under such restraint,' said he; 'I cannot bear to see you so reserved, since, 'if indulged, it would soon grow into 'an aversion to me, though I am wholly 'at your service. Our conversation 'with this monk has, no doubt, disconcerted you. These sort of people 'have a rough, harsh way of expressing themselves; and we are sometimes 'forced to imitate them: but I have 'naturally a tender heart, and wish you 'would look upon me as your friend, 'and as a man who interests himself 'in your affairs, and entreats you 'would repose an entire confidence in 'him. Do you hear? the only right 'I claim is to give you, when you 'need it, a little friendly advice; which, 'I hope, will not keep you at any distance. Suppose, for example, I should 'tell you that you are young and 'handsome; and that these two fine endowments will expose you to the artifices of the first giddy-brained young 'fellow that sees you; and that it would 'be very wrong to hearken to his impertinence, because it could be of no 'service to you, and would not deserve

'your

'your attention. Let your views be 'only how to raise your fortune, and 'neglect nothing that will contribute 'to this great design. I know very 'well, that the fair, at your age, are 'enchanted with the thoughts of charm-'ing every beholder. I do not doubt 'but you will be universally admired, 'whether you endeavour to make any 'conquests or not: but never make it 'your business to please every body; 'you will find a thousand pert little 'fellows, whom your situation obliges 'you not to mind. What I tell you, 'I will assure you, does not proceed 'from any excess of severity in me,' continued he with a fawning smile, and, at the same time, taking me with a free air by the hand. 'No, Sir!' said I. And then, observing I had no gloves—'I will buy you some,' said he: 'they preserve the hands; and that 'is worth minding, when they happen 'to be so perfectly lovely.'

Upon which he bid the coachman stop, and bought several pair for me, which I tried on with his assistance; for he would, by all means, help me. I let him do it; though I blushed at my obedience, without knowing why. I was unaccountably uneasy, and doubted what this might signify.

I mention all these little particulars, because they really are not so insignificant as may be thought at first sight.

We arrived at last at the draper's, who seemed to me a good sort of a woman, and who received me on terms which were soon settled and agreed on for my board. If I remember well, he talked to her a good while in private; but I then apprehended nothing: I did not think myself so nearly concerned as perhaps I was. When he went away, he said he would return and pay us a visit in a few days, and recommended me very earnestly to the mistress of the house; who, after he was gone, shewed me a little chamber, where I put my cloaths, and where I was to lie with another young woman.

I must, for the sake of the story, acquaint you with the name of this tradeswoman; she was called Mrs. Du Tour; she was a widow, and did not seem to be above thirty. She was pretty fat; and seemed, at first sight, to be the best-natured creature in the world. Her family consisted of a pretty little boy, who was her son, of about six or seven years old; of a maid; and one Mrs. Toinon, her journeywoman.

Had I fallen from some superior region, I could not have been more chagrined than I was at my present situation. Persons whose sentiments are delicate are sooner cast down than others; their hearts are more sensible, their souls more tender, than the rest of the world: and those humane dispositions that make them more sensible of the superior, the God-like pleasure of doing good, here add an emphasis to every misery; a kind of stupid melancholy hangs upon their spirits; and with this melancholy was I seized, which spread a constant gloom over my countenance.

Mrs. Du Tour did all she was able to disperse this cloud from my brow. 'Come, come, Mrs. Marianne,' said she, (for she had asked my name) 'do 'not be so melancholy; you are with 'very good-natured people, I will as-'sure you: I love to see folks chear-'ful and merry. Pr'ythee, my girl, 'tell me what ails you? Do not you 'like our company? For my part, I 'no sooner saw you than I took a fan-'cy to you. Ods-bobs! if you spoil 'that pretty face with crying so, you 'will never get a husband. There is 'our Toinon,' continued she, point-ing to her on the other side the table, 'she is a very good girl; you must get 'acquainted with her: her company, 'I hope, will divert you.'—'O la! 'Madam, Miss and I shall be pure 'company: I will divert her, I war-'rant you; for, really, I do not love 'to see folks look uneasy.' This was the conversation at supper; to which I made no answer, but an inclination of my head, and a look which sufficiently expressed my acknowledgment; except sometimes I had courage enough to tell them, they were very kind; though I thought myself out of my true sphere, and born for quite other company. Their blunt vulgar freedom appeared very disagreeable to me; and their language was a kind of jargon, whose harshness offended the too great niceness of my ears. I was already persuaded, that in the polite world there was something superior to this, and formed in some measure to fill up the loss of my generous benefactors, Mr. De Rosand and his dear sister. I sighed after the pleasure of a conversa-

tion

tion entirely unknown to me, and suitable to my own ideas; some fellow-mind, capable of all that delicacy of sentiment which I perceived in my own thoughts; of easing my heart by bearing a part in my grief; and, by the charms of friendship and virtue, teach me to conquer my inward gloom and settled discontent.

But how strange are the whimsies that sometimes possess our minds! Though I knew not where to look for this relief, and could not fix upon any person whose soul I thought refined enough to relish my sentiments, and share my heart; though I had scarce seen the streets of Paris, yet I could not help observing the number of the coaches, and the splendid ostentation of grandeur which appeared amongst the great, and imagining that this new world seemed not altogether unknown to me, and that I should here find what I so ardently longed for; and, methought, there was within me a natural inclination which wanted only these objects to exert itself upon; so that when I saw them, it was just as if I had met with something I looked for.

You will easily judge, that with these dispositions, Madam, how chimerical soever they appear, Mrs. Du Tour and Toinon must be very disagreeable companions for me. To give you a description of the latter, I must inform you, she was a girl that had a high opinion of her own merit, and no small stock of vanity: as to her stature, she was very tall, and held up her head with so remarkable an air, as shewed she was tenacious of losing any part of her height, which she looked upon as a great perfection; but, when engaged in discourse, she confirmed what she said with such an affected and ridiculous toss, that you would have been almost in pain for her neck. She was extremely expert at her business, and handled her goods with all the judgment and address imaginable, in which her whole soul was employed; for her wit was no longer than her ell.

For my part, I was so awkward in these things, that I provoked her every moment. You would have smiled to see with what an air of conceitedness and pride she reprimanded me, and blamed my want of dexterity; but the best of the jest was, that, generally, her corrections made me still more awkward, because they increased my disgust.

We lay in the same room, as I have already told you; and there she used to give me lessons how to gain preferment, as she called it: then followed the history of her family, their circumstances, their characters, and what they gave her last year for a New-year's gift; then she mentioned her lover, a genteel, accomplished youth, to be sure; and, that I might have an opportunity of seeing his merit, I should take a walk with them both; to which, without envying her happiness, I readily consented. The inclinations of Mrs. Du Tour were not forgotten: her lover would already have married her, if he had been rich enough to satisfy her vanity, which was the only obstacle; he saw her every day, and was always a welcome guest. It is only to divert you that I mention these trifling particulars; if they tire you, I will pass them over.

Mr. De Climal, for that was the gentleman's name who brought me to Mrs. Du Tour's, had not left me above three or four days, before he came to see me: I was then in our room with Miss Toinon, who was busy shewing me her fine cloaths; and who, out of complaisance, left the room as soon as he entered.

'Well, how does my angel?' said he. 'I flatter myself you like your 'situation?'—'I hope, Sir,' answered I, 'I shall like it better when I am be-'come more used to it.'—'I should be 'glad,' returned he, 'to see you con-'tented and happy; for I love you, my 'dear, with all my heart: the first mo-'ment I saw you I was transported 'with pleasure; and shall give you all 'the proofs of my tenderness which 'lie in my power. Poor child, what 'delight shall I take in serving thee! 'But I must have your friendship in 'return.'—'I should be very ungrate-'ful, Sir,' cried I, 'not to have a real 'friendship for you.'—'No, no!' returned he; 'it is not for want of gra-'titude that you do not love me, but 'because you will not take the free-'dom with me I could wish.'—'I am 'too sensible of the respect I owe you,' said I. 'Nay,' said he, 'it is uncer-'tain whether you owe me any, since 'we do not know who you are. But, 'Marianne,' continued he, taking my hand,

hand, which he gently squeezed, 'can-
'not you be a little more familiar with
'one who loves like me? You should
'lay open all your soul to such a
'friend; tell him your most secret
'thoughts; hide none of your incli-
'nations; and be always glad to see
'and converse with him. Is this too
'much for me to expect? Sure it is
'not! I insist upon it, that you shall
'make me your confidante, and that
'you throw off all reserve; or else I
'am afraid we shall quarrel. But,
'hark'e,' continued he, putting his hand in his pocket, 'I had like to
'have forgot to give you some money;
'here are a few louis d'ors.' At first I refused them, telling him I did not want money; I had not yet spent what Mrs. De Rosand had left me: but, nevertheless, he forced me to accept them, in spite of all my resolutions to the contrary; but I could not receive them without confusion; and a mixture of shame and humility was, I dare say, visible in my behaviour. But it was not for me, with all my stock of pride, to refuse them from a gentleman who had taken me, a poor orphan, under his care, and to whom he resolved to act as a father. As I received this present, I thanked him, and made my acknowledgments with a grave dejected air. 'My dear charmer,' said he, 'no more
'curtseys, no more ceremonies, I be-
'seech you! Shew me rather that you
'are pleased. Come, let us see how
'complaisant you will be for the new
'suit of cloaths I am going to give
'you.' I did not, I believe, much mind the suit he promised; but he said this with such an air of goodness, that, I confess, he won my heart. All my resolutions vanished, and were succeeded by the most lively expressions of gratitude; while my eyes could scarce retain the tears of sensibility that almost overflowed their banks. 'O my
'generous benefactor!' cried I, 'have
'I, indeed, found a father? Has the
'lost Marianne some room to hope that
'she may again lift up her eyes with
'comfort, and find the dear name of
'parent revived in you?'

Charmed with this sudden emotion, he took my hand, kissed it with the most tender and eager transport, and with a rapture which, notwithstanding the confused state of my own mind, I could not help taking notice of, and looking upon as very extraordinary: but, singular as it was, it did not alarm me; and I only considered it as a sudden though odd expression of a good and honest heart.

However, from this moment, my conversation became more easy and free from constraint; and this freedom gave me charms which he had not observed before: he frequently hesitated in his discourse, and then looked upon me with an excess of tenderness; which, though I took notice of, I only attributed to the delicacy of a virtuous and generous soul, pleased with the pleasure it communicates, and happy in the reflection of doing it's duty. I could not then penetrate into his designs; my imagination had laid a plan for me which flattered my good opinion of him; and, thus prepossessed, I was the easier deceived: but how delightful was the deception! Methought a mountain was removed from my breast! I began to taste again the peaceful joy, the inward tranquillity, that I had formerly experienced. Though I saw him enchanted with delight, I imagined my situation, my youth, my wit, my beauty, might inspire him with a most innocent affection. 'It is natural,' said I to myself, 'for persons to have the most tender
'sentiments for one of my age placed
'under their care; they are pleased
'with every degree of merit they ob-
'serve in them, because it reflects a
'greater merit upon their munificence,
'by shewing it placed on a deserving
'object.' In short, my youth and inexperience made me blind to his designs; and, though I began to think him an original, I was not much more surprized at his behaviour than I should have been at the caresses of a parent: he took my hand, and, with a gay air, kissed it a thousand times. I admired the rapidity of his friendship; and could not help thinking, with pleasure and a secret delight, how very unaccountable it was that his affections should, at once, arise to so great a height: and this touched me more sensibly than all his favours. How readily does the honest mind think others so too! I formed my opinion of him from my own innocence and artless simplicity. The virtuous are too ready to be governed by appearances, and think others like themselves; for the open, undisguised heart, can no more charge the seeming

virtuous with wearing a mask than he can wear one himself.

Perhaps, Madam, I ought not to have troubled you with these serious reflections, generally disagreeable to ladies of your age. Consider that, as you have given me orders to write, you ought in conscience to bear with my impertinence. For my part, I do not care to think I am writing a book; that would discompose and embarrass me too much. I persuade myself I am talking to you, and that all I write passes in conversation. To proceed then.

It was the fashion, at this time, to let the hair hang in curls upon the shoulders: mine was of a bright chesnut, and fell down with a becoming negligence. Mr. De Climal praised their beauty; and, with a gallant air, took up some of my locks, and twisted them round his finger. 'Nature, my 'dear Marianné,' said he, 'has been 'profuse of her favours to you, and 'has denied you nothing that could 'enhance your charms! That lovely 'face would have been the most beauti-'ful in the world without the addition 'of those graceful ringlets; these 'make your too-lovely form compleat, 'and leave no room for addition.'— 'They will not restore me my dear, 'unknown parents,' said I, 'or let me 'know to whom I owe my being; nor 'revive my ever-dear deceased friend!' —'Very true,' returned he; 'but they 'will make you admired and adored 'by every body: for my part, I shall 'never be able to refuse you any thing.' —'I make no doubt of it,' said I; 'I 'depend entirely on your generous and 'tender heart.'—'On my tender heart!' cried he, laughing. 'Oh, then, my 'little charmer, you can talk of the 'heart, I find! Would you give me 'yours in return, if I should ask it?'— 'Believe me, Sir,' replied I, with an ingenuous freedom, for I had no notion what returns he meant, 'you well 'deserve it; and I shall sooner cease to 'be, than to be grateful.'

I had no sooner made this reply, than I thought his look was eager and wild, and his eyes sparkled with uncommon fire; which, like a flash of lightning, at once alarmed me, and put me upon my guard; and I began to look upon him as a man not altogether so disinterested as I had before thought him; and instantly feared all his generosity and innocent friendship was degenerated into a criminal passion.

However, I did not take this sudden suspicion for a proof of the baseness of his views. I resolved to be better satisfied, and to take notice of the minutest circumstance that might give a light into his designs. My reserve vanished in proportion as my suspicions increased; and that timidity, for which he had just before reproved me, was entirely dissipated. I believed, if it was true that he indulged an unlawful passion, there was no room left for ceremony on my part, and that it was he, not I, ought to be embarrassed; as was the guilt, so should the shame and confusion, be his own. This reasoning ran from the same source as the rest; it appeared subtle and refined; and therefore I approved of it, and thought it just. I did not set myself upon making these nice distinctions; for our reflections naturally flow from the incidents that excite them at first; they arrive in our minds in a manner spontaneous, and almost without our perceiving them; and run on like a constant stream, whose course we are not able to stop.

It is true, that those against whom we reason in this manner have little to hope for from us; for it supposes that, with respect to their prevailing passions, we are thoroughly averse to them. On this account, Mr. De Climal was perfectly indifferent to me; and this indifference, if he had used me ill, would readily have given place to hatred. I should have looked upon him with less aversion; and, perhaps, might have returned his affection, had our acquaintance begun in another manner; but I had hitherto only considered him as a pious and religious man, who had taken the charge of me out of charity: and I do not know any light we can consider a person in more unlikely to produce love. We have none of the tender sentiments for one who is introduced to our thoughts in this manner: the humiliation which the mind has suffered shuts up all the avenues of the heart from the soft pleasures of the tender passions. Whilst you demand those affections which are your due, and which may be justly claimed of us, nature and reason conspire to justify such pretensions; for we are naturally grateful; and it is hard, if not impossible, to extinguish all

all ſenſe of gratitude from the human breaſt: but change the ſubject, and demand a certain tenderneſs, which can only ſpring from an union of ſoul, and a harmony of the ſofteſt ſentiments, and then ſelf-love revives; ſuch demands overturn the ſet of ideas we had before entertained, and make us at variance with him and ourſelves; and we can never give a heart freely, while it is expected from us as a debt. And thus it was with Mr. De Climal and I.

It is true, that, if men knew how to oblige, I believe they might gain all that they could reaſonably expect; for can any thing be ſweeter than ſentiments of gratitude, when they are not oppoſed by ſelf-love? Here the mind is an inexhauſtible ſource of tenderneſs: but to gain this a perſon muſt have two virtues, which ſeldom, almoſt never, meet in the ſame perſon; the one to hinder your being filled with diſguſt and indignation at the manner of conferring the favours you receive; and the other to oblige you to be grateful by a genuine benevolence, and unconſtrained liberality.

Mr. De Climal had ſpoke of a ſuit of cloaths which he intended to give me; and we went together to buy it, that I might pleaſe my fancy. I believe I ſhould have refuſed it, if I had been ſufficiently confirmed in my ſuſpicions; for I ſhould have had an invincible averſion againſt making any advantage of his weakneſs, becauſe I could not ſhare it with him; for, when love is mutual, all theſe affairs are adjuſted, and we imagine the higheſt degree of delicacy conſiſts in not being at all delicate about them; but I was ſtill in doubt what were his inward ſentiments: and, ſuppoſing it was only friendſhip, I concluded it muſt be a very extraordinary one, and one that deſerved all my pride ſhould be ſacrificed to it. Thus I accepted of his preſent at all hazards.

The cloaths were bought; I choſe them genteel and modeſt, and ſuitable to a young lady not very rich. After this was done, Mr. De Climal talked of linen; (and really I wanted ſome) and it was immediately purchaſed. Mrs. Du Tour might have furniſhed us with the ſame ſort; but he had his reaſons for not buying it of her. He inſiſted upon having it ſome of the fineſt; and Mrs. Du Tour would certainly have thought this an extravagant kind of charity; and though it might be expected ſhe would not concern herſelf about it, becauſe ſhe would have judged it was no buſineſs of hers, it was better ſhe ſhould loſe her profit by it, than that we ſhould truſt her with what ſhe might be cenſorious enough to put no favourable conſtruction upon.

His behaviour relating to the linen left me no room to doubt what were his motives. I wondered that the cloaths, which were very handſome, had not at firſt taught me his ſentiments; for charity is not extravagant in her gifts. Friendſhip itſelf, whoſe higheſt pleaſure is to communicate ſatisfaction and delight, is ſubſtantially good, but not magnificently ſo: our virtues ſeldom ariſe to their proper height; for we are more apt to be ſparing than profuſe; and it is, in general, only vice that exceeds all bounds.

I whiſpered to him, and told him, with a ſerious air, that I could not accept of linen ſo extremely fine and expenſive: he only laughed, and ſaid—'Hold your tongue, you little ſilly 'rogue; you are young, and do not 'know what you would have. Go to 'your glaſs, and ſee if it is too fine for 'that beautiful face!' And then, without minding what I ſaid, agreed to the price, and paid for it.

Here I found myſelf much embarraſſed; for I ſaw he loved me. Loved, did I ſay? No! let me rather ſay he indulged inclinations infinitely beneath that noble paſſion, which exerts itſelf in the moſt ardent deſires after the happineſs of the beloved object. I ſaw his motives were baſe and ungenerous, and that his extravagance was only intended to bribe my affections, and to betray me into ruin and miſery. I thought, too, that in accepting of his preſents I gave him juſt reaſon to think I favoured his paſſion. I conſidered what I ought to do; but I believe, now I think coolly, I did it only to loſe time. I aſſembled a thouſand reflections, in order to excuſe to myſelf the indeterminate ſtate of a mind loth to part with what flattered it's vanity. By this means I was unable to fix upon any thing; and thereby both deferred the rupture with Mr. De Climal, and kept his preſent.

But, aſhamed of his views, and ſhocked at his deteſted hypocriſy, my dear friends, my generous and kind

benefactors, Mr. De Rosand and his sister, came into my mind. 'What a 'frightful difference was there,' said I to myself, 'between the assistance they 'gave me and that I now receive! How 'excessive would be his concern, did 'he know the dangers to which I am 'exposed! and how great her grief, 'had she lived to see me in this dread-'ful situation!' Methought my behaviour, in this last adventure, violated, in the most cruel manner, the respect I owed to her tender friendship and unblemished purity; and that it was a kind of sacrilegious insult on her memory: nay, methought she took even now a share in my calamities; and, though blessed with unfading happiness, blushed at my weakness, and was anxious lest I should desert the paths of virtue, and forfeit my glorious hopes of immortal felicity. On this occasion I felt a thousand sensations; which, though sufficiently felt, are impossible to be described.

On the other hand, I reasoned with myself, that I had no retreat, and Mr. De Climal had given me one: I wanted cloaths, and he bought them for me; besides, they were grand and genteel; and, in imagination, I had already tried them on, and found they fitted me exactly. But I did not take care to stop at this particular, which was intermixed with my other considerations; for the pleasure it gave me glowed in my cheeks, and I was glad to indulge the delightful idea, and to flatter myself I might do it without a crime. What admirable artifice do we make use of to seem innocent of follies we long to commit!—'Then,' said I to myself, 'Mr. De Climal has not yet 'spoke of his hateful passion, and per-'haps he may not venture to do it this 'long time; and it is not for me to 'search into the motive of actions so 'beneficial to me. I was introduced 'to him as a charitable and pious gen-'tleman; and he has been charitable 'to excess. If his views are bad, it is 'the worse for him: I am not obliged 'to examine his conscience; and I can 'never be an accomplice in any of his 'crimes till he has explained him-'self.'

This little case of conscience thus decided, my scruples vanished, and the linen and cloaths appeared lawfully mine.

We returned back to Mrs. DuTour's; and, in our way, Mr. De Climal, by little and little, discovered his passion: he unmasked insensibly, and the fawning, amorous lover, took place of the grave and pious devotee; I could see but half his face, but I concluded that I ought to see him entirely, in order to know him, and therefore resolved to be very insensible, and not seem to understand him till then. My cloaths were not yet in a place of security; and if I had shewn my resentment too soon, I should, perhaps, have lost all. Persons governed by such passions as that of Mr. De Climal's for me are naturally base and ungenerous when they have lost their hopes, and are unable to make an honourable retreat. He is an unworthy and despicable lover whose desires exceed his love, and had rather enjoy the person than the affection of his mistress: not but lovers of the most delicate and refined sentiments have desires in some measure, but at least their souls, united with the tenderest ties of affection, go hand in hand with the gratification of their senses.

I resolved not to understand Mr. De Climal's amorous expressions. 'I 'am afraid I shall love you too much, 'Marianne,' said he; 'and if I should 'what would you do?'—'I would be 'still more grateful,' said I, 'if it 'were possible for my gratitude to ad-'mit of an increase.'—'Nevertheless, 'my dear Marianne,' said he, 'I am 'uncertain what you will think when 'you know all my tenderness; for you 'cannot easily conceive how great it 'is!'—'How, Sir!' returned I; 'can 'you believe that it is possible I should 'be insensible of your friendship?'—'Ah, my little wag!' replied he, 'do 'not change my expressions; 'I did 'not speak of my friendship, but my 'tenderness.'—'What!' said I, 'is 'it not the same thing? Pray where is 'the difference?'—'No, my life!' said he, looking upon me with eyes that expressed the difference sufficiently; 'no, 'my dear girl! it is not the same thing; 'for I should be overjoyed to see the 'one appear more sweet and desirable 'to you than the other.' Upon this, I could not help casting down my eyes; and, though I endeavoured to hide my confusion, I was not able to do it, my embarrassment was visible, and it was impossible for me immediately to compose

poſe myſelf in order to make him a reply. 'What, my little jewel!' cried he, taking me by the hand, 'not a 'word? Do not you underſtand me?' —'I am aſhamed, Sir,' ſaid I, 'that 'I cannot find terms to thank you for 'ſuch goodneſs.'

Happily for me, the converſation ended here, by our arrival at home, which cut off all farther diſcourſe for the preſent; however, as we parted, he whiſpered in my ear—'Go, you dear 'rogue! for the future, be more appre-'henſive; and learn to melt that heart 'into greater tenderneſs. I leave you 'mine to aſſiſt you in it.'

This diſcourſe was plain and intelligible enough; and I was obliged to ſeem inattentive, in order to countenance my ſimplicity, and that my anſwers might the better be diſpenſed with: but a kiſs that he gave my ear, in ſpeaking to me, drew all my attention; for it was impoſſible I ſhould be deaf to that, though I had art enough to diſſemble it. 'Sir, did not I hurt you?' cried I, with a natural air, pretending to take the kiſs he had given me for a jog of my head againſt his. As I ſpoke this, I ſtepped out of the coach; and I really believe he was the dupe of my artifice, for he anſwered, moſt naturally, 'No.'

I carried the bundle of cloaths into my chamber, and locked it up, while Mr. De Climal waited in the ſhop with Mrs. Du Tour. I was down again immediately. 'Marianne!' ſaid he, in a grave and reſerved tone, (for it was now his time to appear religious again) 'let your cloaths be made im-'mediately; for I will come to pay 'you another viſit in three or four days, 'when I expect to ſee you dreſſed.' Then, turning to Mrs. Du Tour—'I 'have endeavoured,' ſaid he, 'to chuſe 'her cloaths ſuitable to the fine linen 'ſhe has ſhewn me, which was left her 'by a deceaſed friend.'

I muſt obſerve, that Mr. De Climal had told me, beforehand, he intended to give it this turn to Mrs. Du Tour; you will eaſily gueſs the reaſon, though he did not tell me. 'Beſides,' continued he, 'I think it proper that Miſs 'ſhould be genteely dreſſed, becauſe I 'have ſomething in view for her, which 'may poſſibly ſucceed, and will be 'much to her advantage.' He ſpoke this with an air of beneficence, and the look of an honeſt man: he was, indeed, a contraſt to himſelf. Mr. De Climal, with me, was quite a different perſon from Mr. De Climal in company with others: when I ſaw his devout countenance, I could not comprehend how it was poſſible that he ſhould ever appear in the character of a debauchee. He had good ſenſe, and did not want wit; but, then, he had hypocriſy, a baſe and unmanly vice! to counterbalance it; and, in particular, had a deſign to ruin me, while he pretended to be doing a work of charity. Good God! how many talents haſt thou given men to make them good for nothing!

He retired, after a ſhort converſation, with Mrs. Du Tour in private; and was no ſooner gone, than ſhe, to whom he had related my hiſtory, applauded his piety and generoſity. 'Marianne,' ſaid ſhe, 'it was a lucky moment when 'firſt you ſaw this worthy gentleman; 'you ſee he takes as much care of you 'as if you were his own child: for 'certain, this man has not his equal 'in the world for goodneſs.' How 'very charitable he is!' The word Charity ſounded harſh and diſagreeable to me; for my ſelf-love was too tender not to be ſenſibly wounded at it: but Mrs. Du Tour knew no better; her language was agreeable to her underſtanding, vulgar and unpoliſhed; and whatever ſhe ſaid, as it was always without thought, ſhe pleaſed or diſpleaſed without deſign. However, this expreſſion made me look uneaſy; but I took no notice of it, as we had no other witneſs than the grave Mrs. Toinon, who was much more diſpoſed to envy my new finery, than think me humbled in receiving it. 'Oh, as for 'that, Miſs Marianne,' ſaid ſhe, in her turn, with a jealous air, 'was 'wrapped in her mother's ſmock, ſhe 'has ſuch fortune.'—'On the con-'trary,' ſaid I, 'I was born to be 'the moſt unhappy, or elſe I ſhould 'have been infinitely better provided 'for than I am now.'—'So, is it 'true, then,' ſaid ſhe, with an affected toſs of the head, 'that you have nei-'ther father nor mother? and that you 'are owned by nobody living? That 'is pleaſant!'—'Yes,' returned I, ſeverely nettled, 'it is mighty pleaſant! 'a joyful circumſtance, indeed! and 'I wonder you, Mrs. Toinon, have 'not

'not congratulated me upon it!'—'Hold your tongue, you fool!' said Mrs. Du Tour, who saw I was vexed; 'she has reason to sneer at you: thank 'God for having preserved your parents! Who ever tells people they 'are foundlings? I had as leave be 'called a bastard.'

Was not this a comfortable way of taking my part? This woman's zeal shocked me more than the impertinent insult of the other, and the tears gushed into my eyes, which I laboured in vain to conceal. Mrs. Du Tour, touched to see me so affected, imputed it to the impertinence of Mrs. Toinon, without imagining that she herself had been in the least instrumental to my uneasiness. Her concern made me tremble, for fear Mrs. Toinon should be again reprimanded, while the tears trickled down my cheeks; and I made haste to divert this conversation, by entreating them to change the discourse. Mrs. Toinon, for her part, at seeing my tears seemed quite confounded, for she was not ill-natured, and, I believe, had no intention to make me uneasy: she was, indeed, vain, and had a sufficient stock of pride, which she thought became her; and it was really a very mortifying circumstance for the poor girl, to think I had a suit of new cloaths and she had none. Perhaps she thought she ought to make herself amends by being witty at my expence: notwithstanding, to make up the matter, they made me a fine compliment; and told me they sincerely begged pardon. And as I saw that these good people had no notion at all of my pride, nor the delicacy of soul, which made me so susceptible of pain, and that they did not suspect the least part of the confusion they gave me, I received their caresses; and the conversation turned upon my cloaths, which they were impatient to see, and their curiosity made me desirous to hear what they would say of them.

I ran to fetch them without hesitation, for my disgust had subsided, and given way to the pleasure I imagined I should immediately feel upon a review of my new finery. I took the parcel I had before carried into my chamber, and brought it down to them. How giddy and thoughtless are young people! and how hasty was I foolishly to indulge my vanity, for which I was severely humbled! The first thing they saw in opening it was the fine linen, the buying of which we had been at so much pains to conceal, and which had cost Mr. De Climal a lye, and me the consenting to it. I had entirely forgot that this linen was in the bundle with my cloaths. Mrs. Du Tour instantly cast her eyes upon it, and cried out—'Ha, ha! see, here is something else! 'Mr. De Climal told us your deceased 'relation left you that, when I find he 'bought it for you himself. I must 'tell you, Marianne, it was very ill 'done of you not to have it of me; 'you are not more nice, I hope, than 'those ladies of quality that have honoured me with their custom: your 'Mr. De Climal has a mind to be pleasant; I find the old saint has got a 'colt's tooth in his head. I see how it 'is,' added she, drawing the silk from under the linen, (for her anger did not put a stop to her curiosity, which in our sex is a governing inclination that keeps pace with every thing that passes in our minds;) 'I see well enough how 'it is,' said she: 'I know the reason 'why he deceived me about the linen; 'but I am not such an errant-fool as 'he takes me to be, I know better. 'Out upon it! Who would have 'thought it? Away! away with her 'things!' cried she, raising her voice, and tossing them from her with a disdainful air. 'Marry, come up! this 'is mighty pretty, indeed! He has the 'goodness to put his Miss to board 'with me: but what he buys for her 'he has elsewhere, I will assure him! 'I must have the trouble, forsooth, 'and other people the profit!'

All this while Toinon fingered the silk as if she was afraid she should soil it. When, having an opportunity to speak, by Mrs. Du Tour's leaving off—'Good lack-a-day!' cried she, 'who 'would not be an orphan? This the 'poor girl said only to bear a part in 'the scene; for, as demure as she 'looked, if he had given it her she 'would have been stupid with pleasure.'—'Come, be quiet, Toinon,' interrupted Mrs. Du Tour; 'I see well 'enough you only envy the girl.'

Hitherto I had been silent; I felt so many different sensations, so much confusion and vexation, that I knew not when to begin: it was a situation entirely new to me; and I could not

forbear

forbear ſhewing my reſentment. At laſt I began to recollect myſelf; and my anger, bearing every other conſideration before it, was expreſſed in the moſt lively manner: but it was an anger frank and natural; and which, as it ſprung from my own innocence, could not have been felt by a guilty mind.

It was true that Mr. De Climal had pretended to love me; but I was conſcious I had not liſtened to his paſſion, and was reſolved to make no advantage of it; and though I had received his preſent, when I knew at the ſame time I ſhould never comply with his views, it was only owing to the little reaſons dictated by my wants and my vanity, and which had not, however, ſtained the purity of my intentions: my reaſoning, doubtleſs, was erroneous, though not criminal; and therefore I did not merit the inſults thrown upon me by Mrs. Du Tour. I made a terrible uproar; I threw the cloaths and linen upon the ground, without knowing why I did it; it was only an expreſſion of the violence of my paſſion. At laſt, I ſpoke, or rather cried; but I remember nothing of what I ſaid, but that I confeſſed that Mr. De Climal had bought the linen; and that he obliged me to keep that ſecret, without telling me the reaſons he had for doing ſo: and that I was very unhappy in being placed amongſt perſons who accuſed and inſulted me, without any reaſon for doing it; that I would inſtantly leave them, and would only firſt call a coach to take away my cloaths; that, for my part, I did not care what became of me; and that it was better I ſhould die in want and indigence, than live in a ſituation ſo contrary to my inclinations; that I would leave Mr. De Climal's preſent with her, ſince I deſpiſed his love, and abhorred his brutal paſſion. In ſhort, I was like a little lion; my head was turned; every thing that could aggravate my affliction preſented itſelf before me: the death of my dear friend, and the abſence of her brother; my being deprived of their tenderneſs and friendly advice to ſupport me under every exigence; the fatal loſs of my parents; the mortification I had already undergone; and the dreadful thought of being without a friend, without one dear companion to liſten to my tender complaints, and teach me to regulate my paſſions; unknown to the world; and without the leaſt hint of my extraction; and nothing before me but the proſpect of a miſery which knew no bounds, for I had only my beauty to procure me friends; and what a dreadful reſource is the vices of mankind! Dreadful, indeed! and I reſolutely reſolved to loſe my life rather than my virtue. Which way ſoever I turned my thoughts, how diſmal was the view that lay before me! Was not all this enough to turn the brains of one ſo young as I?

Mrs. Du Tour was frighted to ſee me in ſuch a violent tranſport, as it was quite unexpected; for ſhe only thought to ſee me out of countenance, and confuſed with my guilt. 'Lord, Ma-'rianne!' ſaid ſhe, when ſhe could find room to put in a word, 'any one may 'be deceived: pr'ythee, child, mode-'rate your paſſion; I am ſorry I have 'ſaid ſo much,' (for my behaviour had convinced her of my innocence, ſince my rage was too great to proceed from a guilty conſcience.) 'Come, come, 'endeavour to compoſe yourſelf.' But I would not hearken to what ſhe ſaid; and, at all hazards, was reſolved to leave her family.

At laſt ſhe puſhed me into a little room, where ſhe ſhut herſelf in with me; and there, after having exhauſted my ſpirits with my complaints, I gave way to my grief; my tears, which before were reſtrained by my anger, now began to flow plentifully, and to give eaſe to my burſting heart; which the good woman ſeeing, bore me company, and cried too moſt heartily.

At this inſtant Toinon came to tell us dinner was ready; and, as ſhe was always of every body's opinion, ſhe cried for company: but, after this flood of tears, being moved at their careſſes, I began to be appeaſed; my paſſion ſoon abated, and all was forgot.

Perhaps the ſum Mr. De Climal paid for my board contributed a little to ſoften Mrs. Du Tour's reſentment, and to make her repent her having uſed me ill: the vexation of not having ſold us the linen was, without doubt, her greateſt uneaſineſs; for, while we were at dinner, ſhe changed her tone; addreſſing herſelf to me, that if Mr. De Climal loved me, as to all appearance he did, I ought to make my advantage of it. I ſhall never forget her words

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as long as I live—' Hark you, Marianne,' said she; ' was I in your ' place, I know how I would manage ' him; for, since you have nothing, ' and are a poor girl, who have lost ' even the comfort of having any relations, I would take at first whatever ' Mr. De Climal would give me. Odsbobs! I would get all I could, but ' he should never gain my affections; I ' would not love him at all the better for ' that, I would be hanged first; for our ' honour ought to be preferred before ' every thing. I am not the woman ' that will say any thing to the contrary ' of that you see; in a word, my girl, ' (for one word is as good a thousand) ' for certain, there is nothing like being virtuous, and I shall die in that ' opinion. But this does not argue that ' you must throw away all the blessings ' you meet with; these things may be ' easily reconciled: for instance, there ' is Mr. De Climal and you; well, must ' you bid him be gone? No, surely! ' He loves you; is that your fault? ' let him love you; for every body must ' answer for himself. He buys you ' cloaths; take them, girl; are not they ' paid for? If he gives you money, do ' not be silly; but accept of it freely: ' it is not for you to be proud and above ' it. If he asks you for your love, ' softly there; play cunning with him, ' and tell him it is not impossible but ' you may in time: to give your word ' and retract it may go a great way. ' First, you must have time to bring ' yourself to love him; and then you ' must persuade him you begin to love ' him; then you should have time to ' augment your passion; and then, ' when he thinks you entirely his, is ' not your honour a sufficient excuse? ' Is there not a thousand good reasons ' to plead. Cannot you preach to him ' of the wickedness of his intentions? ' Mean while the time passes, and presents come without asking. And if ' he at last grows out of humour, cannot you be as ill-natured as he; let ' him go and be hanged: marry! what ' is given is given, and there is nothing ' like a present; for, when it is once ' given, it cannot be demanded back; ' but if a man does not make presents, ' he keeps his riches in his own possession, and then there is no coming ' at it. Really, if one of these devout hypocrites thought fit to pay his ' respects to me, he should give to the ' end of the world before I would bid ' him leave off.'

The zeal and spirit with which Mrs. Du Tour uttered these fine maxims were even better than the maxims themselves; they were, indeed, indulgent enough, but such as would have ill suited with the character of a woman of honour; for these doctrines are more than a little dangerous, and, I believe, lead to the very brink of libertinism; and, however flattering they may appear to our vanity, they must be shocking to every mind that has the least sense of honour, the least remains of virtue established in the heart; and I cannot think it very easy to remain honest in so dangerous a road.

Young as I was, I could not hear her arguments without an inward abhorrence; and, indeed, was a girl in my circumstances sure of preserving that inestimable jewel her chastity, yet the practice of these loose principles would for ever be a disgrace, and stamp an indelible mark of infamy upon her character: for must not she want honour, who can persuade a man that she shall one day forfeit it; nay, the art of deceiving a man with these avaricious hopes is, in my opinion, more criminal than even, in some unguarded moment, to fall a sacrifice to guilt and shame; for the most infamous inducement, the basest and most ungenerous motive to be vicious, is that which is prompted by avarice, and terminates in falsehood and deceit.

For my part, my heart was too sincere to behave in a manner that appeared to me so infamously detestable. I would neither do ill, nor seem to promise that I ever would: I hated injustice and falsehood of every kind; but that which proceeded from degenerate motives like this, could not fail to fill me with horror and detestation. Her discourse made me shake my head and blush for her, while she gave me advice for her advantage and my own. For Mrs. Du Tour's part, she would have been extremely glad to have the profit of my board continue a great while longer, and pleased herself with the thoughts of helping me to spend Mr. De Climal's money in feasts and entertainments; for thus, with a laugh, did she explain herself; for she loved good eating, and was a perfect glutton when

when at others expence; but was very ſtingy when at her own.

After dinner my cloaths and linen were given to the workwomen, whom Mrs. Du Tour deſired to be as expeditious as poſſible. She hoped, without doubt, that in ſeeing myſelf well-rigged and ſpruce, (for theſe were her terms) I ſhould be tempted to draw out my adventure with Mr. De Climal to a good length. It is true, I had all the vanity and folly that can poſſeſs a young giddy mind: a ribband well choſen, or a genteel ſuit of cloaths, whenever I met them, were ſufficient to make me ſtop ſhort; my fancy glowed, and my agitation of heart would continue an hour after; nor did I fail to imagine myſelf equipped in all thoſe trifles. But, in ſpite of this diſpoſition, ſince I was certain Mr. De Climal loved me, I abſolutely reſolved, the firſt time he explained himſelf, to let him know how vain his expectations were.

Four days after, my cloaths and linen were brought home; it was on a holiday, and juſt as I was getting up. At the ſight of them both Toinon and I were ſilent, but from very different motives; a ſudden joy fluttered about my heart, while ſhe caſt down her eyes with a ſullen diſcontent; ſhe reflected, no doubt, upon the difference there would ſoon be between us, and would gladly have changed her parents, and have been the orphan, for the vain pleaſure of enjoying my imagined happineſs. She looked upon me with a ſtupid and jealous eye; but with ſuch a mixture of humility, that, notwithſtanding my own ſatisfaction, I could not help pitying her. But her grief could not be helped: however, to give her as little pain as poſſible, I put on my cloaths in the moſt modeſt and grave manner, before a little ſilly looking-glaſs, which could ſcarce ſhew me half of my perſon; but that half appeared ſmart, and ſufficiently charming.

I then began to dreſs my head, that I might enjoy at once all my ornaments; I could not look upon my growing beauty, which ſeemed to increaſe in proportion as I advanced in dreſſing, without feeling a kind of pleaſing palpitation at my heart, whilſt my hand trembled at every pin I ſtuck. I made as much ſpeed as I could to finiſh my agreeable employment, yet without being over haſty, for I was willing to have nothing imperfect: but I had ſoon done; for all the perfection of dreſs that I was then acquainted with, lay in very narrow bounds. It is true, I began with admirable good diſpoſitions, but that was all.

Indeed, when I knew the world, I was a better judge of theſe little elegances, which our ſex look upon as neceſſary to compleat the charms of nature, and ſhew that the poſſeſſor has a good taſte. Men talk of philoſophy, and the ſtudy of the ſciences; but what is all this knowledge to that of placing a ribband with judgment, or of deciding what colour beſt ſuits the preſent complexion, and is moſt adapted to pleaſe?

If we knew what paſſes in a coquette's head on ſuch occaſions; if we did but obſerve how delicate and penetrating her ſoul is; how ſharp in the judgment ſhe makes on the faſhions ſhe tries, then rejects, heſitates, and at laſt, when weary with uncertainty and irreſolution, chuſes; for ſhe is ſeldom content, and the effect always comes vaſtly ſhort of her idea: if one could but know the mighty importance of all theſe ſeeming trifles, it would be enough to confound the moſt able capacities; and Ariſtotle himſelf would be but as a ſchool-boy, compared with a coquette. When ſhe has found what pleaſes, it is but a very indifferent diſcovery, for ſhe muſt find out what is better, in order to carry it on to it's laſt perfection, and finiſhing excellence; and, to attain this, ſhe muſt read the ſouls of men, that ſhe may prefer what will pleaſe them moſt.

Charmed with the power of pleaſing, the coquette employs her art to form herſelf to ſuit the taſte of her admirers: one day ſhe appears gay and eaſy, and with an air that enſures ſucceſs; the next, with a countenance ſoft and languiſhing, adorned with all the tender graces; and then with a beauty, modeſt, ſerious, and reſerved: thus, with varied charms, ſhe ſtrives to retain the fickle ſex. She knows how to be many women in one; and by turns aſſuming each perfection, ſuits herſelf to the inconſtancy of her admirers, by preſenting them every day a new miſtreſs.

How vain are ſuch ſnares, and how unlikely to hold a man of ſenſe and honour: it is virtue, it is virtue alone,

that is the universal charm, to which all hearts secretly pay an humble adoration; but when united with that sweet complaisance, and open freedom of soul, which triumphs in the countenance, and sparkles in the eyes of a lady of sense and good-nature, it needs not those empty blandishments which the vain part of our sex are so fond of.

But I am always wandering from my subject: pray, forgive my digressions; they divert me, and give a kind of relaxation to my thoughts. Besides, you know, I am now conversing with you.

To proceed. I told you before I was soon dressed; and really I so perfectly eclipsed poor Miss Toinon, that I was ashamed of it. Mrs. Du Tour told me I looked charmingly; but Toinon could not forbear finding fault with my cloaths; whilst I, out of charity to her, approved of whatever she said; for if I had shewn my secret satisfaction, she would have been more humbled still; and I thought I ought to conceal a pleasure that, if discovered, would give another pain. I have always retained this delicacy and regard for the hearts of others.

I was in haste to go to church; but, I believe, rather out of vanity than devotion. My companion Miss Toinon, who, on holidays, was waited upon by her lover, went out before me; possibly for fear the gaiety of my dress should attract the attention of her admirer; for, with some people, a new suit has as many charms as a pretty face.

I went out alone, confused, and at a loss how to behave, foolishly imagining that my appearance required a particular air of distinction with which I was entirely unacquainted. I held up my head with the awkward stiffness of a rosy country girl, who endeavours to display all the smiling graces which had lain concealed in a rustick retreat.

I come now, Madam, to an event which has been the original of all the past scenes of a life intermingled with extreme distress and exquisite happiness. With this I shall begin my Second Part, believing it necessary to give you, as well as myself, some respite.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART II.

TELL me, my dear friend, if your ſeeming impatience to ſee the ſequel of my Hiſtory is not partly compliſance? I almoſt ſuſpect it; for, hitherto, what I have related is only a thread of adventures, uncommon indeed, but not very engaging: and which, if I was diſpoſed to print, would, I am perſuaded, appear low and trifling to many of my readers; for I am yet only a petty linen-draper; and that would diſguſt them.

There are people whoſe vanity mixes with every thing they do, and even with their reading. Give them the hiſtory of the human heart, and, provided the characters are of diſtinguiſhed rank, it will appear to them quite important and worthy their conſideration: but you muſt not preſume to mention perſons of a lower claſs; they do not love to ſee any actors on the ſtage but lords, princes, or kings; or, at leaſt, thoſe who have made a figure in life. Nothing elſe will ſuit their noble taſte, for the reſt of the ſpecies are beneath their notice: they will inſinuate that Nature might very well have ſpared the production of theſe creatures, and that the mechanick is a diſhonour to her. Judge, then, Madam, with what diſdain theſe readers would look upon me.

But this picture does not at all affect you: your notions of human nature are more noble, more conformable to truth, and therefore more ſuitable to an individual of that vaſt body which compoſes the human ſpecies; and, undazzled with the glare of external grandeur, I am perſuaded you obſerve the harmony ariſing from the different claſſes of the ſame collective body, and even ſee that the higheſt and moſt ſhining characters are ſometimes rivalled and outdone in real uſefulneſs, and intrinſick native excellence, by the loweſt and moſt miſerable. I was afraid the Firſt Part of my life contained ſo few events, and ſuch long reflections, that you would already think me tedious: however, you are pleaſed to ſay the contrary, and to preſs me to go on. I ſhall therefore proceed.

I have already told you that I went to church. At the entrance I found a crowd of people; but that did not detain me, for I paſſed through it, without much difficulty, to the upper part of the choir, attracted by the ſplendid appearance of a great number of perſons of faſhion, who were ſitting with an air of eaſe and indolence. The ladies were extremely well dreſſed: ſome, whoſe complexions were very ordinary, attempted to put on ſuch an agreeable air as might make the hardneſs of their features imperceptible; whilſt others, too full of themſelves to ſuſpect they wanted thoſe charms which captivate all hearts, diſplayed their folly by a thouſand airs of coquetry, in which their whole ſouls ſeemed to be employed.

One I obſerved, charming indeed, who ſeemed not to think it worth her while to affect thoſe ſilly arts in which the others were engaged, for ſhe was above acting the coquette, and ſeeking applauſe from what ought rather to raiſe contempt: ſhe ſat with an air of ſatisfaction in her looks, quite negli-

gent of her ſuperior power to draw the attention and the hearts of the beholders.

I was not leſs pleaſed with the countenance of a lady who ſat near her: ſhe was ordinary to the laſt degree; but had ſuch an engaging openneſs, ſuch an air of benevolence and native goodnature, that it was impoſſible to ſee her without partaking of her diſpoſition, and being prepoſſeſſed with ſomething like friendſhip and eſteem.

There were alſo ſeveral gay young gentlemen of the ſword and gown, whoſe behaviour ſhewed they were full of themſelves; and who, leaning on the backs of their chairs, put themſelves into thoſe gallant and ridiculous poſtures which ſhewed them well verſed in all the arts of the foppiſh part of the polite world: one while they lolled upon their elbows; then ſtood upright, to ſhew their ſnuff boxes; bowed to the right and the left; ſighed, and put themſelves into a thouſand different attitudes, in order to ſhew their good mien, or diſplay their charming ſelves to the beſt advantage.

The place I had taken was juſt in the centre of this gay part of the audience; and I was ſcarce ſeated, before I obſerved the eyes of all the gentlemen fixed upon me, for I ſeemed to engage their whole attention: but this was not all; the ladies ſoon found themſelves deſerted; and, following the eyes of the gentlemen, fixed upon me for their rival, who had taken from them the regards of their admirers. I was convinced that theſe were their thoughts by a glance they caſt at me, which I perfectly underſtood, though they tried to do it with an air of ſimplicity and negligence; but that negligence evidently ſhewed it was deſigned; for, in ſpite of themſelves, it had a touch of diſdain and uneaſineſs. Here my pride took the alarm, and I felt an inward triumph at the viſible confuſion which the ladies diſcovered. O vanity, thou darling foible of the ſex! when we indulge this ſtrong propenſity to captivate every beholder, what follies are we not liable to! I had forgot my devotions, which, doubtleſs, would have engaged my ſoul, had I been dreſſed more ſuitable to my circumſtances, and was acting a part very unbecoming the poor, the wretched Marianne, who had nothing to expect but either to exchange the gay trifles I wore for want and miſery, or to preſerve them by forfeiting my peace and innocence.

My rivals did not long keep their eyes fixed upon me; their examination was ſhort, for we have ſoon done with what humbles us.

Among the gentlemen whoſe attention I had engaged, I obſerved one who drew from me a more than common regard, and to whom my eyes ſeemed voluntarily to move; his air was graceful and engaging, and ſomething in his mien ſo charming, that it was impoſſible to look upon him with indifference. I took a pleaſure in looking at him; and, though a coquette to others, was very ſincere with reſpect to him: mean time, I gave up the care of pleaſing, to indulge the delight I had in ſeeing him. Love, perhaps, uſually inſinuates itſelf into the heart with this artleſs ſincerity; becauſe it is not unlikely but the pleaſure of loving may interfere with the care of appearing lovely.

The young gentleman, in his turn, gazed upon me in a manner very different from the reſt; a modeſt and tender reſpect appeared in his looks; while, by our mutual glances, a kind of ſerious, ſilent intercourſe, paſſed between us: the others openly applauded my charms, while he ſeemed to feel them, at leaſt I flattered myſelf it was ſo; but all my mind was confuſed. I cannot ſay what I thought of him or myſelf; all that I know of it is, that his looks embarraſſed me, and that I was afraid to return them, yet could not help doing it every moment; and though I was loth he ſhould meet my glances, yet was not ſorry that he had done it.

The ſervice being ended, I went out of the church, regretting the place I had juſt left: I felt a vacancy in my breaſt; my heart ſeemed to want ſomething, but not to know what it was; I ſay, it did not know what it was; but that, perhaps, is ſaying too much; for I was inceſſantly turning my head, to ſee once more the amiable gentleman I had left behind, yet could hardly believe it was he that induced me to it.

He was talking to ſome perſons who ſtopped him, and my eyes continually met his; at laſt, the crowd hid him from my ſight, and dragged me with them;

them: I found myself in the ſtreet; and, with a dejected mind, took the way home.

My thoughts were no longer full of myſelf; and I did not even wiſh to be agreeable: indifferent to all but him, I neglected my charms, and took no care to diſplay them to the beſt advantage. Mean while, I was ſo loſt in thought, that I did not hear the noiſe of a coach coming behind me, and ready to run over me, till alarmed by the coachman's crying aloud—'Have 'a care, take care there!' His laſt cry made me ſtart from my reverie; but the danger in which I ſaw myſelf, frighted me ſo much, that, in endeavouring to eſcape it by running, I fell down, and with the fall hurt my foot.

But one ſtep farther, and the horſes had run over me. The people about me were alarmed, and cried out, and the maſter of the coach louder than the reſt, who bounced out inſtantly, and flew to help me. I was ſtill on the ground; from whence, notwithſtanding all my efforts, I was unable to riſe: the good people lifted me up, but ſaw it was impoſſible for me to ſtand. Judge of my aſtoniſhment, when, amongſt thoſe who expreſſed the greateſt eagerneſs to aſſiſt me, I ſaw the young gentleman whom I had left in the church: the coach, I found, was his; he lived but juſt by, and would by all means have me carried to his houſe.

What an air of inquietude appeared in his countenance, and how nearly he was touched with my misfortune, I leave you to imagine: however, I ſoon perceived that his concern was alleviated by the ſatisfaction of meeting me again, and that his grief was mixed with the joy of having it in his power to ſerve me. 'Take care of the young 'lady!' cried he to thoſe that held me up; 'carry her gently—take time—'there!—ſoftly!' For at that time he did not ſpeak to me: it ſeemed to me that he forbore it on account of my condition, which would not permit him to expreſs his tenderneſs in any other manner than in his care for my ſafety.

For my part, I likewiſe ſpoke to the other people, but not at all to him; I durſt not even look upon him, which made me the more impatiently long for it: ſometimes, indeed, I could not avoid giving him a tranſient glance, in ſpite of all my reſolutions to the contrary. What my eyes ſaid to him I cannot determine; but his made ſuch tender anſwers, that there muſt have been ſomething very moving in mine to have deſerved them. This made me bluſh, and put my heart into ſuch a ſituation, that I was at a loſs how to act, and which I do not know how to deſcribe: I felt a mixture of trouble, pleaſure, and fear. I ſay fear; for a girl who is unacquainted with the world, and a novice in theſe affairs, does not know how far ſuch an adventure may carry her: ſhe is involved in a thouſand difficulties, which overwhelm her; and, poſſeſſed by them, ſhe is no more herſelf; mean while, the novelty of the ſituation affrights her extremely. It is true ſhe finds a pleaſure in it; but it is a pleaſure that is dangerous and deceitful: nay, even her modeſty is alarmed; it's delicacy is ſhocked and frighted at the apprehenſions of an impending danger. Love does not deceive us, and make us blind to futurity; it no ſooner ſhews itſelf, but it lets us know what it is, and what we are to expect; for when it has taken poſſeſſion of the heart, the ſoul feels it maſter there: it indeed flatters it with the hopes of happineſs; yet, with an open and profeſſed authority, it aſks no advice, but boldly tells it the ſlavery it is to expect.

This, I think, is the ſtate of mind in which I found myſelf at that time; and I believe it is the ſame with all young girls in the like circumſtances.

I was at laſt carried to Valville's houſe, (for that was the young gentleman's name) and laid upon a couch in the parlour.

I really wanted immediate help, for I felt a great deal of pain in my foot; but Valville, eager to ſerve me, had prevented even my wiſhes; the ſurgeon was ſent for to come with all poſſible ſpeed; and in a few minutes he was there.

I paſs over the apologies I made, during this ſhort interval, for the trouble I had given him; they were the common compliments which every body knows how to make on ſuch occaſions, which he anſwered in the uſual manner. All that was particular was, that I ſpoke with the air of a perſon ſenſible of an obligation, who had nothing to do but to make excuſes for a trouble which could not be avoided; and he anſwered

anſwered in a tone which prepared me for a more ſerious converſation. Even our mutual glances were a kind of prelude to it; he did not caſt one at me which did not plainly ſay, 'I love you;' nor did I know what to do with mine, becauſe they would have told him the ſame.

We were both in this ſilent intercourſe when the ſurgeon entered; when, on the account Valville gave him of my misfortune, he told us that my foot muſt be examined.

I bluſhed at this propoſal out of a ſentiment of modeſty; however, I compoſed myſelf with the thought that I had the prettieſt little feet in the world; and that, though Valville was going to ſee it, it was not my fault, ſince neceſſity obliged me to ſhew it before him; and that it was my fall, not I, that ought to bear the blame.

We frequently imagine our conſciences very ſcrupulous and tender; not on account of the ſacrifices we make them, but of the artifices we make uſe of to deceive and impoſe upon them, and thereby prevent our making them any ſacrifices at all.

I made ſome difficulty of ſhewing it, and was willing to pull off only my ſhoe; but this was not enough. 'I 'muſt by all means,' ſaid the ſurgeon, 'ſee the bottom of the evil; I can do 'nothing without that.' Upon this the houſekeeper was called, who was ordered to pull off my ſtocking; while Valville and the ſurgeon retired out of decency and reſpect.

When my foot was ready, the ſurgeon examined and felt it, to find out the hurt. The good man, to be a better judge of the caſe, ſtooped low, becauſe he was old; while Valville, in conformity to his geſture, took inſenſibly the ſame poſture, and ſtooped as low as he, becauſe he was young; for though he was no great judge of the diſorder, he was of the prettineſs of my foot, with which he ſeemed extremely ſatisfied.

For my part, I did not ſay a word, and took no notice that I ſaw him: it would not have been modeſt even to appear to ſuſpect the attraction that drew him thither; and, beſides, I ſhould have ſpoiled all if I had let him ſee I underſtood his little artifice; for I ſhould have been obliged to take advantage of it, and appear more reſerved; and perhaps might have put him to the expence of a bluſh. The human heart is very unaccountable in it's ſenſations; for there are moments when it is confuſed and ſhocked at being taken in a fact, only becauſe it had determined to conceal it; and ſuch diſappointments always humble us. I acted in conſequence of this reaſoning; and though the preſence of Valville confuſed me a little, it was only becauſe he ſaw me, not becauſe he loved to ſee me.

'Whereabouts do you feel the pain?' ſaid the ſurgeon to me, touching it with his finger. 'Is it there?'—'Yes, Sir,' ſaid I; 'juſt there.'—'I think,' ſays Valville, 'it looks a little inflamed 'here,' touching it with his finger with an innocent air. 'Come, come,' added the ſurgeon, 'the damage will ſoon be 'repaired; it is only ſitting ſtill to-'day; a linen-rag dipped in brandy, 'and a little repoſe, will cure it.' Immediately my foot was bathed with brandy, the compreſs put upon it, and my ſtocking pulled on; when the ſurgeon took his leave, and left me with Valville alone, except ſome of the ſervants that were paſſing and repaſſing.

I did not queſtion but I ſhould be obliged to ſtay there ſome time, and that he would inſiſt upon my dining before I went; but I did not care to let him know I had the leaſt thought of it. 'After all the obligations you 'have conferred upon me,' ſaid I, 'may 'I be ſo bold as to beg you would add 'one more, Sir, and order a chair or a 'coach to be called to carry me home?'—'No, Miſs,' anſwered he, 'I cannot 'conduct you home for ſome hours yet. 'Your fall is but juſt over; and, be-'ſides, you are ordered to repoſe your-'ſelf a little; and I muſt, on that ac-'count, inſiſt on your ſtaying dinner: 'all that is neceſſary is, to ſend home 'to let your friends know where you 'are, that they may not be in pain for 'you.'

This, indeed, was very neceſſary; for my abſence would doubtleſs have very much alarmed Mrs. Du Tour; and, beſides, what would Valville have thought of me, if I had ſeemed to be my own miſtreſs, and had nobody concerned for me, nobody to give an account to of my actions? Such a ſtate of independence would have appeared with a very ill grace; for it is very improper a girl ſhould be out of tuition at ſo tender an age; and eſpecially, conſidering the figure

figure I made; for there is but a ſmall tranſition from being lovely to being unworthy of being loved. See the inconvenience that attends beauty! it gives a probability that we are guilty upon the leaſt ſuſpicion that we are ſo; and on a thouſand occaſions it weighs down the ſcale againſt us.

But let it conclude what it will; the charms of beauty are too pleaſing to us ever to diſguſt the poſſeſſor; for we love ourſelves, and therefore love to appear amiable to others. In a word, beauty inſpires either with love or deſire: if it is love, let us be ever ſo auſtere, it is welcome; for the pleaſure of being loved finds always a place either in our hearts or our vanity. Suppoſing it only inſpires with deſire, there is nothing loſt by it: our virtue is indeed affronted; but our reſentment turns upon him that called it in queſtion, and not upon thoſe charms which were the cauſe.

But to return: you are now uſed to my digreſſions.

I have told you that an abſolute independence would not have appeared to my advantage; but Valville did not view me in that light, his reſpect plainly ſhewed the contrary; his looks and behaviour expreſſed a tenderneſs and fear of offending, that is only due to innocence and modeſt virtue: but, upon the leaſt diſtruſt, he would have no longer repoſed an entire confidence in me; and the ſhadow of guilt would have made me ſink in his eſteem.

But, could you believe it? in ſpite of all I ſhould riſque by ſeeming independent, I was in ſuſpenſe what part I ſhould take: and can you imagine the reaſon? It was becauſe I could give him no other direction than to a retail linen-draper's, ſince I could ſend to none but to Mrs. Du Tour's; a woman that, with ſome reaſon, I might be aſhamed of. Methought it would be the greateſt diſappointment to a man of quality like Valville, whom I ſaw ſurrounded with ſervants, to find the girl he loved ſo unſuitable to one of his quality; and that, though I had the air and appearance of a lady of diſtinction, I was far from being one. How could I have the courage to ſay—'Go to 'Mrs. Du Tour's, at ſuch a ſign, 'where I lodge?' How mortifying the expreſſion!

If my fault had been not to have been born of rich parents, had I but a noble extraction, though no fortune, pride, though ſtripped naked, would have ſomething to feed upon; I ſhould only appear deprived of the ſuperfluities and conveniences of life, but not of my right to the honours of it. But ſo great a ſhare of politeneſs and ſubmiſſive reſpect which he was pleaſed to expreſs, was not in the leaſt due to a paltry ſhopmaid, who muſt have appeared bold indeed to have permitted it, and might juſtly expect to be treated with contempt and inſolence, as a puniſhment of her preſumption and aſſurance. This was the reflection that I feared Valville would make. Methought I heard him ſay to himſelf—'How! is that all?' And the ſharpneſs of that little ſoliloquy would be ſo cutting from him, that I choſe to appear in a dubious light rather than in a ridiculous one; and to let him queſtion my honeſty, rather than laugh at my coſt, and ridicule the reſpect he had ſhewn me. Thus I concluded that I would ſend to nobody, and that I would ſay that it was not at all neceſſary.

I was ſenſible this was a very wrong reſolution; but do not you know that too often our ſouls are more proud than virtuous, more vain than honeſt, and conſequently more ſcrupulous when our vanity than when our honour is concerned? But do not be frighted; though I took this reſolution, I did not follow it; for, in the agitation theſe contending paſſions raiſed in my heart, I fixed ſuddenly upon an expedient wherein my miſerable pride was ſatisfied. My heart, indeed, would be ſeverely afflicted; but what ſignifies what our hearts ſuffer, provided our vanity be ſerved by it? We can diſpenſe with repoſe, pleaſure, and too often with honour itſelf, to make peace with it. This expedient was abſolutely to inſiſt upon returning home immediately. 'What! leave Valville ſo ſoon?' ſay you. Yes; I had the courage to reſolve upon it, and to ſnatch myſelf from a converſation ſo extremely ſweet and deſirable.

Valville loved me; and though he had not yet told me ſo, he would have time to make the pleaſing declaration if I ſtaid. I loved him; he was ignorant of it, at leaſt I thought ſo: but I ſhould not be able to conceal it; he would have had the pleaſure of ſeeing me ſenſible, I of ſhewing I was ſo, and

both

both the soft delight of enjoying each others company.

O how many sweets are contained in this idea! sweets unmixed with the least degree of sensuality! It is all rapture! The soul at first sees, and could repeat, the various charms of such a tender interview. What a sacrifice was I going to make!

These various sensations and reflections, though so long in relating, passed through my mind almost in an instant.

'Pray do not make yourself uneasy, 'Miss!' said Valville, with a tender and pressing air, and taking my hand with a modest bashfulness; 'let me beg 'of you, dear Miss, not to look uneasy! 'Say but where you live, and a servant 'shall fly immediately, and put your 'friends out of their pain for your ab-'sence! Pray, think of it seriously; you 'are not in a condition to go yet: 'come, it is pretty late; stay but din-'ner, and you shall go as soon as it is 'over. Why, my dear charmer, do 'you hesitate? You will have nothing 'to reproach yourself with for staying 'here: nobody can blame you for it, 'since your accident compels you to 'it.'—'No, Sir!' replied I; 'I en-'treat you would permit me to retire. 'None can be more sensible of your 'civility than I am; but I cannot 'abuse it. I do not live far from 'hence; and, since I find myself much 'better, I beg it as a favour that you 'will permit me to go.'—'But, Miss,' resumed Valville, 'what can be the 'motive of your reluctance for staying 'in so natural, so innocent a conjunc-'ture as this?'—'As for reluctance, 'I will assure you, Sir, I have none,' said I; 'but it will be fitter for me to 'be at home, since a coach may be 'had.'—'What! so soon?' cried he, with a look full of the most tender soft-ness. 'It must be so,' replied I, cast-ing down my eyes with a melancholy air, which he seemed to understand; for hearts understand one another; and it is very probable he perceived what passed in mine, for he took my hand again, with an air of such undissembled tenderness, and with such a quick and rapid transport, that, if he had said a thousand times 'I love you,' he could not have expressed it more intelligibly. It was impossible I should be mistaken: I saw a lover before me, who shewed himself without disguise; so that, with all my artifice, I could not seem to evade the evidence of his passion. He, full of suspense, waited to see how I received this silent declaration; but his looks shewed his thoughts were, that he had not much reason to be dissatisfied. I remained surprized, silent, and confused; which was a proof I was charmed too: for when a man is indifferent or disagreeable to us, we acquit ourselves more gracefully, and are never put into this disorder; we know in every respect how to behave; but it is only love that softens our souls, and throws us into this confusion.

I was in this situation, my hand trembling in Valville's, which I made no effort to draw back, and which I gave up entirely to him. My power of action seemed for a moment suspended; whilst, seized by I know not what attraction, I was softened into this tender fearful inactivity: at last, however, I uttered some words, but without order or connection, which in some measure diminished the confusion which my silence began to occasion, and which supplied the place of something which I did not, though I ought, to have said; such as—'Well, well, Sir! pray what 'means this?' This was all I could say to him: to which was added a sigh, which took away, perhaps, all the little force I had given it.

However, I soon recovered my presence of mind; and the emotions with which I was enchanted were dissipated suddenly, on my reflecting that it was indecent to betray so much weakness and irresolution before a gentleman every way my superior, and which I endeavoured to correct by an act of self-denial. 'What do you mean, Sir?' said I, drawing back my hand with spirit and resolution, but with a tone which expressed that I was just awoke from this soft disorder. But I can hardly believe he was in a condition to observe it; for he seemed at least as much captivated by that deluding passion as I; though it is not improbable but that he might see and take notice of every thing; for he was not so young a lover, and therefore not so liable to lose his presence of mind. Such a one may be moved, and feel all the delicacy that can fill a human breast; but he will not be perplexed; he preserves his judgment, while it is only novices that lose it: but what danger is not that maid

exposed

expoſed to who falls into the hands of a pretended lover, that knows how to take advantage of her weakneſs?

As for me, I ran no hazard with Valville: my diſorder was too ſhort for him to gain any advantage by it. I had nothing, indeed, to reproach him with: I had inſpired him with ſentiments to my advantage; but his love was not ſo violent as tender. When a man admires a woman in this manner, in the beginning of his paſſion, it makes his heart honeſt, inſpires him with virtue, makes him delight in the refined pleaſure of loving and reſpectfully treating the object of his affections. This is the firſt employ of a tender, generous mind; it dreſſes the object of it's love in all imaginable dignity and worth: nor is it without it's own reward; for it is attended with greater, far greater delight, than all the pleaſures of the ſenſualiſt or debauchee; and where a man is incapable of this happineſs, he himſelf is the greateſt loſer. But probably, Madam, you would think it gain to you, was I not quite ſo impertinent.

Therefore, to proceed. I was entreating Valville to let me go, with a grave and confuſed look—'Indeed, 'Sir, you ſurprize me!' ſaid I; 'you 'ſee yourſelf it is not without the 'greateſt reaſon I reſolve to retire, and 'that it is abſolutely neceſſary I ſhould 'do ſo.'—'You ſhall, Miſs—indeed 'you ſhall—you ſhall go immediately,' anſwered he, gravely; 'I am going to 'give orders that you may, ſince it is 'painful to continue here; and I am 'afraid I am become quite diſagreeable 'to you, by a ſudden emotion which I 'could not help; for I own I love you, 'and could ſpend all the time we ſhould 'be together, nay, my whole life, in 'making you ſenſible of it.' And if this pleaſing ſubject had laſted for my life too, I think I ſhould not have been weary; ſo ſenſible was the joy the dear declaration gave me; which, though flattering to my hopes, embarraſſed and confuſed me. This I would willingly have hid from Valville; but was too unſkilled in deceit to know what countenance to aſſume for that purpoſe. What he had juſt ſaid required an anſwer; but joy naturally renders us ſilent, and this ſenſation poſſeſſed my whole ſoul. I thought my preſent ſituation of mind not proper to be diſcovered; and being ſo little unacquainted with the art of diſſembling, I continued ſpeechleſs, with eyes caſt down. 'Why do not you anſwer?' ſaid Valville. 'Will not you favour 'me with one word, Miſs? Sure you 'will not leave me in this dilemma! 'Has the innocent liberty I have 'juſt taken made me ſo odious to you, 'that all the actions of my future 'life are incapable of making reparation?'

In the midſt of this tender pleading, he again took my hand in his; and, with all the warmth of the moſt paſſionate lover, kiſſed it every moment, always begging pardon for his preſumption: but the beſt of the joke was, that I thought that a ſufficient reparation for the fault, and innocently enough received it as ſuch, when, in fact, it was only repeating it; though I do not think either of us perceived it.

'Will you then give me no anſwer?' ſaid Valville. 'Muſt I have the cruel 'mortification to think you hate me?' To which I anſwered, with a ſigh—'No, Sir, I do not hate you; I have no 'reaſon to hate you: you have never 'given me the leaſt provocation.'—'Why, then, do not you anſwer?' returned he warmly. 'I have told you 'already I love you; I entreat you, tell 'me frankly whether this declaration 'is agreeable to you or not? Though 'I dread to aſk, though the happineſs 'of my life depends upon your anſwer, I entreat you put me out of 'this cruel, this inſupportable ſuſpenſe.'—'What would you have me 'ſay, Sir?' ſaid I: 'I ſcarce know 'what love is; every perſon diſguiſes 'his heart under that tender name; 'and while the virtuous do honour 'to this ſoft paſſion, the vicious make 'it a cloak for every villainy; the 'blackeſt crimes and the moſt complicated guilt, ruined innocence and 'bleeding honour, and all the blackeſt ſcenes that even hatred and malice 'can invent, are hid under this ſacred name Love. But pardon me, 'Sir, I believe you entirely incapable 'of baſeneſs and deceit; at leaſt, my 'heart perſuades me to think ſo. This, 'however, I muſt acknowledge, that 'I am extremely obliged to you; and, 'though it is probable it will never be 'in my power to return the obligation, 'I ſhall never forget the ſervice you 'have been to me in ſo great an emergency.'—'You will never forget it!'

cried he briſkly: 'but how muſt I 'know, Miſs, you will remember me, 'if this is the laſt time I ſhall ever ſee 'you? I beg you will not let me loſe 'you for ever. If it be true you have 'no averſion to me, do not make me 'miſerable, by tearing from me the 'better half of my ſoul: if we part 'now, perhaps I may never ſee you 'more. It was to-day a mere chance 'that brought you to me: but how 'ſhall I be again bleſſed, if you will 'never let me know where to find you? 'I ſhould for ever ſeek you; for ever 'deplore your loſs in vain.'—'I own 'it will be in vain,' anſwered I, with an ingenuous freedom, and a look that ſeemed to pity us both. 'Well, Miſs,' continued he, putting my hand to his mouth, (for that was now become a trifle which was hardly thought on) 'let me know who are your parents or 'guardians; tell me what I muſt do 'to make myſelf agreeable to them: 'I earneſtly beg you will not deny me 'this conſolation before you go.'

Scarce had he ſaid this, when a valet entering—'Order the horſes to be put 'to the coach,' ſaid he, 'to carry this 'lady home.' This ſtep, which I had not foreſeen, broke all my meaſures, and caſt my vanity into all the agonies from which it had juſt been delivered. It was not Valville's coach I wanted: the petty linen-draper would not have eſcaped the mortification of being known. I imagined he would have ordered a ſervant to call a hack, and that I ſhould have gone alone, and had nothing farther to do but to tell the coachman where to drive me. 'Here,' thought I, 'I ſhall evade all the confu- 'ſion and ſhame which this little ſhop 'had occaſioned.' This had already been the ſource of a thouſand different agitations, which returned in their full force; for he would not have failed to have enquired—'Where did you leave 'her?' whilſt the ſervant would innocently enough have anſwered, at ſuch a ſhop. Here, indeed, I had only been mortified by halves, and could only have bluſhed at a diſtance, ſince I ſhould have been abſent at this diſcovery of my meanneſs: but Valville had deſtined for me a ſhame more humbling and more compleat.

'I intend, Miſs,' ſaid he, as ſoon as the ſervant was gone, 'to conduct 'you home myſelf, attended with my 'houſekeeper, whom you have ſeen 'already. I fancy this precaution is 'more than neceſſary on my part, after what has happened: this I am 'bound to out of civility; it is a ſudden thought I have happily fixed upon, which I hope will be agreeable 'to you.'—'O Sir!' cried I, 'what 'do you propoſe to me? To be conducted home by you! by a gentleman of your age! No, Sir, I cannot 'be guilty of ſuch imprudence. You 'do not conſider what people would 'make of this inconſiderate action: 'the world is malicious; it takes a 'pride in tarniſhing our brighteſt virtues by foul imputations. How careful ſhould we be, then, of giving the 'leaſt room for this ill-natured, unfriendly vice, to triumph and diſplay 'it's barbarous eloquence! Though 'I have too good an opinion of you, 'Sir, to be at all afraid of truſting 'myſelf with you; yet, on this account, I muſt beg to be excuſed: I 'had rather, Sir, attempt to go home 'on foot, and limp thither as well as I 'can, than accept your offer.'

This diſcourſe would not admit of a reply, though it ſeemed to touch him to the heart. 'You ſhall go, Miſs!' cried he, in his turn, riſing up haſtily, with a countenance that expreſſed the keeneſt grief and deſpair; 'you ſhall 'be obeyed. You are reſolved never 'to ſee me more; never to let me know 'where you may be found! What 'vain pretences, what unaccountable 'fears, do you make uſe of! No, my 'dear, dear inſenſible! there is not the 'leaſt appearance that this can be the 'motive of your refuſal. You cannot 'have ſuch a groundleſs ſcruple. You 'are hurt with a fall at my door; I 'am there myſelf; and, with a crowd 'of ſpectators, am a witneſs of your 'misfortune: you cannot ſtand; I order you to be brought into my houſe, 'in order to ſend you home. Nothing 'could happen more ſimple and more 'natural; nothing more innocent than 'that, finding you in theſe circumſtances, I ſhould carry you home to 'your friends, and take this occaſion 'of making myſelf known to them: 'but you are againſt it. Doubtleſs 'you have reaſons for it: I am either 'diſagreeable to you, or elſe you are 'pre-engaged.'

Upon this, without giving me time

to reply, vexed at the ſilent melancholy which I ſtill preſerved, he ſtepped haſtily to the parlour-door, and called very loud to one of his ſervants, who came running; mean while his ſoul ſeemed embittered with every contending paſſion; and the painful ſtruggle between love and deſpair was viſible in every look and every action. 'Fly!' cried he; 'call a chair! and if one 'cannot be got, a coach: the lady 'will not accept of mine.'. Then, returning to me—'Be ſatisfied, Miſs; 'you ſhall have your wiſhes: you 'have nothing more to fear from me, 'for both you and your parents ſhall 'be eternally unknown to me, unleſs 'you tell me your name; and this I 'have not the leaſt reaſon to expect.'

To this I made no anſwer; nor, indeed, was I able to make any, my tears had taken away my uſe of ſpeech: full of the moſt melting reflections, I held down my head to prevent his diſcovering my weakneſs; nor do I think a lady of ſo ſoft and tender a mould as you, Madam, will be ſurprized at it, if you conſider the ſtate of my mind at that time; how cruelly I had been agitated, and how much my courage had been exhauſted.

See the different mortifications I had been obliged to undergo, pondering, weighing, and making eſſays upon my ſoul, to compare it's troubles, and know to which I ſhould give the ſad preference: yet what ſervice had it been to me to fix upon the painful reſolution of leaving Valville? Was it leſs difficult to accompliſh my deſign of remaining unknown? No, certainly: he offers me his coach, and propoſes to conduct me home himſelf; at laſt, he only deſires to know my name; a requeſt ſo ſmall, that, without the appearance of ingratitude, I cannot deny him. But, alas! I knew it not: my firſt misfortune deprived me of it, except Marianne; which could be no direction to him, and could only point out my extreme wretchedneſs. To what an extremity was I reduced! rudely to leave Valvjlle, without regard either to gratitude or good-breeding; to baniſh myſelf from him as from one with whom I intended to break off all acquaintance: to leave for ever the man that loved me! whom I ſhould for ever regret the loſs of; and him, too, who had taught me to feel I had a heart! for we only know we have one when we begin to love.

Beauty in diſtreſs finds an eaſy paſſage to the ſoul; the innocent ſufferer naturally raiſes compaſſion in every generous mind: but where love has taken poſſeſſion, it adds an additional charm to every grace, melts every paſſion into tenderneſs, every thought into love.

The generous Valville, quite diſconſolate at the thought of my leaving him without a hope of ſeeing me any more, was ready to give vent to his deſpair; but my tears ſoon gave a turn to his paſſion, and my grief in a moment made him forget his own: I never ſaw a tender compaſſion painted more lively on the countenance. 'Bleſs me, Ma-'dam! what mean theſe tears?' cried he, throwing himſelf at my feet with an air of aſtoniſhment, and ſome rays of a dawning hope in his eyes. 'Why, 'my dear charmer, do you weep? 'Sure I have not been ſo unfortunate 'as to offend you? If I have, it was 'without deſign: pray ſpeak, and de-'liver me from this cruel uncertainty. 'What, ſilent ſtill!' added he, kiſſing my hand with inexpreſſible tenderneſs. 'Tell me, oh, tell me! what diſturbs 'you? Can you heſitate a moment 'whether you ſhall open your heart to 'him who has given you his own? to 'him who ſwears to be for ever yours? 'to him who loves you more than life? 'in a word, who loves you as you de-'ſerve to be loved? Sure, my dear, I 'have a right to a little of your confi-'dence! for it is impoſſible I can ſee 'your tears without impatiently long-'ing to remove your uneaſineſs: and 'would it be juſt to give me ſo great a 'concern, without putting it in my 'power to eaſe myſelf of part of my 'anxieties, by removing yours?'

'Would you know me,' cried I, ingenuouſly, 'you muſt ſend to Mrs. 'Du Tour's.'—'To Mrs. Du Tour's!' ſaid Valville; 'what, the linen-draper! 'I ſuppoſe, Miſs, ſhe is to inform your 'parents where you are: Pray, who 'muſt the man ſay he comes from?' At this queſtion I was again confounded, and at a loſs for an anſwer: Valville's want of penetration gave me the greateſt confuſion; for I had fooliſhly imagined that the bare naming Mrs. Du Tour would have informed him that I lived there; and that here would have

been an end of every mortifying queſtion. I made no anſwer; but my ſilence had ſuch a remarkable air of confuſion in it, that at laſt Valville found out what I had not the courage to tell him.

'What, Miſs!' ſaid he, 'do you 'lodge at Mrs. Du Tour's?'—'Yes, 'Sir,' anſwered I, with a tone of humility: 'I was not born to this ſtate; 'but the greateſt misfortunes have re- 'duced me to it.'—'Pray, my dear,' returned he, 'dry up thoſe tears;' preſenting me his hand with an air of tenderneſs, that had ſomething in it ſo honeſt and reſpectful, that it was a kind of reparation of the uneaſineſs I had juſt endured.

My hiſtory, upon which we were entering, would, doubtleſs, have been the ſubject of a long converſation, if we had not been interrupted by a noiſe at the parlour-door, where a lady appeared, leaning upon Mr. De Climal; who immediately fixed his eyes upon the poor Marianne, half reclined upon a couch, her eyes wet with tears, and in converſation with a young man, whoſe humble and tender poſture declared their ſubject was love, and that he was ſaying to me—'I adore you;' for he was kneeling at my feet. But what was ſtill more unlucky was, that at this moment his head reclined upon one of my hands, which it might be thought he was kiſſing. Was not this a very amuſing picture for Mr. De Climal?

I wiſh I was able to deſcribe his looks on this occaſion: you will at firſt imagine that he bluſhed, and was out of countenance; but this is only a rough ſketch of the man. Imagine you ſee him ſtaring about him with a wild, confuſed look, but ſeeing nothing. He ſhrugs his ſhoulders; his arms had a ridiculous motion; and he ſeemed at a loſs what attitude to give his body, or how to mould his face, in order to wipe off the diſorder that was painted there.

Mr. De Climal was amorous, and fond of me. Judge, then, how jealous he muſt be. Theſe paſſions gave him ſtrong and violent agitations; but his pretended piety forbade his diſcovering the leaſt degree either of jealouſy or love. But they appeared in ſpite of all his endeavours to hide them: he was ſenſible of it, and this made him aſhamed. He was then afraid his ſhame ſhould be diſcovered; and all this together gave ſuch an air of uncertainty, of comicalneſs and folly, to his motions, that made it much more eaſy to form an idea of than deſcribe. But this was not all; his diſorder had another motive, that I was ignorant of; for Valville, in riſing up, with a low voice, cried—'Oh, here is my un- 'cle!'

More ſingular ſtill was this remarkable chance. I could not help bluſhing at the ſight of De Climal; but his relation to Valville increaſed my confuſion; while the looks which I caſt at him, if he obſerved them, ſhewed a conſciouſneſs of having liſtened with pleaſure to the diſcourſe of Valville; for I had the air of an accomplice viſible in my countenance: we were, in fact, three moſt ridiculous figures. But the lady who entered with Mr. De Climal did not ſeem to take notice of our diſorder; for my youth and beauty, and the tender poſture of Valville, I believe, took up her whole attention. She opened the converſation with an agreeable air of gaiety. 'I 'cannot blame you, Sir,' ſaid ſhe to Valville; 'you are in good company; 'but I believe it is a little dangerous. 'Sir, I do not think your heart is ſafe,' added ſhe, ſaluting us with a ſmile. At firſt he could make no anſwer, but a ſmile, for want of having ſomething to ſay. Mr. De Climal ſmiled too; but with ſuch ill grace, that it appeared forced and unnatural; and he ſeemed entirely undetermined what part he ought to take in the adventure; and perplexed to know how I would behave; unreſolved whether he ſhould know me or not, and how I would act in this particular.

On the other hand, being equally at a loſs how to behave to him, I obſerved his conduct towards me, that I might conform myſelf to it; but, as his ſimpering air could give me no light into his intentions, my manner of ſaluting him was not more deciſive, and left him in as great an uncertainty as his countenance had done me: in ſhort, I both did too much and too little; in one half of my behaviour I ſeemed to know him, in the other to be entirely ignorant of him. It was a perfect contradiction

Plate II. Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Oct.r 9 1784.

diction to itself; and seemed to say, 'Yes,' and 'No,' and yet not perfectly either.

Valville observed this equivocal, unintelligible behaviour; for he has told me since that he was struck with it. He had for some time suspected his uncle was not what he was willing to appear. He had learned, from certain parts of his conduct, to question his religion, and to suspect his ostentatious appearance of superior piety to be all a farce, and put on only to hide the immorality of his secret vices: he saw I was amiable; found I lived at Mrs. Du Tour's; that it was with many tears I had confessed it. And all this, added to my confused behaviour to Mr. De Climal, who had a countenance not less discomposed and unsettled, gave too much reason for these melancholy conjectures.

I forgot to tell you, that I seemed as if going to rise, in order to pay my respects to them more decently. 'No, 'Miss, no,' said Valville; 'pray keep 'your place: this lady, I am sure, 'will not allow it when she knows 'you have hurt your foot—and, as for 'this gentleman,' added he, turning to his uncle, 'I believe he will dis'pense with it, because you seem to 'know each other.'

'I think I have not that honour,' said Mr. De Climal immediately, with a colour which seemed to revenge his breach of truth in spite of his assurance. 'Pray, Miss, have you seen 'me any where?' continued he, with a look which begged me to be secret. 'I do not know,' returned I, with a tone less bold than my words; 'but I 'think your face is not quite unknown 'to me. I believe I have seen you, 'Sir, somewhere.'—'Very likely,' replied he: 'but what is the matter? 'Has the lady had a fall?'

To this question his nephew made no answer: his inquietude so took up his thoughts, that he did not seem to hear him. 'Yes,' said I, all confused as I was for my share of his lye, which I was supporting, and for which I was conscious I must bear an equal share of guilt, even in the opinion of Valville, who I found saw through the deceit. 'Yes, Sir, I had a fall just by, as I 'was coming from mass, and was 'brought in here because I was unable 'to walk home.'

'But,' said the lady, 'you ought to 'have some help if you got a sprain; 'it may be of ill consequence. Are 'you alone, Miss? Have you nobody 'with you? Neither a footman nor 'your woman?'—'No, Madam,' said I, ashamed of the honour she did me, for which I reproached my dress as the cause; 'I do not live far from hence.'—'Well,' added she, 'we shall go to 'dinner in a quarter of an hour, and 'then we will conduct you home.'

'What, again!' said I to myself. 'Sure the whole world is in league to 'mortify my pride! Must every body 'be for carrying me home, for no other 'reason but because I have no home but 'what I am ashamed of?'

This lady, who was talking of attendants, would have been strangely surprized had she been told my circumstances: instead of the fine lady, she would have found an indigent, impertinent girl, a secret acquaintance of the hypocritical Mr. De Climal; for I must have appeared at this time in this disadvantageous light. And what then would have become of his reputation for remarkable piety and sanctity, after his denying he knew me? And should we not both have made a fine appearance if Mrs. Du Tour and Toinon should, according to custom, have been at the door, and cried out—'Bless me, 'Sir! is it you?—What, Marianne! 'How came you to stay so long, child? 'What have you been doing since 'church-time? How could you think 'you would not have been wanted?'

The discovery of my having abetted a falsehood was, indeed, the true reason why I ought to have trembled; the real disgrace which merited my attention, and not the meanness of my circumstances: but, though this was so very obvious, I did not at first sufficiently consider it. Thus, Madam, we are generally more jealous of the vain applause and consideration of the multitude, than desirous of the value and esteem of the wise and thinking few; and consequently not enough solicitous after our own integrity, the only true honour; while the trifling blandishments of life are pursued with the greatest assiduity. If we are admired, it is the person, not the virtue, that is the subject of admiration: you may value our good qualities as much as you will; but while you consider them

separate

separate from us who possess them, we are not at all affected by it; you must consider them as ours to make your commendations acceptable. By this way of thinking, we are taught to look upon virtue as something foreign to us; but self-love and vanity, as the natural inhabitant of the soul, the spring and motive to action. Our self-complaisance and ambition we consider as part of ourselves, but our virtue only as our ornaments: the first as natural, but the last acquired; and consequently not, like it, necessary to our being.

Though this reasoning soothed my pride, yet it was far from giving me solid reason to approve of my conduct with respect to Mr. De Climal; for, supposing this to be the case, can self-love teach us to make ourselves unlovely? Can self-love make us dare to do an action which it must, out of the same principle, conceal? Or, in fine, can this attribute of the soul excite us to an act that will stain our inward purity, involve our minds in anarchy and confusion, and make us, instead of revering and loving, loath and detest ourselves? But I have done: these reflections are not ill-placed, though they are a great deal too long; but my next shall be shorter.

Mr. De Climal and I were at a loss how to escape the danger into which this lady's civility had cast us, in offering to wait upon me home. Could he avoid lending us his coach? or could I refuse to accept it? Both were very difficult. He turned pale, and I remained silent: while his eyes said—'Draw me out of this perplexed affair;' mine said—'Draw us out 'yourself;' and our silence began to grow remarkable, when a servant came to tell Valville that the coach which he had sent for was at the door.

This saved us: but the old gentleman began to be so confident, that he was even bold enough to abuse the security we were in, and carried his assurance so far as to say—'We do not 'want the coach now; you may send 'it back:' and this he said with such a frank air, as if he had all along designed it; and as if he had not hesitated or made the least difficulty of it.

I think, however, that, though he was so great an hypocrite at that time, I ought a little to soften my expressions; since, notwithstanding this black part of his character, which I cannot even think on without detestation, his memory ought to be dear to me. His repentance was, I do not question, sincere; and as truth will not admit of my leaving out a scene of villainy which will occur in my Third Part, so, in justice to him, and in gratitude for the benefit I received by his repentance, I shall write with pleasure on that subject, which will be a kind of recompence for the uneasiness I feel in displaying his vices.

I found he trusted to me to give impunity to his assurance; and did not fear that I had either the malice or stupidity to make him repent it.

'No, Sir,' answered I; 'I will not 'give you so much trouble, since a 'coach waits for me.—And if you, 'Sir,' continued I, turning to Valville, 'will call somebody to help me in, I 'shall be gone immediately.'—'I believe these gentlemen,' said the lady, with an air of gaiety, 'will be proud 'of that honour.—There is one,' pointing to Valville, 'who will not regret 'the trouble.—Is it not true?' said she, looking at him with a smile. This gallantry proceeded, without doubt, from her finding Valville at my feet. 'But as we are going too,' continued she, 'I must tell you what brought us 'hither. Have you any news of Ma-'dam De Valville?' (this was the young gentleman's mother.) 'What, is she 'leaving the country? Shall we see her 'again soon?'—'I expect her here, 'Madam, this week,' said Valville, with a troubled and careless air; which was but an indifferent proof of his attachment to me; and at which I should, perhaps, have been disgusted, had not my thoughts been too much engaged with my own affairs. I immediately recollected that he had, indeed, received sufficient cause to be displeased at my conduct, and to render his dissatisfaction too great to be smothered in his own breast. I saw into the motive of his sadness, and this discovery covered me with shame. I found his heart distracted with the apprehension that I did not deserve his tenderness; and that he feared, that at last he should be obliged to renounce me, and root out his unhappy passion. Dear Madam, could any thing be more obliging than this tender fear? Nothing could be more charming, more amiable;

able; nothing more worthy of casting my soul into a humble and tender confusion, than this virtuous distrust; for I approved of his sentiments, was pleased at the honesty and purity of his heart, which would not suffer him to indulge the satisfaction of loving a mind less amiable than his own; but this pleasure had a mixture of confusion: and these are things which we cannot sufficiently describe.

But notwithstanding the coldness I had observed in Valville, after having answered the lady's questions, he came to me to help me up, and lent me his arm; but as he saw Mr. De Climal coming to us, he prevented him, by saying —' No, Sir, do not attempt to support ' this lady; you are not strong enough; ' for I question whether she can set her ' foot to the ground. It will be better ' to call somebody else.' Upon this Mr. De Climal retired; for a guilty conscience made him distrust his assurance. On this Valville rung a bell, and two of his servants came immediately. ' Come hither,' said he, ' and carry ' this lady to the coach.'

I believe I had no need of this ceremony; and that, with the help of leaning a little on their arms, I could easily have supported myself; but I was so confused and disconcerted, that I let them lead me as they thought fit.

Mr. De Climal and the lady followed me together, and after them came Valville; who, as we passed through the court, I observed, by a side glance I gave him, whisper to a servant.

I was soon in the coach; when the lady, before she got into her's, insisted upon adjusting me herself, that I might sit easy, and not hurt my foot. I returned my compliments for her obliging civility, with an air of confusion; but what I said to Valville was with a worse grace still, and which he only answered by a low bow, with a look that said many things, which I perfectly understood, but cannot so well explain; the chief of which was, ' Oh! what shall ' I think?'

At last I parted, with my thoughts in a strange kind of suspense, at a loss to know what I should think, without either joy or grief, pain or pleasure. ' What will all this come to?' was all I could say in this astonishment, which left me unable to exercise any of the faculties of my mind; only a deep sigh escaped me, that seemed to proceed rather from instinct than from any particular thought.

It was in this situation I arrived at Mrs. Du Tour's: I found her sitting at her shop door, impatiently waiting for my coming home, because dinner was almost ready. I took notice that she had fixed her eyes some time upon me before I got to the door, and that she seemed to regard me not as Marianne, but as one that resembled her so much, that she seemed to be in a surprize: and the coach was already stopped before she thought it was me; for she did not imagine I would come home in a coach. At last she was forced to know me again.

' What, Marianne!' cried she, ' is ' it you! I wonder how you could stay ' so long! I did not expect you would ' come home in a coach! What! was ' the way from church too far for you?' —' No, Madam; but it was impossible ' for me to walk, for I have had a fall, ' and have hurt my foot; only be so ' good as to help me into the house.'

While I was speaking, the coachman opened the door—' Come, come, Ma- ' dam,' said he, ' you are at home: ' never fear; I will carry you in in a ' moment; what signifies what such a ' pretty little thing as you weighs! ' Come, fear nothing; I could carry ' you farther than your own legs.' On which he took me in his arms, carried me like a feather into the shop, and set me in a chair.

I was no sooner seated, than, casting my eyes cross the street, I saw at some distance one of Valville's servants, who seemed to have been running to keep the coach in sight; and this probably was the result of his whispering to him as we went out.

The sight of this domestick, placed as a spy upon me, revived all my sensibility; I blushed to find him a witness of the meanness of my condition; I knew, that as he had seen me with Valville, and seen me, too, treated in all respects like a lady of quality, he must be in the greatest surprize to find me carried into a shop, and to discover that I was a servant there. This was the first reflection I made: and was not this enough to trouble me? It is true, it was only a footman; but pride will not suffer us to sink in the esteem of even the lowest without pain; nothing

thing is minute, nothing indifferent to it. Besides, I had no reason to doubt but that he was sent by Valville—'Ha! 'has my master been at all this pains 'for such a one as she; he has been 'rarely employed.' Methought I heard him say this with a broad smile; for these persons are commonly very fond of a joke; it is a privilege of their station; and they are especially proud of an occasion to debase those to their own level, whom they have, through mistake, honoured as much their superiors; and, on this account, I feared that, in his report to Valville, he would let slip some insulting reflection; or divert himself with my circumstances, in such a manner as to wound the delicacy of his master's affection, by making me look despicable. I was conscious I had already sunk too much in his esteem, since he no longer thought it an honour to serve me. An adieu to the delight we have in love, when the glory of inspiring it is tarnished by the apprehensions that we are unworthy the affection that is cast upon us, and the lover is obliged to struggle to get the mastery of a passion which he thinks a dishonour to him; and as this was Valville's case, how disadvantageous to me would have been the least degree of raillery; for it is incredible to think how much influence the most trifling turn of wit, or the minutest circumstance, has over a mind already disgusted, when set in a humorous light, in order to render the object compleatly contemptible; and, indeed, was this the case, Valville's disdain would have made me more uneasy than the certainty that I should never see him more.

As soon as I was seated, I took my money out of my pocket to pay the coachman; but Mrs. Du Tour, like a woman of experience, thought proper to take it upon herself, believing me too young to manage even such little affairs. 'Let it alone,' said she; 'I 'will pay the man myself. Where 'did you take coach?'—'Near the 'church,' said I. 'Oh, that is but 'just by,' returned she, counting out some small money. 'Here, hold your 'hand, honest man; there is your fare.' —'That my fare! No, mistress,' said the coachman, returning her the money; 'I will not take it. This is not 'measured by the ell.'—'What does 'the man mean by the ell?' said Mrs. Du Tour gravely. 'Here, take your 'money, and be easy. We have known 'what a coach-fare was before to-day.' —'Well, and you may know what it 'is to-morrow, for what I care; what 'does all that arguify? Give me my 'fare, I desire no more; and do not 'make any words about it. Cannot 'you mind your own business? Is it you 'that I carried? Did I ask you for any 'thing? Nay, the deuce take the wo-'man and her shilling too! She thinks 'she is haggling for a bunch of car-'rots.'

Mrs. Du Tour, happening to be pretty well dressed, could not help fancying herself a person of great importance, and was therefore highly affronted at the insolence of the coachman; (all this, Madam, I recount purely to divert you.) The bunch of carrots did not sound well at all in her ears; how was it possible that such impudent nonsense should come from the mouth of any one that was looking at her? Was there any thing in her air that could inspire a discourse so vulgar? 'I will assure you!' cried she; 'I 'think, fellow, you grow very impertinent! Do you think I will hear all 'your nonsense! Go! get about your 'business! There is your money, take 'or leave it; I do not care what you 'do with it. What does the fellow 'mean? I assure you, if I call my 'neighbour, he will teach you better 'manners, that he will; and oblige 'you to speak to people in trade with 'more civility.'—'Mind the old trull? 'What do you think of she now?' returned the other, true coachman like. 'Clear the way! have a care! my lady 'has got her holiday bib on! Ifackins! 'one would not think there needed so 'much ceremony to speak to her lady-'ship! Sure Mrs. Minx may be spoke to! 'The deuce take you, why do not you 'pay me? Were you twenty times a bet-'ter trader than you are, what should 'I be the better for that? Must not my 'horses live? You would not have 'those fat chops if you were not paid. 'How d—d ugly it looks to be stingy!'

Bad examples are contagious; and Mrs. Du Tour, who had hitherto kept pretty well within the bounds of that air of dignity which she had just assumed, could hold out no longer; this last insult of the coachman's made her lose all patience; she instantly deserted the

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part of a reſponſible woman, which could be no longer of ſervice to her, in order to let the coachman ſee ſhe was not many degrees above him, and was able to conteſt with him who could be moſt vulgar, and render themſelves moſt contemptible. She acquitted herſelf pretty well, and ſhewed ſhe was not unequal to the taſk.

When ſelf-love in people like her is only ſlightly touched, it may keep a maſtery over the paſſions, and with ſome decency attend to reputation, and that honour which it is tenacious of preſerving; but when it is attacked with affronts too groſs to be regarded by perſons of ſenſe, and ſhould only be looked upon with an eye of contempt as beneath our notice, they throw off all reſtraint, abandon themſelves to the low gratification of an unbridled paſſion; and, in this mighty buſtle, throw down and trample upon the reputation they are too eager to ſupport.

Here Mrs. Du Tour, with a torrent of noiſe, diſplayed all the elocution ſhe was miſtreſs of. 'Why, how now, you 'blockhead! you drunken dog! with 'your holiday-bib! pray who do you 'ſpeak to, ſcoundrel?' cried ſhe, all in a breath, and running to the counter for her ell: when, being thus armed— 'Get along!' cried ſhe; 'get out of 'my ſhop, fellow! or I will lay this 'meaſure over your bones!'—'D—n 'you, do not ſtrike me!' cried the coachman, laying hold of her arm. 'Keep your hands to yourſelf; for, 'the de'el take me! if you do not be 'quiet, I will ſhew you a fellow that 'will not be beat! Pox take you! I 'do not aſk for a farthing more than 'my due, you ſtinking good-for-no-'thing jade! Is there any thing wrong 'in that?'

The noiſe they made ſoon drew a mob about the door. 'Will you let 'me alone, you blackguard you?' ſaid Mrs. Du Tour, ſtriving to get her ell from the coachman, who had ſeized hold of it. 'Why don't you get up, 'Marianne, and call Mr. Ricard?—'Mr. Ricard!' cried ſhe, in the ſame breath. This was our landlord, who lived up two-pair of ſtairs, and who happened to be out. 'Gentlemen,' ſaid ſhe, ſpeaking to the mob that crouded before the door, 'I call you 'all to witneſs; you ſee how it is; he 'has aſſaulted me!' (but that was not true) 'he has abuſed me! Run, one of 'you! run to Juſtice T——! he knows 'me very well; it is I that ſerve him 'with cloth! Only tell him it is Ma-'dam Du Tour!—Run, Miſs Kitty!—'Run, my good girl!' cried ſhe to another, that was ſervant in the neighbourhood: and all this with her cap diſcompoſed by the jerks which the coachman gave her arms when ſtruggling for her ell.

But all her cries were in vain, nobody ſtirred: and you may eaſily judge Mrs. Du Tour had not the leaſt help to hope for; for there was not one who would deprive himſelf of the pleaſure of ſeeing the concluſion of this hopeful quarrel, when every moment promiſed a diverting cataſtrophe; for they imagined, if ſhe could have ſtruck the coachman, who held faſt her ell, it would have opened a very diverting ſcene.

Theſe rough and boiſterous paſſions, noiſe, clamour, and inſult, are hardly pardonable in our ſex; whoſe perfection is to be mild and gentle, and to have a heart all innocence, tenderneſs, and purity; a ſoul at the greateſt diſtance from the brutal paſſions of a fury; and a tongue unuſed to rude and vulgar reproach.

For my part, I was ſo uneaſy and vexed at her folly, that I could not help inceſſantly crying out—'Hold, Ma-'dam! pray let him alone!' The coachman made himſelf hoarſe with telling every one he had not his due; that ſhe would make him give her his trouble for nothing; witneſs the ſhilling, which he never mentioned without ſome contemptible epithet; and it is eaſy to gueſs at the uncivil eloquence of a hackney-coachman.

Had Mrs. Du Tour the leaſt regard to decency, ſhe would have carefully avoided a ſcene that muſt neceſſarily make her the ridicule of a mob as well as of her neighbours: but ſhe gave up all reflection to indulge her eager deſire of making a reply; and was, indeed, too angry to have very delicate ears.

'Yes, you dog! yes, twelve-pence! 'you ſhall not have a farthing more, 'you raſcal!' ſaid ſhe. 'And I ſhall 'not take them, you twelve devils, for 'all your curſed tongue!' anſwered the coachman. 'You ſcoundrel, you are 'not worth twelve-pence!' returned ſhe: 'are not you aſhamed, you rogue? 'What! to come only from the church

'hither? An ambaſſador's coach may 'be had as cheap! I wiſh I may die if 'I give you a farthing more! I would 'ſee you hanged firſt!' continued ſhe, ſhaking her fiſt at him. 'Only re-'member this is St. Matthew's Day; 'but the better day the better deed: 'and to-morrow you muſt take care of 'yourſelf; I tell you ſo, who am not 'ſuch a prate-a-pace as you imagine, 'but the reputable Madam Du Tour; 'and it ought to be Madam in your 'mouth, ſirrah! ſince I am Madam 'with every one elſe, and Madam all 'the world over! Do you hear that, 'you blackguard ſcrub?'

All this while ſhe was pulling and ſtruggling to get her meaſure out of the coachman's hand, who held it faſt; and who, by his ſour look, and the ſuddenneſs of his motion, ſeemed inclined to uſe her as roughly as if ſhe had been of his own ſex, and I believed the poor woman was going to be beat; for a large, ugly, angry fiſt, that he lifted up, and which threatened to puniſh her for having dared to provoke the moderation of an hackney-coachman, made me tremble. I made haſte to take eighteen-pence out of my pocket, and to give it the fellow. He took it immediately; and then ſhaking the ell in Mrs. Du Tour's hand ſo violently, that ſhe was forced to let it go, toſſed it to the farther end of the ſhop; and, putting his hand to his hat—'Bleſſing on you, my 'ſweet girl!' ſaid he, walking off; while the crowd opened to the right and left, not ſo much to make way for him as to give Mrs. Du Tour room to follow him; which ſhe would certainly have done, had I not hindered her by holding her faſt. 'Be quiet, huſſy! 'do you ſee now what you have done 'with your eighteen-pence? I will 'never forgive you, Marianne, as long 'as I live! Do not ſtop me; for if you 'do not let me go, upon my honour, 'I will beat you! It is mighty pretty, 'indeed! Was it not your money that 'I was ſaving? But my own ſhilling, 'pray, who is to return me that?' (for her intereſt would not be ſilenced) 'Has he taken that away too? Why 'did not you give him the ſhop and 'all?'

'Madam,' ſaid I, 'your money is 'fallen on the ground: but never mind 'it; if you do not find it again, I will 'make it good.' And this I ſaid, ſhutting the door with one hand, and holding Mrs. Du Tour with the other.

'A fine uproar, indeed!' ſaid ſhe, when ſhe ſaw the door ſhut; 'it is 'mighty pretty! Let us ſee—Oh, here 'is the money!' added ſhe, picking it 'up as calmly as if nothing had happened: 'the villain was very lucky not 'to find Toinon here; I will aſſure 'you, ſhe would not have let you make 'ducks and drakes of your money, as 'you have done. Truly, ſhe is a better manager than you: but, then, 'poor girl, ſhe has nothing; but you, 'thank God, are rich, and have the beſt 'of treaſures, provided it does but 'laſt.'

'Oh, Madam!' ſaid I, with ſome impatience, 'I know I am poor; but 'do not railly me upon it, I beſeech 'you. It is ungenerous to inſult the 'miſerable, and betrays a meanneſs 'of ſpirit that every good woman 'ought to be aſhamed of. I am ſenſible of the ſupplies I have had, and 'of my own indigence; but I had rather renounce them all, and throw 'myſelf, friendleſs as I am, upon Providence for my ſupport, than to ſtay 'with you, expoſed to ſuch unkind and 'grating expreſſions.'—'Again!' ſaid ſhe, 'pray what makes the girl think 'I railly her now? Is it becauſe I ſaid 'people made her preſents? Well, 'what if they do, where is the harm 'of that? They make you preſents, 'and you take them; you would be a 'fool if you did not. Why, are gifts 'to be refuſed? No, to be ſure! But 'well meant, well taken: and when 'any body has a mind to give me any 'thing, I ſhall take it; but, I am afraid, 'I ſhall not have ſuch good luck; I 'am ſure, however, I meant no harm; 'but you are very touchy. Come, 'come, let us go to dinner: it will 'ſoon be time to go to veſpers.' Upon which ſhe went to table; and I got up and followed her, leaning upon the ell, which Mrs. Du Tour had laid upon the counter.

Mrs. Du Tour was, upon the whole, a good ſort of a woman; ſhe meant no ill, though ſhe often ſeemed to do it; for her anger was partly feigned. To bluſter and look big, to aſſume an air of authority, ſhe fooliſhly imagined was neceſſary to make her be taken notice of. The clamour of a ſhrill and haſty voice kept up her ſpirits, and inclined her

her mind to ſomething of the ſame diſpoſition; and from thence proceeded the diſagreeable hints ſhe gave me; but on this account ſhe was not very tenacious of her fits of ill-humour, ſince they were not ſo much the effects of the diſpoſition of her mind as the weakneſs of it. Perſons of this character have always a very grovelling underſtanding; they may have a few trifling virtues, indeed; but they are either merely conſtitutional, or the copies of what they have ſeen in others: and they make very little uſe of their reaſon, but to conſider how others would behave in like caſes, without ever conſidering the propriety of action, or the beauty and deformity of the two extremes of virtue and vice.

Were I to relate all the diſcourſe ſhe directed to me at dinner, a whole Part would ſcarce be ſufficient to contain it. My looks and ſilence ſhewed it was far from being agreeable to me; but ſhe no ſooner ſaw my uneaſineſs, than ſhe ſhewed her concern by her diſagreeable way of apologizing.

'What is the matter, Marianne?' ſaid ſhe; 'What makes you ſilent and 'dull? Does any thing make you un-'eaſy?'—'Yes, Madam,' ſaid I; 'you 'have mortified me to the laſt degree.' —'What! do you think of that ſtill?' returned ſhe. 'Lack-a-day, how child-'iſh you are! What is it that I have 'ſaid to you? I do not remember any 'thing of it. Do you think, when 'folks are in a paſſion, they mind every 'word they ſay? Bleſs my heart! when 'people live together, muſt they be ſo 'touchy, and be affronted at every 'turn? It is true, I ſaid a word about 'Mr. De Climal; but ſhould you be 'uneaſy becauſe he takes care of you, 'and buys you what you want? I will 'lay a wager, that, becauſe you have 'neither father nor mother, you thought 'I hinted at that; for you are really 'very jealous, and, as Toinon ſays, are 'always watching people's thoughts; 'and ſo, becauſe you do not know who 'were your parents, you perſuade your-'ſelf that we have nothing elſe to think 'on: and ſo, as we were talking yeſ-'terday, by chance, with a neighbour, 'about a child that had been dropped 'and found in an alley, you was in 'the parlour, and overheard us; and 'ſo, I ſuppoſe, thought we had been 'talking of you all the while? I ſaw 'it plainly by your looks. And now 'you begin again to-day: but I wiſh 'I may never eat another morſel as 'long as I live, if I thought of either 'father or mother any more than if 'there never were any ſuch perſons in 'the verſal world! Beſides, is not a 'foundling like other children? A-'marry! if all the children that are 'dropped, were given to the commiſſary, 'where would be found a houſe big 'enough to hold them all? We do not 'chuſe our ſtation in this life before 'we are born; but, ſince God is the 'Father of the fatherleſs, charity is 'not quite dead. Now, is it not a good 'Providence that has given you Mr. 'De Climal? It is true, his deſigns 'are not over good; but no matter, 'God has the care of every thing: but 'if the man is good for nothing, his 'money is good; aye, that it is, and 'better than a good Chriſtian's, who 'would not give half ſo much! Come, 'come, child, I would only make you 'a good manager; not that I would 'have you ſtingy: my birth-day is 'coming; and then, or on yours, or 'on Toinon's, or ſo, you may throw 'away a little money, and divert your-'ſelf; but, except theſe times, or at 'the carnival, or other holidays, when 'you treat us, you ſhould keep your 'money to yourſelf.'

She was in this part of her leſſon, of which ſhe would have never been tired, and part of which was as diſagreeable to me as the reprimands that occaſioned it, when ſomebody knocked briſkly at the door. Here my adventures become numerous and intereſting; for I have only two days to ſtay at Mrs. Du Tour's; and I promiſe I ſhall trouble you with fewer reflections, if theſe prove diſagreeable to you. You will let me know your ſentiments.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART III.

YOU are in the right, Madam; I have made you wait too long for the continuation of my history; I do not excuse myself, I only beg pardon, and proceed.

I have already told you that somebody knocked at the door, while Mrs. Du Tour was preaching up œconomy; which, however, she was willing to dispense with, whenever I had a mind to let her share in my extravagance, and regale her and her family at my expence. Here she was interrupted by a knocking at the door—'Who is there?' cried she immediately, keeping her seat; 'who knocks there?' I thought I had just heard a coach stop, and a voice answered to Mrs. Du Tour, which was not altogether unknown to me. 'I believe,' said I, 'it is Mr. De Climal.'—'Do you think so?' said she, starting up and running to the door.

'Oh, dear Sir!' cried she, 'I ask 'your pardon. Upon my word, I 'should have made more haste if I 'thought it had been you. Marianne 'and I have just done dinner; and, in-'deed, there is only us two at home. 'Johnny' (this was her son) 'is gone 'to see his aunt, who is to take him to 'the fair; for the little young rogue 'is continually abroad with her on ho-'lidays. Mary, the maid, is gone to a 'cousin's wedding; I told her she might 'go if she would, for weddings do not 'happen every day, and she will be a 'good while before she comes back. 'On the other hand, Toinon is gone to 'see her mother; the poor woman does 'not see her often, she lives as far as—— 'O dear! I cannot think of the name of 'the place: well, I shall think on it by-'and-by. And so, as I was saying, 'you must think how she must trot 'and run to get thither and back again 'to-night, and so much the better; I 'am glad on it, it makes her stay at 'home. And so I was alone waiting 'for Marianne, who happened to fall 'as she came from church, and hurt her 'foot, so that she could not walk, and 'so they carried her into a house to look 'at her foot, and to have a surgeon, 'who, you know, could not come in a 'moment; he must be sent for, let it be 'ever so far; and then she must have her 'stocking off and put on again; then 'she must rest herself, and a coach be 'called: and, at last, she came home, 'after she had made me stay till half an 'hour past one. Now, you would 'think we might go to dinner. No, 'there was the ugly coachman, that I 'had a mind to pay myself, to save Ma-'rianne's money, who does not know 'how to manage; but she, in spite of 'all I could do, was such a fool as to 'give the coachman twice as much as 'his fare. I was in such a passion, I 'could have beat the rogue if I had been 'strong enough.'

'There has been noise enough, then,' said Mr. De Climal. 'Yes, Sir, if 'you please to call it so; I was in a 'heat, indeed: but there was no harm 'done, only a mob gathered about the 'door.'

'So much the worse,' said he, gravely; 'such scenes ought to be carefully 'avoided: and Marianne was in the 'right to pay him what he asked.— 'How does your foot do?' added he, addressing himself to me. 'Pretty well, 'Sir,'

'Sir,' said I; 'I feel hardly any pain: it 'is weak, indeed; but, I hope, to-mor- 'row it will be perfectly well again.' —'Have you done dinner?' said he to us. 'Oh, Sir, yes, to be sure,' replied Mrs. Du Tour; 'we were sat 'talking of one thing or other. Will 'not you please to sit down, Sir? Have 'you any thing to say to Marianne?' —'Yes,' said he, 'I want to speak to 'her.'—'Well, be so good as to walk 'into the parlour,' returned she; 'this 'is a nasty hole, every thing is in a 'litter.—Come, Marianne, lean upon 'me; hold, I will wait upon you in a 'minute. Stay, stay, I will fetch my 'ell, which may make a shift to do.' —'No, no,' said Mr. De Climal, 'I 'will help her.—Here, take hold of my 'arm, Miss.' Upon this I got up, and went with him, through the shop, into the parlour.

'Well,' said Mrs. Du Tour, as I was seating myself in an elbow-chair, 'since you are engaged with Marianne, 'I will slip on my hood, and go to 'church, to hear a little of the prayers: 'it is really pretty late; but I shall not 'lose all, I shall hear more or less of 'them.—Sir, you will excuse my going. '—I leave you to look after the house, 'Marianne; if any body asks for 'me, tell them I shall not be long: do 'you hear, child?—Sir, your servant.'

Upon this she left us; and went out a moment after, only pulling the door after her, but not shutting it; because nobody could come into the shop without our seeing them from the parlour.

Till this time Mr. De Climal appeared gloomy and reserved, and had hardly spoke four words; he seemed to wait till she was gone before he would begin the conversation. For my part, I guessed, by his thoughtful intriguing air, what employed his mind; and was, before he began, disgusted with the persecution I was like to undergo of hearing him urge his hateful passion: for you remember, that, before my adventure with Valville, I had decided within myself, that his pretended affection was only an amorous inclination, inconsistent with honour, and that strict religion he made profession of; but what passed at his nephew's put it beyond all doubt. A good man would never have blushed at seeing me there; would never have dissembled his knowing me, nor have appeared so confused and perplexed. No, his conscience was wounded; and he dreaded a discovery of his guilty design. This was, indeed, a blushing before the sin, or rather before it appeared visible; and, while I viewed him in this light, you cannot imagine how deformed his vice made him appear, and what an insupportable burden his company was to me.

Three days before, when I discovered that he loved me, I only considered him as an hypocrite whom I must suffer to act as he pleased, since I was resolved to render all his attempts upon my virtue abortive: but at present my thoughts were changed; I could not regard him with that tranquil indifference. His detested sentiments raised in my heart an indignation against his person; in a word, I regarded him with other eyes: the tenderness of the nephew, who was young, amiable, and gallant, had taught me to look upon the uncle in a true light; I took notice of his age, his wrinkles, and, above all, the ugliness of his character.

What a foolish and ridiculous figure he had been obliged to make at Valville's! How would he introduce his detested love, so offensive to God? Would he exhort me to be no better than himself, and to renounce all my hopes, my rapturous hopes, of a happy futurity, in return for the services he had done me! Oh, how odious he is! How can a man of his age hide from himself his own villainy, which ought to fill him with horror! To be hoary with age, which naturally should inspire reverence; to have an air of sanctity, and the character of a good Christian; and yet, notwithstanding all this, with a hardened front, to tell a girl in private—'Take no notice of this ap- 'pearance of sagacity and merit; I am 'a cheat; I deceive every body; I love 'you with the guilt and madness of a 'shameless debauchee; and beg you 'would oblige me so far as to turn a 'libertine to please me.' Was not this a most engaging lover?

These were the ideas that passed through my mind during the silence which Mrs. Du Tour's presence occasioned.

At last we were left alone. 'What 'an everlasting talker is this!' cried he,

he, shrugging up his shoulders; 'I 'thought she would never have done 'stunning us with her clack.'—'Yes,' answered I, 'she loves too well to hear 'herself speak; and, besides, she perhaps cannot imagine that you could 'have any thing to say to me, that you 'would scruple to say before her.'— 'What think you of our meeting at 'my nephew's?' resumed he, sighing. 'Nothing,' said I, 'but that it was an 'accident.'—'You acted very prudently to pretend not to know me,' said he. 'It was because you seemed 'to wish I should do so,' answered I. 'But, Sir, why are you glad I did not 'call you by your name? And what 'was the reason why you pretended you 'had never seen me before?

'I always thought a person of your 'character was never afraid of having 'his actions examined; and that, conscious of his own uprightness, he 'scorned to do any thing in the dark, 'or in private, that he was ashamed to 'own in open day-light, and in the 'face of all the world.'

'Why,' said he, with an insinuating and wheedling tone, 'it is much 'more proper, both upon your account and mine, that they should be 'ignorant of the engagements that are 'between us, which will not be soon 'over; and we should be very much to 'blame to give them an opportunity of 'criticising upon it: for, my dear child, 'thou art so very charming, that they 'could not help thinking I loved thee.' —'Pish, Sir! they could never think 'of any such thing,' returned I, with an ingenuous freedom; 'they know 'you are a man of unblemished honesty.'—'Yes, yes,' said he merrily; 'they know it, and have reason 'to think so: but, Marianne, one is 'not less honest for loving a pretty 'girl.'—'When I said honest,' returned I, with a serious air, 'I meant 'a good, a pious, and religious man; 'one who is above being a slave to vice, 'and has learned to set bounds to his 'passions; in a word, one who delights 'to diffuse happiness around him, who 'reveres himself, and loves his God. 'This, Sir, I have been taught, is 'the picture of every good man; at 'least, it is a height of virtue that he 'ardently aspires after: but how is this 'consistent with a vicious——'

'Hold, my dear child,' interrupted he; 'you do not take me for a saint, 'I hope? I would not have you view 'me in this light: you do me too much 'honour, I will assure you; indeed I 'do not deserve it. However, it would 'be very difficult for a saint to continue so with you. Aye, difficult indeed! Judge, then, how impossible 'it is for others. I have never a wife 'to whom I owe my affections; I have 'not been able to resist the powerful 'force of so many united charms: but 'we will talk of this by-and-by. Let 'us return to your accident. You fell 'down, and was carried to my nephew's, who is a giddy young fellow; and, no doubt, said many gallant things to you; did not he? He 'was entertaining you, I fancy, with 'all the fine things he could say, when 'the lady and I entered: but there is 'nothing surprizing in that; he found 'you what you are, divinely charming, 'and beautiful as an angel; in short, 'what every body else must think of 'you. But, as I am certainly the best 'friend you have in the world, (and 'this, I hope, I shall be always able 'to give you convincing proofs of) 'tell me, my charmer, did not you 'delight to hear him? Methought you 'seemed to listen with an air of satisfaction. Am I deceived?'

'I, Sir!' answered I, vexed and confused, 'I heard him, because I was 'with him; I could not possibly do 'otherwise: but he said nothing to me 'but what was consistent with the 'greatest politeness, and the most perfect virtue.'

'Perfect virtue!' cried he, repeating my words. 'Take care, Marianne; 'this may proceed from some prejudice in his favour. Alas! how much 'I should pity you, if, in your present situation, you should be tempted 'to listen to his delusive arts, and be 'cajolled into your ruin! How irreparable would be the loss! and what 'would become of you, do you think? 'But, tell me, did he ask you where 'you lived?'

'Yes, Sir, I believe he did,' answered I, blushing. 'And you, not 'knowing the consequence, have, 'without doubt, told him,' added he. 'To what purpose would it have been 'to have concealed it from him,' returned

turned I, 'since I could not get into a 'hackney-coach without giving orders 'where to drive me?'

'You make me tremble for you,' cried he, with a serious and compassionate air. 'Yes, I shudder at the thoughts 'of this unhappy event, which may 'be attended with the most fatal con'sequences, if your prudence does not 'prevent them: indeed, child, he 'would ruin you; it is but too true, 'and I cannot help telling you so. 'Alas! what a pity it is, that, thus 'possessed of all the various charms 'and graces that adorn your whole 'sex, you should become the prey of a 'young rake who does not love you! 'For do these thoughtless fools know 'what it is to love? Have they a heart? 'Have they any solid sentiments? Have 'they honour or a character to support? 'No, no; his highest ambition is to 'gratify his vicious desires, and then 'to abandon you to despair and mi'sery. My nephew will regard you 'as one much beneath him; he will 'look upon you as a pretty girl, whom 'he condescends to make a kind of 'mistress of; and who, his vanity at 'once prompts him to believe, is ready 'to run mad for him: this is what 'you are to expect from him. He 'will at first amuse you by a passionate 'behaviour, and a few trifling pre'sents: he will make the most tender 'protestations, which you will too ea'sily believe; he will delude you by 'an appearance of the most ardent af'fection; he will be incessantly praising 'your too lovely person; and, by pre'tending to adore you, insinuate him'self into your affections. In short, 'he will propose some little assigna'tions, which you will at first refuse 'him, but at last consent to; and then 'you will find that, as soon as you have 'surrendered up to him the possession 'of your heart, inconstancy and dis'gust will succeed; and he will boast 'of having made a conquest of your 'virtue, and despise the sacrifice. This 'is the natural behaviour of a young 'man; and thus you will infallibly 'find it, if you listen to his pretended 'passion. And would this be agree'able to you? Pray, consider what 'would become of you if this should 'ever be your case! You have wit and 'good sense; and therefore cannot a'void looking into your circumstances, 'and seeing what will be the conse'quence of your giving him encou'ragement, and being terrified at 'the frightful apprehensions that must 'frequently disquiet your mind. You 'know, Marianne, you are an orphan; 'an orphan unknown to all the world, 'related to no person upon earth: you 'know none that will share in your af'fliction, and sigh with you in your 'misery; without parents, without 'fortune, without friend, me only ex'cepted, whom you have only known 'by chance. I am the only person that 'interests himself in your affairs; and 'am, indeed, tenderly attached to you, 'as you see by my manner of speak'ing to you; and will have infinitely 'more reason to think so by my future 'actions; for I am rich, (this I say by 'the bye) and am able, on that ac'count, to support you in a manner 'proportionable to my affection, pro'vided you know your true interest, 'and I have reason to approve your 'conduct: by conduct, I mean pru'dence, and not a certain austerity of 'manners, not a rigid and severe life, 'which it may be difficult, and per'haps impossible, for you to lead; for 'you are not in a situation to be scru'pulously nice in this particular; be'sides, mere morality cannot save you; 'it is a low and despicable attainment. 'No; what you want in this you must 'make up in strong confidence and 'presumption; for implicit faith and 'sound orthodoxy are a sure guide.'— 'Hold!' interrupted I; 'I am at a loss 'to comprehend what you mean. In 'what must not I be scrupulously 'nice? and what means that censure 'of morality? Is it not all that is 'good, all that is amiable, truly no'ble and great in man? all that makes 'the Deity lovely, adorable, and wor'thy our highest regards? I am sure I 'always thought morality the brightest 'attribute of the Divinity.'—'Pish! 'do not preach,' resumed he; 'pray 'observe I speak to you as a man that 'knows the world; who knows you 'must live; and that necessity is a ter'rible thing: and therefore was going 'to say that, though I may appear to 'you as an enemy to what you call 'love, I confess I am not so to all 'kinds of engagements. I do not 'say you must fly from them entirely; 'they may be useful and reasonable, as

'well

'well as ruinous and fatal, as that 'muſt be which you might have for 'my nephew, ſince it could have no 'other end but to deprive you of the 'benefit of all the advantages you are 'poſſeſſed of; which is, the being ami-'able. You would perhaps find ſome 'pleaſure and ſatisfaction in loving a 'giddy young rake with tenderneſs 'and fidelity; but it would be a plea-'ſure big with unhappineſs, ſince the 'fooliſh libertine would not love you 'in return; and, from the firſt day, 'would leave you in indigence and 'miſery, from which you would find 'it extremely difficult to extricate 'yourſelf. Miſery, indeed! I cannot 'ſoften the expreſſion, ſince it is my 'buſineſs to open your eyes, and not to 'dry up your tears. This ſubject, my 'dear Marianne, has employed my 'thoughts ever ſince I left you; and 'has made me ſo ſoon leave the com-'pany where I dined: for I have a 'great many things to tell you; and 'am in a very good diſpoſition, as 'you, without doubt, have taken no-'tice of.'

'Yes, Sir,' anſwered I, with the tears ſtreaming from my eyes, and my breaſt filled with confuſion and vexa-tion at the dreadful picture he had drawn of my condition, as well as de-teſtation at that ſelfiſh, deteſtable mo-tive, that had induced him to uſe me thus. 'Yes, Sir, ſpeak freely: I 'ſhall always think it my duty to fol-'low the advice of ſo pious a man as 'you.'

'Let my piety alone: I tell you,' ſaid he, approaching me with a free air, to take hold of my hand, 'I have 'already told you what diſpoſition I 'am in. I throw religion aſide: I am 'not preaching to you, my dear; I 'would only appear to you as a man 'of good ſenſe, who knows you have 'nothing, and muſt be provided with 'all the neceſſaries of life, unleſs you 'are determined to go to ſervice; and 'this you ſeem to have an averſion to; 'and which, indeed, is not at all fit 'for you.'—'No,' anſwered I, bluſh-ing with anger; 'I hope I ſhall never 'be obliged to come to that extre-'mity.'

'This would be a ſad reſource,' cried he; 'I cannot even think of it 'without feeling a very ſenſible unea-'ſineſs; for I love you, my dear child, 'moſt tenderly.'

'I am perſuaded you do, Sir; and 'I depend upon your friendſhip, and 'that virtue which you profeſs,' re-turned I, in order to deter him from explaining himſelf more clearly; but it was to no purpoſe. 'Ah, Mari-'anne!' returned he, 'I profeſs no-'thing but weakneſs; and to be, per-'haps, even more weak than any other 'perſon. You know very well what 'I mean by friendſhip: but you are 'a little malicious creature; and are 'willing to divert yourſelf, by pre-tending not to underſtand me. Yes, 'I love you; you know it, and have 'for ſome time been ſenſible of it: I 'love you as ſuch a beautiful and 'charming creature ſhould be loved. 'It is not friendſhip that you have in-'ſpired: at firſt, I thought it was only 'that, but I was deceived; it was 'love, the moſt tender love. Do you 'underſtand me now? My love will 'never change; and you ſhall have no 'longer room to complain of your ad-'verſe fortune: for there is no friend 'comparable to ſuch a lover as I am.'

'You my lover!' caſting down my eyes: 'you, Sir! I could not have 'thought it!'

'Nor I neither,' returned he; 'I 'was ſurprized, my dear, to find I 'had loſt my heart. You were very 'unhappy; I had never ſeen any body 'who had ſo much reaſon to be afflict-'ed, or more worthy of ſuccour: I 'was born with a heart ſenſible of the 'misfortunes of others; and, in ren-'dering you my aſſiſtance, I only 'thought of being generous, of in-'dulging my compaſſion, or piety, if 'you pleaſe, ſince you are willing to 'look on it in that light. I looked 'on your diſtreſs with the heart of a 'friend, till your charms melted the 'mind that your misfortunes had ren-'dered ſoft, and too ſuſceptible of ten-'der impreſſions. I ſtill preſerve the 'ſtrongeſt and moſt ardent deſires of 'doing you all that friendſhip could 'inſpire: and while I felt the growing 'paſſion ſwell my heart, I called it by 'a name leſs ſoft, and leſs liable to 'alarm me. Thus I have deceived 'myſelf, and have been puniſhed as 'my preſumption has deſerved; and 'therefore do not pretend to excuſe 'myſelf.

'myself. I own I am very much to 'blame; I ought to have secured myself 'against this weakneſs; and I ſhould 'have been leſs guilty had I feared you; 'had I fled from you, and deſerted you 'in this miſerable diſtreſs: but, on the 'other hand, if I had been ſo prudent, 'what would have become of you, 'Marianne? Poor child! to what 'frightful extremities wouldſt thou 'have been reduced! See how my 'weakneſs, or my love, call it which 'you pleaſe, came ſeaſonably to your 'relief. Do not you think, my dear, 'there is a Providence in it, which 'has permitted me to love, and you to 'be extricated from your embarraſſed 'and dreadful circumſtances, at my 'expence? for, if I had taken care of 'myſelf, you would have had no pro-'viſion, no retreat to fly to: and this 'reflection conſoles me, becauſe it juſ-'tifies to myſelf the impetuoſity of 'my paſſion, and makes it neceſſary; 'though, at the ſame time, it humbles 'me. It is a little evil, attended with 'a great, with an infinite good. I 'have here only mentioned the diſ-'traction you would be in by my ne-'phew, or any other young man's 'abandoning you, without ſaying any 'thing of the reproach which will fol-'low. There are few men, eſpecially 'young ones, who mind ſuch a girl as 'you: they boaſt and glory in the ſuc-'ceſs of their amours; and, with an 'impudent mockery, point out the 'poor deſerted wretch to their compa-'nions, who creeps along oppreſſed, 'and almoſt ſunk down with miſery; 'and cry, with an inſolent look—"'There ſhe is!" Oh, my dear charm-'er! judge what an adventure this 'would be to you, who are the moſt 'lovely perſon of your ſex, and 'would therefore be the moſt diſho-'noured; for in theſe caſes the faireſt 'are moſt deſpiſed, becauſe it muſt coſt 'them ſome pains to bring themſelves 'to look upon them as deſpicable. 'But you would run no hazard with 'me: you know my character; and 'are ſenſible that your reputation would 'be ſecure under my protection. I ſhall 'not be deſirous that other people 'ſhould know I love you; nor that 'you return my affection: it is in pri-'vate that I ſhall relieve you; and, 'without noiſe, ſecure to you a fortune 'that may for ever free you from the 'neceſſity of depending upon others, 'who have not ſuch generous ſenti-'ments. Perſons, whether of better 'or inferior circumſtances, are gene-'rally covetous: they are amorous 'without tenderneſs, and would only 'give you a preſent and ſcanty ſupply; 'ſo that the ſame neceſſity would al-'ways oblige you to ſuffer their pre-'tended love.'

I could not hear this diſcourſe with-out being ſeized with the moſt piercing grief: I found myſelf worthy of the greateſt compaſſion, in being obliged to hear his ſhocking inſolence; and, burſt-ing into a flood of tears, I cried out—'Good God! to what am I reduced!'

He was immediately ſenſible that this exclamation proceeded from the fear and terror with which he had filled my mind. 'Softly, ſoftly!' ſaid he, with a whining tone, and taking hold of my hand. 'Huſh! ſoftly, my 'dear, charming girl! take courage; 'ſince you have been ſo happy as to 'pleaſe me, you are out of all the 'danger I have mentioned. It is true, 'without me you could not avoid it; 'for, I muſt not flatter you, you are 'not born to be a linen-draper; no, 'this will never ſupport you; I am 'ſure you muſt be ſenſible of that: 'and, ſuppoſing you had made yourſelf 'a miſtreſs of the trade, how would 'you raiſe money to ſet up? You muſt 'be for ever a ſhopmaid, without hav-'ing the leaſt glimmering hopes of 'ever improving your circumſtances. 'Amiable as you are, you ſtill want 'many of the neceſſaries and conve-'niences of life; but how will you ob-'tain them, unleſs you conſent theſe 'perſons ſhould help you? And, if 'you do conſent, how happy will be 'your ſituation!'

'Oh, Sir!' ſaid I, with a deep ſigh, 'entertain me no more with theſe diſ-'agreeable ſubjects; have ſome conſi-'deration for me, and pity my youth: 'you know that I am but juſt out of 'the hands of a virtuous lady, whom 'I am reſolved it ſhall be my ſtudy to 'imitate. From her and her brother I 'have received an education that makes 'ſuch diſcourſes quite unintelligible to 'me: and I am ſurprized to ſee it poſſi-'ble for a man of your appearance to 'be capable of uſing me in this man-'ner, for no other reaſon but becauſe 'I am poor!'

'No, my child,' returned he, squeezing my hand; 'no, you are not: you 'have riches, since I have them; it is 'I that am to be henceforward to you 'a parent, in the room of those you 'have never known. Compose yourself, I beseech you: notwithstanding 'what I have said, I am not willing to 'give you the least degree of useless 'fear, but to shew you of what consequence it is that we should get acquainted, and that I should have 'taken, without my perceiving it, the 'most tender inclination, which attaches me to you, and makes our interests 'inseparable. It is an inclination that 'humbles me; but which I chearfully 'submit to, because it is the effect of an 'event every way surprizing: yes, the 'end of your misfortunes depends on 'this affection. I should not have given 'you a sufficient support, had I been 'less yours; I should have behaved as 'a generous good man ought on such 'occasions: but that would not have 'been sufficient; your wants required 'that I should do something more; they 'required I should love you, and love 'you most passionately, too. I find I 'cannot overcome it; that I am forced 'to yield; and that it is my duty to 'atone for my weakness, and expiate 'my guilt, by removing all the inconveniences of your present condition: this is what I have resolved 'upon, my dear; and I hope you will 'not oppose it, for I flatter myself 'you do not know how to be ungrateful. I confess there is a good deal 'of difference between your age and 'mine; but, in fact, I am only old by 'comparison, that is, because you 'are very young; for, with any other 'person, I should be thought pretty 'tolerable,' added he, with the tone of a person sensible of his good constitution: 'but, let us see, we ought 'to take our measures, and fix upon 'something before Mrs. Du Tour 'comes home. I believe you think no 'more of being a linen-draper: on 'the other hand, there is Valville, a 'rakish young fellow; you have told 'him where you live; and he will infallibly seek an opportunity to see 'you again. We ought, then, to escape 'his pursuit, and to hide from him 'our engagements, which we shall 'not be long able to conceal if you 'stay with this woman: so the only 'method we can take is, to remove to-'morrow to the other end of the town, 'which will not be at all difficult. I 'know an honest man, who has the 'management of my affairs; that is, 'what they call a solicitor: his wife is 'a sensible woman; and they keep a 'very pretty little house, where there 'is an apartment which has been let to 'a gentleman of Provence, who has 'just left it; and this apartment I will 'go to-night to bespeak for you. 'You will be agreeably situated, and 'extremely well used, on my account. 'These good people will be charmed 'to have you there; and think themselves highly honoured, because you 'will appear genteel, and in such a 'manner as to gain respect. You 'shall arrive there under the character 'of one of my relations, who has 'neither father nor mother; whom I 'have brought out of the country, in 'order to take care of: this, joined to 'a handsome sum I will pay for your 'board, the stock of rich cloaths, 'and the noble furniture, you shall have 'in two days, together with the masters I shall provide for you, such as 'a dancing, singing, and musick-master, or what others you please; to 'which I may add the manner I shall 'behave towards you when I pay you 'a visit: all these, I say, will effectually secure their esteem, and render 'you mistress over them. Is not this 'true? There is not time for hesitation; you must make haste, Marianne: and, in order to prepare Mrs. 'Du Tour for your departure, tell her 'to-night, that you find yourself unfit for her business, and that you will 'go into a convent to-morrow morning; upon which, I will send the 'man's wife we have been speaking 'of, who shall come in a coach, which 'shall carry you to her house, where 'you will find me. Tell me, do not 'you agree to this? And are not you 'willing, too, that, to encourage 'you, and to prove the sincerity of my 'intentions, (for I do not desire you 'should rely entirely upon my word;) 'I hope, I say, you will not be displeased if, till something better can 'be thought on, I bring you to-morrow a small contract of five or six 'hundred livres a year. Speak, my 'dear,

'dear, lovely girl! will not you be 'ready to-morrow? Shall they come 'for you? Yes, yes! you conſent; 'do you not?'

At firſt, I could make no anſwer: ſuch an open indignity confounded me, filled me with amazement, and took from me the uſe of ſpeech; and I remained immoveable, with eyes caſt down, and bathed in tears.

'What do you reſolve, then, my 'dear Marianne?' continued he, after a moment's pauſe. 'The time 'preſſes us to make haſte: Du Tour 'will be here preſently. Is it agreed? 'Shall I ſpeak to-night to the man?'

At theſe words, coming to myſelf— 'Oh, Sir!' cried I, 'you are not, then, 'known: the monk who brought me 'to you was deceived; he told me you 'was a man ſo honeſt——'

Here my tears and ſighs choaked my words, and prevented my ſaying any more. 'My dear child!' returned he, 'what falſe ideas you conceive of 'things! Alas! if he himſelf was 'ſenſible of the violence of my paſ'ſion, he would not expreſs ſuch ſur'prize, nor would he eſteem my cha'racter leſs. He would tell you, that 'theſe are involuntary effects, which 'may happen to the moſt honeſt and 'moſt pious men: he would tell you, 'that, all goodneſs as he is, he durſt 'not ſwear to preſerve himſelf free; 'and that there is no fault ſo pardon'able as a ſenſibility like mine. Do 'not thus make a monſter of me,' added he, bending one of his knees imperceptibly before me; 'do not be'lieve my heart leſs true, leſs worthy 'of your confidence, becauſe it is 'tender! This does not affect my pro'bity, as I ſaid before: it is a weak'neſs, but not a crime; and a weak'neſs, too, to which the beſt hearts 'are the moſt ſubject, as your own ex'perience muſt have informed you. 'This monk, you ſay, thought he 'preſented you to a virtuous man: this 'I have been hitherto; this I am ſtill; 'and if I was leſs ſo, I ſhould not 'love you, perhaps, at all. It is your 'misfortunes, and my virtues, that 'have united their force, and inſpired 'me with my preſent reſolutions: for 'it is to be generous, and to indulge 'my pity for you, that I ſuffer myſelf 'to love; to love you who reproach 'me for it; you, whom others will 'love, but not like me; you; who 'would make them a return, though 'your fortune be a loſer; and you, who 'repulſe me, your beſt, nay, only 'friend, who am going to extricate 'you from all the anxious diſtracting 'cares, and all that reproach, which 'threaten your days; me, whoſe tenderneſs (and I may ſay it without va'nity) is a preſent chance has made 'you; and me, whom Heaven, which 'diſpoſes of all things to ſubſerve it's 'wiſe purpoſes, is making uſe of to 'change your condition.'

He had no ſooner ſaid theſe words, but Heaven, whom he preſumed to make an accomplice in his guilt, ſeemed to puniſh him by the ſudden arrival of Valville; who, as I have already ſaid, knew Mrs. Du Tour. He came through the ſhop to the parlour, where he found my old gallant in the ſame poſture in which, two or three hours before, he had been ſurprized by Mr. De Climal; that is, on his knee before me, with my hand in his, which he was kiſſing, and which I was endeavouring to ſnatch from him. In a word, a revenge could not have been more compleat.

I was the firſt who perceived Valville; when a geſture of ſurprize and aſtoniſhment made Mr. De Climal turn his head, and ſee him too.

But judge how he was ſtruck at the ſight! He ſeemed turned to ſtone; his mouth was open, as if fixed; he remained on his knee without motion, without preſence of mind, without the uſe of ſpeech. Never did confounded and abaſhed hypocrite make leſs myſtery of his ſhame, or more plainly diſcover his guilt. None could have behaved with a worſe grace under the weight of his iniquity, or confeſs more frankly his own baſeneſs. But it is in vain I attempt to deſcribe him, ſince I cannot give you a picture that comes up to the original.

For my part, as I had nothing to reproach myſelf with, I appeared more ſurprized than confuſed at this event, and was going to ſpeak; when Valville, who at firſt caſt a look full of diſdain at me, and then coolly contemplated his uncle's diſorder, ſaid, with an air of tranquillity and contempt—'This 'is mighty pretty, Madam!—Your 'ſervant, Sir; I beg pardon for my in'truſion.' And then left us, caſting

another glance at me, more contemptuous than the former; when Mr. De Climal rose up.

'What do you mean, Sir? What is 'very pretty?' cried I, rising with precipitation. 'Stop, Sir! Stop! you 'are mistaken! you wrong me! you do 'not do me justice!'

But my cries were in vain, since he did not return. 'Run after him, Sir,' said I then to his uncle, whose heart seemed still to be in a violent palpitation, and who was, with a trembling hand, pulling his cloak over his shoulders. 'Run, Sir! Would you 'have me made a victim to his scorn? 'What will he think of me? What 'will he take me for? Lord! how unhappy I am!'

This I said with the tears in my eyes; and so distracted were my thoughts, that I was going myself to call Valville back, who was already in the street: but his uncle stopped me. 'What are 'you going to do?' cried he. 'Stay, 'Miss, do not disturb yourself; I 'know what turn to give this affair: 'besides, what need you care what 'such a fool thinks of you? since you 'may, if you please, never see him any 'more.'

'How! what need I care!' replied I, in a rage. 'Not care! Does not 'he know Mrs. Du Tour? and will 'not he freely tell her his thoughts? 'Have not I had a conversation with 'him for above an hour? And will not 'he know me again whenever he sees 'me? May he not meet me every day? 'perhaps to-morrow. Will he not 'despise me? Will he not regard me 'as a lost, abandoned, and unworthy 'creature, purely on your account? 'Me, who have still retained the virtue which he imagines I have lost! 'who had rather lose my life than my 'innocence! And have nothing that I 'can call my own, but my honesty, 'and the secret satisfaction of not having deserved such reproach. No, 'Sir, I have reason to be afflicted, and 'in the utmost grief, that ever I knew 'you: it was the greatest misfortune 'that could happen to me. Let me 'go; I will, I am resolved, speak to 'your nephew, and let him know my 'innocence. It is not just that you 'should secure your reputation by the 'loss of mine. Why do you counterfeit the pious man if you are not 'so? It is hard that I must be made a 'tool to support your hypocrisies!'

'You little ungrateful creature!' replied he, turning pale, 'is it thus 'you repay my kindness? What do 'you mean by your innocence? Where 'did you dream that I ever thought of 'attacking it? On the contrary, you 'have heard me say, that, though I had 'an inclination for you, I reproached 'myself, and was sorry for it; that it 'filled me with humility; that I looked upon it as a fault, for which I was 'self-condemned, and which I was 'ready to atone for, by turning it entirely to your advantage, without expecting any thing from you in return, 'but your grateful acknowledgments. 'Were not these my very expressions? 'And is there any thing in all this that 'ought to render me suspected of a 'crime, which my very soul abhors, 'and thus to blemish the purity of my 'honest intentions?'

'Well, Sir,' said I, 'since these 'were your designs, and you have still 'so much virtue; if you are, indeed, 'the upright man you profess to be; 'do not permit me to lose my reputation through an accident, which you 'alone was the cause of. Lead me to 'your nephew; take me to him directly; undeceive him, and save your 'honour as well as mine! You held 'my hand fast in yours; and, I believe, was even kissing it, in spite of 'my endeavours to draw it back: you 'were at my feet. And can you think 'he could take this for a proof of 'your piety and compassion? Will he 'not rather imagine you are my lover, 'and that I am your mistress? At least, 'ought you not to give yourself the 'trouble to undeceive him? You ought 'certainly to speak to him, and let 'him know my innocence; you are 'obliged to do it, out of regard to my 'character, and to prevent scandal: 'nor can you be silent without being 'highly guilty in the sight of that Being, who is truth and goodness itself. Then, Sir, you will find I shall 'have the most grateful heart in the 'world; that nobody will respect you 'more: I shall be entirely at your devotion, and shall give you all the affection of a child; all the confidence 'and regard that is due to one who will 'so justly deserve the dear name of a 'friend. And if, after this, you will

'not

'not abandon me, expect from me all
'that a modeſt and inflexible virtue
'may innocently grant. Would you
'gain my eſteem and reverence, and
'my moſt dutiful and affectionate re-
'gard, delay not a moment; but carry
'me immediately to Valville, and at
'once ſave your reputation and mine.
'Say to him—" You ought not, ne-
" phew, to harbour an ill opinion of
" this girl; ſhe is a poor orphan; and,
" on this account, I have taken her
" into my care, and am reſolved to fill
" up the loſs of her neareſt relations,
" by being myſelf a father to her:
" and, though I was willing to ſeem
" not to know her when with you, it
" was only to diſguiſe ſo remarkable an
" act of piety." Say but this, and let
'your conduct ſhew you are in earneſt,
'and I will go with you wherever you
'will. If theſe are your diſpoſitions,
'you will the eaſier pardon all I have
'ſaid; ſince it proceeded not from in-
'gratitude, which will ever be a ſtran-
'ger to my breaſt, but from a thought-
'leſs, ſudden tranſport, occaſioned by
'the fear of my good name's being
'loſt, and my virtue in danger; that
'virtue which has been my only ſup-
'port in my afflictions. Do this, I
'ſay, and I will atone for all I have
'ſaid by the moſt humble ſubmiſſion
'poſſible. We have nothing to do
'but to ſtay till Mrs. Du Tour re-
'turns home, before we go: but if you
'will not conſent to it, I declare I will
'go by myſelf!'

'Get you gone, you little ſaucy
'huſſey!' returned he, like a man who had loſt all ſenſe of ſhame, and no longer valued my eſteem, ſince he was willing I ſhould deſpiſe him as he deſerved. 'Get you gone! I do not
'fear you! Do your worſt! You are
'not able to throw an odium upon
'my character! But, do you hear?
'I adviſe you to take care what you ſay,
'or I will make you know what it is
'to affront me! I will ſay no more: you
'ſhall know how much is ſometimes
'loſt for having dared to ſay too much.
'Farewel; depend no more upon my
'friendſhip; I withdraw my charity:
'there are other perſons in diſtreſs
'more worthy of pity, and to whom
'it is juſt I ſhould give the preference.
'You will ſtill have ſomething to make
'you remember me: you may keep
'the cloaths, linen, and money; though,
'indeed, you do not deſerve them.'

'No, Sir!' ſaid I, or rather cried I to him, 'I will not keep any of them;
'you ſhall have them all again: and,
'firſt, I begin with your money, which
'I have happily about me. There it
'is,' added I, throwing it on the table in a haſty, contemptuous manner, which well expreſſed the emotions of a young heart, at the ſame time proud, virtuous, and inſolent; 'now, there only re-
'mains the cloaths and linen, which I
'ſhall preſently bundle up for you to
'take with you in your coach, Sir: and,
'as I have ſome of your cloaths on,
'for which I have as great an horror
'as I have for you, I only deſire time
'to go into my chamber and undreſs
'me, and I ſhall be with you preſently;
'and, pray, ſtay for them, or, I give
'you my word, I will throw them out
'of the window.'

You muſt obſerve, that, whilſt I was talking in this manner, I was unpinning my cloaths; and had preſently pulled off my cap, becauſe I no longer looked upon it as mine; ſo that in a moment I ſtood bare-headed before him, with my hair diſhevelled.

This ſight entirely diſconcerted him. I was in a wild tranſport, regardleſs of every thing; I raiſed my voice; and there was nothing to be ſeen but diſorder and confuſion, and a wild indecorum, which alarmed him, and which he ſeemed to apprehend was in danger of degenerating into an inſult upon him.

I inſiſted upon going into my room to pack up my cloaths: he held me faſt, and would not let me go on account of my paſſion; his lips, pale and trembling, began to open; but what he ſaid I could not perfectly hear; though, if I could, he ſeemed to ſpeak with ſuch confuſion, that muſt make him incapable of expreſſing himſelf intelligibly. At laſt, he ſtammered out—'But,
'Marianne! are you mad? Why all
'this noiſe? Huſh! how fooliſh you
'make yourſelf? Come, be quiet!
'Take care! Huſh! Mrs. Du Tour
'will come preſently!'

On this ſhe entered. 'Hey-day!' cried ſhe, ſeeing me in this diſorder, 'what is the matter now? Is the girl
'bewitched! What have you done with
'your cap? Mercy on me! it is on the
'ground,

'ground, I think. Bleſs my heart! 'has any body been beating her?'

Theſe queſtions ſhe aſked all in a breath, and with ten times more noiſe than we both made before.

'No, no,' ſaid Mr. De Climal, who made haſte to anſwer her, for fear I ſhould begin firſt; 'I will tell you what 'is the matter. It is nothing but a 'miſunderſtanding of hers that provok-'ed me, for which I ſhall put a ſtop to 'my favours. I will pay you for the 'little time ſhe has been with you; but 'I ſhall not be anſwerable for the time 'ſhe ſhall ſtay after to-day.'

'What!' ſaid Mrs. Du Tour, with an air of inquietude, 'will not you 'continue to pay for the poor wretch's 'board? How do you think I muſt 'keep her, then?'

'Madam, pray do not make your-'ſelf uneaſy about that; I ſhall not be 'at your expence: and God forbid I 'ſhould ever more be at his,' ſaid I, in my turn, ſitting down in an elbow-chair, without knowing what I did; and where I gave way to my grief, regardleſs of either of them. As for him, he ſtole away while I was ſpeaking; and I remained only with Mrs. Du Tour, who ſeemed quite aſtoniſhed; and, holding up her hands—'What a 'rout is here made, indeed!' cried ſhe, ſitting down. 'You have made a fine 'piece of work on it, Marianne; have 'not ye? No more money! no more 'proviſion! no more maintenance! 'Now, are you ſatisfied, hey? What 'a pretty ſtep you have taken! Do not 'you think you have? Aye, aye, cry 'now! cry, do! you may have your 'bellyfull of it! At laſt you are turn-'ed out of doors. What a fooliſh 'wench you are!'

'Oh, let me alone, Madam! let 'me alone, I entreat you!' ſaid I. 'You talk without knowing any thing 'of the matter.'—'Not know any 'thing of the matter!' returned ſhe; 'that is pretty, indeed! Do not I know 'you have nothing in the world; is 'not that knowing enough of the mat-'ter? Not know, gither! What does 'the girl mean by her not knowing? 'Where will you go now? It is this 'makes me uneaſy; for I ſpeak purely 'out of friendſhip for you, and nothing 'elſe; for, were I in circumſtances to 'keep you, you would have no occa-'ſion to mind the loſs of Mr. De Cli-'mal. "Ads-bobs!" I would ſay, "come, come, my girl; thou haſt no-"thing, it is true; but I have more "than I want: let him go, if he will; "never mind him." But, lack-a-day! 'what ſignifies good nature alone! 'The times are bad, and proviſions 'are very dear; and one has enough 'to do to make both ends meet; and it 'is not without difficulty that we can 'do that.'

'Be eaſy,' anſwered I, with a deep ſigh; 'I aſſure you I will go to-mor-'row, let what will follow. I am not 'without money, and will give you 'what you demand for the expence 'I ſhall be to you till I leave your 'houſe.'

'What a pity it is!' anſwered ſhe. 'O but Marianne!' returned ſhe, quite ſoftened, 'how happened this ſad 'quarrel? I have already, you know, 'preached to you, and inſtructed you 'how to manage him; I am afraid you 'did not follow my directions.'

'Do not mention him any more,' ſaid I to her; 'he is an unworthy wretch! 'He would have me leave your houſe, 'and lodge, at a great diſtance from 'hence, with one of his acquaintance; 'who probably is no better than him-'ſelf; and whoſe wife was to have taken 'me away to-morrow morning. So, 'Madam, if I had not broke with him, 'but ſeemed to conſent to every thing 'he ſaid, as you adviſed me, I ſhould 'not have ſtaid longer with you.'

'Hah, hah!' cried ſhe; 'was that 'his intention? He wanted to take you 'from me to place you with ſome 'ſcrubs, I ſuppoſe. Really, that is 'mighty good! What a fuſty old fel-'low it is! What a dotard! with his 'up-lifted eyes, and gloomy diſmal 'devotion! Would not one take him, 'at firſt ſight, to be only fit to be put 'in a niche for ſome ſaint? And yet, I 'find, he is as arrant a ſinner as the 'worſt of us. But why did he want 'to remove you? Was it becauſe he 'could not ſee you here? Who would 'have hindered him? Was it not in his 'own power? He told me that he would 'take care of you, which was a very 'good work.'—'So much the better,' ſaid I. 'Do we uſe to interfere in 'works of charity? No, ſure! None 'but God knows people's conſciences; 'and he will have us always think the 'beſt of our neighbours. What ſhould

'he

'he be afraid of? he might come and 'go when he pleased: and, since he 'said he was a good and charitable 'man, was it my place to contradict 'him, and give him the lye? Had you 'not a room to yourself? and should I 'have gone to have seen all you did 'there? What would he have had 'more? What maggot bit his old 'crown? Pray, what were his reasons 'for desiring you to change your 'lodging?'

'You must know,' returned I, with an air of negligence, 'that, after my 'fall, I was carried to Mr. Valville's; 'and, having told him where I lived, 'he fears he should come to see me 'here.'—'Oh, there is the story then, 'at last!' replied she: 'I see the rea'son perfectly, and do not at all won'der at his acting thus; it is be'cause he apprehends his piety will 'not pass current with his nephew, 'who doubtless would, one time or 'other, have taken occasion to ask him 'what he intends to do with you. 'But, Marianne,' continued she, 'has 'the young gentleman been here?'—'Yes, Madam,' said I; 'he is but just 'gone, without entering into any par'ticulars; and it was after his depar'ture that Mr. De Climal shewed his 'resentment at my refusal to accom'pany him to-morrow to the new 'lodgings he had provided for me; 'and then reproached me as being 'guilty of the blackest ingratitude for 'daring to refuse him, after having re'ceived so many favours from him. 'For this reason I was resolved to re'turn all his presents, even to the cap 'I had on; and this thought agitated 'me so much, that I put it off for that 'purpose, that he might take it with 'him.'

'What a strange kind of route is 'here about nothing!' cried she: 'you 'had ill luck, indeed, to fall just by 'Valville's house! Mercy on me! how 'came your foot to slip? You should 'have take care how you walked, Ma'rianne! See, now, what it is to be 'giddy! But how came you to tell 'him where you lived? for it was that 'only that brought him hither.' I did not give much attention to what she said; and answered her only out of complaisance. She went on—'In 'short, child, I do not know how to 'direct you; I see no remedy, not I. 'Advise with yourself; for, after what 'is passed, you must make your choice, 'and think of something: the sooner 'you come to a resolution the better. 'I will have no bustle in my house: 'Toinon and I both love peace. It is 'none of your fault, indeed: but no mat'ter for that; people always put a bad 'construction upon things; every body 'will pretend to be judges, though 'they know nothing of the matter; 'they all love to out with their non'sense; and then comes the tittle'tattle—"Who is he?" and "Who is 'she?" and "Where?" and "How?" 'and all that. You must needs think 'this cannot be very agreeable: be'sides, we are not related to you; if 'you were but a cousin, or ever so dis'tant a relation, you know, it were 'another thing; but you are neither 'akin to us, nor any body else.'

'You afflict me sensibly, Madam!' returned I briskly: 'have I not already 'told you I will go to-morrow? Would 'you then have me go to-day? It shall 'be just as you please.'

'No, child, no!' answered she; 'do 'not mistake me; I am not so unrea'sonable: and, if you knew how much 'I pity you, I am sure you would not 'have any reason to complain of me. 'No; you shall lie here, and sup with 'us to-night, if you will take up with 'what we have in the house; I will 'not have any thing for that: and if I 'can be of service to you, through my 'acquaintance, pray, child, do not 'spare me. But I must give you one 'piece of advice; and that is, to sell 'the gown your old lover gave you: 'you cannot wear it with any face 'now; since you are poor, it is too 'good for you; and the linen, too, is 'so fine, that it cannot fail to make 'people ask you where you had it. Be'lieve me, beauty, poverty, and finery, 'do not look well together in one of 'your age. I would advise you to keep 'only the cloaths you had when you 'came here, and sell the rest. I will 'buy them of you, if you will; though 'I do not care much whether I do or 'no: but I have a mind to buy a new 'suit; and, to oblige you, I will buy 'your gown for that purpose. I am a 'little more fat than you, but you are 'taller; and, as it is very full, I shall 'manage that, and easily make it serve. 'As to the linen, I will either pay for

'it,

'it, or change it for other: but do as 'you pleaſe; I am very indifferent 'about it, and would not have it, if it 'was not to oblige you.'

'No, Madam,' ſaid I, coldly; 'I 'will ſell nothing, becauſe I have re- 'ſolved, and even promiſed, to ſend all 'to Mr. De Climal.'

'To him!' replied ſhe; 'you are a 'fool then; I would ſee him hanged 'firſt! Give them him, gither! I would 'as ſoon give them to Old Nick! He 'ſhould not ſee a rag of them any 'more. But you jeſt, ſure! Was it 'not an alms? And what is given this 'way, you know, child, can never be 'recalled.'

She would not, very probably, have ſtopped here, though all ſhe could ſay would have been to no purpoſe, if ſhe had not been forced to it by an old woman's coming in, who had ſome buſineſs with her. As ſoon as ſhe left me, I went up into our chamber: ours, I ſay, becauſe it was Toinon's as well as mine.

As to my ſentiments with regard to Mr. De Climal, I ſhall mention them no more: my gratitude was all that ever bound me to him, which now he had wiped out. I deteſted him, and looked upon him as a monſter; and a monſter, too, that was ſo entirely indifferent to me, that I did not at all regret his being ſo. However, I pleaſed myſelf with the thoughts of returning his preſents, and never ſeeing him more.

Let us now come to what paſſed in my chamber. You imagine, I fancy, my firſt thoughts were taken up with the diſmal ſituation I was in; but you are miſtaken; this only regarded my life: but what engroſſed my whole attention was of greater conſequence; it was myſelf.

You ſmile, Madam; and, perhaps, think I make a diſtinction where, in reaſon and nature, there ſhould be none: but, indeed, I do not; our lives are leſs dear to us than our paſſions. If we carefully obſerve what paſſes within us, we ſhall find that our lives are not neceſſary to our exiſtence; that it is, in a manner, only by accident that we live; but that to be is natural to us: thus, for inſtance, when a man, grown deſperate with the reflection of his miſery, murders himſelf, he only thinks of leaving life to diſengage himſelf from the cares of it; and it is not himſelf he is weary of, but only the burden he bears.

If I have lengthened my recital with this reflection, I have only done it to juſtify what I ſaid to you; that my thoughts were engaged upon a ſubject more important than life itſelf; and this was Valville.

You remember that this gentleman, when he ſurprized me with Mr. De Climal, cried out—'This is mighty 'pretty, Madam!' and you know, too, that I loved him: judge, then, how piercing was this ſhort reflection!

In the firſt place, I had virtue; and while Valville thought ſo, he was my lover: a lover, Madam, that it was impoſſible to hate, even in circumſtances that ſeemed to require it. 'Perhaps he 'loves me no more!' cried I; 'he has 'already gained a victory over his paſ- 'ſions! Ah! how unworthy he is of 'my affection! But for what is he to 'blame? Is not De Climal rich and 'old, whilſt I am poor and deſtitute? 'Has he not ſeen him at my feet, a 'moment after we had mutually pre- 'tended not to know each other? What 'opinion can he have of me after this 'dark and myſterious conduct? Then, 'what have I to reproach him with? 'Though he loves me, can he help be- 'lieving me guilty? Could he ſay leſs 'than he did? And is not he ſorry 'that he has placed his affections upon 'an unworthy object, whom he is 'obliged to deſpiſe? Sure his diſdain 'is the ſtrongeſt proof of his own vir- 'tue, and that his intentions were ho- 'nourable! But does he actually de- 'ſpiſe me? Does he accuſe me of be- 'ing guilty of every crime? Does he 'not heſitate a little to condemn me 'without hearing what I had to ſay in 'my own defence? And can I excuſe 'ſuch a man? Ought I to ſee him 'again? No! that would only declare 'my own weakneſs: did he only ſuſpect 'me, did he only ſhew his reſentment, 'or been highly provoked, I might, I 'ought to have borne it! But to deſpiſe, 'to diſdain, and affront me! to go off 'abruptly, though I called him back, 'and beſought him to hear me! nay, 'perhaps, has turned his paſſion into 'hate! Oh! why ſhould I think of him 'any more? Why endeavour to juſtify 'myſelf to a man who is ſo baſely de- 'ceived, through his own precipitate 'folly,

'folly, which would not permit him 'to ſtay to hear me vindicate my con-'duct? Ah, how little does he know 'me! Let what will become of him! 'The uncle is gone, let the nephew fol-'low! The one is a vile and unworthy 'wretch; and the other believes that I 'am ſo.

'But I have a bundle to make up,' continued I, riſing from a chair, where, ſeated in a penſive poſture, I made this ſhort ſoliloquy—'But why do I amuſe 'myſelf thus, ſince I muſt go to-'morrow? I muſt ſend away theſe 'cloaths to-day, as well as the money 'Mr. De Climal gave me:' which lay upon the table till Mrs. Du Tour had made me take it up, and put it in my pocket.

I opened my drawers to take out my new linen. 'Yes, Valville, yes!' ſaid I, drawing it out; 'you will ſoon 'know me better, and begin to think 'of me as you ought.' This idea flattered me in ſuch a manner, that I gave way to the thought; and though, in juſtice, I ſhould chearfully have returned the cloaths to De Climal without any other motive, yet this of undeceiving this dear man ſo took up my ſoul, that it ſeemed as if this conſideration had the greateſt ſhare. 'I will 'ſend,' ſaid I, 'the linen, the gown, 'and the money, with a letter, to him; 'and this will not fail to diſabuſe him, 'and make him regret my loſs.'

He appeared to me to have a generous ſoul; and I applauded myſelf, and was extremely ſatisfied, at the uneaſineſs I foreſaw I ſhould give him for having offended me: and I could not help flattering myſelf, that, on many accounts, I had a title to reſpect. Firſt, I had been very unhappy, and had ſomething ſingular in my adventures, which demanded pity; and pity, you know, Madam, is a friend to love: then I was conſcious of my own virtue, and the artleſs innocence of a frank and open heart. This he would eaſily diſcover to my advantage; and, beſides, I could not be ignorant that I was thought handſome and naturally genteel. What could I deſire more? Would not all this ſoften a generous lover, make him ſigh for having too raſhly ſuſpected me, and revenge my cauſe upon his heart? I could not wiſh to ſucceed better than this; and, provided I afflicted Valville, and made him ſenſible how much he had wronged me, I ſhould have been content: and, this done, I would never more ſpeak to him, nor give him an opportunity to ſee me. I found I loved him, and knew that he was ſenſible of it; and was even glad he was ſo; becauſe, finding that, in ſpite of this, I had broke with him, he would eaſily ſee what ſhare he had in the affair.

In the mean time, the bundle was making; and what will doubtleſs make you ſmile, was, that, in the midſt of theſe lofty and courageous thoughts, I could not help conſidering the linen I was handling, and ſaying to myſelf, but ſo low that I could ſcarce hear it—'It is, however, well choſen; how white 'and fine it is! it is almoſt a pity to 'loſe it!'

This ſmall regret diſhonoured a little the nobleneſs of my ſurrender; but what would you have? I might have dreſſed myſelf in this linen which I was ſending away. Great actions are difficult; and what pleaſure ſoever we take in them, we are apt to imagine, ſometimes, we would willingly diſpenſe with it, provided we may taſte the pleaſure of enjoying our inclinations. To behave with a true greatneſs of mind requires ſome pain; we muſt do as thoſe who would appear tall; that is, ſtand upon the ſtretch: but we need only be as we are, to appear little. You ſee, Madam, I am a little ſevere upon myſelf. But to proceed.

There was now my cap to put up; and, as I entered the room, I had laid it in a chair near the door; but had quite forgot what I had done with it. A girl of my age, who is going to loſe all her finery, may ſurely be allowed ſome little abſence of mind on ſo important an occaſion.

Now I thought of nothing but my gown, which was next to be bundled up; and, as I had it on, was, very likely, loth to pull it off. 'Is there nothing 'elſe left?' ſaid I. 'Is this all? No! 'there is the money.' And this I took out of my pocket without the leaſt reluctance; for I was not covetous, only a little vain; and, for this reaſon, parted with it with more courage than any of the reſt.

At laſt, however, there remained no more than my gown. 'What ſhall I 'do next? Come, before I pull it off, 'let me take down the other,' added I;

which was, without doubt, only to gain time. I then went to take it; but, in the small space there was between me and it, which was only two steps, my heart began to soften; my eyes, in a moment, grew full of tears, without my perceiving how they came so: I fetched a deep sigh; which was either for myself, for Valville, or my fine gown; I do not know which. But what is more certain, is, that, taking my old one down, I sighed again, sat down in a chair, and cried out—'Oh, 'how unhappy am I! Good God! why 'didst thou take from me my father 'and mother?'

Perhaps this was not what I would have said; for, it may be, I only spoke of my parents to render my affection more commendable; for sometimes we even dissemble with ourselves, and are guilty of weaknesses which we are willing to hide from our own hearts, by disguising them under false names; so that it is not improbable but that the loss of my gaiety might draw these tears from me. However, after this short soliloquy, which would doubtless have ended in my stripping myself of all these borrowed ornaments, I accidentally cast my eyes upon my cap, that lay just by me.

'Well,' cried I, 'I thought I had 'put every thing into the bundle; and 'there that cap lies still! What have 'I been doing? I have forgot to take 'a cap out of my drawers; and here I 'have stood all this while bare-headed! 'How anxious and perplexed am I! 'What a troublesome task have I upon 'my hands!' And then, passing insensibly from one idea to another, Father St. Vincent came into my mind. 'Alas, poor man!' said I, 'how much 'will he be astonished! What have I 'to tell him? I am resolved I will go 'to see him; and there is no time to 'lose. I ought to make haste on account of my sad situation, and refer 'sending away the bundle till the next 'day. How silly am I to make myself uneasy for these nasty cloaths!' I called them nasty, to persuade myself I did not love them. 'To-morrow 'morning will be a much better time 'than the present. Valville will be at 'home then; and it is very improbable 'he should be there now. I will let 'the bundle alone for the present, and 'finish it by-and-by, when I shall return from visiting the monk. My 'foot gives me very little pain; and I 'will take my time, and go to the convent.

'Well, but what cap must I put on? 'What cap! why, this that is just by 'me; it is too much trouble to open 'my drawers to look for another, since 'I have this ready: and, besides, it is 'better than mine; and, therefore, it is 'even proper that I should put it on to 'undeceive the monk; who, on seeing 'how profuse Mr. De Climal had been 'of his favours, would easily judge 'that it was not charity that induced 'him to be at such expence.' For I was resolved to relate my whole adventure to him, since he appeared to me a very honest man; and this cap, I imagined, would confirm what I said.

But, as for the gown I had on—'What,' said I, 'must be done with 'that? Certainly I need not pull it off! 'It is fit he should see that too; for it 'will be an additional proof of the 'baseness of his designs.' I then, without the least scruple, resolved to keep it on; since reason itself seemed to authorize my doing so. The imperceptible artifice of my little reasonings had carried me hitherto; and I began to take fresh courage.

I made haste to put on my cap; which done, I went down to go out. I found Mrs. Du Tour below with a neighbour; who called out—'Where are you 'going, Marianne?'—'To church,' returned I. This was an equivocation, or rather a compleat falshood; for though a church and a convent are almost the same thing, yet they convey two very different ideas. 'So much 'the better, child!' cried she; 'so much 'the better! Go, and submit yourself 'to the holy will of God! My neighbour and I have been talking of you; 'and I have been telling her, that we 'will have a mass, on your account, 'to-morrow.'

While she was detaining me with this discourse, this neighbour, who had already seen me two or three times, fixed her eyes upon me, and considered me with a vulgar kind of curiosity; the result of which was, that, from time to time, she shrugged up her shoulders, and cried—'Poor girl! I pity her with 'all my heart! There is nobody that 'sees her, but must think she comes of 'a good family.' This kind of con-

tern was neither to my taſte nor advantage; and, as I could not thank them for it, I left immediately theſe two goſſips to purſue their reflections by themſelves.

From the departure of Mr. De Climal, till this moment, I had not thought like a reaſonable being; I had only amuſed myſelf with my diſdain for Mr. De Climal, whom I could not think on without the greateſt contempt; with my complaints againſt Valville, whom, my heart told me, I ſtill loved; in meditating projects of tenderneſs and pride againſt him; and in regretting the loſs of my gaiety: but of my ſituation I had not taken a moment's thought; it did not once enter into my mind; nor had I felt the leaſt concern about it.

But the uproar and confuſion of the ſtreets at once ſcattered all theſe trifling ideas, and made me enter into myſelf. The more I obſerved the places I paſſed through, and the continual motion of this prodigious city, the more it appeared a place of ſilence and ſolitude to me: a foreſt would have appeared leſs deſert; I ſhould have found myſelf there leſs alone, leſs a forlorn and ſolitary wanderer. Was it only my misfortune to be placed in an unfrequented wild, I might then, indeed, hope to eſcape: but how could I fly from that deſart in which I found myſelf? the whole world being one to me, ſince I was not linked to it by any of thoſe ties which are the bonds of ſociety, thoſe dear and ſocial engagements, which unite perſons to each other.

The crowd of people with which I was ſurrounded, talking to each other, the noiſe they made, the clatter of the coaches, and the ſight of ſo many houſes, all inhabited, ſerved only to increaſe my affliction.

'Nothing that I ſee here,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'concerns me. How happy 'are theſe people!' reſumed I, after a moment's pauſe; 'they all have their 'diſtinct places of ſafety and retire-'ment! The night will come, when 'they will be no longer here; they will 'all betake themſelves to their reſpec-'tive homes: but, for me, I do not 'know where to go! Nobody will 'wait for me! nobody conſider my 'preſſing wants! I have a retreat for 'no longer than to-night; to-morrow 'I ſhall have none!'

This, however, was ſaying too much; for I had ſtill ſome money left, with which I might have hired a room, till Heaven, perhaps, would have found out a way to relieve me; but a retreat for a few days may almoſt be called none at all.

I did not weep at all at that time; but I was not more eaſy than if I had. I collected matter for my grief from almoſt every object that preſented itſelf; my ſoul inſtructed itſelf in every thing that could heighten and aggravate my misfortunes; and this was not a time for tears. We only ſet open the ſluices of grief when our ſorrows are riſen to a proper height, and ſwell too high to be confined within their banks; but not while we are opening the channels of ſorrow, and ſearching into the various cauſes we have to be afflicted. Accordingly, I ſoon after gave vent to my oppreſſed and aching heart.

I was dreſſed as I was in the morning; but my cloaths did not employ my thoughts; or, if they did, they gave me no pleaſure. I drew the attention of many perſons as I paſſed along; which I obſerved without any ſelf-approbation: ſometimes I heard them ſay—'See! what a charming creature!' But theſe reflections, though they were not ungrateful, gave me not a moment's delight; for I was then incapable of liſtening, with pleaſure, even to a ſubject ſo ſweet and entertaining to our whole ſex.

Sometimes, too, I thought of Valville; but it was only to tell myſelf that it would be ridiculous to think of him any more; and, indeed, my ſituation repelled the ideas I had of him. How unbecoming a paſſion would love be in one of my circumſtances! In an unhappy, miſerable creature, like me, who wanders, unknown, over the earth, where I am aſhamed to live; ſince I muſt be either the object of the contempt or compaſſion of others.

I arrived, at laſt, at the convent, in a ſituation of mind not to be expreſſed: I aſked for Father St. Vincent; and they conducted me into an outer parlour, where, I was told, he was with another perſon. But, Madam, admire this ſtroke of fortune; can you imagine who that perſon was?—It was Mr. De Climal! who, on ſeeing me, bluſhed and turned pale alternately; whilſt I looked upon him with as great indifference as if I had never ſeen him before.

'Ah! is it you, Miſs?' ſaid the religious. 'Come, I am very glad to ſee 'you here at this time, though I did 'not expect it. You were the ſubject 'of our converſation.—Pray, Sir, keep 'your ſeat.'

'No, father,' replied Mr. de Climal, bowing to the religious; 'permit me to leave you: after what has 'happened, it muſt be indecent for me 'to ſtay any longer. I am not angry 'with Miſs, I aſſure you, Sir: may 'Heaven forgive her, as I do, with all 'my heart! and ſo far from reſenting 'the ſcandalous opinion ſhe had conceived of me, I ſwear to you, father, that I am more diſpoſed to ſerve 'her than ever; and that, with the 'greateſt humility, I return thanks to 'Heaven for the affliction I have met 'with in the exerciſe of my charity to 'her! but, I believe, that neither prudence nor religion will permit me to 'ſee her more.'

This ſaid, he ſaluted the father, and bowed to me too, with eyes modeſtly caſt on the ground, while I held down my head; and he was going to retire, when the monk ſtopped him, by taking hold of his arm—'No, Sir; no,' ſaid he; 'you muſt not go: I conjure 'you to hear me. Yes, your diſpoſitions are moſt commendable, moſt 'edifying. You pardon her; you wiſh 'her well: oh, how wondrous good is 'this! but obſerve you do not carry 'this goodneſs to it's utmoſt extent; 'ſince, notwithſtanding all this, you 'abandon her in ſpite of the need ſhe 'ſtands in of your aſſiſtance; in ſpite 'of her offence, which will render your 'ſuccour ſo meritorious; in ſpite of 'that charity which you believe you 'ſtill have for her, and the exerciſe of 'which you are going to diſpenſe with; 'take care, Sir, and fear leſt it ſhould 'be extinguiſhed in your pious breaſt. 'You thank God, you ſay, for the 'little affliction and mortification he 'has ſent you through her imprudence 'and folly. Well, would you merit 'this mortification, which is a mercy; 'would you be truly worthy of it; 'redouble your care for this poor orphan, who will acknowledge her 'fault. You have told her you liked 'her; which her vanity, her fear, and 'even her virtue itſelf, might engage 'her to interpret to your diſadvantage. '—Is it not true, child? Do not you 'think yourſelf to blame for having injured, by your unjuſt ſuſpicions, this 'good gentleman, to whom you are under ſuch great obligations; and who, 'very far from looking upon you with 'carnal eyes, has been induced, by his 'holy affections, by his ſweet and pious 'exhortations, to engage you himſelf 'to fly from whatever might lead you 'aſtray? A thouſand times bleſſed be 'the kind Providence that has conducted 'you here to-day!—It is to you, dear 'Sir, ſhe is brought back; you ſee and 'are convinced of it.—Go, daughter, 'confeſs your fault; repent of the 'folly of your heart, and promiſe to 'make reparation by your future reſpect, confidence, and acknowledg'ment. Come forward,' added he, becauſe I kept at a diſtance from Mr. De Climal.

'Oh, Sir!' cried I, addreſſing myſelf to the falſe devotee; 'is it I, then, 'that am guilty? Can you expect me 'to hear this with patience? God, 'from whom nothing can be conceal'ed, will do us both juſtice: it is im'poſſible for me to have been deceived; 'and you know it very well.' Here my heart was too full to let me proceed, and I ſtopped to wipe away my tears.

Mr. De Climal, as bold a hypocrite as he was, could not bear it; I ſaw the moſt perplexing embarraſſment painted upon his countenance, and a confuſion that he could not hide. He feared his looks would betray him, and that this diſorder would induce the monk to ſuſpect his character: this made him at once take the moſt effectual means to diſguiſe his heart, which was to appear ſtill with an ingenuous confuſion, and frankly confeſs that he was ſo.

'She diſconcerts me,' ſaid he, with a modeſt diſorder in his look and voice; 'I do not know what to anſwer. What 'inſult ſhe loads me with! Ah, father, 'aſſiſt me to ſupport this new trial! 'This will be ſpread abroad! This 'poor child will tell it every where; 'ſhe will not ſpare me!—Alas, child! 'you would do me a great piece of in'juſtice: but God forgive you!—Adieu, 'father: talk to her; endeavour to 'make her baniſh all theſe unjuſt ideas, 'if it is poſſible. It is true, that I have 'expreſſed a great deal of tenderneſs for 'her; but ſhe has miſtaken the nature 'of my affection: it is her ſoul that I

'have

Stothard del. Angus sculp.

Plate X.

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'have loved, and it is her ſoul that I 'love ſtill; and which, indeed, de-'ſerves to be loved. Yes, father, Miſs 'has virtue; I have found in her a 'thouſand amiable qualities: and I 'recommend her to you, ſince it is no 'longer proper that I ſhould concern 'myſelf with her affairs.'

After theſe words, he retired, bowing only to the monk; who returned his compliment with an air of uncertainty, as if he knew not how to behave. He waited upon him to the door of the convent, and followed him with his eyes till he was out of ſight: at laſt, he returned to me; and, with a great deal of affection in his looks, began—'Daughter,' ſaid he, 'you grieve me. 'I am far from being ſatisfied with 'your behaviour; you have neither 'prudence nor gratitude; you are too 'obſtinate to believe any thing but 'what enters your fooliſh head: and 'ſee now what it is all come to. Oh, 'the good man! What a loſs you will 'have of him! What is it that brought 'you here now? It will be to no pur-'poſe to addreſs yourſelf to me any 'more; it will be entirely in vain. 'What good do you think I can do 'you? I have already done all I am 'able. If you have not profited by 'it, it is neither my fault, nor that 'good man's, who I found out for you. 'He has treated you as if you were his 'own child, for he has told me all; he 'ſupplied you with cloaths, linen, mo-'ney; he has furniſhed you with every 'thing; he has aſſured me that he paid 'for your board, and would have will-'ingly ſtill paid it; and even had a 'deſign of ſettling you in the world: 'but, becauſe he did not approve of 'your ſeeing his nephew, who is a 'giddy, debauched young coxcomb, 'you imagine, out of ſpite, that this 'pious and holy man loves, and is 'jealous of you. Is not this very 'ſtrange, very dreadful? He jealous! 'He love you! God will puniſh you, 'child, for the wicked thought. It 'ſprung from the malice of your heart; 'and God will puniſh you for it; I 'tell you ſo!'

I weeped while he ſpoke. 'Hear me! 'hear me!' replied I, ſobbing; 'I en-'treat you to hear me!'

'Well, what do you ſay?' returned he. 'What buſineſs have you with 'that young man? Why are you ſo 'obſtinately bent upon ſeeing him? 'What a monſtrous conduct! How-'ever, I might paſs by this folly; but 'to carry your ill humour and ran-'cour ſo far as to be ungrateful and 'rude to a worthy gentleman, to whom 'you are under ſuch obligations! 'What do you think will become of 'you? What a misfortune is it to have 'ſuch a ſpirit as yours! Oh! indeed your 'behaviour vexes me. How genteelly 'are you dreſſed! Who would ima-'gine you had no relations? And, if 'you had, and they were even rich, 'could you be better accommodated 'than you are? Perhaps not ſo well. 'And all this, it is likely, proceeds 'from him. O Heavens! what can 'you complain of? He has ſpared no 'coſt——'

'Oh, father, you are in the right!' interrupted I; 'he has, indeed, ſpared 'no expence: but do not condemn me 'without hearing me. I hardly know 'his nephew; I ſaw him firſt by chance, 'and have never ſince been in his com-'pany: then, how is it poſſible I 'ſhould have entered into any engage-'ments with him? Mr. De Climal has 'abuſed you; and has given you pre-'tended reaſons, very different from the 'real ones, in order to prejudice you 'againſt me. You mentioned my 'cloaths: they are, indeed, too fine; 'I was ſurprized to ſee them ſo; and ſo 'are you now. Come, father, come 'near; take notice of the fineneſs of 'this linen; I would not have had it 'ſo good; and was very unwilling to 'accept of it on account of his beha-'viour before: I ſay, I even told him 'I could not accept of it; but he made 'a jeſt of my refuſal, and anſwered—"Go, look in your glaſs, and ſee if "this linen is too fine for that beauti-"ful face." Was you in my place, 'father, what would you have thought 'of this diſcourſe? Be ſincere, and 'tell me, if Mr. De Climal is ſo de-'vout, ſo pious, what buſineſs had he 'to take notice of my face? What was 'it to him whether I was beautiful or 'ugly? Why did he, with a merry 'air, call me his Dear Rogue in the 'coach; and add, that I ſhould have 'a heart more ſenſible; and that he 'would leave me his to aſſiſt me in 'making it ſo? To what purpoſe could 'he ſay all this? When a perſon ſpeaks 'of the heart to a girl, and of leaving 'her

'her his own, can it be piety that 'teaches him to make use of such ex-'pressions? Does he kiss her——'

'A kiss, child!' interrupted the religious; 'a kiss! you dreamed so; 'that could never be! and you cannot 'say it. Who can believe you? Go, 'child! you are mistaken! It was no 'such thing! It is impossible! A kiss! 'what a dream! Poor man! it was 'only a jolt of the coach, some sudden 'motion, which tossed his head against 'yours. This is all; to be sure it was 'nothing else: and this, in your pas-'sion, you took for a kiss! When we 'hate a person, we always put the 'worst construction upon every thing 'they do.'

'Ah, father! what reason could I 'have to hate him?' answered I. 'I 'had not, at that time, seen his nephew, 'who, he says, is the cause of his an-'ger against me: I had not even seen 'him; and therefore could not, on his 'account, be prejudiced against his 'uncle. But supposing I was deceiv-'ed with respect to the kiss, which you 'cannot believe Mr. De Climal gave 'me, he would not by his conduct 'have confirmed my suspicions; he 'would not have renewed them at Mrs. 'Du Tour's; he would neither have 'handled nor praised my hair in my 'chamber; where he was continually 'seizing my hand, putting it to his 'mouth, and making me such com-'pliments that I could not hear with-'out blushing.'

'What! what is this you tell me? 'Softly, child; softly!' returned he, with an air more surprized than incredulous. 'Your hair that he handled; 'that he praised! Mr. De Climal! 'Him! I cannot believe it. What 'could induce him to behave thus? 'It is true, he had much better not 'have done so. These are absences of 'mind that, I confess, do not look 'very decent; but, to be sure, he had 'no meaning in them. It was a foolish, 'inconsiderate action; but not a cri-'minal one.'—'And my hand,' cried I, 'which he put to his mouth; was 'this, too, an absence of mind?'

'Oh! your hand!' replied he; 'your 'hand; I do not know how to recon-'cile that. There are a thousand peo-'ple, you know, who take every body 'by the hand when they speak to them: 'and, perhaps, it is a custom that he 'has got. I am sure I have been served 'so a hundred times.'

'Mighty well, father!' returned I; 'but, when you take a girl by the 'hand, you do not kiss it; you do not 'commend it's beauty; you do not 'kneel before her, and talk of love.'

'What! how dare you tell me such 'a monstrous falsehood? It is quite in-'sufferable!' cried he. 'Hold thy 'tongue, thou little viper! It is false! 'I cannot bear to hear you! It is the 'devil that has inspired you with these 'thoughts! Yes, it is the devil, to be 'sure! Go! get out of my sight! I 'will hear no more! I do not believe 'a word of what you have told me; 'neither of the hair, your hand, nor 'his discourse: it is all a forgery! 'Oh, thou dangerous little creature! 'She makes me tremble! How invi-'dious the reflection! to say, that Mr. 'De Climal, who leads a life of peni-'tence and devotion, who is wholly 'given up to acts of piety and charity, 'should kneel before you, and talk of 'love!—Lord! what will this world 'come to?'

This he said, joining his hands, and lifting up his eyes, as if affrighted at my discourse; and as if resolved, too, to banish those disagreeable ideas, for fear he should be tempted to examine them.

'Indeed, father,' answered I, all in tears, and vexed at his prejudice, 'you treat me very ill. It is extremely 'painful for me to find myself used 'thus, and loaded with fresh injuries, 'where I come to seek for consolation 'and redress. You are related to the 'person who brought me to Paris, and 'who had the care of my education; 'you have told me yourself that you 'esteemed her much, and that her vir-'tue has edified you; it was to you she 'made her confession at her death, at 'a time when it cannot be supposed she 'would speak against her conscience; 'you know what she said of me; I am 'sure you must easily remember it, 'since it is not long since she was taken 'from me; and I am not conscious to 'myself that I have done any thing 'that can give cause for such an ill opi-'nion of me since that time, as you 'have now entertained: on the con-'trary, my innocence and inexperi-'ence have excited your compassion, 'as well as the dreadful situation you

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'saw me in; and is it possible that you 'can imagine, that I am instantly be- 'come the most vile, deceitful, and 'abandoned creature in the world? 'You seem ready to believe, that, in 'the grief and extremity I am in, a 'man, with whom I have only been 'one hour, and that by mere chance, 'and whom I shall never see more, has 'rendered me so fond and passionate, 'that I have lost all sense of goodness, 'all conscience; and that I have, at 'once, the courage and spirit to invent 'things which ought to make me 'tremble; to forge the most frightful 'falsities; and all this, too, against a 'virtuous and worthy man, who would 'assist me to live, who was able to do 'me so much good, and whose friend- 'ship it was my interest to preserve; 'but it is he, it is he who is the liber- 'tine; who, seeming devout and cha- 'ritable, gives me liberally in publick, 'in hopes of bribing my virtue, and 'rendering me in secret a sharer of his 'guilt and infamy.'

'O Heaven! how transported does 'she appear! But what is this she 'tells me? Who ever heard the like?' cried he, holding down his head, but without interrupting me, while I went on.

'Yes, father, this is his design; 'this the reason why he dressed me in 'such a manner: and if I would have 'consented to leave the place I was in, 'and suffer myself to be carried to a 'house magnificently furnished, where 'I should board with one of his ac- 'quaintance, who is, he says, a soli- 'citor, and who he was to inform that 'I was a relation of his just come out 'of the country, he would have been 'satisfied. This is his charity! this 'his virtue!'

'How!' cried the monk, interrupt- ing me; 'a solicitor, say you? Is he 'married?'

'Yes, father,' answered I, 'he is 'married. I was to live with this soli- 'citor, attended by masters who were 'to teach me to dance, sing, and play 'upon the spinnet; while all the fa- 'mily were to shew me such respect, 'that I should appear as their mistress. 'His wife was to take me away to- 'morrow, and carry me to her house; 'where, if I was willing to go, he 'would immediately present me with 'a bond to pay me five or six hundred 'livres annually, till something better 'could be provided for me. If I had 'not shewn that I abhorred his pro- 'posals, he would not have reproached 'me, as he has done, with the louis 'd'ors he has given me, which I will 'return; nor with the cloaths, which I 'am ashamed to wear, and of which 'I will make no advantage; God for- 'bid I should! He did not tell you, I 'suppose, that I threatened to ac- 'quaint you with his designs; or that 'I told him you were deceived in him, 'and thought him as pious as he seem- 'ed to be: to which he had the front 'to answer, that you would look upon 'it as nothing, as a mere trifle which 'may happen to every body, and per- 'haps to you; and that you could not 'secure yourself against love, because 'every good man is liable to this pas- 'sion, and most in danger of being 'captivated by it. Do you think, fa- 'ther, it is probable I could invent all 'this?'

'Good Saviour!' cried he, quite a- mazed; 'what a strange recital! what 'ought I to think of it? You stagger 'me, child! This solicitor puzzles 'and perplexes me; and seems to con- 'firm all you have said.—I cannot de- 'ny it, for I know him; I have seen 'them together,' said he, as if apart; 'and this poor child could never have 'found out that Mr. De Climal em- 'ployed him, and that he is married.— 'It is an ill-looking fellow, is not he?' added he, turning to me again.

'I cannot tell, father,' returned I; 'Mr. De Climal only mentioned him 'to me; for I have neither seen him 'nor his wife.'—'So much the bet- ter,' returned he; 'so much the bet- 'ter. Aye, aye, you was to go to 'live with them; I understand you. 'The husband is a man I never could 'like. But, child, how strange is 'your story! If it is true, who can we 'trust?'

'If it is true, father!' cried I. 'What inducement could I have to 'lye? Is it on his nephew's account 'you suspect my veracity? Oh, that I 'was but shut up in a convent, never 'to see him more!'

'Say you so, child? That is well 'said; nobody can speak better.'—'If 'you have any suspicion left, father,' added I, 'ask the linen-draper, where 'Mr. De Climal had placed me, what

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'she thinks of him; whether she does 'not look upon him as a cheat and a 'hypocrite? Ask his nephew, if he 'did not surprize him on his knee be-'fore me, holding my hand and kissing 'it, which I could not snatch from 'him. This so offended the young 'gentleman, that he looked upon me 'as lost and ruined: and, in short, 'father, consider the confusion Mr. 'De Climal was in when I entered. 'Did not you take notice of his 'looks?'

'Yes, yes,' said he; 'he blushed: 'you are in the right. I did not know 'what to think of it. But, can it be 'possible? I cannot get this solicitor 'out of my head. It is a terrible arti-'cle; and his confusion, too, I like no 'more than that: the contract is ano-'ther dark story. He was in great 'haste, sure! What occasion was there 'for the rich furniture; and so many 'masters? Who would he have you 'dance with? A pleasant kind of cha-'rity, truly! I suppose it was to fit 'you for the masquerade. But is it 'Mr. De Climal that has done all 'this?—Lord, how much we need thy 'assistance! Alas! how depraved is 'human nature! The mind, and all the 'noble powers of the soul, are too 'often slaves to the passions, and re-'bels to reason. How miserable is 'mankind, when this is the case! Mi-'serable, indeed!

'But, child, think no more of it; I 'believe you do not deceive me; no, 'you are not capable of so much false-'hood: but say no more; be discreet; 'charity demands you should be so. 'Do you mind? Never mention this 'strange adventure to any body: take 'care that you do not please the world, 'by repeating this scandalous affair. 'They will triumph; and, from his 'wickedness, take occasion to ridicule 'the true servants of God. Endea-'vour even to think that your eyes and 'ears have been deceived: this is a 'disposition of mind, that will be very 'agreeable to God, and which will 'draw down his blessing upon you. 'Come, child, do not afflict yourself; 'take courage,' cried he, observing my tears, which began to flow faster, because he seemed to sympathize with me. 'Continue to be wise and good; 'and Providence will take care of you. 'Fare you well! I have some business, 'and must leave you: but give me a 'direction to that tradeswoman's where 'you live.'

'Alas, father!' answered I, after having given it to him, 'this day is the 'last I am to be with her: he pays no 'longer for my board; and I am obliged 'to leave my lodging to-morrow; for 'she expects I should do so. If you 'abandon me, I shall have no where to 'fly to: you, father, are my only 'friend; you my only resource.'

'Me, my dear child! Alas! how I 'pity thee! I am poor, and can do 'thee no service; but God can do every 'thing for thee: do not be discou-'raged; we shall see, child, we shall 'see, what is to be done for you; I 'will think of it. God, that knows 'how sensible I am of your affliction, 'perhaps will inspire me; for it all 'depends on him. I shall pray to him 'for directions; do you do so, too: 'tell him, that in his goodness alone 'you put your trust, and that all your 'hopes are in his mercy. I will be 'with you by nine in the morning, 'without fail; but be sure you do not 'go out before that time: it grows 'late, and I have business to do. A-'dieu! Compose yourself: you are a 'good way from home, and it is time 'to be going. Heaven preserve you! 'Fare you well till to-morrow!'

We parted, without my being able to utter a single word; and I went away at least as uneasy as I was when I came to him. The pious consolations he had given me rendered my condition even more frightful than it had ever appeared to me before. I was not de-vout enough to relish them; and is it not strange that a young mind should believe that all hope is lost, and her condition desperate, when she is told that God alone can relieve her? It is a grave and serious idea, that disturbs and alarms her confidence in all human assistance; for our minds are generally too much attached to the objects of our senses to dare to rise above them: this makes us too often fly from ourselves, and dread the dull moments of serious thoughts and pious contemplation.—O Religion, how much do we wrong thy native amiableness! How do we despise the glorious privilege of being reason-able and immortal! Nor is it strange, since religion, the honour, the happi-ness of all intelligent minds, is almost

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every where repreſented to the young and ſprightly, as an enemy to all their joys; as inconſiſtent with gaiety and delight: and thus, our fancies having cloathed her in all the dreary pomp of horror, we ſhun and fly from the imagined ſpectre.

As I was returning home, in a profound conſternation, affrighted at the proſpect that lay before me, and oppreſſed with the weight of my ſorrow, I was ſtopped by a tumult in the ſtreet, at the door of a convent: the church was open; and, half perſuaded by a ſentiment of religion, which then entered my mind, and half induced to it by the deſire of giving a looſe to my grief, and venting my ſighs without reſtraint, as well as to hide my tears, which drew upon me the attention of many obſervers, I entered the church, which I found empty, and threw myſelf on my knees at a confeſſional. There I abandoned myſelf to my affliction, and ſmothered neither my ſighs nor my groans. I lamented my miſery in the natural language of an oppreſſed heart; and, as I did not expect to be heard, I cried out—'Why 'am I brought into the world? Miſe-'rable that I am! What can I do here? 'My God, thou haſt placed me in this 'ſituation; thou knoweſt my miſery; 'thou knoweſt my diſtreſs; do thou, 'then, relieve me. O thou common 'Father, thou compaſſionate Parent of 'univerſal nature! be a father to me, a 'poor miſerable orphan! the moſt for-'lorn, the moſt wretched of all thy 'creatures: teach me to confide in thy 'goodneſs; and relieve me from all 'my diſtreſs!'

I was in the midſt of my exclamations, at leaſt I believe ſo, when a lady came in unperceived, whom I did not take notice of till ſhe retired.

I found afterwards, that ſhe was juſt arrived out of the country, and had given orders that her coach ſhould wait at the gate of the convent, where ſome of her friends had deſired her to deliver a letter to the prioreſs; and that, while a ſervant was gone with it to her, ſhe ſtepped into the church, finding, as I did, the door open.

She was ſcarce entered, when my moving complaints reached her ears; ſhe heard, perhaps, all I ſaid; and ſaw me in a poſture expreſſive of the deepeſt deſpair; while my thoughts were ſo ſwallowed up with my calamities, that I even forgot where I was. My affliction, which appeared to her the moſt extreme, ſenſibly touched her; my youth, my ſhape, and, perhaps, too, my dreſs, contributed to intereſt her in my grief.

On theſe occaſions, the eye recommends us to the heart; if you are unhappy, and make but a mean appearance, the moſt generous minds will be too apt to overlook you; or, at beſt, will intereſt themſelves but coolly in your affairs: you will want that attraction which flatters their vanity; and nothing can aſſiſt you ſo much in rendering them generous towards you; nothing makes them reliſh the honour and pleaſure of being ſo, as the ſeeing in you an air of diſtinction.

This lady examined me with attention; and would even have ſtaid to ſee me turn my head, if ſhe had not been told that the prioreſs waited for her in the parlour.

At the noiſe ſhe made in retiring, I came to myſelf; and, as I heard ſomebody's ſteps, I was willing to ſee who it was: ſhe expected it, and our eyes inſtantly met.

I could not ſee her without bluſhing, at being ſurprized in my lamentations; but, in ſpite of all my confuſion, I obſerved ſhe was pleaſed with my looks, and that my affliction touched her: this appeared viſible in her countenance; and, in return, mine (if it told her my thoughts) expreſſed a ſenſe of gratitude, at leaſt, equal to my timidity; for ſouls are capable of this kind of intercourſe.

I remained here about half a quarter of an hour longer; both to dry up my tears, and to revolve in my mind what I ſhould do the next day, if the monk did not ſucceed in his deſigns. 'How 'much do I envy the lot of thoſe girls 'in this convent!' ſaid I: 'how happy 'are they!'

I was taken up with this thought, when the maid, who looked after the doors of the convent, came and told me, very civilly, that ſhe was going to ſhut up the church. 'I ſhall go pre-'ſently,' returned I, not daring to give her any more than a ſide look, for fear ſhe ſhould take notice that I had been weeping; but I forgot to take care of the tone in which I anſwered her, and this it was betrayed me. She

thought it so moving, and, besides, observed me so young, genteel, and agreeable, (as she told me afterwards) that she could not help saying to me—'Alas, dear Miss! what is the matter? 'Pray, what disturbs you? Have you 'lost any thing of value? Perhaps you 'want to speak with some of our ladies. Pray, Miss, which of them 'would you see?'

I made no answer to these questions; but my eyes began again to flow. Our sex, Madam, are very apt to cry when we are told that we have been weeping; and this is a puerility that we cannot easily shake off.

'But, Miss, pray tell me what is 'the matter? I beg of you,' continued she, 'tell me freely. Shall I go and 'tell any of our religious, that you 'desire to speak to them?' Here I could not help reflecting on what she said. 'It is God, perhaps, who sends 'her to inspire me with that thought,' said I to myself, quite moved with her tender importunity. 'Yes, Madam, 'I should be very glad to speak with 'the prioress, if she be at leisure.'

'Very well, Miss,' returned she; 'if 'you please to follow me, I will con'duct you to her parlour, and she will 'wait upon you in a minute. Come.'

I followed her up a few stairs, when she opened a door; and the first object which presented itself was the lady I have mentioned; whom I had never seen, but when she went out of the church, and who then looked upon me in a manner extremely obliging.

She appeared even charmed at seeing me again; and rose up, with a friendly air, to make room for me.

She was with the prioress of the convent; and I have already told you the cause of her visit. 'Madam,' said the servant, 'this lady desires to speak with 'you.'

The prioress was a short person, but plump, fair, and double-chinned; and her complexion fresh and healthy: there are no such faces to be met with in the world; for the good plight of such a body does not at all resemble that of others. It is a constitution formed by ease, and more methodically, with more art, more ceremony, and a more refined self-love than ours. It is commonly either the constitution, the quantity of food, or a life of inactivity, that gives us this state of body; but hers was obtained by the devout care which she exerted incessantly, in consulting the ease and welfare of her dear person; which was a proof that, notwithstanding her having renounced the pleasures of life, to think on a better, her heart was not only still fixed on this, but that she indulged a soft, indolent, and voluptuous habit; and not only enjoyed her health, but took as much pains to procure herself as many nice superfluities, as if she was always on the recovery of it. Thus this plight of body, nursed up in the convent, has a different appearance from ours, which comparatively looks profane; for it not only renders the face fat and plump, but gives it a solemn air of gravity; and communicates to the looks not chearfulness and gaiety, but tranquillity and content.

At the first view, Madam, you perceive in these persons an outside courteous and affable, though they are inwardly cold and unconcerned: it is the mien, not the soul, that is affected and seems to grow tender; for they are like fine images, which, though they appear sensible, and express the passions with a striking beauty, yet have neither sentiment nor goodness. But I will proceed: perhaps I may attempt to finish her picture another time.

'Your servant, Miss,' said the prioress, saluting me: 'may I know to 'whom I have the honour to speak?' —'The honour is mine, Madam,' answered I, covered with shame; 'and 'if I had even told you who I am, I 'should not be at all the better known 'to you.'

'If I am not deceived, you are the 'person I just saw in the church,' said the other lady, with a tender smile; 'and I think, too, I saw you weep; 'which sensibly affected me.'—'I am 'extremely obliged to you, Madam, 'for your concern,' returned I, in a low and timorous voice, and then was silent. I was at a loss how to begin; for the reception I met with from the prioress, though extremely civil, had discouraged me. I immediately lost all my hopes without knowing why. The first sight of the prioress struck me; and made me at once imagine that her goodness was all superficial. 'She 'will condole, but not succour me,' said I to myself; 'I shall have no as-

'sistance

'fiſtance from her. Alas! I have no-
'thing to hope for!'

Meanwhile, the ladies were ſtanding, which made me bluſh, becauſe my dreſs deceived them, and I was greatly below ſo much ceremony. 'Do you 'deſire to ſpeak with me alone?' ſaid the prioreſs to me. 'As you pleaſe,' anſwered I; 'but I ſhould be very 'ſorry to diſturb the lady, or give you 'the leaſt trouble: I will wait upon 'you another time.'

This I ſaid, with an intention to eſcape from the embarraſſment into which I had thrown myſelf, and to come no more.

'No, Miſs; no:' ſaid the lady to me, taking me by the hand, to make me come forward. 'I beg you would 'ſtay; my viſit is over, and I am go-'ing: ſo I ſhall leave you entirely at 'liberty. I have taken notice that 'you are very uneaſy; and you there-'fore deſerve every body's concern: 'and if I ſhould turn you away in this 'diſpoſition, I ſhould never forgive 'myſelf.'

'Yes, Madam,' ſaid I, touched with her diſcourſe, and all in tears, 'it is 'true, I am very uneaſy; I am ex-'tremely ſo: nobody has ſuch cauſe 'for it as I; nobody has ſo much rea-'ſon to complain, nor ſo worthy of 'compaſſion. You, Madam, ſhew a 'heart ſo noble, that I will make no 'difficulty of ſpeaking before you: 'you need not retire, for you will not 'at all diſturb me; on the contrary, it 'is happy for me that you are here; 'becauſe you will help me to obtain of 'this lady what I am come to beg for 'on my knees;' here I caſt myſelf at her feet: 'and that is, that ſhe would 'be pleaſed to receive me into her 'houſe.'

'Oh, my charming dear! how you 'move me!' cried the prioreſs, ſtretch-ing out her arms, as if to receive me, while the lady affectionately raiſed me up. 'How happy am I, that you 'ſhould make choice of my houſe! 'Indeed, as ſoon as I ſaw you, I fore-'ſaw that you were to live with us: 'your modeſty ſtruck me. "Is not this "a predeſtinated perſon?" I thought 'within myſelf: for it is certain your 'vocation is wrote on your counte-'nance.—Is it not true, Madam? Is 'it not as I ſay? How charming ſhe 'is! What an air of wiſdom!—O 'my child! how am I tranſported! 'How you fill me with joy! Come, 'my angel, come.—I would lay any 'wager that ſhe is an only child; and 'that they would marry her againſt 'her conſent.—But tell me, my dear 'life; is it now that you would enter? 'We ſhould, however, let your rela-'tions know of it. Do not you 'think ſo too? But to whom muſt 'we ſend?'

'Alas, mother!' returned I, 'I 'can direct you to nobody.' My confuſion and my ſighs made me ſtop here. 'Well,' ſaid ſhe, 'what muſt 'we do, then?'—'No; I can direct 'you to nobody,' continued I: 'you 'are quite miſtaken, mother; I have 'not even the comfort of having any 'relation; at leaſt, if I have any, I 'have never known them.'

'Sweet Jeſu!' replied ſhe, with ſomething of a colder air, and leſs af-fection; 'that is very dreadful, Miſs! 'No relations! How can that be? 'Who, then, takes care of you? It is 'likely, then, you have no fortune. 'What is become of your father and 'mother?'

'I was but two years old,' ſaid I, 'when they were aſſaſſinated by rob-'bers, who ſtopped a ſtage-coach in 'which I was with them: their do-'meſticks ſhared the ſame unhappy 'fate, and only I was left alive. I 'was carried to the vicar of a neigh-'bouring village; and, by him and his 'ſiſter, a lady of the moſt unſpotted 'virtue, was educated with the great-'eſt tenderneſs. But, unhappily for 'me, after having brought me to Pa-'ris, ſhe died, at a time when her bro-'ther was loaded with the heavieſt 'misfortunes: her death plunged me 'into the deepeſt diſtreſs; I had no 'perſon who loved me upon earth, 'theſe two dear perſons excepted; and 'all the proſpect that lay before me, 'was, to ſubſiſt upon the charity of 'others; a diſmal ſituation, indeed! 'But it was the loſs of this dear lady, 'the loſs of her tender friendſhip, that 'moſt nearly afflicted me: not to men-'tion the value and ſincere reſpect I 'owed her brother, whom, perhaps, I 'ſhall never ſee more. I regretted 'their loſs, not the ſupport I received 'from them; and I would gladly have 'given my life to have ſaved hers. 'She died in the inn where we lodged:

'I was left there alone; and there I 'was robbed of almoſt all the little 'money ſhe left me. A monk, her 'confeſſor, took me from thence, and 'put me, ſome days ſince, into the 'hands of a gentleman, whom I will 'not name: we thought him a man of 'ſtrict piety and virtue; but we were 'both deceived, he was quite the re-'verſe. He placed me with Mrs. Du 'Tour, a linen-draper; but ſcarce was 'I there, before he diſcovered his wick-'ed deſigns; when, to ſeduce me from 'the paths of virtue, he uſed all his 'art, and, at laſt, promiſed to make 'me a handſome ſettlement, and to 'provide for me with the greateſt mag-'nificence: but I had learned to chuſe 'the keeneſt ſufferings, rather than to 'deprive myſelf of the ſecret witneſs 'of an approving conſcience. I would 'have welcomed poverty, want, and 'even ſlavery, with all it's train of 'miſeries, ſince, even then, I ſhould 'have poſſeſſed a mind free from the 'reſtraints of vice and the ſting of in-'famy. I was ſhocked at his beha-'viour, and aſtoniſhed at his hypo-'criſy and deceit: I endeavoured to 'make him aſhamed of himſelf. "O "Sir!" ſaid I, "have you no ſenſe of "religion? What abominable thoughts "do you entertain!" But I ſpoke in 'vain; my reſolution to continue vir-'tuous was ſo far from bringing him 'to himſelf, and making him repent, 'that it enraged him againſt me, and 'made him treat me as an ungrateful 'wretch: he threatened to puniſh me, 'if I diſcovered him; he reproached 'me with the money he had given me; 'with my linen, and the gown I have 'on. I ſhall ſend him back the whole 'as ſoon as I return to Mrs. Du 'Tour's, who has given me leave to 'ſtay till to-morrow: I ſhall not know 'where to apply for relief, if Father 'St. Vincent, from whom I am juſt 'come, and who innocently recom-'mended me to this vile man, does 'not find a retreat for me to-morrow, 'as he has promiſed to endeavour to 'do. As I came from him, and was 'paſſing by, I ſtepped into your church 'to dry up my tears, which I could 'not conceal from thoſe that paſſed by 'me: then, Madam, God inſpired me 'with the thought of caſting myſelf at 'your feet, and imploring your aid.' Here I concluded my diſcourſe, or rather my little harangue, in which my grief ſupplied the place of art; which had it's effect on the lady who was with us. I obſerved her wipe her eyes; but ſhe made me no anſwer; ſhe left that to the prioreſs, who had honoured my ſtory with ſome motions of her hand, and geſticulations of her countenance, which ſhe could not refuſe me with de-cency: but I did not perceive that her heart gave any ſigns of being touched.

'Truly, your ſituation is very de-'plorable, Miſs,' ſaid ſhe, (for I had loſt all the tender epithets of 'Dear life!' and 'Charming angel!' all theſe en-dearments were ſuppreſſed;) 'but it is 'not quite deſperate! You muſt ſee 'what Father St. Vincent can do for 'you,' replied ſhe, with an air of com-paſſion. 'You ſay he is to find a place 'for you? It is much more eaſy for 'him to ſerve you than for me; I am 'confined, and do not know how to 'ſet about it. We ſee and know no-'body here, except this gentlewoman, 'and ſome other ladies, who are ſome-'times ſo kind as to pay us a viſit: but 'we are very often whole weeks with-'out being honoured with any com-'pany at all: beſides, our houſe is not 'rich; we are maintained by our 'boarders, whoſe number are greatly 'diminiſhed of late; we are in debt 'too, and ſo ill provided for, that I had, 'the other day, the mortification to re-'fuſe a very promiſing young lady, 'who deſired to be a lay-ſiſter, be-'cauſe we can receive no more, though 'we want them much, on account of 'the expence. Thus, on all ſides, you 'ſee our inability, which mortifies me 'extremely; for you afflict me, my 'poor girl,'—(my poor girl! what a difference of ſtile! before it was 'My 'charming dear!')—'indeed you af-'flict me! But why do not you apply 'to the miniſter of your pariſh? Our 'ſociety can only aſſiſt you with our 'prayers; it is not in a condition to 'receive you: and all that I can do for 'you is, to recommend you to the 'charity of the young ladies. I will 'make a collection for you, and remit 'it to you to-morrow.' A collection for an angel, what a charming pro-poſal!

'No, mother, no!' returned I, with a ſharp and reſolute tone; 'I have not 'yet ſpent the remainder of the little 'ſum that was left me by my dear 'friend;

'friend; and I did not come with a 'design to beg alms. I believe that 'those who have a spirit cannot stoop 'so low, till it is neceſſary to do it to 'ſupport life; and I am not yet re- 'duced to that extremity: however, I 'thank you.'

'Nor can I ſuffer one with ſuch 'ſentiments to be ever reduced to it,' ſaid the lady, who had hitherto kept ſilence. 'Take courage, Miſs; you 'may ſtill make pretenſions to one 'friend in the world: I will comfort 'you for the loſs of her you ſtill re- 'gret; and it ſhall not be my fault if 'I am not as dear to you as ever ſhe 'has been.—Mother,' added ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the prioreſs, 'I will 'pay the young lady's board; you may 'admit her: mean while, as ſhe is ab- 'ſolutely unknown to you, and as it 'is juſt that you ſhould be ſatisfied 'who it is you receive, in order to re- 'move all ſcruple from you, and to 'prevent my friendſhip for her being 'made a ſubject of ridicule, we need 'only ſend your ſervant to Mrs. Du 'Tour, the linen-draper; and her teſti- 'mony in Miſs's favour will juſtify 'both your conduct and mine.'

I immediately found, by this diſcourſe, that ſhe herſelf would be very glad to know a little more of the object of her friendſhip, and to be ſatisfied who it was ſhe obliged: but, pray, obſerve the generous courſe ſhe took to learn it; with what reſpect, care, and addreſs, ſhe concealed from me the little uncertainty ſhe might reaſonably be in as to the truth of what I had told her.

Theſe inſtances of goodneſs are invaluable; and, of all the obligations a great and noble ſoul can confer upon us, this ſecret politeneſs of ſentiment, theſe tender regards, are the moſt moving. I call them ſecret, becauſe the heart that beſtows them does not put them to the ſcore of the other's gratitude: it thinks they are only perceptible to itſelf; it conceals them from you, and, as it were, buries the whole merit of them in oblivion. This is a height of goodneſs which is quite angelick.

For my part, I preſently ſaw into her ſoul; for thoſe perſons who have a little of this nobleneſs of heart themſelves are extremely quick-ſighted in obſerving it in others, and eaſily take notice of every inſtance of it.

I ſeized with tranſport, though very reſpectfully, the hand of this charming lady; I kiſſed it long, and bathed it with the moſt tender and delicious tears I ever ſhed in my life: for the ſoul is conſcious of it's own dignity; and every thing that ſhews it an air of reſpect, penetrates and enchants it; for our pride is never ungrateful.

'Madam,' ſaid I to her, 'do you 'conſent that I write two or three words 'to Mrs. Du Tour by the ſervant? 'You ſhall ſee my letter; for, I think, 'in the circumſtances in which I am 'placed, ſhe may fear being deceived; 'and, being apprehenſive of a trick, 'may not explain herſelf freely.'—'Yes, do, Miſs,' anſwered ſhe; 'you 'are in the right: pray write to her.—'Mother, will you be ſo good as to 'give us a pen and ink?'—'With 'pleaſure,' ſaid the prioreſs, quite ſoftened; and inſtantly gave us them through the grate: when I wrote the note; which was as follows.

'MADAM,

'THE perſon who bears this letter 'applies to you to be informed 'of what you know of my affairs. Be 'ſo good as to tell her with the utmoſt 'freedom, and without the leaſt re- 'ſerve, whatever relates to my beha- 'viour and character, as well as the 'melancholy diſaſters of my life, and 'the manner in which I was intro- 'duced to you. I ſhould be very much 'diſpleaſed, if a regard to me ſhould 'induce you to ſuppreſs the moſt trifling 'particular; therefore, make no diffi- 'culty of ſpeaking according to your 'conſcience, without conſidering whe- 'ther it will be of advantage to me or 'not. I am, Madam, your humble 'ſervant,

'MARIANNE.'

This done, I preſented the paper to my kind benefactreſs; who, after having read it, ſmiling with an air that ſeemed to ſay this was a ſufficient proof of my innocence, gave it through the grate to the prioreſs, ſaying—'I be- 'lieve you will be of my opinion, that 'a perſon who can write in this man- 'ner has nothing to fear.'—'Very 'good!' replied the prioreſs, when ſhe had read it; 'it is extremely good! 'nothing could be better expreſſed!' And immediately, whilſt I was folding up

up the letter, rang the bell to call a servant.

As soon as she entered, she paid her respects to the lady; who said to her—'I have seen your sister in the country; 'she is very well pleased with the situation I have placed her in; and I have 'something to say to you,' added she, taking her aside. I could not help fancying that I was the sister she was talking of, and that she was busy in giving her orders in which I was concerned; and two or three words dropped, such as—'Yes, Madam; leave it 'to me;' pronounced pretty loud by the servant, who incessantly looked at me, sufficiently proved it.

However, the girl took the note, went out, and returned in about an hour after. I shall pass over what was said between the lady, the prioress, and I, during this interval. But I forgot one circumstance; which is, that, before she entered the parlour, another servant came to tell the lady that a person desired to speak a word with her in the next room. Upon this, she stepped out, but did not stay above five or six minutes before she came in again; but scarce was she entered, when the maid appeared, who, probably, had but just left her; and who, with a well-boding gaiety, and something of the enthusiasm of friendship, addressed me in this manner.

'O Holy Virgin! how much good 'have I just heard of you, Miss! But I 'guessed as much before.—Madam, 'you can hardly believe all they have 'told me! They say she has wit and 'good-nature; is wise, virtuous, affable, 'modest; in short, she is the best girl 'in the world! She is a treasure; yet, 'nevertheless, she is so unhappy, that 'Mrs. Du Tour and I have been cry-'ing together about her. She has 'neither father nor mother; nobody 'knows who she is: this is all the 'fault she has; and, if she had not 'feared God, she would not have been 'so unfortunate; witness, a very rich 'man that she dismissed, for good rea-'sons, like a villain, as he is; but I 'will tell you that another time; I 'only mention the most material things. 'As to the rest, Madam, I did as you 'ordered me; I did not tell your name 'to Mrs. Du Tour; so she does not 'know who it was that wanted infor-'mation.'

The lady blushed at this indiscretion of the servant, which informed me what was the subject of their conversation; and this blush was a new obligation, which I placed to her account.

'Very well, child; that is sufficient,' said she to her. 'And you, Marianne, 'will not you enter into the convent 'to-day? Have you any thing to take 'from the linen-draper's? Must you 'go thither again?'—'Yes, Madam,' replied I; 'but I shall return in half 'an hour, if you will permit me to 'go.'

'Do, Miss,' said she; 'and I will 'wait for you.' I then went out; and, as the convent was not far from Mrs. Du Tour's, I arrived there in a little time; though I still felt some pain in my foot.

When I entered, Mrs. Du Tour was chatting at her door with one of her neighbours: I gave her my thanks in the most obliging terms, and embraced her most affectionately; for I thought she deserved it.

'Well, Marianne,' cried she, 'thank 'God you have had good luck! How 'did you bring it about? How did you 'manage it? And, pray, who is the 'lady that sent to me?'

'Hold, Madam! I must be short; 'I am in extreme haste, and have not 'time to answer all your questions,' said I. 'I am going to undress my-'self, and put this gown into the bun-'dle I have been making; which I must 'immediately finish, and which you 'will be so good as to send to Mr. De 'Climal's nephew.'—'Yes, yes,' returned she; 'Mr. De Valville; I know 'him; I serve him with linen.'—'You 'are right; the very man,' said I, going up stairs into my room.

As soon as I was there, with all possible haste, I pulled off the gown I had on; and, snatching up the old one, put it in the bundle. This was done instantly. There were an ink-stand and some sheets of paper upon the table; I took one, and wrote thus to Valville.

'SIR,

'IT is but a few days that I have 'known Mr. De Climal your uncle, and am yet ignorant where he 'lives: on this account, I am at a loss 'how to direct these cloaths to him, 'which are his; and which I therefore 'desire you would send to him. He

'told

'told me he gave them to me out of 'charity, (for I am poor) whilſt I ac- 'cepted them in that light; but, as this 'is not true, and he has deceived me, 'they are no longer mine; and I there- 'fore return them back, as alſoſome mo- 'ney which he forced me to accept of. 'I ſhould not have had recourſe to you 'on this occaſion, if I had time to ſend 'to a monk called Father St. Vincent, 'who, to ſerve me, had recommended 'me to your uncle; and will teach 'you, when you will, to reproach your- 'ſelf for the inſult you have caſt upon 'an afflicted, virtuous maid, and one 'that is, perhaps, your equal. I am, 'Sir, your, &c.

'MARIANNE.'

What do you think, Madam, of my letter? I was mightily pleaſed with it, and thought it even exceeded my hopes, conſidering my youth and inexperience; but one muſt be very ſtupid, if, with ſome ſentiments of honour, of love, and of pride too, we do not expreſs our- ſelves a little more ſmartly than ordi- nary.

I had no ſooner ſealed up the letter, but I took the bundle, and carried it down ſtairs. I ſuppreſs here a parti- cular account of a number of circum- ſtances that you will eaſily gueſs at; ſuch as packing up my old cloaths to go to the convent; my taking leave of Mrs. Du Tour, who promiſed my let- ter and bundle ſhould be ſent within an hour to Valville's; the repeated aſ- ſurances we gave each other of our friendſhip; and the tears ſhe almoſt ſhed on her part; for ſhe did not quite cry, though I believed every minute ſhe was going to do it; but I let fall ſome tears of ſadneſs in going from her. Methought it ſeemed as if I was leav- ing a ſort of relation, and even my na- tive country too, without even time to think of this ſudden change of circum- ſtances: there was ſomething too much for me in the rapidity of the events.

But, however childiſh this was, can you look upon my going with the thoughts of being for ever excluded from the ſight of Valville as nothing? I had ſaid, indeed, I would never ſee him more; but it was very hard to be thus taken at my word: I had pro- miſed, indeed, never to ſee him more, but not never to be able to ſee him; this is another matter, an affair of a much more ſerious nature, and the heart will not bear to be uſed thus rudely; for what gives it a firmneſs and intrepidity in a caſe like mine, is the power of being weak; and this free- dom I had loſt by my change of cir- cumſtances; this made me ſigh, and abated my courage.

I had told Mrs. Du Tour that I was going to a convent; but what the name of it was, I was entirely ignorant of, as well as the ſtreet it was in; but I knew my way: the porter followed me with my box of cloaths; and I ima- gined that, at his return, he would in- form her; and if by chance ſhe ſhould ſee Valville, ſhe might tell him; but I cannot ſay that I wiſhed ſhe might; it was only a reflection that I made on the way, which ſerved to amuſe me. 'Well, 'but ſuppoſe he ſhould know the place 'of my retreat?' ſaid I to myſelf. 'What then! What is that to me? 'Nothing at all! Will he attempt to 'ſee me, or write to me? Oh, no, to 'be ſure!' ſaid I: but, 'Yes, ſure!' I ſhould have ſaid, if I had anſwered ſincerely, and according to the agreeable probability that he would do ſo.

We ſoon arrived at the convent: I went in, but much worſe dreſſed than when I went out. My benefactreſs aſked me the reaſon; I told her I left all the cloaths ſhe had ſeen before with Mrs. Du Tour, that ſhe might return them to the gentleman I had mention- ed, who had given them to me. 'My 'dear child, you ſhall loſe nothing by 'that,' ſaid ſhe, embracing me: after which I entered, and came again to thank her through the grate of the par- lour. She left me; and I became from that time a boarder.

I have many things to tell you re- lating to the convent. I ſoon became acquainted there with ſeveral perſons: I was loved by ſome, and hated by others. But I ſhall give you a parti- cular account of my abode here, which ſhall begin my Fourth Part; and ſhall finiſh this with an event which has been the cauſe of my entering again into the world.

Two or three days after I was here, my benefactreſs made me be dreſſed in as genteel a manner as if I had been her own daughter; and provided me with all the cloaths which would have been neceſſary for my appearing in that character. Judge of the ſentiments with which

which her goodneſs inſpired me: I never ſaw her but with tranſports of joy and tenderneſs!

They obſerved that I had a good voice, and underſtood ſomething of muſick; and ſhe was deſirous of perfecting me in it. The prioreſs had a niece, on whom ſhe allowed a maſter of the harpſichord to attend; and he was appointed my maſter too. 'Theſe are 'talents,' ſaid my amiable lady, 'that 'will always be of ſervice to you. If 'you take the veil, they will give you 'an air of diſtinction, and make you 'taken notice of: if you enter into the 'world, they will be looked upon as 'the moſt graceful and innocent ac-'compliſhments.'

She conſtantly came to ſee me every two or three days; and it was already three weeks that I had lived there in a ſituation of mind very difficult to deſcribe. I endeavoured to enjoy a perfect tranquillity; but found, however, that I had it not in my power. I baniſhed from my thoughts the intruding ideas that would hinder my enjoying a perfect repoſe; but in vain; my reflections and uneaſineſs returned together; and a ſecret folly, for which I continually reproached myſelf, tormented me inceſſantly.

Valville knew, without doubt, where I was placed; and yet I heard no more of him: my heart was at a loſs how to account for ſuch a conduct. If he had found the means to let me hear from him, he could have gained nothing by it; I had renounced him; but I did not intend by that, that he ſhould renounce me too. What a fantaſtical ſentiment!

One afternoon, as I was thinking of this, in ſpite of my endeavours to think no more of it, one came to tell me that a footman aſked to ſpeak to me. I fancied he came from my benefactreſs, and went into the parlour. I hardly looked at this pretended domeſtick, who ſhewed only one ſide of his face, and, with a trembling hand, preſented me the letter. 'Who do you come 'from?' ſaid I. 'You will ſee, Miſs, 'by the letter,' ſaid he, with ſome emotion in his voice, which my heart knew again even before I did; for I inſtantly felt myſelf moved by a kind of ſympathy.

I caſt a look at him as I received the letter, and ſaw his eyes fixed upon me. But what eyes were they! How much was I ſurprized! Our eyes were fixed upon each other, while we remained ſome time without uttering a word; and it was only our hearts that had ſpoke, when a ſervant entered, and told me my benefactreſs was coming up, and that her coach was in the court; but ſhe did not name her: 'It is your 'good mamma,' ſaid ſhe; and then left us.

'Pray, Sir, retire!' cried I, in confuſion, to Valville; for you ſee very well it was he; who only ſighed, and left me.

I hid my letter while I waited for my generous friend, who appeared in an inſtant, with a lady, who had every qualification to render her perfectly amiable; who ſoon engaged my affections, and whom you will love too, when I have given you her picture; which I intend to inſert in the Fourth Part, with that of the dear charming woman I called my mother.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

PART IV.

I Have made you wait ſo long, Madam, for the foregoing parts of my life, that, I perſuade myſelf, you will be ſurprized to hear from me again ſo ſoon. Your impatience is very obliging; and I intend to let you ſee I think ſo, by my extraordinary haſte in ſending you this Part ſoon after the laſt.

See, now, if my lazineſs is not of advantage to me? Perhaps you would not now have been pleaſed at my diligence; nor even have taken notice of it, had I been always ſo expeditious.

Sometimes even our faults are of ſervice to us, and ſet us in a better light than if we never had them; becauſe, whenever we mend, the contraſt between what we were, and what we are now, is ſure to heighten our real virtues, and give them a more diſtinguiſhed luſtre.

Do you remember Mr. De Beaufort? He was a perpetual grumbler, and of a moſt forbidding countenance: but, was he good-humoured for one quarter of an hour, he was more admired, and taken notice of, in that ſhort duration, than he would have been in a year, had he been always agreeable; we then hardly ever knew a perſon of ſo ſweet a diſpoſition.

But I muſt begin my Fourth Part; for, perhaps, it is neceſſary for you to read it before you will be convinced that it is the Fourth. However, before I continue my hiſtory, I am to give you the portraiture of my benefactreſs, which I promiſed you, with that of the lady ſhe brought with her; to both whom I am under obligations worthy of an eternal acknowledgment.

Though I ſay I am going to give you the pictures of theſe two ladies, I only mean to give you the out-lines, and a kind of rough ſketch; for it is impoſſible to paint them entire and perfectly like themſelves. I am well acquainted with many perſons whom I do not know how to deſcribe; there is ſomething in them which I cannot take ſufficient hold of; that I only perceive for myſelf, but not for others; and which, if I was to attempt, would be very ill performed. Theſe are objects of ſentiment ſo extremely complex, and ſo nicely delicate, that they confuſe me whilſt I reflect upon them: I do not know where to take them, in order to expreſs them in a manner capable of being comprehended.

Is it not the ſame with you? It ſeems to me, that my ſoul, on a vaſt variety of occaſions, knows more than it can expreſs, and that it has ſenſations of it's own very different from it's common ideas. But this thought will carry me too far; let us return to our ladies and their pictures: they will be very imperfect and ſhort; at leaſt, I am afraid ſo; and I tell you of it beforehand, that you may chuſe either to read them, or paſs them over.

My benefactreſs was about fifty years old: though ſhe had been a fine woman in her youth, yet ſhe had ſomething ſo good and condeſcending in her look, that blunted her charms, and hindered their being ſo piercing as they would have been; for it is the awe and

reſpect that beauty inſpires, that makes us adored, by giving us a kind of elevation over our admirers. When a perſon has an air of ſo much goodneſs, ſhe appears leſs ſtriking; we only think of her amiable character, but not at all of the graces of her body: it renders the whole perſon, indeed, more eſteemed, but her beauty leſs admired; and we are more pleaſed with her company than curious in looking upon her.

Thus, I believe, it had been with this excellent lady; no notice was taken of her attractive charms, but only that ſhe was the beſt woman in the world: for this reaſon, I have been told, ſhe has had few lovers, but many friends, and thoſe even amongſt our ſex; but this is not to be wondered at, ſince there were always ſeen in her an innocent inattention; a mien ſimple, condeſcending, and affable, which did no violence to the ſelf-love of her companions, and made her rather reſemble a confidant than a rival.

Her features were worthy to be praiſed, though they were not formed to captivate. Her eyes demanded more friendſhip than love. This dear lady had a ſhape juſtly proportioned; and which, if ſhe had pleaſed, would have appeared perfectly genteel. But this was not what ſhe aimed at; for ſhe had no other motion than what was natural and neceſſary, and which was expreſſive of a ſoul full of innocence and truth.

As to her wit, I believe it never was ſaid that ſhe had any, though nobody could ever ſay ſhe wanted it. Her converſation pleaſed every body, without having any thing in it remarkably ſhining. She ſaid nothing that was either ſmart or weak; but her diſcourſe was all ſweet and ſenſible: was the ſubject of converſation the moſt indifferent to her, ſhe ſtill kept up her character, and thought or ſaid nothing but what proceeded from that ſtock of goodneſs which was the baſis of her actions.

But pray, Madam, do not imagine that this benevolent temper was a blind and ſottiſh paſſion, the diſpoſition of a weak and puſillanimous ſoul, which appears ridiculous even to the perſons who profit by it. No, hers was a virtue; it was the ſentiment of an excellent heart, that inſtantly took the impreſſion of another's grief; it was a delicacy for the happineſs of others, which had infinitely more charms than the moſt ſparkling wit; it was a frank and genuine benevolence, conducted by reaſon and good ſenſe.

I ſhould not tell you that this lady had a nobleneſs of ſoul; this, perhaps, would confound your ideas, as it is a character too commonly uſurped to diſguiſe and palliate oſtentation. Her diſpoſitions to goodneſs were more ſimple, more amiable, but leſs brilliant; and thoſe perſons, to whom it is commonly aſcribed, have very often not the beſt hearts: they are ſo tranſported with the pleaſure and the glory of their generoſity, that they neglect numberleſs little duties. They love to be praiſed; whilſt ſhe, on the contrary, eſteemed it too mean to make this the ſole end of her actions. She never ſhewed her beneficence becauſe of the honour that accompanies it, but becauſe you had need of her aſſiſtance; her deſign was to remove your anxieties and give you repoſe, that ſhe might ſhare in your tranquillity.

Every teſtimony of gratitude gave her a ſenſible pleaſure, becauſe ſhe looked upon it as a proof of your content; for, whenever ſhe was loaded with many acknowledgments for her kindneſs, ſhe thought you found the benefit of having received them; and thus ſhe loved to think of them: for, whatever you ſaid to her, it was only your joy and ſatisfaction that could be her recompence.

One thing I forgot, that is very ſingular; which is, that, though ſhe never boaſted of her own good actions, you might ſafely boaſt of yours before her without fear of her taking offence. The pleaſure of hearing you ſay that you were good, or had been ſo, ſhut her eyes to your vanity, or elſe perſuaded her that it was very allowable, and what ſhe would contribute to augment as much as ſhe could. 'Yes, 'you are in the right to eſteem your-'ſelf; nothing is more juſt,' would ſhe ſay.

With reſpect to thoſe who value themſelves without any merit, who pique themſelves on their rank or riches, a ſort of people inſupportably burdenſome to every body elſe, they did not at all diſturb her; ſhe did not love them, and that was all; ſhe had only a kind of cool, tranquil, polite antipathy for them.

But the ſpreaders of ſlander and defamation

ſamation ſhe could not bear; they fatigued her ſtill more, becauſe their fault was grating to her natural goodneſs; whilſt the vain boaſter only ſhocked her reaſon and the ſimplicity of her heart.

She pardoned great talkers; and would laugh heartily at the uneaſineſs they gave her, whilſt they thought they had been entertaining her.

Did ſhe find perſons of an obſtinate diſpoſition, who refuſe to hear reaſon, ſhe heard them with patience, and was not at all the leſs their friend. 'Well,' ſhe would ſay, 'they are honeſt peo-'ple, however: they have their faults; 'and no perſon is exempt from them.' Every thing that did not proceed from a malevolent diſpoſition, appeared a trifle to her. Her tender heart never abandoned any perſon to miſery: neither the lyar, whom ſhe heartily pitied; nor the ungrateful, who is inſenſible of the moſt refined pleaſure that fills the human breaſt. But ſhe was truly cold to the malignant ſpirits; ſhe would, however, aſſiſt them; but ſhe always did it without that delight and reliſh which accompanied her other acts of beneficence. Theſe were with her the truly wicked, and the only perſons with whom ſhe was at variance, and againſt whom ſhe had a natural and invincible hatred.

A coquette, who would captivate every man, was much worſe in her eſteem than a woman deluded through exceſs of paſſion for one. Becauſe ſhe thought it a leſs crime for a perſon to be weak, than to render others ſo; and that it was better to want wiſdom than principles, as a weak heart is preferable to an impertinent and corrupt one.

She had a greater attachment to the moral virtues, than to the peculiar duties of Chriſtianity; regarded more the punctilious exerciſes of inſtrumental religion, than ſhe complied with them; honoured more the very devout, than ſhe thought of being ſo herſelf; loved God more than ſhe feared him, and conceived of his juſtice and goodneſs in a manner almoſt peculiar to herſelf; and from the benevolent diſpoſitions of her own tender heart, juſtly inferred what muſt be thoſe in the tender Parent of mankind, who had fixed them there.

Such was this amiable, this charming lady, of whom I have ſtill many things to add; but I muſt omit them; I have already been too long: if you think ſo, remember that it is my benefactreſs, and that I am very excuſable if I have a little forgot myſelf, and been loſt in the pleaſure I have taken in ſpeaking of her.

There yet remains another deſcription; and that is of the lady that came with her: but do not be afraid, I ſhall not trouble you with it at preſent; I ought to ſpare myſelf a little, for I ſuſpect that it will not be ſhort, nor indeed very eaſy; and therefore it is proper we ſhould both take breath. I owe it to you, however, who will diſpenſe with my promiſe of placing them together. I foreſee that it will be in this Part; but, I aſſure you, not till near the concluſion; and, perhaps, you would not be ſorry if you found I entirely omitted it: you may expect, at leaſt, to find ſomething very ſingular in it. You have juſt ſeen the picture of an excellent heart; but that which I have ſtill to paint will be as good a one, though very different from it: for, as to her mind, it had all the ſolidity of the other ſex mixed with the delicacy of ours.

But it is time to continue my narration. 'How do you do, child?' ſaid my dear friend to me, as ſhe entered the parlour. 'Here is a lady who is de-'ſirous to ſee you; for I have been ſay-'ing ſomething to her in your favour: 'and I ſhall be as much pleaſed as ſhe 'at her knowing you, that ſhe may 'love you as I do.—Well, Madam,' added ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to her friend, 'there ſhe is; how do you like 'her? Is it not true that Miſs is gen-'teel?'

'No, Madam,' replied the lady, with an air of friendſhip; 'no, ſhe is not 'genteel: excuſe me, Madam, your 'character is not juſt; you ſpeak with 'the modeſty of a mother. For my 'part, who am a ſtranger, I muſt tell 'you frankly what I think; and that 'is, that ſhe is charming: and, indeed, 'I never ſaw a more amiable form, or 'an air more noble.'

I caſt down my eyes at this flattering diſcourſe, and could only anſwer with my bluſhes. They ſat down, the converſation ſtill turning upon me—'Is 'there any thing in Miſs's look which 'could preſage the misfortunes ſhe has 'ſuffered?' ſaid Mrs. Dorſin, (this

was the lady's name;) 'but soon or late 'every one has troubles in this world; 'and hers are passed, I dare say.'

'I believe so, too,' answered I, modestly: 'since I have had the happiness 'to meet this lady, who has been so 'good as to interest herself in my welfare, I may reasonably hope that my 'happiness is begun.' At this my benefactress advancing, put her hand to the rails to take hold of mine, whilst I could only put two or three fingers through—'Yes, my dear,' said she, 'I 'love you, and you deserve it: from 'henceforward you shall have no in'quietude, no care, to disturb you. 'What I have hitherto done for you is 'nothing; do not speak of it. I have 'already called you my daughter; ima'gine that you are so, and that I love 'you as much as if you were.'

This answer touched me; my eyes grew moist: I endeavoured to kiss her hand, of which she could only give me two or three fingers.

Upon this Mrs. Dorsin cried out—'What an amiable creature!—Do you 'know that I am a little jealous of 'you, Madam; for she loves you with 'so good a grace, that I must make 'pretensions to her love too: you are 'her mother; and I must be, at least, 'her friend.—Do not you consent to 'it, Miss?'

'Madam,' returned I, 'my respect 'forbids my saying yes; I durst not 'take that liberty: but if I should be 'so blessed, I should look upon this as 'one of the most happy days of my 'life.'—'You are in the right, child,' said my benefactress; 'and the greatest 'service I can do you, is, to desire this 'lady to give her word that she will 'grant you her friendship.—You pro'mise it, Madam?' added she, speaking to Mrs. Dorsin; who, with an air of condescension, replied—'I give it 'her then, on condition that, next to 'you, she will love nobody in the world 'so much as me.'

'No, no!' said my mamma; 'you 'do not do yourself justice: I forbid 'her making the least difference be'tween us; and, I dare say, she will 'obey me.' I still cast down my eyes; saying, very sincerely, that I was both confused and charmed.

Here my benefactress looked at her watch—'It is later than I thought it 'was,' said she: 'I must go presently; I shall make you but a short visit 'at present, for I have many others to 'make. I am pretty much fatigued, 'and design to be at home betimes to'night; for I had not any rest all last 'night, I have been perplexed with so 'many different thoughts.'

'Indeed, Madam,' said I, 'I thought 'you seemed a little melancholy,' (and that was true;) 'and it made me un'easy. Pray, has any thing disturbed 'you?'

'Yes,' replied she: 'I have a son, 'who is a deserving young gentleman, 'and who has hitherto given me the 'highest satisfaction; but now he has 'very much displeased me. I was 'willing to have him married: a very 'advantageous match offered; the lady 'was rich, amiable, and of a good fa'mily; her relations approved of it, 'and were desirous to hasten the cere'mony; and my son himself, a month 'ago, consented that the friends on 'both sides should meet to agree upon 'articles. He has been introduced to 'the young lady; has seen her more 'than once; but for some weeks has 'neglected coming to a conclusion; 'he seems to be grown quite indiffe'rent to her. His conduct afflicts me 'extremely; especially as I am under 'a kind of engagement to a very con'siderable family, to whom I do not 'know how to excuse the shocking in'difference he has lately expressed.'

'I cannot believe it will last long,' said Mrs. Dorsin; 'and, I repeat it to 'you again, your son is no fool: he 'has wit, good-sense, and honour. 'You know his tenderness, and the 'deference and respect he has always 'expressed for you; and, I am per'suaded, you have nothing at all to 'fear. He shall dine with me to'morrow: he will hear what I have 'to say. Come, leave it to me; I will 'talk to him: for to say that the girl 'he found in returning from mass 'has made him averse to the marriage, 'I have already told you, is what I 'can never believe.'

'In returning from mass, Madam!' said I, a little astonished, because of the conformity this adventure had with mine.

'Yes, in returning from mass,' answered Mrs. Dorsin: 'they came from 'church

'church together; but there is no probability that they have seen each other 'since.'

'Oh, but they represent her so very 'beautiful! it is that alarms me,' said my benefactress; 'and you know, when 'she was gone, the measures he took to 'find her out.'

'The measures he took!' another motive for me to listen.

'O dear Madam, with what little 'reason do you disturb yourself!' cried Mrs. Dorsin. 'She is a pretty girl, it 'is true; but what reason can you have 'to think that she has turned his head? 'for it cannot be questioned but she 'must be some tradesman's daughter, 'dressed in her best cloaths because it 'was a holiday.'

'A holiday! Oh! is it then me?' said I to myself, trembling, and not daring to ask any more questions.

'I would ask,' continued Mrs. Dorsin, 'if a lady of distinction would have 'walked alone through the streets, 'without a footman, without any one 'to attend her, as you find she did? 'But, what is more, she herself seemed 'conscious that she was not suitable 'to your son; for she would neither 'tell him where she came from, where 'she was going, or where she lived: 'so, however enamoured you suppose 'him, where will he find her again? 'He has taken every step for that pur'pose, you say; his servants tell you 'that he made his valet run after the 'hackney-coach which carried her a'way;' (Oh, how my heart beat here!) 'but is it possible for a man to keep up 'with a coach? This same valet, in'deed, when you examined him, told 'you he ran after it, but at last lost 'sight of it.'

'So much the better,' thought I here: 'it is no more me; the valet that 'followed me saw me set down at our 'door.'

'But the fellow has, perhaps, de'ceived you?' continued Mrs. Dorsin. 'You are sensible he is in his master's 'confidence.'

'Oh, that is very likely too!' said I to myself; 'it is certainly me!'

'Well, we will suppose that he saw the 'coach stop,' continued the lady, 'and 'that your son knows where this pretty 'creature lives, what can you con'clude from it? that he has taken such 'a violent passion for her, that he would 'sacrifice to her his fortune, and all 'the advantages of his birth? that he 'would forget who he is, and what he 'owes to you and himself? Is this 'your son? Can you recollect his ever 'being guilty of such a piece of extra'vagance? There is scarce room to 'fear his being so weak and thought'less; you cannot suspect it. I will 'allow that the girl might be agree'able to him; that she might be formed 'to please; and a man of his age and 'condition might have a fancy to see 'how far such an adventure would 'carry him: this is all that can be in 'it; you may compose yourself. I 'will promise you we will marry him, 'if we have only the charms of this 'little adventurer to combat with. A 'formidable enemy indeed!'

'Little adventurer! what an ill'boding epithet! shall I never be able 'to disengage myself from this painful 'situation?' said I to myself. However, had the ladies left off here, I should not have known what to hope or fear; but my benefactress presently cleared up every thing.

'I should have been of your opinion,' returned she, with an air of inquietude, 'if I was not told that my son is grown 'peevish since this unhappy adventure; 'and it is certain I have found him 'entirely changed. You know he is 'naturally of a gay disposition; but 'now I never see him but he looks 'dull, perplexed, and thoughtful: his 'friends take notice of it; the chevalier, 'who used to be continually with him, 'is become a burden to him; his com'pany fatigues him, and accordingly 'yesterday he was denied to him. Add 'to this, the running about of the va'let I mentioned, who is sent out four 'times every day; and with whom, 'when he returns, he has always a 'long consultation in private. But 'this is not all: I forgot to tell you 'one thing; and that is, that I have 'been this morning to speak to the 'surgeon that was sent for to examine 'the young woman's foot.'

This was a circumstance that at once struck me. At the article of the foot, figure to yourself the poor orphan humbled as low as possible. I do not know how I did to breathe for the terrible palpitation that seized my heart. 'Oh! 'is it then me?' thought I. 'Methinks 'I am going out of the church; that

'I find

'I find myself in the street where I fell, 'dressed in those hateful cloaths Mr. 'De Climal had given me, adorned 'with all the trifles that had procured 'me the title of a smart lass in her 'holiday cloaths.'

What a situation was this for me, Madam! But what most humbled and afflicted me was, the reflection that the noble and distinguished air which Mrs. Dorsin, at her entrance, complimented me with, and which my benefactress acknowledged me possessed of, would no longer be of service to me when I should be known. Was it for me to presume to break a marriage like this? I might have the mien of a lady of distinction, provided I had no other fault but being unfortunate, and while my charms produced no disorder; but when beloved of Valville, and guilty of the uneasiness he gave his mother, I might well be reduced to a smart lass, an adventurer, and a little creature beneath their notice, who was no longer worthy their care, and who had been very bold to presume to wound the heart of a gentleman.

But let us listen to my dear mother, who proceeded; while some hints now-and-then escaped her that helped to revive my courage. She was speaking of the surgeon, and went on.

'He told me,' continued she, 'that 'she was very young, but extremely 'amiable; that she had the air of a 'lady of the first quality; and that my 'son, in the whole of his behaviour, 'expressed a sincere respect for her: 'and it is this respect that disquiets 'me. I do not know how, though 'you would persuade me to it, to re-'concile these things with the idea I 'form to myself of the daughter of 'some mean mechanick dressed up in 'all her finery. If he has any real 'love and esteem for her, it must be 'such as will be dangerous, and carry 'him very far. You must be sensible 'that this does not agree with her be-'ing a girl of no education, and with-'out merit; and his tenderness con-'vinces me that I shall have nothing 'at all to hope for from him: his hav-'ing sense and honour are the very 'reasons that will prevent there being 'any remedy to cure the unfortunate 'passion.'

Now, put yourself in my place, and pray consider the many melancholy considerations that at once crouded into my mind: but stay, however, there was one joined with them which was very agreeable. Did you take notice of that melancholy in which Valville was involved ever since the day we became acquainted? Did you observe the respect which the surgeon said he expressed for me? My heart, though full of trouble, had, amidst it's various perturbations, taken notice of these minute particulars: nor had the consequences, drawn from them by my dear friend, escaped my attention.

'If his passion is built upon a true 'esteem for her, his love is real,' she had said; and I was immediately of her opinion: this consequence appeared very just, as well as agreeable. Here I felt a mixture of shame, inquietude, and pleasure: but the pleasure was excessive; this idea of being truly loved by Valville had so many charms in it, that it inspired me with sentiments quite noble and disinterested. Indeed, the heart is in so good a situation when thus delighted, that you will not much wonder at the part it made me take, which was a sufficient proof that Valville had reason to respect me.

I was nothing; nor did I possess any thing worthy of rendering me considerable: but those who have neither titles nor riches to boast of, have a soul; a soul superior to the glittering splendor of wealth and greatness; that can command a more just respect, a higher veneration; and that can support it's dignity in the midst of the bittereſt afflictions. Observe how mine extricated me out of this perplexing situation.

After Mrs. Dorsin had replied to my benefactress, in answer to what she had just said, this last person, rising up in order to go, resumed—'Since he is 'to dine to-morrow with you, endea-'vour to dispose him to this marriage: 'and, as I cannot be satisfied with his 'adventure, I am resolved, at all ha-'zards, to place somebody near him, or 'his footman, as a spy upon their ac-'tions; and I will have one of them 'followed wherever he goes: by this 'means, perhaps, I shall discover who 'this little creature is. Supposing that 'he has found her out, it is proper 'we should find her out too; for it

'cannot

'cannot be unuſeful to know her.—'Farewel, Marianne! I ſhall ſee you 'again in two or three days.'

'No,' ſaid I to her, letting fall ſome tears; 'no, Madam, it is all 'over: you muſt ſee me no more; 'you muſt abandon me to the misfortunes which follow me wherever I 'go; for God will not ſuffer me to enjoy a laſting repoſe!'

'What would you ſay, child? What 'do you mean? Why ſhould I abandon you?'

Here my tears ran in ſuch abundance, that I remained ſome time unable to ſpeak a word.

'Thou makeſt me very uneaſy, my 'dear child. Why doſt thou weep ſo?' added ſhe, preſenting her hand as ſhe had done ſome minutes before: but I durſt no more give her mine. I drew it back, covered with ſhame, with words disjointed with my groans. 'Hold, Madam!' cried I; 'you do 'not know to whom you ſpeak; nor 'who it is you expreſs ſuch goodneſs 'to. I believe it is I who am your 'enemy: it is I that am the cauſe of 'all your uneaſineſs!'

'How, Marianne!' replied ſhe, aſtoniſhed: 'you ſhe that Valville met 'and carried home?'—'Yes, Madam; 'it was I myſelf,' I returned: 'I am 'not ungrateful enough to hide it from 'you; this would be a frightful treachery, a monſtrous baſeneſs, after 'all the care you have taken of me. 'You ſee I have not merited ſo much 'kindneſs from you, ſince you would 'have been happier if you had never 'known me, or I had never been 'born: ſee what reaſon you have to abandon me. It is not natural that 'you ſhould preſerve the character of 'a mother to an orphan whom you 'know not, whilſt ſhe afflicts you; 'and ſince a ſight of her has taught 'your ſon to diſobey you. I am confuſed and aſhamed to think how 'much you have loved me: you who 'ſhould rather have hated and deſpiſed 'me. Alas! how much have you 'been deceived! I ſincerely beg your 'pardon.'

My tears continued flowing, while my benefactreſs made me no anſwer, but looked upon me with an air of the moſt moving tenderneſs, with the tears ſtanding in her eyes.

'Madam,' ſaid her friend to her, drying her eyes, 'indeed this child 'touches me extremely: what ſhe has 'told you is admirable. What a 'great ſoul!'

Mrs. De Valville remained ſtill ſilent, regarding me attentively.

'Shall I tell you my thoughts, Ma'dam?' reſumed immediately this amiable lady. 'You have the moſt 'compaſſionate and the moſt generous 'heart: but I put myſelf in your 'place. After this event, you may, 'perhaps, ſhew ſome diſlike againſt 'ſeeing her again; and may be againſt 'continuing her under your care. 'Will you give her to me? I will take 'care of her till this affair is finiſhed: 'I do not intend to take her from you; 'ſhe would loſe too much by that. I 'will return her to you again as ſoon 'as the marriage ſhall be concluded.'

At this diſcourſe I lifted up my eyes, and gave her a look of humility and gratitude; to which I joined a ſlight inclination of my head: I ſay ſlight, becauſe I imagined I ought to thank her with diſcretion. I had reaſon to expreſs myſelf ſenſible of her goodneſs, but not to make her think that ſhe gave me any conſolation, as, indeed, ſhe did not. I accompanied this with a ſigh, after which, Mrs. Dorſin, reſuming her diſcourſe, ſaid to my benefactreſs—'Think of it, Madam, and conſult 'with yourſelf.'

'Excuſe me for a moment,' returned Mrs. De Valville; 'I will anſwer 'you preſently: let me firſt inform 'myſelf of one thing.—Marianne,' ſaid ſhe, 'have you not heard of my 'ſon ſince you have been here?'—'Alas, Madam!' anſwered I, 'do 'not examine me on that head; I am 'ſo unhappy, that I can only give you 'freſh cauſe for grief, and therefore 'make you more exaſperated againſt 'me. It is juſt that you ſhould deprive me of your friendſhip, and 'leave an unhappy girl, who has the 'misfortune to be the obſtacle of your 'deſires. It would be of no ſervice 'to you to increaſe your hatred, which, 'above all things, I deſire to avoid: 'but, Madam, do not think I refuſe 'to tell you the truth; I know very 'well that I am obliged to tell it you, 'if you deſire it. This is the leaſt part 'of what I owe you; but what with-

'holds

'holds me is, the pain it will give you; 'the averſion it will inſpire you with, 'and all the affliction that your diſ- 'pleaſure will occaſion me.'

'No, child, no;' replied Mrs. De Valville: 'ſpeak boldly, and fear no- 'thing from me. Does my ſon know 'where you are? Has he been here?'

Theſe queſtions redoubled my tears. I drew the letter I had received from Valville out of my pocket, which I had not unſealed, and gave it her with a trembling hand. 'I do not know,' ſaid I, interrupted with ſighs, 'how 'he diſcovered that I am here: but 'ſee what he has juſt given me him- 'ſelf!'

She took it with a ſigh, opened it, ran it over, then caſt her eyes upon her friend, who alſo fixed hers upon her. They both ſtood for ſome time looking upon each other, without ſpeaking a word: I thought I even ſaw them ſhed ſome tears. At laſt, Mrs. Dorſin, ſhaking her head—'Ah, Madam!' ſaid ſhe, 'I aſked you for Marianne; 'but I ſhall not have her; I find you 'will keep her yourſelf.'

'Yes, ſhe is my child more than 'ever,' returned ſhe, with a tenderneſs that would not permit her ſaying any more; and immediately preſenting me her hand, I took hold of it as well as the grate would permit me, and kiſſed it on my knees for a long time with an inexpreſſible eagerneſs; and I was ſo ſoftened, that I ſeemed almoſt ſuffocated with my tears. This was followed by a ſhort ſilence, which was ſo affecting, that I cannot yet think of it without feeling myſelf moved from the bottom of my ſoul.

Mrs. Dorſin broke ſilence firſt. 'Is 'there no way for me to embrace her?' ſaid this amiable lady. 'I never was 'ſo affected in my life as I am now. I 'do not know which of the two I love 'moſt; the mother or the daughter.'

'Well, Marianne,' ſaid Mrs. De Valville, when the various agitations of our minds began to ſubſide, 'you 'muſt never more, whilſt I live, call 'yourſelf an orphan. But let us re- 'turn to my ſon. Without doubt it 'was Mrs. Du Tour, the linen-dra- 'per, that told him where you are.'

'Very likely,' returned I; 'I did not 'however, tell her, becauſe I was ig- 'norant of the name of the convent 'when I entered; but the porter I 'made uſe of to bring my cloaths hi- 'ther, plies near her houſe, and he 'might inform her: and then Mr. 'De Valville, who had me followed by 'his footman, till I was ſet down by 'the coach at Mrs. Du Tour's, has, 'without doubt, enquired of the good 'woman, who could not help telling 'him all ſhe knew. This, I believe, is 'the way he found me out: for my 'part, I have done nothing to reproach 'myſelf with; and have not at all con- 'tributed to what has happened. And, 'as a proof of this, ſince I have been 'here, I have not heard his name men- 'tioned till this afternoon, when he 'brought me that letter, which he 'could not have given me without a 'ſtratagem.'

I had no ſooner ſpoke, but I thought that I ought rather to have concealed this laſt article, which I had mentioned without conſidering at all the conſe- quence. This was engaging my bene- factreſs to aſk an explication; and the diſguiſe of her ſon was a particular that I might, perhaps, have concealed, without a breach of that ſincerity and truth for which I began to value my- ſelf; an indiſcretion that my exceſſive ingenuity had drawn me into: how- ever, the word was ſpoke; but I found Mrs. De Valville did not at all need an explanation; ſhe knew at once what was meant by it.

'A ſtratagem!' returned ſhe; 'I 'know what you mean; and I will 'tell you how. As I was ſtepping 'out of the coach, I ſaw, by chance, 'a young man in a livery, coming down 'from this parlour; methought he was 'ſo like my ſon, that I could not help 'being ſtruck with the reſemblance: I 'thought of telling you of it, Ma- 'dam; for I looked upon it as a thing 'pretty ſingular, though I did not give 'much attention to it.—But now, 'Marianne, I find my ſon loves you, 'I do not doubt but, inſtead of a man 'that reſembles him, it was he him- 'ſelf; was it not?'

'Yes, Madam,' returned I, after having heſitated a moment; 'ſcarce 'was he here before you arrived. I 'took his letter, without taking notice 'who it was that gave it me; and I 'ſhould not have known him, but for 'a look he caſt at me. I ſtarted with

'ſurprize:

'surprize: we were told you were coming; and he retired with precipitation.'

'By what I know of his temper,' said Mrs. De Valville, speaking to her friend, 'Marianne must have made a prodigious impression upon his heart. See what it has made him resolve! What a surprizing effect! To take a livery!'

'Yes,' returned Mrs. Dorsin, 'this action certainly proves that he loves her passionately; but those are charms which conclude it much more strongly.'

'But how must we act with respect to this marriage, which he has almost broke off; this engagement which I have undertaken with his consent? Valville will, I am afraid, never conclude it. But more; I must tell you, that, possessed with such a passion as this appears to be, I am afraid he will marry this child. Oh! what must we do to cure him of this passion?'

'It would be hard, indeed, to teach him to overcome it,' returned Mrs. Dorsin; 'but I believe we may reduce it into the bounds of reason; and this we may certainly do with Miss's assistance. It is a happiness that she is the person we have to do with: we have now seen an instance of the greatness of her mind, which proves what her gratitude and tenderness for such a mother as you will render her capable of.

'Now, to determine your son to fulfil his engagements, he can only be prevailed upon by your daughter, and this would be a procedure entirely worthy of herself: as she is the only obstacle, she should speak to him herself; for nobody else will be capable of making him hear reason.—I am persuaded, Madam, that he would obey you, if you insisted upon it; he respects you too much to be capable of rebelling against you: but you say you will not force him; and nothing can be more just than this resolution; for, by a contrary conduct, you would certainly render him unhappy; he would be made so out of complaisance and duty to you; and consequently consider you as the cause of a misery he might easily have avoided. On the contrary, Marianne, by a thousand reasons, that will not admit of a reply, may possibly prevail with him to consent to his former engagements; she may persuade him, in as sweet and gentle terms as possible, and even with the appearance of regret, that he will love her in vain, and that she is not in a condition to return his affection; and, by this means, calm his heart, and convince him of the necessity he is under to marry the lady intended for him: thus he would be induced to marry her himself, and you would not appear to influence his choice. This is my opinion of the matter.'

'It is a very good thought,' returned Mrs. De Valville; 'I like your advice extremely: but I shall add one thing. Would it not be proper, in order to take away all hopes from him, that she should pretend to be desirous of taking the veil; and even to add, that her situation will not admit of her taking any other course?—But, Marianne,' said she, interrupting herself, 'I would not have you concerned at what I say; do not think I insinuate that you ought to quit the world: I am so far from it, that I could not consent to it without the most visible and remarkable proofs of your being desirous of it; since I should be apt to fear that your small fortune, your apprehensions of future want, or the fear of being a charge to me, would be your most prevailing inducement. I would not have you mistake me, I say; I have nothing but my son in view; and would only point out the means to bring him to my purpose, and help him to surmount a love which you too well justify; in which I know he would think himself happy, if permitted to cherish it; and with which, indeed, I myself should be charmed, if the maxims of the world did not restrain me from acquiescing with it. For, alas! what is it you want? neither beauty, with all it's most pleasing graces, the most sparkling wit, nor the unaffected goodness of a great and upright soul. These are endowments the most extraordinary, the most precious; these the true riches, the noblest portion of a woman in marriage, and these you enjoy in the greatest profusion: but you have not twenty thousand livres a year; he would make no alliances in marrying you;

'nor do we know your relations, who, 'perhaps, would be an honour to us. 'The greateſt part of mankind, my 'dear, have a ſuperficial way of think-'ing, and conſequently, very falſe 'ideas; they are dazzled with the 'ſplendor of riches, and their ears 'tickled with the ſound of titles: and 'yet to theſe I muſt give an account of 'my actions; to theſe, who would ne-'ver pardon the misfortunes you have 'ſuffered; which they would falſely 'term defects. Reaſon would cer-'tainly chuſe you for his wife; but an 'extravagant cuſtom rejects you: theſe 'particulars my friendſhip induces me 'to mention, that you might not look 'upon the aſſiſtance I expect from you 'to induce Valville to conquer his paſ-'ſion, as a painful ſubject of humilia-'tion.'

'Oh, dear Madam, or rather, dear 'mother! ſince you are pleaſed to 'grant me leave to call you ſo, how 'good, how generous is this!' cried I, caſting myſelf at her feet, 'to have ſo 'much regard and delicacy for a poor 'girl, unworthy ſuch goodneſs, and 'whom any body elſe in the ſame cir-'cumſtances would have treated with 'contempt, and loaded with indigni-'ties! What would have become of 'me, had not you taken me into your 'care? Without you, dear mother, I 'ſhould, by this time, have had the 'confuſion of begging my bread: and, 'notwithſtanding this, you are afraid 'of humbling me! Sure there is not 'a heart like yours in the world!'

'Oh, my daughter!' cried ſhe, in her turn, 'who could help being tender-'hearted to thee? My dear child, you 'enchant me!'—'O ſhe enchants you 'at a very proper time,' ſaid Mrs. Dorſin, with a tender ſmile: 'but, 'pray, put an end to this diſcourſe; I 'cannot bear it; you ſoften me too 'much.'

'Let us return, then, to what we 'were ſaying,' replied my charming benefactreſs; 'ſince we have concluded 'that you ſpeak to Valville, ſhall we 'wait till he returns to ſee her? or, to 'be more expeditious, would it not be 'better that ſhe ſhould write to him to 'come?'

'O by all means!' returned Mrs. Dorſin; 'let her write: but I am of 'opinion that ſhe ſhould know firſt 'what he ſays to her in that letter in 'your hand, which we have only read 'to ourſelves. By that ſhe will judge 'better how to regulate her conduct 'towards him.'—'Yes,' ſaid I, with an air of frankneſs and ſimplicity, 'I 'ought to know what he thinks; eſpe-'cially ſince I wrote to him the day 'that I came hither, about an hour be-'fore I entered.'—'Aye! how ſo, 'Marianne?' interrupted Mrs. De Valville.

'I was obliged to it, Madam,' re-turned I. 'I ſent to him a bundle, in 'which was a gown, ſome linen, and 'money; the preſents I had received 'from the gentleman I have already 'mentioned; who, out of a ſeeming 'pity had placed me at Mrs. Du Tour's, 'but whoſe real deſigns were baſe and 'diſhonourable. I wrote to Mr. De 'Valville, who knew where he lived, 'to deſire him to be ſo good as to ſend 'him the parcel as from me.'

'Hah! by what chance,' ſaid Mrs. De Valville, 'did my ſon know this 'gentleman?'

'Madam, you will be ſtill more 'ſurprized.' returned I, 'when I tell 'you he knew him becauſe he was his 'uncle.'—'What!' cried ſhe, 'Mr. 'De Climal?'—'Yes, Madam, it was 'he himſelf,' replied I: 'it was to him 'the good monk I have mentioned 'carried me; and at your houſe I 'learned it was Mr. De Valville's un-'cle, becauſe he entered ſoon after my 'fall had induced your ſon to have me 'carried in; and it was he, too, that 'young gentleman ſurprized at my 'feet at the linen-draper's; in the in-'ſtant he was entertaining me with his 'love; and it was this diſcovery that 'made him propoſe to remove me from 'the neighbourhood of Mr. De Val-'ville, that he might ſee me in ſecret 'without the dread of a diſcovery,'

'Juſt Heaven!' cried ſhe, 'what do 'you tell me! What a weakneſs was 'this in my brother!—I beg, Ma-'dam,' ſaid ſhe to her friend, 'do not 'mention a word of what you have 'heard. If ever an adventure like 'this ſhould come to be known, judge 'of the ſcandal it would be to my bro-'ther, who paſſes for a man of great 'piety; and who, I hope, has hitherto 'deſerved it, however he has forgotten 'himſelf, and behaved ill in this in-'ſtance. Poor man! what muſt he 'think of himſelf? How will he be

'able

'able to reflect on this incident in his 'cool and secret moments? Well, let 'us leave him, and proceed to the 'thing in question: let us see my son's 'letter.' Here she opened it again. 'But,' said she, stopping short, and recollecting herself, 'I have a scruple 'that has started in my mind. Shall 'we do well to read it to Marianne? 'Perhaps she loves Valville. There is 'a great deal of tenderness expressed 'in it; she may be touched with it; 'and it would only cost her more pain 'to render us the service we require 'from her.—Tell us, my dear child; 'is there any hazard? What must we 'think? Do you love my son?'

'That does not signify, Madam,' answered I; 'it will not hinder me 'from speaking to him as I ought.'

'It does not signify! say you? You 'love him, then, child?' returned she, smiling. 'Yes, Madam,' said I; 'it 'is true I do: I at first sight conceived 'an inclination for him, without 'knowing it was love; I did not 'think myself in danger of feeling 'that passion, but only indulged the 'pleasure of looking at him. I 'thought him amiable; and you know 'I could not be to blame in thinking 'him so, since I only did him justice. 'He is a young man of such a grace-'ful appearance, so perfectly agree-'able, and so like you, Madam, (for 'you know I loved you at first sight) 'that I could not help being charmed 'with him.' At this, they both burst into a laughter. 'I could never be 'weary of hearing her,' said Mrs. Dorsin; 'and I shall not be able to 'avoid seeing her: sure there is not 'her equal!'

'I think so, too,' replied my benefactress; 'but, however, I shall chide 'her, for having told my son that she 'loves him; for such a conduct is very 'imprudent.'

'O dear, Madam! I never told him 'so; I never uttered a word like it. 'Dare a girl tell a man that she loves 'him? We may talk of such things 'amongst ourselves, because no ill-'consequence can attend it: but he 'has not the least suspicion of it, un-'less he has guessed so; and if he has, 'it will avail him nothing. You shall 'see, Madam; I promise not to give 'you any uneasiness: it is true, he is 'amiable; and one must be blind not 'to observe it. But what then! I as-'sure you, I will behave as if he were 'entirely indifferent to me; for I should 'be very ungrateful to act otherwise.'

'Oh, my child!' said my amiable friend; 'it will be very difficult to 'bring thy heart to resolve to renounce 'him: the more I see thee, the more I 'despair of your ever being able to ac-'complish it. Let us try, however: 'see there, what he writes to thee.'

The letter was short; and, as near as I can remember, these were the words.

'IT is now three weeks, Madam, 'that I have sought you, and been 'dying with grief. I mention no 'more my love, it deserves no longer 'your attention; I would only throw 'myself at your feet: to shew you the 'affliction I am in for having offended 'you, I ask pardon; not with the hope 'of obtaining it, but to give you an 'opportunity of revenging yourself by 'refusing it me. You do not know 'how much you are able to punish me: 'but you ought to know it; and I only 'beg the consolation of telling it you.'

This was pretty near the contents of the letter. It penetrated my soul; and my heart felt the force of every word, which I am persuaded Mrs. De Valville took notice of, for she watched my looks attentively. 'My dear, the note is 'very moving, is it not?'—'I cannot 'deny it, Madam; for I durst not de-'ceive you.' returned I. 'However, 'fear nothing; I shall not do my duty 'with the less courage.'

'But,' replied she, 'what offence is 'it that he speaks of?'—'It is the ill 'opinion,' returned I, 'he had ex-'pressed of me, when he found Mr. 'De Climal at my feet; but since he 'received my letter, where I beg him 'to send the bundle of cloaths to his 'uncle, he sees he has been deceived, 'acknowledges my innocence, and is 'conscious of his having injured me.'

'This,' said Mrs. Dorsin, 'is as 'strong a proof of his probity as his 'love. I am glad to see him do jus-'tice to Marianne's virtue; it is act-'ing like an honest man: but the more 'he esteems your daughter, the greater 'will be the difficulty she will meet

'with in bringing him to reason, and 'making him comply with our de- 'sires. Do not you think so?'

'You are in the right,' answered my benefactress: 'but it is time to go 'home; let us conclude upon some- 'thing. We have agreed that Mari- 'anne shall write to Valville.'—'A 'word or two,' said I, 'will be suffi- 'cient: and I will write before you, 'Madam; the pen and ink are in this 'parlour.'—'Very well, child; you 'are in the right: a line will be suffi- 'cient.' I immediately wrote as follows.

'I Could not speak to you this after- 'noon, Sir, though I have some- 'thing to say to you.—

'But, Madam, when shall I desire 'him to come?' said I to Mrs. De Valville.

'At eleven o'clock in the morning,' returned she.

'And I shall be obliged to you,' added I, writing again, 'if you will come 'here to-morrow morning at eleven 'o'clock, when I shall wait for you. 'I am, &c.' And at the bottom, only

'MARIANNE.'

After I had directed this letter, I gave it my benefactress, who took the charge of sealing and sending it by one of the servants of the convent.

'Farewel, Marianne, till to-mor- 'row,' said she, 'when I shall see you 'again.'—'My dear,' cried Mrs. Dorsin, with an engaging smile, 'think 'me your sincere friend: I shall see 'you again very soon.—I will have 'her come with you, Madam, and dine 'at my house; and if you do not bring 'her with you, I promise you I will 'come and fetch her myself.'—'We 'will both wait upon you the first op- 'portunity,' replied Mrs. De Valville; 'after which, you shall have her as 'often as you please.'

I made no answer to this but a smile and a low curtsey; after which, they went away, and left me with a mind serene and full of tranquillity. Whoever had seen me would have imagined that I was dull and melancholy; but I was far from being so; I had only the appearance of this disorder, which was the effect of that flood of softness which had just overwhelmed me.

I sighed, however, like a person whose mind was disturbed, and might perhaps be thought to have some reason for being so, on account of the disposition of my affairs; for I loved a man whom I must think on no more; and this surely was a reasonable subject of grief: but, on the other hand, he tenderly loved me in return; a reflection full of unnumbered charms. This alone was almost sufficient to dissipate my uneasiness; it was a true honour, essentially necessary to give me patience to support the rest: besides, I had just behaved with so much generosity, had acted so conformably to reason, and given such proof of a disinterested gratitude, that had drawn tears of admiration and pleasure from those two amiable ladies. I looked inward with complacency and delight; I approved the greatness of my own soul, and amused myself with those pleasing vanities, and the secret applause which sprung from every reflection: this dissipated the gloom, and presented all within bright and lovely.

But to proceed. He has told me since, that the freedom I took in writing to him had disquieted him extremely; and, indeed, this had but an ill appearance; there was nothing in it that had the air of an intrigue, and it appeared too innocent to promise any thing very favourable.

But, however this was, eleven o'clock was but just struck, when the abbess came herself to tell me Valville waited for me.

'Go, Marianne,' said she; 'Mrs. 'De Valville's son asks for you. She 'told me yesterday, after she left you, 'that she would send him to see you: 'he waits for you.'

My heart began to flutter when I heard he was there. 'I thank you, 'Madam,' said I; 'I am going.' I went immediately, but with a slow pace, to get time to recover and fortify myself. I was entering upon a painful scene, and feared I should want courage to go through it; I distrusted myself, and was apprehensive that my heart would betray me, and make me but poorly serve my benefactress.

I forget to mention one article, Madam, which gave me, on reflection, another subject of self-approbation. I endeavoured

endeavoured to diveſt myſelf of every charm that it was poſſible for me to lay aſide: I appeared in no other dreſs than what I commonly wore on mornings, which I put on as negligently as I could; my linen, though very fine, was the ſame I had lain in, and was conſequently tumbled; my gown was a very indifferent one; it was very old, and what I ſeldom wore out of my chamber. Thus my age, and my natural agreeableneſs, were all that remained, without the aſſiſtance of the leaſt art to ſet them off and recommend them: however, I flattered myſelf with the thought that of theſe I could not be ſtripped, which helped me to ſupport the abandoning every other ornament; which was a ſacrifice I freely made to the friendſhip of my deareſt friend. She had not, indeed, deſired me not to be dreſſed; but I was very ſenſible that it would not have pleaſed her, if ſhe had found I had been ſo.

Thus cloathed, I appeared before Valville, who was dreſſed, and appeared extremely genteel; but with what a tender and reſpectful air! what a deſire of pleaſing ſhone in his eyes! He held a letter in his hand; which was mine, in which I had invited him to come.

'I do not know,' ſaid he, ſhewing me the letter, which he kiſſed, 'whether I ought to rejoice or be afflicted 'at the order I have here received from 'you; but I have not obeyed it without an inexpreſſible inquietude.' This he ſpoke with a look expreſſive of the greateſt fear and uncertainty.

'Sir,' returned I, extremely touched at this tender introduction to his diſcourſe, 'pray ſit down.' Here I heſitated, in order to recover myſelf, whilſt he took a chair. 'Yes, Sir,' reſumed I, with a trembling voice, 'I want to 'talk with you.'—'Well, Miſs,' returned he, trembling too, 'what is the 'matter? What muſt I think of this 'interview? Your abbeſs, I believe, 'knows of my making you this viſit?'—'Yes, Sir,' ſaid I; 'ſhe herſelf, 'calling you by your name, came to 'tell me that you deſired to ſpeak with 'me.'—'My name!' cried he; 'how 'can that be? I do not know her; nor 'have I ever ſeen her: you muſt have 'told her who I was; you have then 'had her conſent for ſending for me?'—'No, Sir, I have not made her my 'confidante: all that ſhe knew was, 'that you were to be here; however, 'it was not I that informed her of it. 'But, Sir, I beg you would hear me: 'you would perſuade me to think you 'love me, and I believe it is true that 'you do; but what deſign can you 'have in loving me?'

'That of being only yours,' returned he ſeriouſly, with a firm and reſolute tone; 'that of being united to you by 'all the ties of honour and religion: 'and if there are any engagements 'more ſtrong and binding, I will enter 'into them with a proportionably 'greater pleaſure. Your enquiry into 'my deſign gives me no pain; for I do 'not ſee, Miſs, how it is poſſible for a 'man to love you with other views. 'My intentions will not bear a doubt: 'I have only to know if they are 'agreeable to you, and if I may hope 'to obtain what will be the happineſs 'of my life?'

How affecting was this diſcourſe, Madam! I perceived the tears flow to my eyes; a ſigh eſcaped me, without being able to ſuppreſs it; but it was as low as poſſible: mean while I durſt not lift up my eyes to give him one look.

'Sir,' ſaid I, 'you know not yet 'the misfortunes I have ſuffered from 'my infancy. I am ignorant to whom 'I owe my birth; I loſt my parents 'without knowing them; and I have 'neither fortune nor relation: we are 'not made for each other; beſides, 'there are inſurmountable obſtacles in 'our way.'

'I underſtand you,' returned he, with an air of deſpair and conſternation: 'your heart refuſes to yield to my de'ſires, and unite itſelf to mine.'

'No, Sir, you are miſtaken;' that is 'far from being the caſe,' cried I, without being able to proceed. 'That is 'not the caſe, Miſs!' returned he; 'why, 'then, do you mention obſtacles?'

We were in this part of our converſation when my benefactreſs entered. Judge of Valville's ſurprize.

'What, my mother!' cried he, riſing. 'Oh, Miſs! all this was contrived.'—'Yes, my ſon,' ſaid ſhe to him, with a tone full of the ſweeteſt tenderneſs, 'it was; I readily confeſs it; we would 'not endeavour to conceal it from 'you: I knew you were to be here, and 'we thought it proper I ſhould meet 'you. But, my dear child,' added ſhe, addreſſing

addreſſing herſelf to me, 'have you informed Valville of every thing?'

'No, Madam,' ſaid I, fortified by her preſence, and animated by the affectionate manner in which ſhe ſpoke to me; 'no; I have not had time: the 'gentleman is but juſt come, and our 'converſation hardly begun when you 'entered; but I will tell him every 'thing before you, Madam.

'You ſee, Sir,' ſaid I to Valville, who ſeemed ſurprized at the tender names we gave each other; 'you ſee in 'what manner Mrs. De Valville treats 'me: you ought to know how kind, 'how extremely kind, ſhe has been to 'me, and what obligations I am under 'to her; obligations ſo great and numerous, that, were I to mention them, 'they would appear quite incredible; 'and you would be the firſt that would 'tell me that I ſhould be unworthy to 'live, if I did not entreat you to think 'of me no more.'

Valville, at theſe words, held down his head, and ſighed. 'Do you be 'judge,' reſumed I; 'you need only 'conſider who I am. I have already 'told you I loſt my father and mother, 'who were aſſaſſinated on a journey 'when I was with them, and but two 'years old; and ſince that time, Sir, 'hear what has happened to me. My 'education was given me by a clergy-'man in the country, who fulfilled 'that taſk out of a noble compaſſion. 'His ſiſter brought me to Paris; here 'ſhe died, and left me alone without 'ſupport: her confeſſor preſented me to 'your uncle, who placed me at a linen-'draper's; but after a few days aban-'doned me. I have already told you 'the reaſons of his conduct, when I 'deſired you to return his preſents for 'me. I went to tell the monk my 'ſituation; and, in returning from 'him, I entered into the church that 'belongs to our convent, to dry up my 'tears, with which I was almoſt ſuffo-'cated. My dear mother here came 'in after me; ſhe ſaw me weep at a 'confeſſional; I excited her pity, and 'from that time became a boarder 'here: it is ſhe that pays all my ex-'pences; who has bought me cloaths; 'who has furniſhed me with every 'thing, not only in the greateſt plenty, 'but magnificence; and has accom-'panied theſe generous actions with 'ſuch an engaging ſweetneſs, ſuch ten-'der and affectionate endearments, that 'I cannot call them to mind without 'melting into tears of gratitude and 'affection. She comes to ſee and diſ-'courſe with me; ſhe loves me, and 'treats me as if I was your ſiſter; ſhe 'has even made me forget that I am 'an orphan; and with reaſon too: I 'ought not to think I am ſo, ſince it 'is no longer true. Never had a daugh-'ter a better mother; nor experienced 'ſuch happineſs from that dear rela-'tion.' My benefactreſs and her ſon, at this part of my diſcourſe, ſeemed moved even to tears.

'See the ſituation I am in,' continued I; 'ſee what I owe to Mrs. De Val-'ville! You, I have been told, have 'ſenſe and probity; I believe it true: 'ſpeak, then, from your conſcience, 'Sir, how would you adviſe me to act 'after what I have told you? You muſt 'think that thoſe unhappy wretches 'who beg their bread are not ſo poor 'as I am: they have at leaſt brothers 'and ſiſters, or ſome other relations; 'they have a country; they have a 'name to diſtinguiſh them from the 'reſt of mankind, by which they are 'known amongſt their acquaintance; 'but I have none even of theſe advan-'tages; and therefore am more wretch-'ed and more poor than they.'

'Come, dear child, pray forbear; 'here is enough on this ſubject,' ſaid Mrs. De Valville. 'No, mother, let 'me tell every thing.—I ſay nothing 'but the truth, Sir,' continued I; 'and 'yet, after all this, you aſk for my 'heart; you deſire to marry me: would 'it not be a fine preſent I ſhould make 'you? would it not be a cruelty even 'to myſelf? Oh! what a heart ſhould I 'give you? if not a wicked one, yet 'that gift would declare my want of 'judgment, my want of conſideration 'and regard for you. It is true, I am 'agreeable to you; but you would not 'attach yourſelf to me, ſure, for no 'other reaſon but becauſe you think 'me handſome! You certainly believe 'I have a ſpotleſs character; and, if 'this is the caſe, how can you hope 'that I ſhould ever conſent to a love 'that would draw upon you the cen-'ſure of every body; which would ſet 'you at variance with your family, 'with your friends, with every one 'who eſteems you, and even with me 'too? For how ſevere muſt be your re-

'pentance,

'pentance, when you would ceaſe to 'love me; when you would find your-'ſelf married to a woman who is the 'ſubject of publick ridicule; whom 'nobody would ſee; and who would 'only bring upon you ſhame and mi-'ſery! Is this nothing?' added I, with a tenderneſs that made me weep. 'But, 'obliged as I am to Mrs. De Valville, 'how wicked a creature muſt I be, 'ſhould I marry you? If I was capa-'ble of it, would you ever think upon 'me but with horror? Should I not 'be the baſeſt and moſt ungrateful 'creature upon earth, eſpecially as I 'know your engagements to a lady of 'great merit? Do not be ſurprized, 'Sir; I am informed of every thing. 'My mother came to ſee me yeſterday, 'as uſual; ſhe appeared ſad and de-'jected: I aſked her the cauſe; ſhe in-'formed me that her ſon had diſpleaſed 'her. I heard her with attention, 'without knowing that I was the cauſe 'of her uneaſineſs. She told me ſhe 'had the greateſt reaſon to be ſatisfied 'with your conduct, till you had ſeen 'a young girl—Here ſhe related our 'hiſtory: and the girl who diſturbs 'you; who induces you to break your 'word; who now afflicts my dear mo-'ther, and who has robbed her of the 'reſpect and tenderneſs of her ſon; I 'found to be me, Sir; me, the pen-'ſioner that ſhe ſupports and loads 'with kindneſs! After this, Sir, ſee if, 'with honour, with probity, with a 'worthy, tender, and generous heart, 'which you have been accuſtomed to 'preſerve; ſee, I ſay, if you can wiſh 'me to love you, and if you yourſelf 'could have the courage to love ſuch a 'monſter as I ſhould be, could I liſten 'to your paſſion? No, certainly. I 'find you are touched, Sir, with what 'I tell you: you weep; it is tenderneſs, 'ſurely, for my mother, and pity for 'me.—Oh, Madam! you ſhall be no 'longer full of ſadneſs and inquietude: 'Mr. De Valville will ſuffer me to be 'no more the ſubject of your uneaſi-'neſs; the ſubject of a pain that falls 'with double weight upon myſelf. I 'am ſure he will no more interrupt the 'pleaſure you take in ſuccouring me; 'on the contrary, he will be ſenſible 'that he muſt ſhare in it: he may love 'me ſtill, but it muſt be a paſſion like 'yours. He will marry the lady in 'queſtion; he will marry her on his 'own account, becauſe he owes it to 'himſelf; on yours, who have pro-'cured ſo advantageous a match, and 'one ſo proper to compleat his happi-'neſs; and on mine too, who entreat 'him to obey you, as the only proof 'he can give me that I have been ever 'truly dear to him. This is a ſatis-'faction that he will not refuſe to a 'girl that cannot be his, but will ne-'ver be any body's elſe; and who, for 'her part, will not ſcruple to tell him 'that, if ſhe had been rich, and his 'equal, ſhe has ſo good an opinion of 'his merit, ſhe would chuſe him be-'fore any other man in the world.— 'This is a conſolation that I am wil-'ling to give you, Sir; and which I 'ſhall not regret, provided it reſtores 'your content and peace.'

Here I ſtopped, and wiped away the tears that began to flow in abundance; while Valville all this while held down his head; and, plunged in deep thought, was ſome time without anſwering me. Mrs. De Valville fixed her looks upon him while I ſpoke, with eyes ſwimming in tears: at laſt he broke ſilence, addreſ-ſing himſelf to my benefactreſs.

'You ſee, Madam, what is the ob-'ject of my regard: put yourſelf in 'my place—Am I to blame to love 'her? Is it poſſible I ſhould ceaſe to 'do it? Can what ſhe has juſt urged 'diſengage my affections? O Madam, 'what a conſummate virtue! But I 'muſt reſign her; you will have me do 'it: ſhe, too, deſires it of me; and I 'will quit the dear invaluable treaſure. 'I will marry another: I conſent to 'be miſerable; but I ſhall not be ſo 'long.'

Here his tears broke looſe, and he no longer endeavoured to reſtrain them. Mrs. De Valville was touched with them, and wept as faſt as he, without knowing what to ſay. We all three were ſilent, and nothing was heard but ſighs.

'Oh!' cried I, agitated with love, grief, and a thouſand confuſed emo-tions, not to be deſcribed; 'oh, dear 'Madam, your grief is inſupportable 'to me! Why did you meet us? You 'fill me full of deſpair; I cannot bear 'to ſee you thus—Sir, you make my 'life quite inſupportable!'—'Why, 'my dear, do you complain?' ſaid Valville: 'have I not already told you 'that I will reſign you?'

'Yes,

'Yes, you will leave me!' returned I: 'but, though you say so, you afflict my mother; you deprive her of 'life; you threaten her with your being miserable. Is this the consolation, this the happiness, you give her? You ask what reason we have 'for complaint; what can you demand 'more than I have granted? If you 'are generous, if you are reasonable, 'ought you not to regulate your desires, and keep them in proper bounds? 'You cannot marry me; but you have 'this consolation, that I will never engage my affections to any other; and 'you will be always very dear to me, 'Sir: you will not lose me, nor shall I 'lose you; I shall be a nun, indeed; 'but it will be here at Paris, and we 'shall sometimes see each other. We 'have both the same mother: you shall 'be my brother, my benefactor, and my 'dearest friend; the only man I esteem, 'and whom I shall never forget.'

'Oh, my dear mother!' cried Valville again, throwing himself suddenly at her feet, 'I beg pardon for the tears 'I see you shed, which I am so unhappy 'as to draw from you. Do with me 'what you please; you are the mistress 'of my actions: but you have undone 'me! Why did you bring me here to 'raise my admiration for this dear, 'justly dear creature, and then snatch 'me from her? Have pity on my condition; you tear my heart with the 'most cruel anguish. Take me away! 'Let us go! I had rather die than afflict you thus: but you, who feel so 'much tenderness for me, think for a 'moment what will become of me!'

'Alas, my son! what would you 'have me say?' returned the lady. 'I 'pity thee, child; I excuse thee: you 'both touch me; and I confess to thee 'that I love Marianne as much as thou 'dost. Arise, my son; this has not 'succeeded according to my expectations; but it is not her fault: I forgive the love thou hast for her; and, 'if the world thought as I do, I should 'not be so much troubled, nor at a loss 'what to resolve.'

At these last words, which Valville at once put the most favourable construction upon, he cast himself again at her feet, from whence she had just raised him; and, taking one of her hands, kissed it for a long time, without speaking. 'Well, Madam,' said I, 'will you love me still? Will you 'not, after this, as the only remedy, 'abandon me?'

'Heaven forbid, my dear child!' returned she. 'Why do you talk 'thus? Come, I desire you would 'compose yourself.—I am satisfied 'with you, my son,' added she, with an air of goodness that transported me. 'I will not press you to conclude the 'marriage in question, though it will 'displease a very worthy family; but 'I love thee better than them.'

'You restore me to life!' returned Valville; 'I am the happiest of all sons! 'But, Madam, what will you do with 'Marianne? Will not you permit me 'to see her sometimes?'—'You ask 'more than I know how to answer,' returned she: 'let me think of it; we 'shall see.'—'Consent at least that I 'love her,' added he. 'What would 'signify my refusing thee that?' returned she. 'Love her, child; love 'her, let what will happen.'

I had said some time before that I would take the veil; and was here, out of an excess of zeal, going to repeat it: but as my dear benefactress seemed to have forgot it, I suddenly reflected that I ought not to bring it to her remembrance. I had just exhausted my generosity, had used every argument I could think of to dissuade Valville from loving me; but as his mother had now permitted him to do so, as we had melted her heart into such softness, it was only for me to be silent. It would not have been proper for me to say—'Madam, take care what you do.' Such an excess of disinterestedness would neither have appeared reasonable nor natural; I therefore said not a word.

After a moment's pause—'What a 'dangerous little creature thou art, 'Marianne,' said she, rising; 'farewel.—Let us go, Sir,' added she to her son, with an engaging sweetness, who was still kissing her hand, which he held in his, the reason of which she seemed perfectly to understand. 'Yes, 'yes,' added she, smiling, 'I know 'what all this means. Do you coax 'your mother, child? I can fix upon 'nothing yet; I cannot bring myself 'to any resolution!—Adieu, child; 'it is late: I will return to see you 'very soon.' I saluted her without making any answer; and, as I had been crying, I was wiping my eyes with

with my handkerchief—'Why do you 'cry?' said she: 'I have nothing to 'reproach thee with; I cannot be angry 'with thee for being amiable. Go, 'compose yourself.—Give me your 'hand, Valville.'

She immediately went down stairs, assisted by her son; who prudently only spoke to me with his eyes, and took no other leave but a low bow; which I returned with an air full of diffidence, like a person afraid of taking too much liberty, and of abusing that generous lady's indulgence.

Here I was left alone, much more agitated than I was when Mrs. De Valville left me the preceding night; since here was matter for many other quite different emotions. 'Love her, 'child, let what will happen,' my dear benefactress had said to her son; and then—'We shall see; I do not know 'what to resolve upon,' had she added: and from this I inferred, that she had ordered me to hope; which, indeed, I did; but called myself a fool to dare to hope on such slender grounds. On occasions like these we cannot help feeling a pretty deal of pain; for it is much better not to have the least glimpse of success, than to have one so faint as only to flatter the soul, to make it tremble with fear, and to fill it with the most painful uncertainty. 'Shall I be so 'happy as to marry Valville?' said I to myself: 'I cannot believe it possible.' But, however, I began to think I should be miserable if I did not. This was all the knowledge that my heart had gained from the uncertain discourse of Mrs. De Valville; I had learned a new way to torment myself.

I could not sleep that night, and hardly got any rest the two following; for I passed three days without hearing any thing of them; but, if I remember right, it was not without a little repining at my dear benefactress. 'What! 'can she determine nothing, then?' said I sometimes. 'Will she never 'come to a resolution?' And here, I believe, I could not help blaming her.

At last the fourth day appeared, and I heard nothing of her; but, about three in the afternoon, I was told that Valville asked for me: and I had immediately leave granted to see him; which, however, I did not accept. I felt I loved him infinitely more than I had ever done; I had an extreme desire to see him, and the greatest curiosity imaginable to know if he had nothing new to tell me relating to our mutual passion: but, in spite of all this, I restrained myself; I refused to go to him, because I was sensible that if Mrs. De Valville should know it, it would add to her esteem. Thus my refusal was only a laudable piece of artifice. I then sent word to Valville to excuse my seeing him, except he came from his mother, and that I durst not presume to do it, since she had not previously informed me of his visit; as, indeed, she had not.

Valville durst not deceive me; and was wise enough to retire. This prudent piece of conduct cost me very dear. I began to repent it, when he sent me word he would come again the next day with his mother: this news was necessary to compose the painful perturbations of my mind.

The next day we were to have a ceremony at our convent, when a young religious was to take her vows. You know, Madam, on these occasions the nuns appear openly, and the curtain is drawn from the rails. Here was I seated when Mrs. De Valville entered the church, who, with her family, were invited by the young nun's relations. She came pretty late, and therefore went directly into the church. As I was ignorant of her being invited, I was agreeably surprized to see her coming up the isle towards the rails, supported by an elderly gentleman of a good mien. A throng of other persons followed; but I did not take my eyes off this lady, who did not yet see me: at last, she took her seat with the gentleman by her side; then casting a look on those that followed, I perceived Mr. De Climal and Valville.

'What! Mr. De Climal!' said I to myself, with a mixture of astonishment and trouble. I could not help being sorry to see him there, though I knew not whether his presence would be of any consequence to me or not: I looked upon him as a wicked man, whom my presence was sufficient to disconcert. But this was nothing in comparison of the painful and mortifying circumstances that must attend his seeing me, which I foresaw would cover him with extreme confusion. I only waited for Mrs. De Valville's seeing me, to pay her my respects; which I

knew that engaging lady would return with that eaſy, tender, and obliging freedom, which was almoſt peculiar to herſelf. But what would he think of this familiarity? What dreadful conſequences, Madam, would he not infer from it? Imagine how detrimental it muſt appear to his reputation; and how much a villain who fears you, is himſelf to be feared. Theſe ideas gave me a confuſed kind of agitation.

His nephew ſaw me firſt, and inſtantly ſaluted me with an undeſcribable air of gaiety and confidence, which ſeemed to preſage that our affairs were in a happy ſituation. Mr. De Climal, who was looking another way, did not ſee him, for he was ſpeaking to the gentleman that ſat by Mrs. De Valville. This lady attended to what they were ſaying, and had not yet looked to the ſide where we were. At laſt ſhe caſt her eyes upon us, and perceived me.

This look was returned by a deep curtſey, which drew from her demonſtrations of friendſhip; which ſhe expreſſed by waving her hand, and an engaging ſmile of complacency. Her brother, who was pulling out of his pocket a kind of breviary, took notice of theſe ſigns, followed them with his eyes, and ſaw the little linen-draper; who did not appear to have loſt any thing by caſting him off; and whoſe dreſs was ſuch as not to allow her to regret the bundle of cloaths ſhe had ſent back.

This poor man, (for the time is coming when I muſt ſoften my expreſſions for him) this poor man, I ſay, to whom, by a kind of fatality, I was to be ever a ſubject of new alarms and embarraſſments, loſt all countenance at ſeeing me, and had not the confidence to look in my face.

I in my turn bluſhed too; but like an enemy bold and diſpleaſed, who had the advantage of a good conſcience, and who could not but confound a guilty mind inferior to it's own. I doubted whether he would ſalute me or not; but I found he avoided it: and I imitated him out of haughtineſs, prudence, and even a kind of pity for him; for I was at once actuated by all theſe various ſenſations.

I obſerved Mrs. De Valville took notice of it; and, I believe, ſaw his diſorder, which the ſight of Valville, too, augmented. The ſervice began; and we had a ſermon, which, though a very fine one, was far from deſerving the character of a good one: a flow of ſenſeleſs periods ſtreamed from the preacher's lips, while the trickling nonſenſe was dreſſed in all the flowers of rhetorick. The prieſt ſeemed mightily delighted with his own eloquence, and diſplayed the greateſt vanity in declaiming againſt the vanity of all terreſtrial objects; a vice very common amongſt our clergy, who have leſs regard to the inſtruction of others than their own applauſe.

The ceremony being finiſhed, Mrs. De Valville aſked for me; and came to the parlour with her ſon, while Mr. De Climal retired. 'How do you do, 'my dear?' ſaid ſhe. 'I am only 'come to ſpeak a word to you: my 'company wait for me below, except 'my brother, who is gone. Here is 'Valville, who loves you with the ut-'moſt tenderneſs: he continually per-'ſecutes me with his paſſion; and is 'perpetually on his knees before me, 'to obtain my conſent to the accom-'pliſhment of his deſires. He tells 'me I ſhall render him miſerable if I 'oppoſe his happineſs; that his paſſion 'is unſurmountable; that he muſt 'ever love and adore you, and make 'your felicity inſeparable from his 'own. I muſt ſurrender; I cannot ſin-'cerely blame his choice. Thou art 'worthy of his affection; and that is 'enough for a man who loves thee, 'and who is rich: therefore love each 'other; I permit you to do it; any 'other mother, beſides me, would not 'ſuffer this. According to the max-'ims of the world, my ſon acts a very 'fooliſh part; and I ſhall not be reck-'oned more wiſe to ſuffer him to do ſo: 'but on this, he ſays, depends the 'repoſe and all the comfort of his whole 'life; and it muſt be a heart very diffe-'rent from mine that could reſiſt the 'force of ſuch an argument. I am 'perſuaded that Valville in this does 'not act contrary to true honour; that 'he only diſcards an eſtabliſhed cuſ-'tom; and only injures his fortune by 'refuſing to augment it: he aſſures me 'that he cannot live without thee; and 'I am ſenſible of all the merit he finds 'in thee. Nothing here oppoſe you 'but the prejudices of mankind; God 'nor reaſon does not do it.—It is your 'buſineſs, Sir,' added ſhe, turning to her ſon: 'you are of a conſiderable fa-'mily;

'mily; and, as we do not know that 'of Marianne, pride and avarice would 'not have you marry her; but you do 'not liſten to them; you only attend 'to your love. For my part, I am 'neither proud nor intereſted enough 'to render me inexorable; and I only 'hear my tenderneſs: you force me to 'it by the fear of rendering you mi-'ſerable. I muſt act either as thy ty-'rant or thy mother; but I chuſe, and 'ſhall always glory in being the latter. 'May Heaven bleſs the motives that 'induce me to give my conſent! But, 'whatever happens, I ſhould rather 'chuſe to blame my indulgence, than 'an inflexibility, which will be of no 'advantage to thee; and which might, 'perhaps, be attended with the moſt 'fatal conſequences.'

Valville, at this diſcourſe, weeped with joy and gratitude. As for me, I was ſo moved and penetrated, that it was impoſſible for me to pronounce a ſyllable; my hands trembled, and I only expreſſed my thoughts by ſhort and frequent ſighs.

'Thou ſayeſt nothing, Marianne,' ſaid this amiable lady; 'but I under-'ſtand thy ſilence; and, indeed, can-'not help being ſenſible of the joy I 'give you both. Heaven might have 'deſtined me a daughter-in-law that 'would better pleaſe the world; but 'not one more agreeable to my own 'heart.'

Here I broke into a ſudden tranſport. 'Oh, my mother!' cried I, 'you kill 'me with exceſs of kindneſs! I ſhall 'never have that gratitude and tender-'neſs ſuch goodneſs demands!' My tears forced me to ſtop here, unable to proceed. I caſt myſelf at her feet, and put ſome of my fingers through the rails to take hold of Mrs. De Valville's, who preſented hers; while Valville, loſt in joy, and as if beſide himſelf, ſeized both our hands, and kiſſed them alter-nately.

'Hark ye, my dear children,' ſaid my charming benefactreſs, after having looked for ſome time with tranſport on her ſon, 'you muſt uſe ſome prudence 'on this occaſion.—While you ſtay in 'this convent, my dear, you muſt not 'expect Valville's coming to ſee you 'alone. You have related your hiſ-'tory to the abbeſs; ſhe, ſuſpecting 'that my ſon loves you, and that I 'conſent to it, may tell the nuns, and 'they again may ſpeak of it to others: 'and this, if poſſible, I would avoid. 'It is not even proper, Marianne, that 'you ſhould be long here; you ſhall 'ſtay but about three weeks or a month 'at fartheſt: mean time, I will look 'out for a convent, where they will 'know none of the accidents of your 'life; where I will place you under a 'feigned name, whilſt I take meaſures 'to prepare the minds of the people 'for the marriage, to prevent it's ſur-'prizing them. You ought, in the 'mean time, to have a little addreſs, 'as well as patience; which you will 'readily conſent to, ſince you have me 'for your confidante.'

Valville, upon this, was going to re-new his thanks, and I the teſtimonies of my reſpect and tenderneſs; but ſhe aroſe up—'You know they wait for 'me,' ſaid ſhe to her ſon. 'Conceal 'your joy; I will diſpenſe with your 'ſhewing it to me: I am ſenſible of 'what you feel. Come, let us go.'

'But, Madam,' replied her ſon, 'you 'tell me that you will not permit me to 'ſee her without you: does not that 'imply that I ſhall wait upon you 'ſometimes when you come here?'—'Yes, yes,' returned ſhe, 'to be ſure; 'two or three times, perhaps, but not 'more: come, do you conduct me. 'There is a difficulty that I did not 'think of: it is, that as my brother 'knows Marianne, and where ſhe is, 'perhaps we ſhall be obliged to marry 'you privately. You are his heir, ſon; 'and, for this reaſon, you ſhould not 'diſoblige him. It is true, that, after 'his adventure with Marianne, we 'may perhaps bring him over, and 'make him hear reaſon, and even con-'ſult with him what part you ought to 'take. He loves me, and has ſome 'confidence in me; I will take advan-'tage of it, and endeavour to manage 'him.' After a tender adieu, ſhe left me, more charmed than I can find words to deſcribe.

I have already ſaid, that, for three or four nights, my inquietude would hardly permit my taking any repoſe; but now a contrary paſſion had the ſame effect: nothing keeps us ſo much awake as extreme joy, or the delightful expectation of a great happineſs; and, ſince this was the caſe, judge if I was in a diſpoſition to take any reſt.

Imagine what tranſports filled my

breaſt at the thought of marrying my dear Valville, and how my heart ſprung with the rapturous thought; and then judge if, with theſe violent emotions, it was poſſible for me to enjoy any repoſe.

The two firſt days I was perfectly enchanted; then my ſatisfaction was daſhed with a mixture of impatience. 'Yes, I ſhall marry Valville,' ſaid I to myſelf; 'my dear benefactreſs has promiſed it me: but when will this happy 'moment arrive? I am to ſtay a month 'longer here, and then be placed in 'another convent, that meaſures may 'be taken to bring about this marriage: but will theſe meaſures draw 'out the time to a great length; or 'ſhall I be united to Valville ſhortly? 'I cannot tell what to think: no time 'is fixed for it; and it is poſſible they 'may change their minds.' And theſe thoughts extremely alleviated my ſatisfaction: ſometimes I ſuffered almoſt as much pain as from a real chagrin. I would have ſkipped over this ſpace of time, that appeared to creep on ſo ſlowly, and have joined the preſent inſtant with that from whence I was to date my felicity.

At laſt theſe various emotions began to diſſipate: the ſoul accuſtoms itſelf to it's ſenſations; I began to be uſed to them, and grew familiar with my hopes and my inquietudes; I was then full of tranquillity. There had paſſed five or ſix days ſince I had ſeen my mother or her ſon; when, one morning, a letter was brought me from my benefactreſs, in which ſhe informed me that ſhe would come at one o'clock with Valville, to take me to dine with Mrs. Dorſin; and her note concluded with theſe words—

'And eſpecially uſe all your art, 'and neglect nothing in point of dreſs: 'do you mind? I would have you put 'on all your charms.'

'And you ſhall be obeyed,' ſaid I to myſelf, when I had read the letter. I had a deſign to dreſs me before I had read her orders for it; but this command flattered my vanity; and I was ready to indulge ſomething of the coquette, and with the greateſt alacrity I reſolved to obey her.

By coquetry, I would here be only underſtood to mean, that I would employ all my ſkill in rendering myſelf as agreeable as poſſible; for the moſt perfect and exact decency in dreſs ought never to be diſpenſed with; and we ſhould always endeavour to adorn ourſelves modeſtly; ſince not only our natural prudence, but ſelf-love demand it. When a woman ſhocks this native innocence, this eſſential delicacy of her ſex, ſhe loſes the advantage of all her charms; her groſs deſire of pleaſing is alone taken notice of; and thoſe graces that would have been otherwiſe irreſiſtible, do not reach the heart: ſhe gives not that ſolid pleaſure which ariſes from a paſſion founded on eſteem; founded on virtue and conſcious honour, 'which alone are truly fair.' In ſhort, ſhe only contributes to debauch and enervate the mind: and ſo far from rendering herſelf more amiable, makes herſelf more diſtaſteful than the deformed and the ugly, who have a greater regard to decency. It is true that, with a wiſe and chaſte behaviour, ſhe will hear fewer encomiums on her beauty, fewer proteſtations of love; but her virtue will fill her admirers with awe, and an affection that fills the lover with diffidence: and though fewer would applaud her charms to her face, more would feel the effects of them, and would mention them if they durſt.

This reflection has flowed from my pen before I was aware; but happily it is ſhort, and I hope it will not diſpleaſe you. To proceed.

Eleven o'clock was ſtruck, and it was time for me to dreſs, in order to render myſelf compleatly agreeable, and aſſume the moſt engaging air; and as I had ſo good a deſign, I did not fear ſucceeding in it. This order, methought, was a proof that Mrs. De Valville perſiſted in giving me the heart of her ſon: if ſhe had heſitated upon it, ſhe would not have expoſed him thus to all my charms.

Theſe were my thoughts while dreſſing; and the exquiſite pleaſure I felt in reflecting that he would be ſenſible of the graces I put on, gave a freſh luſtre to my countenance, and more fire and vivacity to my eyes. At laſt I was ready; the clock ſtruck one: and while I waited for my benefactreſs, I amuſed myſelf with walking backwards and forwards in my room; and, from time to time, looking in my glaſs to retouch my head-dreſs, which, though very well before, I could not help endeavouring

deavouring to add something improving.

At last my door opened; and I was told Mrs. De Valville waited for me: I went down, and met her son at the gate of the convent; who conducted me to the coach, where I found my benefactress.

I must not forget to tell you that I passed by some of our lay-sisters as I went down from my chamber; who appeared surprized to see me look so well. 'O dear Miss! how extremely handsome you are!' cried they, with a genuine simplicity that might be depended upon.

I perceived Valville was ready to entertain me with the same discourse; but he refrained, because a servant was present; and only expressed himself by gently squeezing my hand, which I returned by a look expressive of more sweetness than timidity.

'Mr. De Climal is not well,' said he in the way; 'he has had a slight fever these two or three days.'—'I am 'sorry for it,' returned I; 'I bear 'him no ill-will: I hope it will not be 'attended with any bad consequence.' Here we got to the coach. 'Come, 'my dear Marianne,' said my benefactress, 'let us make haste, for it is 'very late. You look incomparably 'well to-day,' said she, as soon as I was seated. 'Yes, Madam,' said Valville, smiling, 'it is impossible to a'void being ravished at the sight of so 'many graces as are united in this 'charming girl!'

'But, Marianne,' returned Mrs. De Valville, 'you know we are going 'to dine with Mrs. Dorsin; and there 'will be a pretty deal of company; we 'have therefore resolved that I should 'introduce you as the daughter of 'one of my best friends, who died in 'the country, and has recommended 'you to my care: remember this, 'child. I should have loved thy mo'ther, had I known her; and I now 'think of her as a friend I have lost.'

'Dear Madam,' returned I, extremely touched, 'forgive my want of 'expression to thank you as I ought: 'your goodness has daily augmented, 'since I have had the happiness to be 'known to you; every word you have 'spoken has been a fresh benefit, and 'has laid me under a new obligation 'to you.'

'Indeed,' said Valville, 'as there is 'no mother like ours, so it is not 'strange that we cannot tell her how 'much we love her.'—'Yes,' returned she merrily, 'I believe you love me 'very well; but you coax me a little, 'too.

'I am going to introduce you, 'child,' said she, addressing herself to me, 'into the most choice and valua'ble company; they are all persons of 'wit and good sense: I will not direct 'you how to behave; you are unac'quainted with the world, it is true, 'but that will not be any disadvantage 'to you; and I can carry you to no 'place where you will be less in dan'ger of criticism on this account; for 'these persons ridicule nothing but 'what is really ridiculous. So, my 'dear, do not be diffident; I am sure 'you will not be disagreeable to 'them.'

We then arrived at Mrs. Dorsin's: we went in, and found three or four persons with her. 'Ah! you have brought 'her at last,' said she to Mrs. De Valville, on seeing me. 'Come, Miss; 'come, let me embrace you: I am 'glad to see you; we will now sit down 'to dinner; we only waited for you.'

However ignorant and unexperienced I was on these occasions, as Mrs. De Valville had observed, I had something of a natural taste, and a kind of penetration, which made me discover and dive into the hearts of these gentlemen. It was not their wit that gave me this knowledge; though it is certain they had more of it than common; and I heard them say many excellent things: but their address and manner enabled me to form a right judgment of them; they delivered themselves in a natural and familiar way, without the least mixture of art or stiffness; and their conversation was as free and easy as if they had been discoursing on the most familiar subjects. They had a delicacy of sentiment which appeared unacquired, and entirely natural to them: they did not seem to think they spoke better than others; they had only greater minds, and by that means they discoursed more elegantly, and more to the purpose. Here was nothing like an ambition of shining; though they shone in all they said: such a conversation, so excellent, so delicate, though so simple and natural,

ral, could not fail of charming me, and ſtriking me with admiration. All was juſt and ſuitable; all ſweet, facetious, gay, and ſprightly. I had formed a very different idea of the polite world; I had repreſented it to myſelf as full of little frivolous rules, numberleſs inſignificant punctilios, and of grave and important trifles difficult to learn; and which, however ridiculous in themſelves, we muſt be acquainted with, upon pain of being a ſubject of publick cenſure. But, far from this, here was nothing that correſponded with theſe ideas; nothing that could embarraſs me; nothing that could make me afraid to ſpeak: nothing, on the contrary, that did not encourage me to bear a part in the converſation with freedom. Their wit ſupplied me with words, and helped me to expreſs myſelf when I ſpoke obſcurely; they then purſued the thought, expreſſed it for me, and gave me all the honour of it.

In ſhort, they made me perfectly eaſy; and I, who had imagined that there was ſo much myſtery in being polite, and had looked upon it as a ſcience which was totally unknown to me, and of which I had no notion, was ſurprized to ſee that there was nothing very particular in it; nothing that appeared ſtrange to me; but only ſomething engaging, amiable, and extremely obliging: and, methought, this politeneſs is what every great mind finds in itſelf as ſoon as it ſees it in others.

But we are at Mrs. Dorſin's, as well as at the laſt pages of this Part of my life. It was here I promiſed to introduce the portraiture of this lady: I have ſaid it will be long, too; but I cannot tell whether it will or no. Perhaps it will be ſhort, for I am very weary: theſe deſcriptions coſt me a good deal of pains. But here it is, however.

This accompliſhed lady was much younger than my benefactreſs; ſhe had a mixture of majeſty and ſweetneſs, joined with an open and moſt expreſſive countenance, in which all her thoughts were painted in the ſtrongeſt colours; a countenance which was full of unnumbered charms, and a thouſand beauties which want a name.

This, Madam, is part of her picture; but the deſcription is not minute enough to be worth your notice: for to ſay ſhe was an admirable beauty, is ſaying very little to the purpoſe, ſince this was not the firſt idea that occurred on ſeeing her. We are ſtruck with ſomething more, which I muſt endeavour to deſcribe.

Let us perſonate beauty, then; and ſuppoſe that, weary of being for ever charming, ſhe endeavours to conceal the little graces that ſport about her, and reſolves to taſte the calm ſatisfaction of barely pleaſing; ſhe tempers her beauty without loſing it, and captivates ſtill, though without deſign: ſuch a one would exactly reſemble Mrs. Dorſin; and this is the idea I would convey of this amiable lady.

But this is not all; I have here only mentioned her perſon: add to it a ſoul which ſparkles in her countenance, and renders viſible all it's ſenſations; that ſpreads and diffuſes over it the ſame ſpirit, delicacy, life, ſerioufneſs, gaiety, and mirth, which it by turns enjoys itſelf; and from hence judge of all the various accidents of force, of gracefulneſs, of delicacy, and all the rapid expreſſions that were viſible in her countenance.

It is commonly thought, that our ſouls are more capacious or narrow, more penetrating, or confuſed and clouded, according to the configuration of the organs to which it is united; and, if this be true, nature muſt ſurely have given Mrs. Dorſin a moſt favourable organization; for never was a mind more active and ſprightly, or more ſolid and judicious, than hers.

Moſt women of wit have an unnatural and affected way of expreſſing it, which renders it diſtaſteful. One ſpeaks in a careleſs indifferent manner, in order to make us think that her fine genius does not need the aid of reflection, and that all ſhe ſays eſcapes her without thought; another ſpeaks with a cold, grave, and deciſive tone, to give herſelf an air of importance; another ſays only fine things, which ſhe delivers in a manner finer ſtill than all ſhe ſays; and another will fall into a ridiculous gaiety, and act the flirt: but Mrs. Dorſin never behaved with any of theſe little womaniſh arts; the ſubject of her diſcourſe regulated the tone of her voice; ſhe did not think ſhe had any kind of wit; but ſhe had that

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source from which it necessarily proceeds; a pleasing vivacity, mixed with solidity and good sense, which was agreeably expressed according to the various exigences that required it; for her understanding was of no sex; it comprehended the strength, the solidity, the delicacy, the gaiety, of both.

Every one has a desire of pleasing; which, when kept within due bounds, is both just and natural: the fair are apt to indulge it too much, and to place great part of their happiness upon it. They too commonly make use of every trifling artifice to engage the attention; and every action says, 'Pray 'look at me.' But the amiable Mrs. Dorsin was a stranger to all these grimaces: she had a natural pride and self-complacence, which would not permit her to stoop to them, nor reap any advantage that might be drawn from them; but if ever she forgot herself in this point, none knew it but herself. In general, she had rather be thought sensible than charming: she did not confound her ideas of the perfections of her mind with the graces of her person; for if her fine sense was admired, she always thought it was herself that you honoured; but you only complimented her form, when you said she was amiable.

Such were her sentiments: but, though she always experienced the highest satisfaction when her company seemed delighted with her conversation, yet she would have blushed had she given you room to think she used any arts to render her person admired; for she left to you the care of finding out her charms, without stooping to discover them herself.

But I am too much fatigued to proceed; besides, I grow sleepy: I am now to paint one of the best hearts in the world, though a very singular one; but I am not in a condition to undertake it at present; I shall therefore refer it to the Fifth Part; where I shall continue my life in the convent.

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

THE

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART V.

HERE, Madam, is the Fifth Part of my life: I have been ſo expeditious ſince you received the Fourth, that I begin to think I may boaſt, with a good grace, of my diligence; but as this would be giving myſelf airs, which, perhaps, I ſhould very ill ſupport, I think it becomes me more modeſtly to decline the merit of it. You have thought me very lazy; and not without reaſon: continue to think ſo ſtill; and then, if I ſhould happen to be expeditious, (if you do not flatter me) you will be agreeably ſurprized.

You remember that my benefactreſs, Valville, and I, dined at Mrs. Dorſin's, and that I was attempting to draw her picture, but left it unfiniſhed. I ſhall now go on with it.

I have already given you a deſcription of her perſon and wit; I now come to the diſpoſitions of her heart. Mrs. De Valville you thought extremely amiable; but Mrs. Dorſin's ſoul, as I have already informed you, was not at all inferior to hers, though, in many reſpects, widely different from it: but, for fear you ſhould not readily underſtand wherein this difference conſiſts, you will permit me to begin by a reflection.

You may remember I painted Mrs. De Valville as a perſon of a great deal of natural ſweetneſs, united to a good ſhare of intelligence and plain ſenſe; but her wit, though far from being deſpicable, had nothing in it ſhining and remarkable enough to attract our admiration and applauſe: but I am now ſpeaking of a lady who poſſeſſed the moſt ſparkling wit, and the moſt perfect delicacy of ſentiment.

Let us ſuppoſe the moſt generous and beſt perſon in the world, with the moſt refined ſoul, and the moſt penetrating wit; I believe this perſon would not appear ſo charmingly beneficent as another of exactly the ſame diſpoſitions, but a more moderate ſhare of thoſe other accompliſhments: the reaſon is, we are apt to attribute to her good ſenſe thoſe actions which ſpring from the heart.

Moſt men, when they receive an obligation, would have the author of it inſenſible of the greatneſs of the favour conferred: ſuch a diſpoſition flatters their ingratitude, and ſoothes that unnatural delicacy which makes the ſenſe of being obliged painful to the mind. Perſons of this diſpoſition would have a benefactor good, without ſufficiently knowing the value and extent of that goodneſs. The more penetration he has, the more they are humbled: he ſees too clearly for them. The mind, full of it's ſelf-ſufficiency, is elated, and would fain enjoy an independency unknown to nature and reaſon: and, though every order of mankind, from the higheſt to the loweſt, like an uplifted chain, have a neceſſary dependance on each other, yet they bluſh at the thought of being obliged. Here they are afraid of appearing ungrateful, becauſe they are ſenſible that the leaſt degree of it will be taken notice of: but, in the other caſe, having nothing to fear, the pleaſure of receiving is doubled, and the delight of an acknowledg-

acknowledgment is almoſt equal to that calm and ſweet ſatisfaction which accompanies generoſity.

The one knows that ſhe has been of ſervice to you; but ſhe enters not minutely enough into her favours, and half of her goodneſs eſcapes her own notice; and, as ſhe takes away from your acknowledgment, ſhe proportionably ſpares your confuſion: and this ſo charms the receiver, that he thinks her a thouſand times more obliging than the other; though ſhe has no other additional merit than the having one qualification leſs.

Such were the characters of theſe engaging ladies. Here I hoped to end my reflection; but another thought occurs, which I muſt add to render it compleat. I hope you will excuſe me, and think it needs no apology.

From whence comes it that almoſt all men are guilty of this prepoſterous kind of delicacy? Muſt we derive it's ſource from the real grandeur of our ſouls? Is it an indignity to be obliged to ſtoop to any of our own ſpecies? or is the title of Benefactor fit for the Deity alone? This is far from being the caſe. We are full of mutual wants, and have a natural dependence on each other, which calls for reciprocal acts of kindneſs and compaſſion: we are formed with a tender ſenſe of the ſufferings of others, which ſo ſtrongly prompts us to acts of beneficence, that we cannot refrain from relieving a worthy object without a conſiderable deal of pain and ſelf-denial. This is the ſettled conſtitution of nature, which we can never be able to alter: let us act, then, conformably to the ſituation in which we are placed; and, if it is true that we have any real innate dignity of ſoul, let us draw from our preſent ſtation a rule of action worthy of ourſelves.

You ſay, he that obliges you has an advantage over you; would you preſerve this ſuperiority, be ungrateful, and you are only an atom in compariſon to him; but would you become his equal, you have nothing to do but to indulge a grateful ſenſe of the favours you receive: this is your beſt revenge. If he grows proud and aſſuming upon the favours he has conferred, humble him in your turn, and place yourſelf modeſtly above him by your acknowledgments: I ſay modeſtly; for if your gratitude has the leaſt tincture of vainglory and oſtentation, the leaſt appearance of an uneaſy deſire of humbling him, you miſs your aim, and you only reſemble two pigmies, diſputing which is the leaſt.

I have now done, Madam: I beg pardon for being ſo tedious; and return to Mrs. Dorſin. As you were ſo pleaſed with the picture which I have drawn of my benefactreſs, I thought my reflections here would not be miſplaced, to prevent your reading with prejudice a deſcription of another perſon, who poſſeſſed the ſame benevolence, with a mind much ſuperior; a circumſtance which, I have already obſerved, is a diſadvantage to her good temper; and in order to ſhew in what manner her extraordinary wit and fine ſenſe will neceſſarily conſtitute a conſiderable difference in the apparent value of their good actions.

Mrs. De Valville, with all her ſtock of goodneſs, did generally no more for you than what you barely ſought for; and rendered you preciſely the favours you dared to aſk: I ſay dared, becauſe we have ſeldom the courage fully to expoſe our neceſſities; for we commonly act in theſe caſes with a reſerve which prevents our ſetting them in a true light. Thus your timorouſneſs would be of diſ-ſervice to you before Mrs. De Valville; for ſhe would ſearch no farther into your circumſtances than you deſired to have her: her acts of beneficence were conducted according to her conception of your wants; and the bounds of her underſtanding were the bounds of her goodneſs.

With Mrs. Dorſin it was quite the reverſe; ſhe penetrated into whatever you durſt not diſcover: this diſpoſition at once warmed and inſtructed her heart, and inſtantly inſpired her with that degree of goodneſs which was ſuitable to your neceſſities; nay, ſhe was apt to imagine your wants to be greater than you yourſelf thought them; and conſequently conferred more favours on you than you would ever have aſked; for her attention, wit, and penetration, were all employed to ſerve you.

She never appeared weary of this delightful employment; it was never her that was fatigued; but rather ſhe, out of an exceſs of concern for your happineſs, that teazed you: ſhe would preſs you to open your mind with the greateſt

freedom; inform you of something to your advantage, which perhaps never would have occurred to your thoughts; remind you of something else; and, with an air of sweetness, chide you for what you had forgot. In short, your business instantly became hers; and her tender concern so interested her in your affairs, that her generosity seemed to subside, as if her care had sprung from something selfish and mercenary, and you was almost in danger of thinking her zeal for your interest troublesome.

Instead of one piece of service that you would have thought this charming lady had conferred, you oftentimes would find yourself surrounded with obligations, and surprized to find yourself indebted to her for favours that you could not have foreseen; and that, in the same affair, she had provided for the future as well as for the present. She saw every thing, and made use of the minutest occasion to assist you: she became every day more serviceable, and thought herself under a necessity of increasing her kindness and condescension in proportion as she obliged you.

Many persons, when they confer an act of beneficence, set an excessive value upon it, grow vain-glorious, and say to themselves—'Sure he must be extremely grateful; for I have been of particular service to him!'

Mrs. Dorsin, on the contrary, would say—'I have served him often, and have thereby accustomed him to believe that I shall be always ready to do so; I must not, therefore, lose this good opinion which he has entertained, and which is so agreeable to me, but must keep it alive by a continual endeavour to deserve it.'

Thus she acted as if she had been the obliged, and you had merited her acknowledgments: because she had served you once, she thought she always ought to do it; and this conclusion was accompanied with such an exquisite pleasure, as sufficiently recompensed all her favours.

Your boldness in renewing your requests was to her a kind of obligation; her sublime self-love knew no delight equal to such a confidence in her goodness; and the oftener you gave her the satisfaction of acting like herself, the more you charmed her, the more you treated her according to her wishes. How amiable, how divinely charming, do such dispositions render us! what an honour are they to human nature! and how nearly do they make us resemble superior intelligences, both in the rectitude of our natures and the purity of our pleasures!

A mind which desires no greater reward for dissipating anxiety and care, and diffusing over the soul joy and tranquillity, but the sublime delight of preserving this harmonious disposition of the passions, and of sympathizing in those sweet satisfactions which it has spread through the grateful heart; a mind, I say, of this noble disposition, of this elevated dignity, tastes the sweetest and most refined delights that can swell the human breast. But to proceed.

Persons of wit seldom know how to accommodate themselves to those who want it, or who have less than themselves; they are at a loss, and do not know what to say in such a conversation: but Mrs. Dorsin, who had much more than many who are allowed to have a great deal, did not even think of taking notice whether any in company had it or not; she did not expect they should have more than nature and improvement had given them; and she herself then seemed to have no more than they. Mrs. Dorsin did not, out of an affected complaisance, stoop to bring herself upon a level with others; and, though she condescended at all times, and upon every occasion, she had no other merit in it than in being born with a mind naturally of a sensible and philosophick cast, which would not permit her to relish the ridiculous pleasure of despising another's wit; and which never made use of it's own capacity in searching the extent of yours, but only in bringing itself down insensibly to it.

Mrs. Dorsin did not at all reflect that she condescended to stoop to you, nor could you think that she did; yet you would always find that she gave life to the conversation, diffused chearfulness and good-humour around her, and inspired with wit and vivacity those persons who, in other company, seemed most to want those amiable qualifications.

On the other hand, persons of the finest genius were ambitious of appearing in the most engaging light before her; not because they thought it necessary to shine in order to secure her esteem;

eſteem; but, charmed with her fine ſenſe, and the delicacy of her ſentiments, they thought it an honour which the world would take notice of, to be able to attract a peculiar regard from her, and to gain her approbation.

The ladies, too, exerted themſelves before her; not to try the extent of her wit, for that they were ſufficiently acquainted with, but to make her a witneſs of theirs: while ſhe gave them a full liberty of diſplaying their talents; and ſeldom interrupted them, but to give that praiſe which ſhe ſo well knew how to beſtow. Her diſcourſe at once improved and delighted the mind, inſpired with confidence the diffident and timorous, and made all her company, how various ſoever their diſpoſitions were, both eaſy to themſelves and agreeable to each other.

But how peculiar to great minds is this pleaſing affability! Go into what houſe you pleaſe, where there are perſons of various abilities and employments; ſuppoſe you, at the ſame time, find there a ſoldier, a courtier, a lawyer, an eccleſiaſtick, a profeſſor of the ſciences, and a man of letters; and, while theſe are only maſters of their particular profeſſions, let them remain ever ſo long together, they maintain their characters diſtinctly, would never be united, and are as perfect ſtrangers to each other as if they were all of a different nation, and ſeparately ſpeak a different language: and, thus ill-placed, they are a kind of ſpectacle to each other. You find a troubleſome and ridiculous kind of ſubordination amongſt them, which the pride and arrogance of ſome, and the timidity of others, create and maintain: one bluntly interrogates the reſt; another aſſumes a pedantick and affected gravity; and a third modeſtly waits till he is ſpoke to. This perſon is for deciding every thing, though he knows not what he ſays; and that, though he is in the right, dares not ſpeak his ſentiments: they none of them loſe ſight of what they are; but all adjuſt their diſcourſe and countenances to their reſpective circumſtances. What a miſerable and painful diſcord!

At Mrs. Dorſin's there was nothing like this to be ſeen; for ſhe had the ſecret of curing perſons of this unſociable diſpoſition: ranks and circumſtances were there inſtantly forgot; nor was it remembered whether they were perſons of great or ſmall importance. It was men converſing with men amongſt whom the beſt arguments only could prevail: like ſuperior ſpirits of an equal dignity, though of different capacities, all united in a free converſation; they are regardleſs of the titles chance had formerly given them here below; and are ſenſible that thoſe fortuitous events which here diſtinguiſhed them, ought not to puff up the one, nor humble the other. Thus it was at Mrs. Dorſin's; where all were inſpired with a reaſonable and philoſophick way of thinking.

But yet, on the other hand, ſhe did not refuſe to conform to popular prejudices, and voluntarily complied with ſome things which the vanity of mankind had introduced; for ſhe took care to cultivate an acquaintance and friendſhip with the great and powerful. This, ſhe thought, policy demanded; and it would be, therefore, imprudent to neglect it, ſince they would contribute to ſupport you in the high opinion of others.

I told you that, perhaps, I ſhould be very long in this character; you ſee, Madam, I have kept my word. I will mention only one article more before I have done with it: I muſt omit a great many particulars, leſt you ſhould think me tedious. A general character may be drawn in a few words; but an exact enumeration of particulars has no end. To proceed, then, to the laſt article.

This moſt amiable lady, to this excellent heart, and diſtinguiſhed ſenſe, had farther a great, courageous, and reſolute mind; a ſoul ſuperior to all events, and whoſe dignity would not ſuffer it to bend or be depreſſed under any human accident; that found it's reſources where others would have been moſt at a loſs; that might be afflicted, but never caſt down, never involved in inextricable perplexities. We admired her behaviour more in her afflictions, than we thought of lamenting her: ſhe always preſerved, in the midſt of the greateſt troubles, a countenance grave and ſerene; and a decent gaiety amidſt the greateſt ſubjects of joy. I have ſeen her in both theſe circumſtances, and never could find that they deprived her of her preſence of mind, the ſweetneſs of her manners, or the tranquillity of her converſation with her friends; for ſhe was entirely yours, though ſhe

had reaſon to have all her thoughts wholly employed about herſelf: and I have ſometimes been ſo ſurprized at this, that, notwithſtanding my tenderneſs for her, I could not help letting my affection give way to my admiration.

I have ſeen her in a long and dangerous illneſs, in which ſhe ſeemed to languiſh under the remedies applied for her relief; when, though her paleneſs ſufficiently told her diſorder, her countenance was ſo compoſed and ſerene, that you would not have diſcovered it by her looks or behaviour. If you enquired how ſhe did, ſhe would only ſay that ſhe was ill: if you did not aſk her, ſhe would talk to you about your own affairs, or calmly bear a part in the converſation.

Her ſervants adored her; they thought their intereſt inſeparable from hers: whatever ſhe loſt, the loſs was equally theirs; and, for the ſame reaſon, their attachment to her made them regard her riches as their own. When ſhe was afflicted, they were ſo too; and when ſhe rejoiced, they ſympathized alſo in her ſatisfaction. By this you may judge how dear ſhe was to them; and how engaging muſt be her behaviour, thus to enchant and tame perſons, whom a grovelling education too commonly renders ſelfiſh and mercenary; and to inſpire with friendſhip a ſet of perſons, the beſt of whom can hardly prevail upon themſelves to pardon the ſervitude we require, the eaſe and indolence we enjoy, and the faults they do not fail to obſerve in our conduct.

Mrs. Dorſin was extremely generous; but the œconomy of her ſervants repaired the effects of that goodneſs, which ſhe often exerted without bounds.

But where will this ſubject carry me? I fear you are diſpleaſed with my prolixity: remember, Madam, it is a delightful employment to do juſtice to thoſe we love; but I ſincerely beg pardon for indulging this pleaſure at the expence of your patience.

Where did I break off? I remember I was at Mrs. Dorſin's. I ſuppreſs her careſſes, and the obliging manner in which ſhe entertained me; as well as all thoſe gallant and agreeable things the gentlemen expreſſed who dined with us.

At laſt, ſome new company coming in, my benefactreſs took that opportunity to retire: Valville and I followed her; and her friend waited upon us to embrace me; when, after compliments on both ſides, we departed for the convent; whither Mrs. De Valville waited upon me.

All this while I have made no mention of Valville: he continually fixed his eyes upon me, which I ſometimes returned with a tender look, as if by ſtealth. Whilſt the diſcourſe was directed to me, he ſeemed thoughtful, as if in pain for my anſwer; and then looked on the reſt, to ſee if they were pleaſed with my ſentiments; which happened pretty often: and, though their compliments proceeded from their goodneſs, I could not help flattering myſelf that there was ſome juſtice in them. I confeſs that, at firſt, I was out of countenance, and my diſcourſe ſufficiently proved it; but this preſently wore off; and I acted my part very well afterwards, even in the opinion of Mrs. De Valville; who, as we were in the coach, ſaid merrily—'Well, child, 'does the company we have been in 'pleaſe you? It appears to me that 'you were very agreeable to them: we 'ſhall make ſomething of you in time.' —'Aye, aye,' ſaid Valville, in the ſame tone; 'there is room to hope that Miſs 'Marianne will render herſelf agreeable to them one time or other.'—'I 'do not know what may happen,' anſwered I, laughing; 'but, if I do not, 'it ſhall never be for want of endeavours on my ſide.—It is you, Madam, 'muſt take care you do not repent 'chuſing me for a daughter.' We entertained each other with this kind of raillery till we came to the convent.

'Will it be long before we ſhall ſee 'her again?' ſaid Valville to my benefactreſs, as he preſented me his hand to help me out of the coach. 'I believe not,' returned ſhe: 'we may 'perhaps dine once more at Mrs. Dorſin's, as ſhe ſeemed pleaſed with our 'company; but do not be impatient. 'Come, hand Marianne in.'

On this he rung the bell; the door opened; and Valville had only time to ſay, with a ſigh—'You are now, my 'charmer, going to ſhut yourſelf up; 'and in a moment I ſhall be a recluſe 'too; though, in the midſt of the buſy 'world, it is you alone will employ 'my thoughts.'—'What is the world 'to me?' returned I. 'I know none

'but

'but you and my dear mother! nor do
'I desire to know any other.'

He appeared moved at this discourse; and, whilst they were opening the door, had the dexterity to press my hand to his lips without being discovered by Mrs. De Valville, who waited for him in her coach; at least, he believed she did not see him, because he was not willing she should do so: and I reasoned much after the same manner. Mean time I drew back my hand, but not till he had done with it; for we are always too late in such cases.

In fine, I went in with a mind gay and thoughtful, and he retired. I fancied that those who are left behind on these occasions are more uneasy than they who leave them. His going, I thought, would divert and dissipate the pain of parting; and even the motion of his body, as well as the objects around, would help to recreate him; whilst I, on the contrary, had every thing around me that would indulge a gloomy, pensive disposition; especially as this retreat was a convent, a place from whence love is banished, and where every thing that passes is so foreign to the tender dispositions of the heart; and a cloister renders such separations more serious and affecting than any other place.

On the other hand, I had great reason for gaiety and consolation: since Valville loved me, and was permitted to do it, I risqued nothing in returning his passion; and we seemed destined for each other. What an agreeable subject of contemplation! Besides, Mrs. De Valville's behaviour to me, as well as the rest of her conduct, had informed me that I had nothing to do but to preserve my patience, and take courage.

Valville was no sooner gone than I went up into my chamber; where I began to undress me, and put on my dishabille, against supper-time; but, on second thoughts, I deferred it till I had been at the refectory.

Amongst the boarders there was one pretty near my own age, and who was agreeable enough to make her think herself a great beauty; but her high value for her dear person rendered her whole conduct ridiculous. Nothing was the object of her contemplation but her own face; the charms of which were the subject of every reflection: she was never weary of this idea; and all her actions discovered a mind extremely vain, and full of the most consummate affectation. Whenever she looked at any body, she did it only to shew her large eyes; which she rendered fierce or soft according to her desire either to command respect or to please. But she seldom put on these looks of mildness; for she was more fond of commanding than appearing with a graceful tenderness; because she was a lady of quality, and therefore expected a great deference should be paid her.

You remember, Madam, the discourse I had with the abbess, when I presented myself to her before Mrs. De Valville; and I then mentioned the misfortunes of my life, and that my benefactress was so touched with them, that she forgot to desire her to keep them secret when she took me under her care, and placed me with her; for few people attend to every thing at once. I, however, had thought of it within two hours after I had entered her house, and most humbly entreated her not to divulge what I had told her. 'Alas, my 'dear child!' cried she, 'I shall be 'very far from it; fear nothing: do 'you think I do not know the conse-'quence of such things?' But whether I was then too late with my request, or that desiring her to say nothing had rendered my secret burdensome to her, and more difficult to keep, and had only served to heighten the temptation to discover it, it was scarcely nine o'clock the next day before I was the common talk, and my history had run through the whole convent. I observed every where the nuns whispering to each other, and rudely staring at me wherever I went. I soon knew the cause; but, unable to help myself, I cast down my eyes, and seemed to take no notice of it. However, there was hardly one amongst them that did not express a great deal of friendship for me by their caresses, which I think at first they did out of a curiosity of hearing me speak. A girl like me, when she enters a convent, is at first a kind of spectacle; and the whole discourse, for some time, consists of such impertinent questions as these—'Is she tall? Is she little? 'What sort of an air has she? What 'does she say? How is she dressed? 'Is she handsome?' In short, to this inquisitive disposition, nothing that she has

has appears insignificant, nor too trifling not to engage their attention. This extravagant curiosity commonly terminates in their conceiving a higher opinion of her if she is amiable, or a much worse if she is not so, than she really deserves; and this is the common effect of those dispositions which prompt us to look upon persons of whom we are told extraordinary things.

However, I soon found their curiosity was of the greatest service to me. All the nuns loved me; but never told me what they had learned of my misfortunes: but their commendations of my person, and that air of sweetness and modesty they complimented me with, were uttered with such a lamentable tone, that you would have thought they were weeping over me. This was the effect of that knowledge which they, out of tenderness to me, were not willing to discover any other way; but which was as intelligible as if they had said—'Poor little orphan, how deplorable is your situation, thus to be 'reduced to live on the charity of 'others!'

But let me proceed to what makes me here mention these particulars. This young boarder, so puffed up with her own charms, was the only person who treated me with contempt; and who had not, indeed, condescended to speak to me. Scarce could she resolve to return, with a slight inclination of her head, the low curtsies which I constantly made her whenever we met; and it was easily seen that even this was attended with reluctance.

One day, as she was taking a turn in the garden with some of our companions, I happened to pass by her, as I was talking with a nun; when, casting a negligent look at me, I heard her say, with the tone and air of a princess —'Yes, the thing is genteel enough: 'it is a lady, I think, who has the 'charity to pay her board. Do not 'you think she resembles my Jenny?' This was a servant she had to wait upon her; and who, indeed, favoured me a little, but in a bad likeness. I observed that those that were with her made her no answer; whilst I blushed very much, and the tears came into my eyes. The nun with whom I was walking was a lady of admirable good sense, and had conceived a particular regard for me, which I returned with an undissembled friendship; she shook her head at this speech, and said nothing.

I could not forbear saying, with a sigh—'Oh, how cruel, how barba-'rously cruel, are some persons!' For it would have been to no purpose to conceal my uneasiness, since I found every one in the house was acquainted with my circumstances.

'Do not mind her, Miss,' said the nun, taking hold of my hand with a look of friendship; 'you have advan-'tages which greatly revenge you of 'this haughty, impertinent creature: 'you would have greater reason to be 'vain than she, though you had not 'had more sense, and a better un-'derstanding, to set you above her. 'Do not envy her any of the advan-'tages she enjoys; for, indeed, it is 'she only that has reason to be jea-'lous.'

'You are very obliging, mother,' returned I, with a look of acknowledgment. 'Alas! you speak of my 'having sense and understanding; I 'should be far from blushing at my 'misfortunes if every body had as much 'sense and understanding as you.'

This treatment I was exposed to from this haughty lady, who could not forgive my being, perhaps, as handsome as herself. However, I went into the refectory, dressed as I was, and even glad that I was so, that I might have an opportunity of disconcerting my jealous rival, of whom I chanced to think as I was going thither; and who would, I thought, make a comparison between her form and mine, that would contribute more than a little to her mortification; for there were but two or three in the house that had ever seen me compleatly dressed before, and they but once.

I have already told you that I was not hated in the convent; my friendly and engaging behaviour had drawn upon me the good-will of every body, except the lady just mentioned, and made them love to praise and do me justice. I had no sooner entered, than the eyes of every one were fixed upon me: they expressed a general surprize; which was very agreeable, as it seemed attended with an air of pleasure and friendship. They, from time to time, regarded my rival, to examine the mien she assumed on this occasion, and to see if her looks did not confess that she thought

thought herſelf out-done; for they had taken notice of her jealouſy.

She had no ſooner ſeen me, than I obſerved ſhe ſmiled with an air of contempt, and held down her head; a behaviour ſhe probably thought moſt proper to ſupport her cauſe, and maintain her vanity.

When ſupper was over, all the boarders went into the garden, and I amongſt the reſt: we were followed by ſome of the nuns, amongſt whom was one I have already mentioned under the character of my friend. We were no ſooner there, but my companions came up to me. One aſked where I had been, that ſhe had not ſeen me to-day; another took notice of my gown, and admired it's beauty; while another ſeemed delighted with the fineneſs of my headdreſs, and obſerved that it became me extremely. I had many remarks made upon theſe trifles, which were expreſſed with a great deal of good-nature. Mean while, my friend the nun came up to us; and maliciouſly addreſſing herſelf to the lady that looked upon me with ſuch contempt—'Is it not 'true, Miſs,' ſaid ſhe, 'that this would 'be a lovely victim to offer up to Hea-'ven? What a fine ſacrifice would it 'be if this charming young lady ſhould 'renounce the world, and become a 'nun?'

'Lard, mother! the creature is well 'enough,' returned ſhe: 'for my part, 'I believe it is her deſign; I think it is 'the beſt ſtep ſuch as ſhe can take!' Then turning to me, 'Marianne,' continued ſhe, 'your gown is mighty fine, 'and every thing, I think, is anſwerable 'to it. Was you ever ſo fine before? 'Why, it muſt coſt a good deal of mo-'ney! The lady that takes care of you 'is mighty generous! What age is ſhe 'of? Is ſhe old? Does ſhe think of 'ſecuring to you ſomething to live on? 'for ſhe cannot live for ever; and it 'would be a pity ſhould ſhe not put 'you in a condition to be always as 'well dreſſed: one is ſoon uſed to it; 'and I adviſe you to tell her ſo.'

The general ſilence which this diſcourſe occaſioned, and which, in part, proceeded from the aſtoniſhment it had caſt the young ladies into, diſconcerted me extremely. I remained ſpeechleſs and confuſed at ſeeing the amazement the others were in; and could not help ſhedding ſome tears before I was able to anſwer her.

During my ſilence, the nun replied to her ſharply—'What do you mean, 'Madam, by this fine diſcourſe? What 'buſineſs have you to interfere in this 'lady's concerns? I find I muſt inform 'you, that your aſſuming behaviour 'humbles nobody here but yourſelf. 'We are not ignorant, Miſs, of the 'baſe motive of thoſe haughty airs 'you give yourſelf. My lady, your 'mother, when ſhe placed you here, 'informed us that an inſufferable pride 'was your favourite vice; warned us 'of the effects of it; and entreated us, 'if poſſible, to cure you of it; and, I 'will aſſure you, my endeavours ſhall 'not be wanting for that purpoſe: and 'I deſire, when you ſpeak to Miſs, 'that, for the future, you call her no 'more Marianne, as you have juſt 'done, ſince ſhe always uſes you with 'reſpect; and there is none but you 'amongſt us who take the liberty to 'uſe her otherwiſe. You have no right 'to diſpenſe with the obligations of 'that decency and politeneſs which 'ought always to be obſerved amongſt 'us.—But what reaſon have you, 'Miſs, to be afflicted?' continued ſhe, looking at me with compaſſion and friendſhip in her eyes. 'Why do you 'weep? Is there any thing to be aſham-'ed of in the misfortunes that have 'ſtripped you of your parents? It muſt 'be a very baſe and wicked mind that 'could take occaſion from the calami-'ties of others, (to which we are all 'liable) to uſe us ill; eſpecially one 'like you, ſo well born, and ſo gen-'teelly educated: for, if we may judge 'of the condition of people from the 'opinion their behaviour inſpires, this 'lady here, who thinks herſelf ſo 'much your ſuperior, would not de-'grade herſelf at all by looking upon 'you at leaſt as her equal as to birth, 'and would be extremely happy if ſhe 'was ſo with regard to your amiable 'character.'

'No, mother!' returned I, with a mixture of kindneſs and trouble in my looks; 'I have nothing; God has taken 'every thing from me: and I ought to 'believe myſelf the loweſt of man-'kind. But I had much rather be as 'I am, than to have all thoſe advan-'tages Miſs has above me, and be ca-

'pable

'pable of insulting the afflicted.' This discourse, and the tears that were mingled with it, touched the hearts of all my companions, and made them interest themselves in my uneasiness.

'Lard! who thought of insulting 'her!' cried the young jealous lady, blushing with shame and spite. 'What 'hurt is there, pray, in advising her to 'take care of herself? There needs a 'mighty deal of ceremony to be used 'with such as she!'

Nobody made any answer to this. My friend the nun had already turned her back, and drew to our side the greatest number of the boarders, who followed us; while only two or three staid with my enemy, amongst whom one was her relation, and another her friend.

This little adventure, which I thought might be instructive to those young ladies to whom you may give this to read, caused me to redouble my modesty and politeness to my companions; who, in their turn, encreased their friendship for me. But let me proceed with my history.

Mrs. De Valville came to see me the third day after our dining with Mrs. Dorsin; and some days after this, I received, at nine in the morning, a second note, which desired me to get ready by one o'clock, to pay a second visit at Mrs. Dorsin's, with a new order to dress myself; which was followed with a perfect obedience. At the time appointed, I was told she waited for me: it was eight days since I had seen Valville; and I confess that I thought it very long. I hoped to find him at the gate of the convent as I had done the first time; I did not at all question his being there: but I was mistaken. Mrs. De Valville had prudently judged it proper to leave him behind her, and I was only received by a footman, who conducted me to her coach. I was immediately stunned; my gaiety left me in a moment. I dissembled, however; and advanced, secretly discouraged, though I would willingly have concealed it from my benefactress: but my face was not made to dissemble; my mien betrayed me; she perceived my trouble in my countenance; for, in spite of my endeavours to hide it, I approached her with such a disordered air, that she could not help smiling as soon as she saw me. This smile a little revived my courage, for I thought it a good sign. 'Come in, child,' said she. I placed myself; and we drove away.

'There wants somebody here,' cried she, laughing; 'does not there?'—'Who is that, Madam?' said I, seeming to know nothing of the matter. 'Who, child!' replied she. 'Sure 'you know better than I, though I am 'his mother!'—'O it is Mr. De Val-'ville!' returned I: 'but I thought 'we should find him at Mrs. Dorsin's.' —'No, no,' said she; 'it is better 'than that: he waits for us at one of 'his friends, from whence we shall 'take him in our way; I was not will-'ing to bring him here; but you shall 'see him by-and-by.'

In short, we soon stopped: I had perceived a lacquey, at a distance, standing at a gentleman's door, and had observed that he disappeared in an instant, and was run, without doubt, to inform his master, who had probably ordered him to wait for us; and who, indeed, was coming to us as soon as we arrived. How sweet is the pleasure when, after a painful absence, we see one we love! How delightful is it to find the dear agreeable object again! I at once thought, at seeing him at the door, that he had taken some measures to hasten his seeing me a minute or two; and how valuable is a minute, how vastly precious, to those that love! and how pleased was my heart to think he had taken care to forward our mutual joy, by that single minute!

'What! my son here already!' cried Mrs. De Valville: 'you are willing to 'improve every moment.'—'See what 'it is to have a mother,' returned he, in the same tone, 'whose tenderness 'makes her divine all that passes in 'our hearts.'—'Hold your tongue,' said she, smiling; 'suppress this sort of 'language: let your tender discourses 'alone, if you please, till I am gone. '—You cast down your eyes,' added she, addressing herself to me; 'I shall 'teach you better manners: I saw you 'turn pale, Miss, because he was not 'with me; your mother's company 'was not enough for you.'

'O Madam! do not be displeased 'with her,' returned Valville, casting a glance at me full of tenderness. 'Would it be agreeable to you, that 'she should be insensible of the ab-

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'fence of a man to whom you intend 'to marry her? If you will turn away 'your head, Madam, I have a great 'desire to kiss her hand, to thank her 'for it.' Here he seized my hand, but I snatched it from him hastily; at the same time hitting him a tap over the fingers: and immediately taking hold of my benefactress's hand, I kissed it with an emotion expressive of the greatest delight and affection. 'O 'ye little hypocrite!' returned she, squeezing mine, 'you both abuse the 'respect you owe me: come, be quiet; 'let us talk of other things.—Have 'you seen my brother, son? How did 'he do this morning?'—'A little bet-'ter, Madam,' returned he; 'but 'continues sleepy, as he was yester-'day.'—'This drowsiness disturbs 'me,' said Mrs. De Valville; 'we 'must not stay so long as we did the 'other day: I must go betimes to see 'my brother.'

We were at this part of our discourse, when the coach stopped at Mrs. Dorsin's: we found very good company there, for it was the same I had seen before, with the addition of two others, who did not appear superfluous, and whose obliging behaviour, and curious way of looking at me, seemed to say that they waited to see me, and had been entertained with some discourse to my advantage.

We dined; and they made me talk more than I had done the time before: Mrs. Dorsin, according to custom, loaded me with caresses. But you will dispense with a detail of what passed, and let me proceed.

About an hour after we were risen from table, Mrs. De Valville was told that one of her servants wanted to speak to her: it was to tell her that Mr. De Climal was in danger; and that they were endeavouring to bring him out of an apoplectick fit, into which he had fallen two hours before.

She entered the room in a terrible fright; and, with the tears in her eyes, told us this melancholy news, took leave of the company, left me at the convent, and hasted to visit the sick gentleman with Valville, who appeared touched with the condition of his uncle; as well as uneasy at the hasty and abrupt manner in which he was snatched from the pleasure he seemed to enjoy in my company. I was even more disturbed than he, which I let him see by my looks; and I went quite melancholy to shut up myself in my chamber, where I indulged, and gave myself up to the most gloomy reflections.

'If Mr. De Climal dies now,' said I to myself, 'Valville, who is already 'rich, will be still much more so; and 'oh! how do I know but this new ac-'quisition of wealth may be of preju-'dice to me! Is it possible that the heir 'to such an immense fortune should 'marry me? Will it not make Mrs. 'De Valville herself disown that sur-'prizing and almost incredible good-'ness she has shewn in approving our 'love? Will she resign her son, that 'may now make the greatest alliances, 'and dignify his family with honours 'and titles? Will not this be a temp-'tation to her?' Sure here was sufficient room to be alarmed!

A moment after, I reasoned thus—'Valville, I am sure, has a great deal 'of tenderness for me; his affection 'has made him refuse all the advan-'tages that might result from his 'marrying one of his equals: but 'will it fortify him against the ambi-'tion of making an alliance with a 'family much greater, and more pow-'erful, than his own? Will he resist 'the allurements of honour, and the 'noble employments that they may 'procure him? Will his love be proof 'against all this? There are degrees 'of generosity superior to the reach 'of the most generous minds: hearts 'capable of sustaining themselves un-'der such trying proofs are so very 'rare, that it is almost too much to 'hope meeting with one sufficiently cou-'rageous to bear them; and that mind 'must be looked upon as deserving 'the epithet of great, that cannot be 'overcome by any temptation beneath 'the greatest.'

I had, however, no reason to fear on this account; for it was not ambition that could rob me of the heart of my dear Valville: yet, nevertheless, I was extremely disturbed, and my inquietude deprived me of all repose.

I was going to arise the next day, when I saw a nun enter my chamber, who told me that the abbess desired me to dress as quick as possible; and that this was the result of a letter she had just received from Mrs. De Valville;

in which she desired her to permit me to go immediately. 'And there is 'even,' added she, 'a coach waiting 'for you in the court.'

This was another subject of perplexity; my heart beat, and my mind was filled with the most uneasy perturbations. 'Send for me so early!' said I to myself. 'Oh! what has happened? What does she threaten me with? 'I have no other resource here than 'the protection of Mrs. De Valville,' (for I durst not then call her mother;) 'and will she take that away? Am I 'going to lose her? One can be sure of 'nothing in such circumstances as 'mine: nobody is obliged to support 'me; my whole reliance is upon a generous lady, who may, when she 'pleases, withold her favours, and abandon me to misery, without giving me cause to complain of her; 'and, to effect this, she need only 'listen to the ill report of a hypocrite; 'this alone might sufficiently disgust 'and enrage her against me.' These thoughts I revolved in my mind whilst I was dressing myself. The unhappy easily conceive an ill opinion of their condition, because they put little trust in the blessings which offer themselves.

In fine, I was soon ready; I went out dressed very negligently, and stepped into the coach: I imagined they were carrying me to Mrs. De Valville's, but I was quite mistaken; the coach stopped at Mr. De Climal's. I at first knew the house again; for you know it was not very long since I was there: but judge what was my surprize! I at once thought all were lost. 'Now 'I see what is done,' said I to myself; 'I see that I am ruined; this wicked 'man has recovered, and will revenge 'himself. I expect to be loaded with 'a thousand calumnies that he has invented against me: he will give every 'thing what turn he pleases; he passes 'for a good man; and, in spite of all 'my efforts to vindicate myself, and 'make my innocence appear, he will 'impose upon my benefactress, and 'make her believe all his horrid falsehoods. Oh, my God! how wicked 'is this abandoned wretch!'

And, indeed, there was reason to fear what I apprehended: the menaces he gave me, when I left Mrs. Du Tour; the scene that passed between us before the monk, to whom I had been to make my complaints, and before whom I had been obliged to vindicate myself against whatever the most villainous and intrepid hypocrisy could suggest to his advantage and my prejudice; the marks of friendship Mrs. De Valville had expressed, when he saw her salute me at a distance; the fear that I should reveal, or had already revealed, his baseness to that lady, to whom he was sensible I was known; all this added to my being obliged to go to him, without being previously acquainted with the visit I was to make, which had the appearance of something sinister in it, was enough to make me imagine that I was going to suffer some new affronts, and receive fresh cause of inquietude from him.

'Who knows but he may say that it 'was I who tempted him, in order to 'engage him to serve me?' said I. 'But this account would be very different from that he told Father St. 'Vincent; he there only accused me 'of being willing to believe that he 'loved me; and this good monk, who 'heard us both, will not, sure, refuse 'his testimony to a poor creature unjustly loaded with such black calumnies!' Thus I reasoned; when I saw myself in the court of Mr. De Climal's house; and stepped out of the coach in a fit of trembling suited to the dreadful scene for which I was preparing myself.

As I entered the hall, I observed two stair-cases; and asked a footman which I was to ascend: he told me that on the right-hand, down which I instantly saw Valville coming to meet me with precipitation.

Astonished to see him there, I stopped, without knowing what I did, and endeavoured to examine his mien, and with what air he regarded me: he appeared sad and dejected, but in a manner that intimated nothing against me; and he addressed me with the most tender air. 'Come, Miss,' said he, with a look all love and softness; and, taking me by the hand—'Come, my dear, 'no time is to be lost; my uncle is 'dying, and desires first to speak with 'you.'—'Me, Sir!' returned I, breathing more freely, for the manner of his speaking to me had revived and given me courage, and made his dying

ing uncle appear leſs dangerous. I could not think it probable that a man would fill up his laſt moments with guilt.

'Me, Sir!' cried I again. 'What 'does he wait for me for? What would 'he have with me?'—'We do not 'know that,' returned he; 'but this 'morning he aſked my mother, if ſhe 'was particularly acquainted with the 'young woman that ſhe ſaluted in the 'convent ſome days ago? My mother 'replied, that ſhe was; and even told 'him, in few words, in what manner 'you became a boarder in the convent, 'without concealing that it was ſhe 'who placed you there. Upon this, —"You can prevail with her, then, to "come here," anſwered he; "and I "deſire ſhe may be ſent for; I muſt "ſee her, for I have ſomething to ſay "to her before I die:" and my mo-'ther, in anſwer to his requeſt, wrote 'to the abbeſs, to permit you to come. 'This, Miſs, is all I am able to tell 'you.'

'Alas!' returned I, 'his deſire of 'ſeeing me has very much diſturbed 'me; I imagined that he had ſome ill 'intention againſt me.'—'You were 'miſtaken,' replied he; 'he appears, 'at leaſt, to have diſpoſitions very far 'from it.' This paſſed as we were going up ſtairs. 'My mother,' added he, 'deſired me to inform you of 'this before you ſaw Mr. De Climal.'

Here we were at the chamber-door: I have already told you I began to take courage; but the ſight of his chamber, into which I was going to enter, made me relapſe into my former uneaſineſs. It was a ſtrange viſit I was going to pay; and there were a variety of little reaſons that contributed to render it painful.

How very diſagreeable was it to me to appear before a man who, in my opinion, could not help being humbled at ſeeing me! His age, his hypocriſy, and the baſe means he made uſe of to delude my youth and innocent ſimplicity, would contribute to confound and abaſh him in the agonies of death: and, though expiring, he muſt be confuſed at the thought of ſeeing me, whom he was going to leave a living witneſs of his infamy.

The firſt perſon I ſaw was Father St. Vincent, ſitting at his pillow; and next him ſat Mrs. De Valville, with her back towards me.

At the ſight of this monk, whom I ſurprized, at leaſt as much as he did me, my inquietudes returned; I feared that our meeting there preſaged no good, and that there was too much reaſon for all my former ſuſpicions.

He, on his ſide, had not learned the name of my benefactreſs, and Mr. De Climal had ſaid nothing to him of this project; he therefore did not know what to think on ſeeing me in the midſt of this gentleman's family, introduced by Valville, whom he ſaw enter with me; and who, out of regard to his uncle, kept a reſpectful diſtance, as not being willing to let him know that we entered together.

At the noiſe we made when coming in—'Who is that?' cried Mr. De Climal. 'It is the young perſon, bro-'ther, that you deſired to ſee,' ſaid Mrs. De Valville. 'Come near, Ma-'rianne,' added ſhe immediately.

This diſcourſe made me tremble from head to foot: I came near, however, with my eyes caſt down; I durſt not lift them upon this dying man, and was at a loſs to know how to do it.

'Ah, Miſs! is it you then?' ſaid he, with a feeble and troubled voice: 'I am obliged to you for coming; 'pray ſit down.' I took a chair, ſtill ſilent, with down-caſt looks, and had yet ſeen only the bed; but, a moment after, I lifted up my eyes a little higher, then higher ſtill, till at laſt I ſaw half his face, and ſoon after ſaw it entire; but this was only for an inſtant; for I was afraid he would take notice of my obſerving him, which might throw him into ſome confuſion, and mortify him too much: but this is certain, I obſerved not the leaſt appearance of malice in his countenance.

'Where is my nephew?' ſaid Mr. De Climal. 'I am here, Sir,' returned Valville, who modeſtly advanced to ſhew himſelf. 'Stay here,' ſaid he—'And you, father,' added he, addreſſing himſelf to the monk, 'do you be ſo 'kind as to ſtay.' But not mentioning Mrs. De Valville, who took notice of the exception his ſilence made to her, ſaid to him—'Brother, I am go-'ing to give ſome orders;' and immediately retired into another chamber. 'As you pleaſe, ſiſter,' returned he,

as she went out. This retreat, which Mr. De Climal seemed to wish for, contributed to prove that I had nothing dreadful to fear; for, if he had resolved to say any thing to my prejudice, he would have detained my benefactress, whose presence would have been necessary to such a scene: and my mind was only filled with an extreme curiosity to know in what all this ceremony would terminate. Mrs. De Valville's going was followed by a short silence; when, after a deep sigh, he began—

'I desired you, father,' said he, turning to us, 'to be here this morning; but I have not yet told you the 'reasons that induced me to send for 'you: I was desirous, too, that my 'nephew should be present; and he 'ought to be so, because this young 'lady is chiefly concerned.'

Here he stopped to take breath, whilst I blushed and trembled; and he went on thus—'It was you, father, who introduced her to me; she was in a 'situation that greatly exposed her; 'you came to me to seek some assistance 'for her; you fixed upon me to give it 'her; you thought me an honest and 'upright man: but, father, you were 'deceived; I was not worthy of your 'confidence.'

As the monk seemed desirous to stop him by a motion he made for that purpose—'Oh, father!' resumed he, addressing himself to him, 'in the name 'of that Being whose justice I would 'soften and disarm, do not oppose the 'resolution I have taken to set myself 'in a true light! You know the esteem, 'and, perhaps, the veneration, with 'which you have sincerely honoured 'me; you know the reputation I have 'publickly enjoyed; that I have been 'revered as a man of virtue and piety; 'and that I have enjoyed the advantages due to goodness alone: but, 'alas! I have not deserved them; I 'was only in shew and appearance what 'I now sincerely, and from the bottom 'of my soul, wish I had been in reality. 'The recompences of virtue which I 'have received, I now look on as a 'theft that I have committed; an insult on that Divine Goodness I only 'seemed to imitate. Suffer me, then, 'to expiate my guilt, if possible, by a 'confession of that base, that hypocritical behaviour, that has deceived 'you and the world: and let me take 'that shame and humiliation to myself I have deserved; let me inspire 'all that horror that I should formerly 'have raised in every breast, had the 'black marks of my secret guilt been 'discovered. Yes, father,' resumed he, after a moment's pause, with eyes bathed in tears, and with the most moving tone; 'this was the man whom 'you came to entrust with this young 'lady: you made application to a vile, 'a wicked wretch; and all these good 'actions you have seen me engaged in 'are so many crimes, which enhance 'my guilt; masks under which I have 'committed the blackest, the most infamous, actions.'

'Enough, Sir; here is enough!' returned Father St. Vincent. 'Come, 'let us praise God for the sentiments 'with which he inspires you. What 'obligations have we to adore his 'goodness! How great, how incomprehensible his mercy! How infinite his 'favours!—Yes, Sir, you are very 'guilty; you have reason to renounce 'our esteem, and the favourable opinion the world has conceived of you; 'to despise yourself, and be covered 'with shame: but we are not at a confessional; therefore compose yourself. 'It is not the sinner, the man involved 'in guilt and misery, that we esteem 'and value; but the man whom God 'regards and pities, and on whom he 'pours the plenitude of his mercies. 'May we end our lives in the same 'pious disposition as you do! Mention no more your crimes; you have 'said enough on this subject; for, if 'your repentance is sincere, that Being 'who delights in mercy will forgive 'you.'

The good religious accompanied this discourse with his tears, in which Valville and I joined.

'I have not yet said all, father,' returned Mr. De Climal. 'No, Sir, no!' replied the monk; 'pray have done; 'you need not go any farther; satisfy 'yourself with what you have already 'said; for the rest would be superfluous, and would be, perhaps, a piece 'of indulgence: it is sometimes sweet 'and comfortable to abandon one's 'self to a disposition like yours.—Well, 'Sir, deprive yourself of this consolation; mortify the desire you have of

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'owning more of your faults: God 'will accept both of what you have 'said, and what you desire to say.'

'Ah, father!' cried the sick gentleman, 'pray do not stop me; it would 'be a comfort to me to be able to bury 'my guilt in eternal silence; for I am 'far from tasting the sweet satisfaction 'you describe; God will not grant me 'so great a favour, who have merited 'nothing but indignation: it is enough 'if he gives me strength to support the 'deserved confusion with which I am 'covered. Yes, Sir, this confession 'of my villainy loads me with shame; 'every word of it tortures me: and I 'thank God for enabling me thus to 'sacrifice my detested pride! Permit 'me, then, to improve a shame that 'punishes me. O that I were able, if 'possible, to proportion my humiliation to my guilt, and the falsity of 'those virtues with which I have been 'honoured! I am sorry I have been 'obliged to send Mrs. De Valville 'away; for I ought to have blushed 'before a sister who is not yet, perhaps, 'undeceived: I know she would have 'interrupted me; her affection and too 'great tenderness would not have permitted her to hear what I had to say. 'But do you, father, repeat it to her: 'this I desire, as an instance of your 'piety and regard for me.

'This young lady, no doubt, told 'you the truth, in the recital she made 'of my behaviour to her; and, indeed, 'my whole design in relieving her was 'only in order to seduce her: thinking 'that her misfortunes had depressed 'her mind, and taken from her the 'courage of daring to remain virtuous 'amidst such complicated distress, I 'offered to secure her something to 'live upon, on condition that she would 'become unworthy of life. I made 'use of these base artifices in order to 'beat down and trample upon her 'young, and, I hoped, unfortified virtue; to pollute a soul truly amiable. 'But, father, I have said enough, since 'I have given a sufficient view into the 'shameful baseness of my designs; designs which now fill me with horror, 'which affright and terrify me, and 'give a double gloom to the dreary prospect that lies before me; new terrors 'more insupportable than all the agonies of death!—I beg pardon, Miss; 'and conjure you, if possible, to forget this wicked adventure, and never stain your chaste mind with the 'remembrance of my imprudence and 'folly. Accept of this acknowledgment as a reparation for a crime that 'has justly offended both God and 'you. When I left you, I had the 'baseness to reproach you with the 'small presents which you returned 'me; I insulted you with the dismal 'situation to which I abandoned you; 'and threatened you with revenge if 'you dared to complain of me.'

I gave way to my tears, while he was making me this generous and christian satisfaction; and was so touched, that I could not smother my sighs. Valville and the monk wiped their eyes, and remained silent. After a short pause, he resumed—'You know, Miss, 'I then offered you a contract to pay 'you annually five or six hundred 'livres? I have now, in my will, given 'you twelve hundred. You refused, 'with horror, the six hundred livres, 'when I proposed them as the recompence of a crime; accept now freely 'of the twelve hundred, as a reward 'for your virtue and prudence: it is 'just that I should afford you, in my 'repentance, a greater assistance than 'I offered you when involved in guilt. 'My nephew there is my chief heir; 'he is generous; and, I am persuaded, 'he will not at all regret what I have 'left you.'

'Ah, dear Sir!' cried Valville, with the tears in his eyes, and a look expressive of the highest satisfaction; 'this is an action laudable indeed, and 'entirely worthy of yourself! All that 'afflicts me is, that you do not do this 'in perfect health: as for me, I shall 'regret nothing but you, and the loss 'of that tenderness you express for 'me; which I would gladly preserve 'at the expence of the richest treasures; 'and, if God would grant my request, 'I should only desire the satisfaction of 'seeing you live as long as myself.'

'And I, Sir,' cried I, in my turn, with a deep sigh, 'am so sensible of 'your kindness, that I am at a loss to 'know how to express myself. I assure you, were I poorer than I am, 'the present that you make me would 'not console me for your loss; which 'I shall always look upon as a new 'misfortune. I see, Sir, that, if your 'life was preserved, you would be a

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'sincere friend to me; and I should 'esteem that an incomparably greater 'advantage than what you so gene-'rously leave me.'

My tears here stopped my voice, and he appeared sensibly touched at my discourse. 'What you say, Miss,' returned he, after some moments silence, 'answers the good opinion which I 'have always entertained of your heart; 'and, indeed, if God would prolong 'my life, I should endeavour to deserve the opinion you now entertain 'of me. I feel myself decay, and am 'entering upon a state unknown, from 'which there is no return: but it is 'not for me to presume to give you instructions for the conduct of your 'future life, since they would not proceed from a mouth sufficiently pure; 'but, since you think that in me you 'lose a sincere friend, I may be permitted, under that character, to mention one thing. I have tempted you 'to forfeit your innocence; and it is 'not owing to the want of any endeavours on my side that you have not 'been betrayed into a crime that would 'have destroyed all your peace, all 'just ground for inward complacency, 'and that amiable rectitude of heart 'which will ever render you an ornament to your sex, and dear to all the 'lovers of virtue. Let me entreat you, 'I say, to supplicate that Being in my 'behalf whom I have offended in offending you; express your forgiveness by petitioning his; and shew 'that I have left no taint upon your 'mind, by continually adhering to 'those principles which have supported 'you under my attacks: be virtuous, 'in spite of all opposition, and you will 'find, that "to be good is to be happy;" it will raise you above many of 'the miseries of life; give you charms 'that time will not be able to efface; 'and render you for ever lovely, for 'ever blessed! Adieu, Miss!—Adieu, father!' added he, addressing himself to the monk; 'I recommend 'her to your care.—You see, nephew, 'why I have detained you; you have 'seen me at her feet, and may have 'suspected that it was agreeable to her: 'she, you find, is innocent; and I 'thought myself obliged to let you 'know it.'

He stopped here, and we were going to retire; when he said—'Nephew, 'pray go to my sister, and desire her to 'come in.' And then addressing himself to me—'Miss,' said he, 'Mrs. 'De Valville has told me how she came 'to know you: in the recital that you 'made her of your sufferings, and unhappy situation, you might naturally 'introduce into your mournful story 'an account of the fresh injuries you 'had received from me; tell me freely, did not you inform her of it? Did 'you name me?'

'I will tell you the truth, Sir,' returned I, a little embarrassed at his question. 'When I left Father St. 'Vincent, I entered into the parlour 'of the convent to beg assistance of the 'abbess: Mrs. De Valville, who was 'there, observed my despair; was moved at my tears; and pressed me to tell 'her what afflicted me. I did not 'think of prejudicing you; I had nothing else to do but to raise her compassion; and, for that end, it was 'sufficient to relate my misfortunes: 'however, I did not mention your 'name at that time; not that I omitted it out of regard for you, but because I thought it unnecessary; and 'she would never have known more, 'if, some days after, speaking of the 'cloaths I sent back, I had not, by 'chance, named Mr. De Valville, to 'whom I sent them, as the nephew of 'the person who had given them to 'me. Thus, Sir, you see how unhappily she came to know it; and I 'am very sorry for my imprudence; 'I protest I had no malice in it: I 'might, indeed, deceive you; but I 'am too nearly affected, and too grateful, to hide any thing from you.'

'Well,' said he, addressing himself to Father St. Vincent, 'my sister then 'knows it! I did not think it: this is 'a new increase of shame for me before I die; a confusion, father, that 'I am extremely sensible of!—Miss,' added he, 'I thank you for it; pray, 'do not reproach yourself with it on 'any account; it is a piece of service 'you have done me: my sister knows 'me; and I am going to blush before 'her.'

Here I could hardly forbear making my grief be heard. My benefactress entered with Valville; and was surprized at my tears and sighs, which

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her brother took notice of. 'Come, 'ſiſter,' ſaid he, 'I ſhould have deſired 'you to ſtay here, had I not appre-'hended your tenderneſs would have 'prevented what I had to ſay. I know 'you would not have been able to hear 'it: however, Father St. Vincent will 'be ſo good as to repeat it to you; and, 'thank God! you know the principal 'part of it already. This young lady 'has given you a juſt opinion of me. 'Father St. Vincent truſted her to my 'care; but ſhe could not have fallen 'into worſe hands: I reſign her into 'yours. To that friendſhip you ap-'peared to have for her, add all the 'tenderneſs you have for me; of which 'ſhe is much more worthy. That 'ſhare in your heart, which I have en-'joyed, is a bleſſing I would leave 'her, and which will recompenſe the 'little honour and virtue ſhe found in 'mine.'

'Ah, dear, dear brother, pray for-'bear!' returned Mrs. De Valville, who wept almoſt as much as I; 'pray, 'let me entreat you to forbear: I am 'not able to hear more. Yes, I will 'take care of Marianne: ſhe will al-'ways be dear to me; you need not 'doubt it. You give her a right to 'command my heart, which is diſ-'poſed to be eternally hers. But come, 'let us hear no more; you ſee the grief 'into which you have caſt us all: pray, 'conſider, you are not in a condition to 'talk ſo much; it fatigues you. Pray, 'how do you find yourſelf?'

'Like one that muſt live no longer!' ſaid he. 'I am going, ſiſter!—Adieu, 'father! Remember me in your pray-'ers; you know the need I have of 'them!'

Scarce had he finiſhed theſe laſt words, when he fainted away; and we thought him expiring. Two phyſi-cians were called, who were waiting in another room; the monk retired imme-diately; and Valville and I were de-ſired to leave the chamber, while they endeavoured to aſſiſt him. 'Mrs. De Valville being reſolved not to go, we went into the parlour, where we found an intimate friend of Mr. De Climal's, and two ladies related to the family, going into the ſick gentleman's room. Valville prevented them, by telling them his uncle was ſenſeleſs, and that they muſt ſtay and wait the event; ſo that none went in but a clergyman, his confeſſor, who entered as he was talk-ing to them.

Valville, who was ſitting by me in the parlour, told me privately who theſe three perſons were; I mean Mr. De Cli-mal's friend, and the two ladies his relations; one of whom was the mo-ther, and the other the daughter. The friend was a gentleman, grave and po-lite; he was a magiſtrate, and about ſixty years old. The mother of the young lady might be about fifty or fifty-five: ſhe was ſhort; but this deficiency was made up in her circumference, which was large enough; ſhe was of a dark complexion, and very ordinary; had a face large and bloated; with ſmall black eyes, which at firſt appeared lively, but indeed were only curious and buſy; always in motion, inceſſant-ly prying and ſeeking out ſomething to amuſe an empty, indolent mind, that has nothing in itſelf to entertain it; for ſome minds are inactive merely for want of ideas; it is this renders them ſo greedy of foreign objects, chiefly becauſe they retain no impreſſions; and every thing, as it were, runs through their minds, and immediately vaniſhes; they are always prying, ever liſtening, but never thinking of any thing.

Such was the woman I am ſpeaking of: however, I did not form ſo perfect an idea of her all at once; my reflec-tions, though mature enough, could not extend ſo far; yet, notwithſtand-ing, I then formed a very diſagreeable idea of her character.

She no ſooner ſaw me, but her eyes ruſhed upon me, and inſtantly ran over me; I ſay ruſhed, at the hazard of ſpeaking improperly, to deſcribe the greedy curioſity with which ſhe examin-ed me. Such glances as theſe are exceſſively troubleſome; they quite con-founded me; and I ſaw no other re-medy for them, but, in my turn, to ſtare upon her in the ſame manner: this fre-quently ſucceeds with ſome perſons, and frees people from a trouble like that which then diſturbed me. She then, indeed, took off her eyes; but it was only for a moment, and then re-turned more earneſtly than before. Sometimes ſhe examined my counte-nance; ſometimes my ſhape engaged her attention; then my cap; then my gown. I happened to cough; this re-

doubled

doubled her attention to obſerve how I coughed: I drew my handkerchief out of my pocket; this was a very intereſting ſpectacle for her; a new object of curioſity.

As Valville ſat pretty near her, ſhe ſuddenly turned to ſpeak to him; and aſked—'Who is this young lady?' I heard her; for perſons of her diſpoſition never talk ſo low as they think they do: they are ſo inconſiderate, that they will not allow themſelves time to be diſcreet. 'She is the daughter of a 'country lady, one of my mother's 'moſt intimate friends,' returned Valville, very negligently. 'Hah, hah! a 'country lady!' cried ſhe. 'Is her mo'ther in town?'—'No,' repliedheagain: 'this lady is in a convent in town.' —'Hah! in a convent! What! has 'ſhe a mind to be a nun? And what 'convent is it?'—'Upon my word,' ſaid he, 'I do not know the name of 'it.'—'Perhaps ſhe has ſome rela'tion there,' purſued ſhe: 'ſhe is very 'pretty; very pretty, indeed,' added ſhe, interweaving each word with an earneſt examination of my perſon and dreſs. At laſt, ſhe grew tired of me, and ſat herſelf to ſurvey the magiſtrate; who, however, ſhe was no ſtranger to; but whoſe ſilence and melancholy appeared to her worthy of conſideration.

'It is very ſhocking, Sir,' ſaid ſhe to him immediately, 'that the gentle'man ſhould be dying already; he was 'very well a few days ago: who would 'have thought it? it is but ten days 'ſince we dined together.—But tell 'me, Mr. De Valville, is he very ill? 'He has a good conſtitution; I hope 'he will recover it. What do you 'think of it? How long has he been 'ſick? I have been in the country; and, 'truly, I did not hear of it before yeſ'terday. Is it true that he is ſpeech'leſs, and has loſt his ſenſes?'—'Yes, Madam,' returned Valville; 'it is 'but too true.'—'Mrs. De Valville, 'I ſuppoſe, is here?' replied ſhe. 'Poor woman! ſhe muſt be very diſ'conſolate; is not ſhe? They were very 'fond of each other! He is a mighty 'worthy man; and all the family muſt 'be ſenſible of his loſs. Here is my 'girl has cried all day long for him; 'and I, too, indeed.' The young lady really looked very much dejected, but ſaid not a word. Our eyes met ſometimes as if by ſtealth; and ſhe ſeemed to have as much friendſhip for me in her looks, as ſhe might have diſcovered for her in mine. I fancied ſhe liked me; and, for my part, I was charmed with her, and had great reaſon to be ſo.

Nothing could appear more engaging than this lady; nothing more charming than the ſweetneſs and ſmiling vivacity of her looks; ſhe had a form embelliſhed with every thing lovely; an air graceful, delicate, eaſy; every charm triumphed in her face, and adorned her perſonwith unalterable beauties. Her ſhape was perfectly genteel and finiſhed; her behaviour engaging, natural, and attended with ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing. She was but eighteen; and youth never ppeared a greater ornament.

I heard it ſaid, Madam, the other day, of a young lady, that ſhe was in the ſpring of beauty: the term ſpring brought her I am ſpeaking of to my mind; and, I dare lay a wager, it was ſome ſuch blooming charms that gave birth to the expreſſion; for I never read of Flora or Hebe, but I think of Miſs De Fare, for this was her name.

She had a form tall, free, and ſprightly; and an air and walk ſo light, that you would have thought ſhe weighed nothing: in ſhort, ſhe was ſurrounded with the graces in all their various characters; had ſomething ſo noble and attractive; and that nobleneſs appeared ſo eaſy, unaffected, and natural, that it required no attention to ſuſtain it; it appeared independent of art, which neither gaiety nor ſorrow were able to alter, and which ſeemed an eſſential attribute of the perſon itſelf.

Miſs De Fare had not a very ſtrong conſtitution; but her indiſpoſitions gave her an air more tender than ſickly. She would have been glad to have had a little more fat; but I do not think ſhe would have been any gainer by it; at leaſt no face could appear better without it: for I am certain it could have added but one charm; but muſt have taken from it many others more engaging and poignant.

Notwithſtanding the delicacy and ſprightlineſs of her wit, ſhe voluntarily held her tongue in company; ſhe thought much, ſpoke little; and was ſo attentive, that nothing eſcaped her notice. I hardly ever heard her ſay any thing but what was pertinent, judi-

cious,

cious, and agreeable. When with her friends, she expressed herself with the frankness of persons of the most blunt disposition, though with all the delicacy of the most polite.

One could not help observing in her conversation a sagacity of sentiment, which was discovered in all she said; and which was expressed with the utmost life and spirit: her ideas appeared great and sublime; her soul noble and generous. But you will know her character much better by what I shall mention hereafter.

We had been there a considerable time, when Mrs. De Valville came from her brother, and told us that he was much better, and had perfectly recovered his senses. 'He asked me,' added she, addressing herself to me, 'if you were here still, Miss; and desired me not to send you back to your convent before you had dined with us.'—'You both do me too much honour,' returned I: 'I shall do what you please, Madam.'

'I wish he knew that I am here,' said the magistrate, his friend; 'for I have an extreme desire to see him, if possible.'—'And I, too,' said the lady: 'would it not be proper to let him know it? If he is better, he will not, perhaps, be sorry to see us.—What do you think of it, Madam? The physicians, then, have greater hopes of his recovery; I am sincerely glad to hear it.'—'Alas, no, Madam! we have no such flattering prospect!' returned Mrs. De Valville: he is not quite so bad, and that is all; but I will go to him immediately, to know if your coming in will be attended with any inconvenience.' She scarce had left us, when we saw her returning with the physicians from the chamber. 'Gentlemen,' said she, 'may this gentleman and these two ladies go in to see my brother? Is he in a condition fit to receive them?'—'He is weak still,' returned one of them, and he wants rest: it would be much better to stay two or three hours first.'

'Oh, to be sure! we will wait, then,' said the magistrate: 'I will return in the afternoon.'—'It will not be worth your while to go,' replied Mrs. De Valville; 'you had much better stay dinner here.'—'No, Madam,' said he; 'I am very much obliged to you; but cannot stay: I have some business to do.'

'As for me,' cried the lady, 'I have none; and I think it best to stay.—Am not I in the right, Madam?—Well, gentlemen,' continued she, tell us, then, what you think of Mr. De Climal? It runs in my head that he will recover; will not he? Do not you think his illness might proceed from some disorder in his breast? Six months ago he had a cold, which lasted a great while: I desired him to take care of it; but he neglected it a little. Is his fever high?'

'It is not the fever that we are most afraid of, Madam,' said the other physician: 'we can give no certain judgment yet; but we think him in a very dangerous condition.'

After this discourse they left us; the magistrate followed; and Mrs. De Fare and Miss, Mrs. De Valville, her son, and I, staid in the parlour.

It was pretty late, when a servant came to tell us dinner was ready. Mrs. De Valville went for a moment into her brother's room, and was told that he had dropped asleep; on which she immediately returned with the priest, who said he would return again after dinner; and we sat down to table something less disturbed than we had been in the morning.

I do not question, Madam, but this particular detail has been disagreeable to you; but I could not pass it over, as it is necessary to introduce some more interesting events. I sat at table by Miss De Fare; and I imagined, by her graceful behaviour, that she was glad of this occasion to commence an acquaintance with me. We anticipated the pleasures of friendship by a variety of those little kindnesses which a mutual inclination suggests to two persons who take a delight in each other. We looked upon each other with the sweetest complacency; and, as love has it's rights too, I sometimes cast a tender regard at Valville; who, on his side, according to custom, had his eyes almost continually fixed upon me.

I believe Miss De Fare took notice of our regards. 'Miss,' said she to me very low, whilst her mother and Mrs. De Valville were talking together, 'I would not be mistaken; but I do not think you will leave Paris.'

'I do not know what you mean, 'Miſs,' returned I in the ſame tone, (and really I did not underſtand her at all;) 'but I fancy I may, without any 'riſque, venture to affirm that your 'thoughts are always juſt. Will you 'pleaſe to tell me your meaning?'

'It is,' returned ſhe, whiſpering, 'that, as my lady your mother is one 'of Mrs. De Valville's deareſt friends, 'you may, perhaps, marry my couſin; 'tell me, now, am not I in the right?'

It was not very eaſy to anſwer her; the queſtion diſcompoſed and alarmed me: I bluſhed; and then was afraid ſhe would take notice of it, and that this would betray a ſecret which would do me too much honour. In fine, I do not know what anſwer I ſhould have returned, if her mother had not extricated me out of this perplexity. It was then happy for me, that ſhe was one of thoſe women who obſerve every thing, and will be informed of every thing too. She perceived that we were talking to each other—'What is that, 'daughter? What ſubject are you 'upon? You ſmile, and Miſs bluſhes.' (For nothing eſcaped her.) 'May we 'know what you are ſaying?'—'I ſhall 'make no ſecret of it,' returned ſhe. 'I ſhould be charmed to have Miſs ſtay 'at Paris; and I was ſaying that I 'wiſhed ſhe might marry Mr. De Val-'ville.'

'Hah, hah!' cried ſhe, 'that is very 'good! I have been juſt thinking ſo 'myſelf: beſides, I have obſerved that 'neither of them ſeem as if they would 'be ſorry for it; but how do we know 'but it is their deſign! it looks very 'like it.'

'And why not?' ſaid Mrs. De Valville, who apparently ſaw no hazard in taking our part in theſe circumſtances, and with a generoſity of mind with which I feel myſelf tranſported whenever I reflect on it; and which I never think of without tears of gratitude and affection: who, I ſay, by an admirable generoſity of mind, to give us infallible proofs of her goodneſs, gladly ſeized this opportunity to prepare them for our marriage. 'And 'why not?' ſaid ſhe, with a look full of goodneſs; 'my ſon will have no 'reaſon to complain, if it ſhould hap-'pen ſo.'—'O Madam, every body 'muſt be of your opinion,' replied Mrs. De Fare: 'we ought to congratulate him upon his happineſs; and 'I ſhall make him my compliments 'upon it beforehand. I will aſſure you 'I think nobody can be more agree-'ably united.'—'And I am ſure I 'ſhall envy nobody's lot,' returned Valville, with an air free and eaſy; whilſt I bowed to thank her for her civility, without ſaying any thing; for I thought I ought to be ſilent, and give my benefactreſs an opportunity of ſpeaking for me; before whom I imagined that, on this occaſion, I ought to preſerve a modeſt and reſpectful ſilence. I could not, however, avoid giving her a look full of tenderneſs and gratitude. And, though this converſation was carried on in jeſt, Mrs. De Fare did not doubt but that I ſhould marry Valville.

'I muſt take my leave as ſoon as I 'have ſeen Mr. De Climal; and then 'we will conduct your daughter-in-'law to her convent,' ſaid ſhe to Mrs. De Valville. 'But hold; I have thought 'of ſomething better than that; I ſhall 'not lie to-night in town; I muſt return 'to my country-houſe, which, you 'know, is but about a mile from hence; 'I think, if you can ſpare Miſs, you 'may write or ſend to the convent, that 'they may not wait for her, and we 'will take her with us. Theſe ladies 'ought to become a little better ac-'quainted; and, I am ſure, you will 'give them both a very ſenſible plea-'ſure.'

Miſs De Fare entered into the converſation; and joined her entreaties to thoſe of her mother with ſuch ſucceſs, that Mrs. De Valville told them ſhe conſented to it, and that I was my own miſtreſs. 'It is true,' ſaid ſhe; 'you 'have no ſervant with you, but you 'will find enough at Mr. De Fare's. 'Go, I will call at your convent; and 'to-morrow, if my brother's illneſs 'will permit me to leave him, I will 'come about five in the evening, to 'bring you back; or elſe ſend for you.' —'Since I have your permiſſion, Ma-'dam,' ſaid I, 'I will make no diffi-'culty of going.'

Here we aroſe from table. Valville appeared charmed at the little party we had juſt made and intereſted in our favour; and I eaſily perceived the riſing joy which ſpread over his face, and ſufficiently expreſſed his inward ſatisfaction. What convincing proofs my dear benefactreſs had given us of the ſincerity

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ſincerity of her promiſes! She had not only acknowledged that I was deſigned for her ſon, but let me already reap ſome of the benefits that dear relation would ſhortly entitle me to, by recommending me to her friends, and introducing me into the world under that character. Was it poſſible to behave more agreeably, than thus to put it in a manner out of her power to diſengage herſelf?

But let us leave Mr. De Climal's. Mrs. De Fare could not obtain leave to ſee him, becauſe he was inclined to doze, and was willing to take ſome reſt: when we were ready to go, Valville artfully dropped, in his diſcourſe to this lady, ſome hints which obliged her to aſk him to follow us, and ſup with us at her houſe. 'The weather, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'is extremely fine and delightful; and you may, if you pleaſe, return to-night; or ſtay till to-morrow, if you like it better.'—'But will you, Madam, permit me to go?' ſaid he, laughing, addreſſing himſelf to his mother, whoſe approbation he was willing to gain to all his actions. 'Yes, ſon,' ſaid ſhe; 'go, if you deſire it; for I ſhall not leave my brother till it is pretty late.' Upon this we took our leave, and parted.

We ſoon arrived at this lady's country-houſe; which was a ſtately building, adorned with every thing that could render it grand and magnificent. Valville was there almoſt as ſoon as we. We reſted a moment; and then went into the garden, attended only by Miſs De Fare, and ſpent our time in walking. Every thing here contributed to inſpire me with ſatisfaction and delight; the walks, the fountains, and painted alcoves, were very beautiful: but what rendered all theſe charming, was the company of my dear Valville; for, without him, the ſhady groves would have appeared gloomy and ſolitary, and all this pleaſing ſcene, perhaps, have been paſſed over unregarded. I freely enjoyed the converſation of a man whom I loved with the tendereſt affection; of a man who adored me, and who had the liberty of telling me ſo, and diſcourſing on his agreeable paſſion; a privilege I had not yet enjoyed without reſtraint; and I had an opportunity of making him a modeſt return, which I did not fail to do. He talked; I anſwered him with my looks; and his language was not more tender than my glances: he immediately perceived it; and his diſcourſe grew inſenſibly more paſſionate, and conſequently the innocent language of my eyes more ſweet.

How enchanting, how agreeable, my ſituation! On the one ſide Valville, who almoſt idolized me; on the other, Miſs De Fare, who loaded me with careſſes, and ſought every occaſion to inſpire me with friendſhip; and, on my own ſide, a heart full of ſenſibility for both. We all three walked into a wood which ſurrounded the houſe and garden, and left Mrs. De Fare buſy in receiving two perſons who came to ſup with her: and, as Valville's tenderneſs frequently interrupted this amiable lady's converſation, we, out of a frolick, ran away from him, that we might have him at a diſtance; and threw at him handfuls of leaves and boughs that we ſnatched from the trees and hedges. He purſued us; we ran; he ſeized me: ſhe came to my aſſiſtance; and my ſoul gave itſelf up to an innocent joy too exquiſite to laſt long.

We were thus diverting ourſelves, when a ſervant came to tell us ſupper was ready, and they only ſtaid for us; on which we went in immediately.

At ſupper, the converſation paſſed upon the news they heard from Mr. De Fare, who was in the army: at laſt, they ſpoke of me; and the company loaded me with the moſt obliging compliments; for Mrs. De Fare had already informed them of my intended nuptials, and congratulated Valville on his approaching happineſs.

The ſupper being over, and the company gone, Mrs. De Fare invited Valville to ſtay till the next day, which he conſented to without much importunity. I am almoſt come to touch upon the fatal cataſtrophe which threatens me; and to-morrow I ſhall ſhed torrents of tears.

I aroſe between ten and eleven in the morning; about a quarter of an hour after Mrs. De Fare's woman came to dreſs me: however new this kind of ſervice was to me, I let her aſſiſt me with as good a grace, and as much freedom, as if it had been familiar to me. I ought to ſupport my rank, and behave conſiſtent with my preſent circumſtances: this I was inſtantly ſenſible of. I had a natural taſte; or, if

you will, a vanity inexpreſſibly delicate, which taught me at once how to behave, and which gave this ſervant no room to think me a novice.

Scarce had ſhe done dreſſing me, when I heard the voice of Miſs De Fare, who was coming to me, and was talking with another perſon who was with her: I imagined it was Valville; and was thinking to meet her, but ſhe did not give me time, but inſtantly came in. But, oh, Madam! gueſs with whom. I was immediately ſhocked as if I had been ſtruck with thunder. How inexpreſſible was my ſurprize and conſternation, when I ſaw it was the linen-draper with whom I had lived as a ſhop-maid!

Miſs De Fare ran to embrace me with an air of gaiety; but this fatal object, this unwelcome Mrs. Du Tour, had already ſtruck my eyes, and turned me into a ſtatue: I received her embrace without motion, and with a countenance more pale than death; and was ſo overwhelmed with ſurprize, that I knew not where I was. 'Ah, my 'dear! what is the matter? Why do 'not you ſpeak to me?' cried Miſs De Fare, aſtoniſhed at my ſilence and want of motion.

'Ods my life! Sure I am dim-ſight-'ed!—Is it you, Marianne?' cried Mrs. Du Tour. 'Even ſo; the ſame, 'poſitively! How folks meet! I 'came here to ſhew ſome linen to ſome 'of your neighbours, who ſent for me; 'and ſo, as I was about to return 'home, ſays I—"I will even call at "Madam De Fare's, to ſee if ſhe "wants any thing." You found me 'in her chamber, and ſo then brought 'me here, where I found her: ſure, it 'was my good angel that inſpired me 'with the thought of coming to your 'houſe!' Here ſhe caſt her arms about my neck. 'What good fortune have 'you had? How pretty and well-dreſſ-'ed you are! Really I am glad to ſee 'you ſo ſpruce and fine. La! how it 'becomes you! I think, indeed, you 'have a waiting-woman. Pray, tell 'me how all this came to paſs? It is 'very wonderful! How, my dear girl, 'did it happen?'

To this diſcourſe I was unable to utter a word; I was quite abaſhed and ſtupid with ſurprize.

Here Valville came in, ſmiling, with an air of gaiety; but he no ſooner ſaw Mrs. Du Tour but he bluſhed, changed countenance, and ſtood immoveable as well as I: you will judge that he might eaſily foreſee the fatal conſequence of this adventure; and all this paſſed in much leſs time than I can relate it to you.

'Softly, Mrs. Du Tour, ſoftly!' cried the young lady; 'you are miſ-'taken, ſurely! you do not know who 'you ſpeak to: it is not that Marianne 'you mean.'—'Not her!' ſaid the linen-draper; 'not her! Why, you may 'as well tell me I am not Mrs. Du 'Tour! Marry, aſk her yourſelf if I 'am in the wrong.—Well, why don't 'you ſpeak, child? Is it not true that 'you are ſhe? Did not you lodge a few 'days with me, to learn my buſineſs? 'Was it not Mr. De Climal that put 'you to board with me? and did not 'he abandon you one holiday? "the "better day, the better deed;" and did 'not care a fig what became of you? '—Lack-a-day! how the poor orphan 'cried about it! Why, I found her 'with her hair hanging about her ears, 'like a mad perſon; her cap and every 'thing littered about! La! how I pi-'tied the poor thing!'

'Pray take care what you ſay, Ma-'dam!' ſaid Miſs De Fare, quite aſtoniſhed: 'I tell you it cannot be.'—'Well, I do not ſay that it can be,' continued Mrs. Du Tour; 'but I ſay 'that it is, and that it is as well: and 'I will tell you more than that; it 'was to Mr. De Valville that I ſent 'the bundle of cloaths Mr. De Climal 'had given her; and, beſides, I have 'another token; I have ſtill a hand-'kerchief that ſhe left behind her at 'my houſe; it is not worth much, 'indeed; but, however, it is hers, 'and I have nothing to do with it; I 'have had it waſhed, though it was 'hardly worth it. However, one 'word is as good as a hundred; and, 'as I am none of thoſe that are given 'to talk, and ſuch as that, look ye, I 'tell you, once for all, that it is Ma-'rianne; that is the name ſhe went 'by when ſhe was with me; and, if 'it is not her name ſtill, ſhe muſt 'have changed it; for I never knew ſhe 'had any other, nor ſhe neither: it 'was a country parſon's ſiſter who 'gave it her; for, poor girl! ſhe does 'not know herſelf who ſhe is: ſhe 'told me of it; and I cannot ſee what

'reaſon

'reason there is to make such a mighty 'secret of it. Heaven knows, I re-'spect the girl, and would not do her 'an injury for the world. Surely I 'may be allowed to know folks again 'when I see them, as well as another; 'especially my own shopmaid: pray, 'where is the difficulty of that? But, 'marry-come-up! if she is grown 'proud, and above owning her old 'acquaintance, what care I! I cannot 'answer for that; I only rub up her 'memory a little: I have nothing to 'say against her; I always thought her 'very honest and good; and I am sure 'nobody can speak more handsomely 'of her than I do, if she were a 'dutchess.'

At these last words, Mrs. De Fare's woman simpered, and left us with an ill-natured pleasure in her looks: as for me, I was ready to faint; my knees trembled, and I sunk into an elbow-chair that stood near me, where I was only able to weep and cast forth the most bitter sighs. Miss De Fare held down her head, and said nothing. Valville, who had not yet opened his mouth, at last drew near to Mrs. Du Tour; and, taking her by the hand—'Madam,' said he, 'let 'me persuade you to retire immediate-'ly: I conjure you do me this favour, 'dear Mrs. Du Tour; oblige me in 'this, and you shall lose nothing by 'it. Be seen no more here; be dis-'creet: and expect from me, in re-'turn, all the service I can render 'you.'

'Lack-a-day! with all my heart,' returned she; 'I am very sorry that I 'have said any thing to displease you: 'but I thought no harm; what would 'you have of me? I am no witch. 'Put yourself in my place.'—'Well, 'well, Madam, you are in the right,' said he, interrupting her; 'but, pray, 'be gone: go, I entreat you.'—'Your 'servant, Sir,' returned she; 'I beg 'pardon.—Miss, your servant,' added she, turning to Miss De Fare.—'Adieu, Marianne! Farewel, child! 'I wish you no more harm than I do 'myself. Good luck attend you!—But, 'Miss, if you would look at what I 'have got, perhaps you may take 'something of me,' added she, addressing herself to Miss De Fare. 'No, 'no, I tell you; I shall buy all you 'have, and pay you for it to-morrow,' returned Valville, pushing her back, till at last she left us.

My tears and sighs continued; I durst not lift up my eyes, and was oppressed with the severest affliction.

'Mr. De Valville,' said Miss De Fare, who had for some time been silent, and had attended to all that passed, 'pray explain to me what all this 'means?'

'Oh, dear cousin!' returned he, throwing himself at her feet, 'in the 'name of all that is most dear to you, 'save my life: it is nothing less I beg 'of you. I conjure you, by all the 'goodness and generosity of your 'heart, not to abandon me: it is true, 'the lady was a few days at this li-'nen-draper's; she lost her father and 'mother in her infancy. It is believed 'that they were foreigners: it is an 'undoubted matter of fact that they 'were assassinated in a stage-coach, 'with a number of their domesticks. 'Their retinue only proved they were 'persons of quality: this lady was 'drawn from under the body of her 'mother; was educated by a clergy-'man in the country; brought up to 'Paris by his sister, who died there, 'and left her quite destitute. A monk 'presented her to my uncle: I came 'to know her by chance; and I love 'and adore her. If I lose her, I lose 'my life: I have already told you that 'her parents travelled with servants 'of both sexes. She is a lady of qua-'lity; nobody has ever doubted it: 'her person, her graceful behaviour, 'and her amiable character, are ad-'ditional proofs of it. Perhaps her 'extraction is superior to mine: per-'haps, if it was known, I should be 'too much honoured with her tender-'ness. My mother knows all I have 'told you; and much more that I 'have not time to relate: she is ra-'vished with her; she placed her in a 'convent; she consents that I should 'love her; she consents that I should 'marry her; and you deserve to be 'acquainted with it too. You have 'a soul too great to render you capa-'ble of making an ill use of the fa-'tal accident which conceals her birth: 'you cannot look upon that misfor-'tune as a crime; a misfortune, ac-'companied with such circumstances 'as I have related, ought not to de-'prive a lady, so lovely, of the rank to 'which

'which it plainly appears she was 'born; nor of the regard and respect 'she merits from every honest, every 'worthy person. Preserve, then, your 'esteem and friendship for her: pre-'serve me my wife; preserve to your-'self a friend worthy a place in your 'affections; a friend, whose innate 'goodness and unspotted honour will 'ever render her invaluable; a soul 'which you will make eternally yours, 'besides mine, whose gratitude shall 'know no bounds. But it is not 'enough not to divulge our secret: 'you had here a servant just now who 'heard all; we must gain her over to 'our party, and we must be expedi-'tious.'

'That is what I was thinking of,' said Miss De Fare, who interrupted him to ring the bell. 'Compose 'yourself, Sir; I shall remedy that 'immediately: trust all to me, and 'fear nothing. Your story has moved 'me even to tears: I have always had 'a very high esteem for you; but you 'have now given me a thousand times 'more. I look upon Mrs. De Val-'ville's conduct, on this occasion, as 'quite admirable and worthy of her-'self: I cannot tell you how much I 'love her for it, or how much her 'conduct touches me; nor shall my 'heart ever be outdone by hers in ge-'nerosity and affection.—My dear 'friend,' added she, turning to me with a look full of tenderness, 'wipe 'away your tears, and let us think of 'nothing but of being united by a 'friendship which will last as long as 'ourselves.' Here she presented me her hand; I took hold of it, kissed it, and bathed it with my tears, with a supplicating air, mingled with gratitude and affection, but without any appearance of being humbled. 'The 'friendship that you do me the honour 'to ask, shall be dearer to me than my 'life: I only desire to live for you and 'Valville,' replied I, intermingled with sighs which my tenderness forced from me.

I was unable to say more; Miss De Fare wept as she embraced me; and was surprized in that posture by the servant I have mentioned, who was come to know why she had rung the bell.

'Come hither, Favier,' said she, in a commanding tone; 'you have an af-'fection for me; at least, I think so: 'but, however, you have seen what 'has passed between Du Tour and us. 'Observe what I say; I will certainly 'ruin you, one time or other, if ever 'you mention a single word of it: but, 'on the other hand, I promise to make 'your fortune, as a reward of your 'silence.'—'And I promise, on that 'condition,' said Valville, 'she shall 'partake of mine.'

Favier, with blushes that she could not conceal, assured us she would hold her tongue; but it was too late, she had already disburdened herself of the secret: but it is time to break off. I must make you wait till you receive the Sixth Part, before you see the events her indiscretion occasioned. I soon began to be looked on as a person of some consequence; and people of the highest rank were brought over to oppose my happiness, and to endeavour to crush my hopes. I intended, before I had gone thus far, to have given you the history of my friend the nun; but I find I must defer it.

END OF THE FIFTH PART.

THE

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART VI.

YOU ſee here, Madam, the Sixth Part of my life. Does not my being ſo extraordinarily expeditious a little ſurprize you? You have not yet, I fancy, quite read over the Fifth. How lazy is this! Come, Madam, endeavour to follow me; and read, at leaſt, as faſt as I write.

You tell me you have obliged many of your friends by giving them my adventures to read. Some, you ſay, were quite charmed with my reflections; and others would have been as well pleaſed without them. I am at preſent pretty much in the ſame diſpoſition as the latter; and ſhall, perhaps, give leſs reaſon for theſe perſons to think me tedious. My nun will not be quite ſo impertinent as I have been; and, you may depend upon it, I will follow her example.

But I ſhould conſider, that my charging myſelf with impertinence is paying but an ill compliment to thoſe worthy perſons who approve and admire my reflections; for if they have been mere idle trifling, they certainly were highly to blame to be ſo delighted with them, and were ſo far without true taſte; and it may be thought that, in deference to their ſuperior judgment, I ought to retract what I have ſaid, and not be quite ſo ſevere upon myſelf. But I would not have you miſtake me, Madam, when I call myſelf an impertinent; between you and I, it is only in jeſt; beſides, a little complaiſance for thoſe that think me ſo. You do me a great deal of honour in approving my manner of writing, and deſiring me to continue my reflections; and I am highly ſenſible of your goodneſs in being ſo laviſh of your compliments on that occaſion. But thoſe who deſire me to keep to a bare recital of facts, give me a great deal of pleaſure: my ſelf-love declares for you; but my lazineſs openly declares for them. However, I think, upon the whole, it will be a commendable piece of ambition to endeavour to pleaſe you both: I ſhall therefore not quite leave reflecting, though I ſhall do it ſeldomer, and endeavour to reduce theſe ſtarts of fancy into as little compaſs as poſſible.

We broke off at the diſcourſe Miſs De Fare and Valville addreſſed to Favier; and I have told you that the precaution they took proved to no purpoſe. You remember Favier retired before Mrs. Du Tour left the room, and ſhe had not diſappeared above a quarter of an hour before her return; but that quarter of an hour ſhe had employed againſt me. She had no ſooner left my chamber, but ſhe haſted to Mrs. De Fare's, to whom ſhe related all ſhe had heard. She durſt not, indeed, confeſs that ſhe had done ſo; Miſs De Fare ſpoke to her in a tone which made her tremble, and prevented her being ſincere enough to confeſs it. I obſerved that ſhe coloured, as I have already ſaid; and, notwithſtanding my own confuſion, I could not help dreading that that was the cauſe ſhe left us in a manner that ſhewed ſhe was very much diſconcerted, and Miſs De Fare began again to endeavour to conſole me: I held her hand, which I bathed with my tears;

tears, whilſt ſhe returned this tender action with the moſt affectionate careſſes. 'Oh, my deareſt friend! why 'do you weep thus?' ſaid ſhe. 'What 'can you fear? I am perſuaded ſhe 'will not mention a word; we have 'juſt engaged her by the moſt power-'ful motives to be ſilent. I have told 'her that her indiſcretion will ruin 'her; that her ſilence will make her 'fortune; and, after the threatenings 'with which I have intimidated her, 'after the rewards I have promiſed her, 'can you imagine that ſhe will dare to 'open her mouth to your prejudice? 'Is there the leaſt appearance that ſhe 'will ever betray us? Compoſe your-'ſelf then; give me this mark of your 'friendſhip and confidence; or ſhall I 'believe that I am the cauſe of your 'tears? Shall I think that you bluſh 'at having me a witneſs of what is 'paſſed; and that you ſuſpect my hav-'ing ſome ſentiments that will hum-'ble you? Can you thus injure my 'friendſhip, which unites me to you 'by the ſtrongeſt ties, and makes me 'love you dearer than ever; that makes 'me intereſt myſelf in your affairs; 'and increaſes my regard for you in 'proportion to your affliction? I muſt 'believe this is the caſe; and, if it be, 'what greater reaſon can I have to 'complain of your injuſtice? How in-'jurious, how diſobliging, is this to a 'heart like mine!'

This diſcourſe redoubled my tenderneſs, and conſequently my tears: I had not the power to ſpeak; but I preſſed her hand between mine, and kiſſed it a thouſand times as an expreſſion of my gratitude.

'Pray, my dear Marianne, forbear,' ſaid Valville; 'ſomebody may come 'in: Mrs. De Fare herſelf may ſur-'prize us; and what muſt ſhe think 'if ſhe finds you in this condition? 'What reaſon can we give her for it? 'And why do you afflict yourſelf ſo? 'It can have no ill conſequence, take 'my word for it,' added he, caſting himſelf at my feet, with a more paſſionate air, and more affection in his looks, than, methought, I had ever diſcovered: whilſt my regards, which I ſucceſſively caſt on the friend and the lover, expreſſed how ſenſible I was of their kindneſs, in thus endeavouring to give me the ſweeteſt conſolation; when we heard ſome ſteps coming near the room.

It was Mrs. De Fare, who entered a moment after: her daughter and Valville placed themſelves on each ſide me; and I had juſt time to wipe away my tears before ſhe appeared; but every impreſſion of thoſe emotions with which I had been agitated, remained ſtill on my countenance; there might be ſeen there an air of grief and conſternation, which I could not remove.

'Pretend to be ſick!' ſaid Miſs De Fare, haſtily; 'and we will ſay that 'you were ſuddenly taken ill.' Scarce had ſhe ſaid theſe words before we ſaw her mother: I only ſaluted her with a bow, becauſe of the ſudden illneſs we had agreed I ſhould affect; and which, indeed, was true enough. She looked at me without ſaluting me.

'What! is ſhe indiſpoſed?' ſaid ſhe to Valville, with an unconcerned and uncivil air. 'Yes, Madam,' returned he; 'we have had ſome difficulty to 'recover the lady from a fainting fit 'with which ſhe was ſeized.'—'She 'is ſtill extremely weak,' added Miſs De Fare, who ſeemed much ſurprized at the little ceremony her mother uſed in ſpeaking of me. 'But,' returned the lady, in the ſame unconcerned tone, without ever calling me Miſs, 'if ſhe 'has a mind, we will ſend her back to 'Paris.'—'I will lend her my coach, 'Madam,' ſaid Valville, roughly: 'we do not want your coach; ſhe ſhall 'return in mine, which is come for 'me.'—'You are in the right,' ſaid ſhe; 'it is equal to me.'—'What 'now, mother!' cried her daughter: 'I did not think ſhe was to go ſo ſoon; 'I think ſhe ſhould ſtay a little longer.' —'No, Miſs!' ſaid I then, in my turn, leaning upon Valville's arm to ariſe; 'no; let me go; I give you a thou-'ſand thanks for your care of me: 'but, indeed, I had better retire, ſince 'I find I cannot ſtay here much longer. 'Let us go down, Sir; I ſhall be glad 'to take a little air till your coach is 'ready.'—'But, mother,' ſaid Miſs De Fare again, 'pray conſider a little; 'ſhould we let the lady return home 'alone in the coach? And, ſince ſhe is 'abſolutely reſolved to leave us, ſhould 'not we wait upon her? or, at leaſt, I 'ſhould have one of your maids with 'me to conduct her to the convent, or

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'to Mrs. De Valville's, who committed her to your care; or else there 'will be none to accompany her but 'my cousin; and, you know, that 'would not be very proper?'—'No,' returned her mother, smiling. 'But, 'Mr. De Valville,' added she, smiling, 'I expect company; and, as neither 'my daughter nor I can go, will not 'one of my maids do? She may have 'her that dressed her: it is but a step 'to Paris. Will not that do, child?' said she, turning to me.

Valville, enraged at her blunt and rude behaviour, made no answer. 'I 'want nobody, Madam,' said I, fully persuaded that the woman she offered me had told her every thing; 'I have 'no need of any body.' This I said as I was leaving the room with Valville; while Miss De Fare cast down her eyes with an air of astonishment that was not to the honour of her mother.

'Madam,' said Valville to Mrs. De Fare, with a tone sharp and slighting, 'the lady shall take my coach; you 'have offered her yours; you need only 'lend it me to follow her: the condition she is in disturbs me; so that if 'any thing happens, I shall be near 'enough to give her some assistance.'

'What need you leave us?' said she, smiling; 'I do not see any necessity for 'that, since I offer to send one of my 'servants with her. Perhaps she may 'like better to stay: you know that, at 'five, Mrs. De Valville is to come and 'take her away in her coach; and as 'she is indisposed, and I have com-'pany, she may dine in her chamber 'here.'

'Yes,' said he, 'the expedient is 'commodious enough; but I do not 'think it can be agreeable to her.'

'Your seriousness is very diverting,' returned she; 'but, however, if there 'is no way to keep you, my coach is 'at your service. — Bourguignon,' added she, immediately speaking to a footman, who passed by the chamber-door, 'order them to put the horses to 'the coach. I think I see company 'coming.—Farewel, Sir! but it is very 'ill-natured of you to leave us.—My 'pretty child, your servant! you will 'soon recover.—Make her stay break-'fast before she goes.' On this, she took her leave of us: then, turning to Miss De Fare—'Come, daughter,' said she, 'come, I want to speak to 'you.'

'Presently, Madam; I am coming,' returned she, looking upon Valville and I with a sad and melancholy countenance. 'I do not know what to make 'of this behaviour; it does not at all 'resemble what passed last night. What 'can be the cause? Has that impudent 'wretch already told her? I can hardly 'believe it!'

'You need not doubt it,' returned Valville, who had given orders for the coach: 'but no matter; Mrs. De Fare 'knows how much my mother interests 'herself in all that concerns this lady; 'and whatever she has been informed 'of, it cannot make her dispense with 'the regard and polite behaviour she 'ought always to preserve for her. 'Besides, what advantage can she propose to herself by behaving ill to a 'person for whom she sees both my 'mother and I have such a sincere re-'spect? Might not this linen-draper, 'whose discourse she has heard repeated 'to her, be mistaken, and take this 'lady for another? Has Miss answered 'her a word? Has she confirmed what 'has been said? It is true, she wept; 'but that was, perhaps, only because 'she feared her doing her an injury; 'it was surprize, or timidity: and all 'this is very possible in a person of her 'age, who sees herself accosted with so 'much rudeness.—It is not to you, 'cousin, that I have made use of this 'address; you know with what confi-'dence I have delivered myself into 'your power: I would only say, that 'Mrs. De Fare ought, at least, to su-'spend her judgment, and not retort 'upon the word of her woman, who 'may have heard things wrong; who 'may have added to what she has 'heard; and who has only learned it 'from another woman; who, as I have 'already said, may have been deceived 'by a resemblance; and, even supposing 'she could not be deceived, it is an 'affair of such consequence as requires 'her to take some pains to clear it up, 'and put it beyond all doubt; and es-'pecially as there may be an infinite 'number of circumstances which may 'change considerably the face of things; 'as, in particular, those I have men-'tioned to you; and make it appear 'that this lady has reason to resent 'her treatment; but which can give

'her no right to treat her as she has 'done.'

You cannot imagine, Madam, with what spirit and concern Valville uttered this; nor with what tenderness for me he expressed all he said.

'If Mrs. De Fare had your great 'mind; if she had your way of think-'ing, Miss,' added he; 'I should rea-'dily have confessed every thing to 'her; but I forbore to do it: it would 'be a confidence, you will permit me 'to say, which would not be fit to re-'pose in a mind like hers. However, 'Miss, she loves you; you have some 'power over her: endeavour to pre-'vail upon her to be silent; tell her 'that my mother begs it of her as a 'favour, and that she cannot refuse it 'without declaring herself our com-'mon enemy, and raising such a per-'sonal quarrel as will never be made 'up. In short, my dear cousin, tell 'her how much you are interested in 'our happiness; and what uneasiness 'she will give you if she does not keep 'it secret.'

'Do not disturb yourself at all, Sir,' returned Miss De Fare; 'she shall be 'silent, I will promise you; I am going 'to throw myself on my knees to beg 'it of her; and I hope I shall not do it 'in vain.' But this was expressed with such a tone as shewed she wished, rather than hoped, for success.

Whilst they were discoursing thus, I sighed, and was under the greatest consternation. 'There is no remedy!' cried I sometimes; 'all is lost!' And, indeed, who would not have thought that this event would have broke off our marriage, and have raised insuperable obstacles to it?

'If Mrs. De Valville should sur-'mount them all,' said I to myself sometimes; 'if she has resolution enough 'to do it; can I have the confidence to 'abuse her goodness, to expose her to 'all the blame, all the reproach, which 'she will draw upon herself from her 'whole family? Can that be any hap-'piness to me which must terminate in 'being a subject of shame and repent-'ance to her?'

This is what passed in my mind on a supposition even that Mrs. De Valville could not be overcome, and that she would inflexibly adhere to her attachment to me, notwithstanding all the ignominy with which I should be loaded, if this adventure should become publick, as to all appearance it would.

The two coaches arrived in the court: Miss De Fare embraced me; she held me for a long time in her arms, from whence I could hardly disengage myself; and I got into Valville's coach with the tears in my eyes; turned out, as it were, with contempt and scorn, from a house in which I had been treated the day before with the utmost respect.

The coach drove away; Valville followed me in the other: we were sometimes a-breast, and then we talked to each other; he affected a gaiety which he was far from having; and, as soon as his coach was pretty near to mine—'Do you think still of what has passed?' said he to me very low, and putting out his head. 'For my part,' added he, 'nothing makes me uneasy, but the 'trouble it gives you.'—'No, no, Sir!' returned I; 'you are not so indifferent 'as you pretend to be: you know it 'is an affair of consequence; and the 'less you are sensible of it, the more it 'merits my concern.'—'We cannot 'continue the conversation,' returned he; 'but would you enter into your 'convent directly? Do not you think 'you should see my mother first?'

'No! I had better not,' said I: 'you 'know the condition in which we left 'Mr. De Climal. Mrs. De Valville 'is now, perhaps, overwhelmed with 'affliction; so I think it better to go 'immediately to the convent.'

'I think,' said Valville, 'I see my 'mother's coach at a distance.' He was not deceived; Mrs. De Valville had sent it much sooner than she had promised, to inform her son that Mr. De Climal was dead.

He received this news with a visible concern; and it affected me extremely: the last actions of his life had rendered him dear to me; and I wept very sincerely.

I then got out of Valville's coach, to whom I left it: he sent back Mrs. De Fare's, and I stepped into Mrs. De Valville's, and ordered the coachman to drive me to the convent; where I arrived very much dejected, a variety of displeasing reflections revolving in my mind.

I was three days without seeing any body from Mrs. De Valville: the fourth, in the morning, a servant came to tell

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me that she had been indispos'd, but that I should see her the next day; and, just as I was leaving this domestick, he drew secretly a letter out of his pocket, which Valville had ordered him to deliver to me, and which I went to read in my chamber.

'I have not told my mother the accident that happened to you at Mrs. 'De Fare's,' said he; 'perhaps that 'lady will be discreet, if it be only to 'oblige her daughter, who will use all 'her interest to prevail upon her to be 'so: and, with these hopes, I thought 'I ought to hide from my mother an 'adventure which she had much better 'be ignorant of, if possible; since the 'discovery would only serve to disquiet 'and make her uneasy. She tells me 'she will see you to-morrow. I have 'spoke to Mrs. Du Tour, and engaged 'her in our interest: nothing has yet 'been divulged; pray take care, on 'your side, not to mention a syllable 'of it to my mother.' This was pretty near the substance of his letter; which I read, shaking my head at the article which recommended me to be silent.

'I cannot be of your opinion,' said I to myself: 'it would not be generous 'in me to conceal any thing that con'cerns her to whom I am under such 'vast obligations; it would be a kind 'of treachery and deceit which Mrs. 'De Valville ought never to find me 'guilty of, as well as a breach of our 'mutual confidence; and I cannot re'solve upon so ungrateful a piece of 'dissimulation; I think I ought to 'declare all to her, whatever it cost 'me.'

Though these were my thoughts, I was not, however, yet determined how to act; that unfriendly reserve Valville advised me to make use of to my dear benefactress was very contrary to my apparent duty to her; so that I remained till the next day very much disturbed, and without taking any resolution upon it. At three in the afternoon I was told Mrs. De Valville was come; and I went to her into the parlour with an emotion which sprung from several motives.

'Shall I be silent?' said I to myself, as I went, 'It is certainly the 'safest way, though not the most ho'nest: I cannot help thinking it base 'and ungenerous. Shall I speak? 'Surely it is the most worthy and noble 'resolution I can take; but, at the 'same time, it is the most dangerous.' My case, however, was very urgent; I ought immediately to have fixed upon something. But I was in Mrs. De Valville's presence before I had come to any determination.

It is sometimes difficult to chuse between our inclinations and our duty. On the one hand, I was in danger of robbing my heart of it's dearest treasure, the affections of Valville, and all that happiness I should experience in being united to a man I loved so tenderly. I did not at all think of his riches, or of the rank to which he would raise me. When we love sincerely, our hearts are only taken up with that all-powerful passion; it absorbs every other consideration; and any thing else, however important, would not have made me hesitate a moment. My dear benefactress had a right to be informed of a thing in which she herself was so much concerned, and which might possibly be attended with many inconveniences.

'My dear,' said she, as soon as she saw me, 'I have brought you a deed 'of twelve hundred livres a year that 'belongs to you: it has all requisite 'forms, take my word for it; my bro'ther has left it you. My son, who 'is his heir, will lose nothing by it; 'since he is to marry you, he will have 'it again: but no matter, take it; it 'is yours; and I had rather a great 'deal he should receive it from you 'than his uncle.' How charming was this beginning!

'Dear Madam,' cried I, with a grateful tenderness in my looks, 'what 'touches me the nearest in this is, your 'manner of treating me! How many 'are the obligations I am under to 'you! Is there any thing of equal va'lue with the tenderness with which 'you honour me? You know, my dear 'mother, I love Mr. De Valville; but 'still my heart is more yours than 'his; my gratitude to you is dearer to 'me than my love!' Here I began to weep. 'Thy gratitude, my dear,' said she, 'gives me a great deal of pleasure; 'but I shall never desire any other 'from thee than such as a daughter 'owes to a tender mother: such is the 'gratitude I expect from thee. Re'member it is not a stranger, but my 'daughter, that I love: thou wilt

'soon be perfectly so; and, I confess, 'I now wish it more than thou dost. I 'grow old; I have just lost the only 'brother I had left: I find I become 'every day more indifferent to this 'life; and all the happiness I propose 'to myself here is, to have thee near 'me; and, indeed, child, I cannot tell 'how to live without thee!'

My tears began again to flow at this moving discourse. 'In a few days I 'shall take thee away from hence,' added she; 'for I have already provided 'a place for thee in another convent. 'Are you satisfied with Mrs. De Fare? 'I have not seen her since you were at 'my brother's: she came to visit me 'yesterday; but I was indisposed, and 'saw no company. Was there any 'thing more said upon thy marriage 'with Valville?'

'No, mamma; there was very little 'said of it,' returned I, confused and penetrated with so many marks of her tenderness; 'and I cannot presume to 'hope they will speak of it any more 'in such an agreeable maner as they 'have done.'—'How! what do you 'mean?' replied she. 'Why do you 'talk so? Do you suspect my coach-'man's discretion? It was not in his 'power, child, to betray us!'—'Has 'Mr. De Valville then told you no-'thing, Madam?' returned I. 'No!' said she; 'what has happened, pray?'—'All my hopes are lost! I am undone, 'Madam! Mrs. De Fare knows who 'I am!' replied I. 'Hah! who told 'her?' cried she. 'How did she come 'to know it?'—'By the most unhappy 'accident in the world!' returned I. 'The linen draper, with whom I was 'some days, unfortunately came thi-'ther to offer some goods to sale; and 'there she found me.'—'I am very 'sorry for it,' said she; 'nothing could 'have happened worse! But did she 'know thee? Pray, child, make haste 'to tell me what passed!'—'O yes! 'she knew me immediately,' returned I; 'she embraced me with that fami-'liarity which she thought she had a 'title to; appeared surprized to see me 'so well dressed; called me nothing 'but Marianne; and, when she was 'told that she was mistaken, and took 'me for another person, she insisted 'upon the contrary; and, to support 'what she said, mentioned a great 'many circumstances which must en-'tirely discourage you; hinder you 'from concluding our marriage, and 'deprive me of the happiness of hav-'ing you, indeed, for my mother! This 'happened in my room; Miss De Fare 'was present; she, indeed, has a mind 'perfectly great and generous; and to 'her Mr. De Valville related every 'thing: she has shewn me neither less 'respect nor friendship; on the contrary, 'she has promised to keep it an eternal 'secret, and neglected nothing in or-'der to console me. But I am born 'to be so unhappy, Madam, that her 'generosity can be of no service to 'me.'—'Is that all? Do not afflict 'yourself so,' interrupted she: 'if it is 'only known to Miss De Fare, I am 'easy, and all is well; we may safely 'confide in her; and you were to blame 'to say Mrs. De Fare knows it. I dare 'say her daughter will never mention 'it to her; and she is the only woman 'I should have been afraid of.'—'But, alas! mamma,' returned I, 'Mrs. De Fare does know it; her wo-'man was in the room, and heard all 'that the linen-draper said, and has 'repeated every thing to her; and 'what persuades us to believe so, is, that 'that lady, who came into the room 'presently after, did not treat me with 'such respect as she had done the day 'before; her behaviour was quite 'changed. Dear Madam, I am oblig-'ed to confess this to you; I could not 'be so perfidious as to hide it. You 'have been so kind as to say that I am 'the daughter of one of your most in-'timate friends in the country: but 'you can no longer make use of that 'expedient; Mrs. De Fare knows that 'I am only a poor orphan; or, at least, 'that I do not know who brought me 'into the world; and that it was out 'of mere charity that Mr. De Climal 'placed me with Mrs. Du Tour. 'This is what you must regulate your 'designs by, and what I thought my 'duty to inform you of. Mr. De 'Valville has not told you of it; but 'the reason is, because he loves me, 'and fears that this will make you 'withdraw your consent to our nup-'tials. You must pardon him; he is 'your son; and this is a liberty that 'he has a greater right to take with 'you, because nobody is so nearly con-'cerned in this adventure as himself: 'he would suffer most, indeed, as he

'would

'would be my husband; but I, who 'would reap all the advantages of it, 'ought not to be prevailed upon to 'obtain it by any means which will be 'prejudicial to you. I, whom you have 'loaded with benefits, and who owe 'the title of your daughter to the 'boundless goodness and generosity of 'your heart, have not the same privi-'leges as Mr. De Valville; I imagine 'it would be unpardonable in me to 'use any deceit with you, and to con-'ceal from you a circumstance which, 'to all appearance, will dissuade you 'from the resolution of marrying us: 'a happiness too great for me rea-'sonably to expect.'

Mrs. De Valville, while I spoke thus, looked upon me with an eager atten-tion, into the motives of which I could not penetrate: she seemed as if lost in thought; and, by the air with which she fixed her eyes on me, she seemed rather to examine than listen to me. I re-sumed.

'You were desirous of taking such 'measures as would have prevented 'my being known; but now those pre-'cautions are useless. Probably Mrs. 'De Fare will tell every thing, in spite 'of all that her daughter can say to 'conjure her to forbear. See, dear 'Madam, what would be the case of 'your daughter-in-law if I should 'marry Valville! I shall never be com-'forted for the loss of that happiness 'you have so much reason to deprive 'me of; but I should find less com-'fort still were I able to deceive you.'

Mrs. De Valville was some moments without answering me; she appeared more thoughtful than sad: at last, after a sigh, she said—'My dear child, you 'both afflict and charm me; I must 'confess that thy ill-fortune is very 'obstinate. Is there no way to engage 'Mrs. Du Tour to say she was mis-'taken, without my appearing in it? 'Pray tell me what answer you made 'her?'—'None at all, Madam,' re-turned I; 'I was unable to speak; my 'tears stopped my voice; while Miss 'De Fare continued telling her that 'she did not know me.'—'Poor child!' returned Mrs. De Valville; 'no, no! I 'knew nothing of all this; my son 'would have been far from informing 'me of it: and, as you say, he is very 'excuseable; and, perhaps, he has even 'desired you not to mention it to me?'—'Yes, Madam,' returned I; 'he 'loves me, you know; and that is his 'excuse: it was but yesterday that he 'desired me to be silent.'—'How, yes-'terday!' cried she; 'did he come to 'see you then?'—'No, Madam,' re-turned I; 'but he wrote to me: I beg 'you would not let him know that I 'told you of it. The footman you 'sent yesterday brought me this short 'letter from him:' and I immediately gave it her; and she read it:

'I cannot blame my son,' said she, after she had read it: 'but thou art a 'surprizing girl; and he has reason to 'love thee. Here,' added she, giving me the letter; 'if men were wise enough 'to value persons according to their 'real worth, there would not be one 'who would not envy his conquest: 'our pride makes us pique ourselves 'upon what is little and despicable in 'comparison of what thou dost now. 'Thou wast never more worthy of the 'consent I have given to Valville's 'love; and I cannot recal it—my dear, 'I can never recal it: whatever it cost 'me, I am resolved to keep my word. 'I will have thee live with me; thou 'shalt be my comfort and the happi-'ness of my declining life: thou hast 'given me a distaste to all other girls 'which can be offered him; none but 'thee can be tolerable to me. Leave 'the management of every thing to me. 'If Mrs. De Fare, who, indeed, is one 'of the most weak and silly women I 'ever knew; if she, I say, has divulged 'nothing yet, which is hardly to be 'believed in a person of her character; 'I will write to her to-night in such a 'manner as shall engage her to be 'silent: however, as she is only very 'weak, not ill-natured, I will pay her 'a visit, and relate your whole history 'to her. She is of an inquisitive dis-'position; she loves to be made a con-'fidante: I will make her ours; and 'so much oblige her by it, that she 'will be the first to commend my at-'tachment to thee; and will conceive 'as high an opinion of thy extraction 'as I do. And, supposing she has al-'ready been indiscreet, you have no 'reason to make yourself uneasy about 'it; we may think of an expedient to 'remedy it: I need only shelter myself 'from publick censure, and give them 'no apparent reason to cast the blame 'upon me. Valville is young, and

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'much in love; and thou art extremely 'amiable, and capable of captivating 'the hearts of the moſt wiſe and pru-'dent: if, then, my ſon marries thee, 'and the world can be convinced it 'was againſt my conſent, he alone 'will be blamed; and his youth, and 'your beauty, will plead his excuſe. 'It is pretty well known I am good-'natured: I ſhall not fail to appear 'very angry; but, at laſt, I ſhall be 'reconciled, and forgive all. You 'know what I mean, Marianne,' added ſhe, ſmiling.

So much goodneſs deprived me of the power of anſwering her in any other language but that of extaſy: I ſeized her hand, with which ſhe happened to be holding one of the bars of the grate. I wept for joy: tranſported with gratitude and tenderneſs, I ſeemed beſides myſelf. 'My dear, my 'kind, and indulgent mother,' cried I, 'how raviſhing, how tranſporting, 'is this inſtance of your affection! O 'why have I but one heart! Is it poſ-'ſible that there is a mind on earth ſo 'generous, ſo diſintereſted?'

Theſe raptures, though without the leaſt connection, better expreſſed the undeſcribable tranſport of my mind that was overflowing with the warmeſt, the delightfuleſt ſenſations, than the moſt pathetick eloquence; and which my dear benefactreſs returned, with a look lively and penetrating; and, with an engaging ſmile—'My dear 'Marianne,' ſaid ſhe, 'could you 'think that that laudable ſincerity 'which makes you ſo very charming, 'could prejudice you in the opinion 'of a mother like me? Come, my 'dear, calm your tranſports.'—'Dear 'Madam,' returned I, as ſoon as I was a little more calm, 'is it poſſible, 'without knowing you, to form an 'idea of ſuch goodneſs, ſuch generous 'ſentiments, as yours? If I was not 'accuſtomed to ſuch ſurprizing marks 'of your regard for me, I ſhould 'hardly believe the evidence of my 'ſenſes.'—'Come, come, child; 'enough,' ſaid ſhe; 'take care of this 'parchment, here:' (this was the deed ſhe had been ſpeaking of) 'thou know-'eſt not that, according to the date of 'this donation, the firſt quarter is 'due, and that I have brought it with 'me. Here it is,' added ſhe, pulling a purſe of louis d'ors out of her pocket, which ſhe forced me to take, though I refuſed it, and inſiſted upon her keeping it for me. 'It will be much 'ſafer in your hands than in mine,' ſaid I: 'what ſhould I do with it? Do 'you let me want any thing? Have I 'not every thing in abundance? I 'have yet the money by me which 'you gave me yourſelf, as well as that 'I received on the death of the lady 'who brought me up.'—'Pray, take 'it, however,' returned ſhe; 'it is 'your own; and it is time you ſhould 'be uſed to have money.'

We then heard the parlour-door open; on which I put the purſe in my pocket; and immediately after entered the abbeſs of the convent. 'I heard you 'were here,' ſaid ſhe to Mrs. De Valville, with a whining tone, (for I had told her of Mr. De Climal's death;) 'and I am come to have the honour of 'your company a moment: I intended 'to have ſent to your houſe this after-'noon, as I told Miſs.' In fine, they had a ſhort, but very ſerious converſation; which concluded, Mrs. De Valville aroſe—'It will be ſome time 'before I ſee you again, Marianne,' ſaid ſhe; 'farewel!' Then, ſaluting the abbeſs, ſhe left me, with a mind ſerene, and full of the higheſt ſatisfaction. What had I to fear? By what means could my happineſs be wreſted from me? Could there be a greater diſaſter than that I had juſt ſuffered, and from which I was come off victorious? No, certainly; for ſince Mrs. De Valville's kindneſs to me had been proof againſt the moſt powerful motives that were poſſible to cool her affection, and make her averſe to our marriage, methought I could defy my adverſe ſtars to hurt me. Her goodneſs had exhauſted the ſource of all my troubles, and nothing could diſappoint my joy, but the death of my mother, her ſon, or myſelf. I ſwam in delight; and ſaid to myſelf—'All my diſaſters are 'finiſhed!' Methought that, as my firſt misfortunes were exceſſive, my happineſs began in the ſame manner. 'I have not loſt,' ſaid I, 'perhaps, 'more happineſs than I now recover: 'the mother, to whom I owe my life, 'would not have appeared more ten-'der than that mother who has adopt-'ed me her daughter, nor would have 'left me a greater name than that I 'ſhall now receive.'

Mrs.

Mrs. De Valville kept her word; ten or twelve days paſſed without my ſeeing her; but ſhe ſent almoſt every day to the convent; and I received two or three letters from Valville, who had his mother's conſent to write to me. It would be needleſs to repeat them all to you; beſides, ſome of them were ſo long that you might think them tedious. Here follows only what I can remember of the firſt.

'YOU have betrayed me, dear Miſs, 'to my mother; but I will puniſh you for it; for, inſtead of one or 'two letters, which I might, perhaps, 'have wrote to you, you may expect 'to receive a great many: in ſhort, as 'many as I pleaſe. I deſired you to 'mention neither the impertinence of 'Mrs. Du Tour, nor the ridiculous 'behaviour of Mrs. De Fare; but you 'were reſolved to take no notice of my 'entreaties. You have a little ſtub-'born heart, that is reſolved to outdo 'me in frankneſs and generoſity; but 'do you think you have injured me? 'Not at all: for, though I have not a 'heart ſo noble as yours, yet my mo-'ther is reſolved to appear not leſs diſ-'intereſted and generous; ſo, if I may 'claim any honour from her virtues, 'things are pretty equal between us. 'But ſtay till we are married; and 'then we ſhall find whether you have 'a greater mind than I: mean time, 'give me leave to boaſt, that I outdo 'you in tenderneſs. "Valville," 'ſaid my mother to me, "my daugh-"ter's behaviour is incomparable; "you recommended her to be ſecret, "which I do not blame you for at all; "but ſhe has concealed nothing from "me: I am charmed with her open "and unreſerved confidence, and love "her a thouſand times, if poſſible, "better than ever I did. Confeſs, my "ſon, ſhe quite outdoes you."

The reſt of the letter was filled up with tender endearments; but this is all I remember of it. But to proceed. Ten or twelve days had paſſed ſince I heard from Mrs. De Valville; when, about ten in the morning, I was told that a relation of my mamma's enquired for me, and was waiting in the parlour. As they had not told me whether ſhe was old or young, I imagined it was Miſs De Fare, who, excepting her mother, was the only relation of Mrs. De Valville's that I knew; and I went down, fully perſuaded it could be none but her: but I was quite miſtaken; inſtead of her, I ſaw a tall, meagre, ſpare woman; her aſpect was long and diſagreeable, which rendered her mien cold and forbidding; her arms were long and flat, to which hung two lean and ſhrivelled hands, with fingers of an extraordinary length. I ſtarted at the ſight of this apparition; imagined they had been miſtaken, and thought it was another Marianne ſhe wanted; for it was by the name of Marianne only that ſhe enquired for me. 'Madam,' ſaid I, 'I do not remember that I ever had the honour to 'know you; and it is probable it is 'not me that you aſked for.'—'You 'muſt excuſe me,' replied ſhe; 'but, 'to be more certain, I tell you, that 'the Marianne I want is a young or-'phan-girl, who, they ſay, knows 'neither her relations nor her family; 'ſhe was ſome days apprentice to a li-'nen-draper, called Mrs. Du Tour; 'and, a few days ago, was carried by 'Mrs. De Fare to her country-houſe: 'ſhe is Mrs. De Valville's penſioner. 'Are not you ſhe?'—'Yes, Madam,' returned I: 'whatever is your intention 'in aſking for me, I readily acknow-'ledge that I am the perſon you de-'ſcribe, and have too much honour and 'ſincerity ever to deny it.'—'Well 'ſaid,' replied ſhe; 'you are very 'pretty: but, let me tell you, you carry 'your ambition a little too high. Fare-'wel, my girl! this is all I wanted to 'know.' And then, without any farther compliment, ſhe opened the parlour-door to go out.

Aſtoniſhed at this ſingular behaviour, I ſtood at firſt immoveable; and then, recollecting myſelf, I called her back. 'Madam,' cried I, "what do you 'mean by this viſit? Are you a rela-'tion of Mrs. De Valville, as you 'ſaid?'—'Yes, my jewel,' ſaid ſhe; 'a near relation; and one that has a 'little more ſenſe than ſhe!'—'I do 'not know your deſigns, Madam,' replied I; 'but it would be very un-'generous to come here to ſurprize and 'circumvent me.' To this ſhe made no anſwer, but went down.

'What can this mean?' cried I to myſelf. 'What can be the intention 'of a viſit ſo extraordinary? Is there

'ſome

'some new ſtorm gathering over me? 'Well, I cannot help it: there is 'ſomething ſo myſterious in this, that I 'cannot penetrate it!' On this, I returned to my chamber, in order to inform Mrs. De Valville of this new and unexpected accident; not that I thought there could be any crime in concealing it from her; for of what ill conſequences could it be? I ſaw none: but, however indifferent it appeared to me, I ſhould have reproached myſelf, if I had not made her my confidante. In ſhort, I wrote to my benefactreſs immediately, and acquainted her with every particular; and the ſame day received an anſwer. 'By the deſcrip-'tion of the lady you mentioned,' returned ſhe, in a ſhort letter, 'I gueſs 'who you mean; and to-morrow, in 'the afternoon, I will call to ſee you, 'and tell you who it is: make your-'ſelf eaſy.' And, indeed, I was ſo; but this tranquillity was ſoon interrupted; and the calm and placid diſpoſition of my mind changed into the moſt piercing grief and tormenting anxiety.

Between ten and eleven the next morning, a lay-ſiſter entered my room; ſhe was ſent by the abbeſs to tell me that one of Mrs. De Valville's maids was come to take me away in a coach, and that I muſt make haſte to dreſs me: as nothing could be more poſitive, I inſtantly obeyed; and, in a ſhort time, was ready, and went down ſtairs.

The maid, above-mentioned, was walking in the court, and appeared at the door as ſoon as it was opened to me. She was a woman of an agreeable appearance, pretty well dreſſed, with a behaviour ſuitable to her condition, and extremely ceremonious. I did not think I had the leaſt reaſon to diſtruſt her being Mrs. De Valville's maid; I ſaw the coach ſhe came in, which I thought was my mamma's: it was, indeed, a little different from that I had always ſeen; but it was very natural to imagine ſhe had more than one. 'Madam,' ſaid the maid, after a dozen curtſies, 'I am come to fetch you, 'for Mrs. De Valville waits for you.' —'Is ſhe going to dine abroad,' ſaid I, 'and has a mind to take me with 'her? It is very early.'—'No, Ma-'dam; it is not to go any where, I 'believe: I—I—I fancy, Madam, it 'is only to ſpend the day with you, 'Madam,' replied ſhe, after heſitating a little, like a perſon that knew not what to anſwer; but that embarraſſment was ſo ſhort, that I did not take much notice of it, till it was too late. 'Come, miſtreſs,' ſaid I, 'let us go;' and ſtepped directly into the coach: I then obſerved that the coachman was a ſtranger to me, and that there was no footman.

The maid firſt placed herſelf oppoſite to me; but we were ſcarcely out of the court before ſhe ſaid—'I cannot 'ride eaſy this way; you will give me 'leave to ſit with you.' I did not anſwer a word, though I thought her behaviour was inſtantly become very familiar. 'Why,' thought I, 'does 'this woman take this liberty with 'me, who appear to be ſo much above 'her, and whom ſhe ought to regard 'as her miſtreſs's friend? I am perſuaded that this would not be agree-'able to Mrs. De Valville.' After this reflection, there aroſe in my mind another; I obſerved the coachman had not the ſame livery as my mother's: then entered my mind the ſurprizing viſit that had been made me by the relation of Mrs. De Valville. Theſe conſiderations were attended with ſome inquietude.

'What coachman is this?' ſaid I; 'I never ſaw him at your miſtreſs's.' —'It is not hers,' returned ſhe; 'he 'belongs to a lady who is come to ſee 'her, that lent her her coach to fetch 'you from the convent.' All this while we were driving on at a great rate; but I obſerved, I did not ſee the ſtreet in which Mrs. De Valville lived, which I knew very well. My inquietude augmented extremely, and my heart began to be in a painful palpitation; but yet I concealed my trouble, and accuſed myſelf of a ridiculous diſtruſt. 'Shall we be ſoon there?' ſaid I. 'What way is the coachman 'carrying us?'—'The ſhorteſt way, 'Madam,' ſaid ſhe; 'we ſhall be at 'home in a minute.' I looked every way, but in vain; I could ſee nothing of the ſtreet in which my dear benefactreſs lived: and, while I was in this conſternation, the coach ſuddenly entered a large gate which belonged to a convent. 'Oh!' cried I, terribly alarmed, 'where have you brought me? 'Mrs. De Valville does not live here! 'You have deceived me.' And immediately

mediately I heard the gate ſhut upon me, and the coach ſtopped in the middle of the court. My conductreſs ſaid not a word; I changed colour; and doubted no longer that I had been deceived and impoſed upon. 'You 'wretch!' cried I to the woman, 'where am I? What is your deſign?' —'No noiſe!' returned ſhe: 'you 'will not be hurt; I ſhall leave you in 'a good place, you ſee. You are here 'by virtue of a ſuperior authority; and 'might have been brought away in a 'manner that would have made more 'noiſe; but it was thought proper to 'do it more privately, and I was ſent 'to deceive you, as I have done.'

While ſhe ſpoke thus, they opened the door of the cloiſter, and I ſaw two or three nuns, who, with a ſmiling and friendly air, waited for my coming out of the coach to conduct me into the convent. 'Come, my dear, 'come,' cried they; 'do not diſturb 'yourſelf: you will not be ſorry for 'being amongſt us.' One of the lay-ſiſters came to the coach, where, with my head hanging down, I was ſhedding a torrent of tears. 'Come, 'Miſs, will not you ſtep down?' ſaid ſhe, preſenting me her hand. 'Pray, 'help the lady,' added ſhe to the woman who brought me thither. On which I got down: my grief almoſt deprived me of life; they were obliged to ſupport me; and immediately delivered me into the hands of the nuns, pale, ſtunned, and weak, who conducted me to a neat room, where they placed me in an eaſy chair that ſtood by the table. There I remained ſilent, bathed in tears, and in a ſtate of weakneſs and inactivity nearly reſembling a ſwoon: my eyes were cloſed; and thoſe young ladies ſpoke to me, exhorted me to take courage, and not to abandon myſelf to a fruitleſs grief; to which I was unable to make any anſwer but that of ſighs and groans.

At laſt, I lifted up my head, and caſt upon them an eager and diſtracted look: when one of the nuns, taking hold of my hand, and preſſing it between hers—'Come, Miſs, endea-'vour to recover yourſelf,' ſaid ſhe; 'do not ſuffer yourſelf to be alarmed 'with imaginary evils. Is it ſo great 'a misfortune to be brought hither, 'where every thing will conſpire to 'make you eaſy and happy? We do 'not know the ſubject of your afflic-'tions; but, whatever it is, it can 'give no ſufficient cauſe for you thus 'to depreſs your mind, and ſink under ſuch immoderate, ſuch extravagant ſorrow: you are not brought 'here to be deprived of life, but to 'live in a houſe where you will find 'more ſweet repoſe and conſolation 'than you can imagine, and where 'every thing will conſpire to make life 'deſirable. You will, perhaps, one 'day thank the Supreme Diſpoſer of 'all things for what now appears ſo 'dreadful, ſo inſupportable, to you. 'Come, endeavour to be patient, to 'be eaſy and calm. Are you not a 'Chriſtian? Why, then, my dear 'daughter, do you carry your grief 'to deſpair? O Heavens! can any 'thing happen to us here below that 'will excuſe our offending our Creator, and make us, without guilt, 'cenſure his ſuperintending care? 'Why ſo many groans, ſo many 'tears? You may be ſure nobody has 'any intention againſt you, that you 'ought to be afraid of. We were 'told a thouſand advantageous things 'of you before we ſaw you: you were 'repreſented to be a lady of the beſt 'ſenſe; let your conduct now ſhew 'that what they ſaid of you was true. 'Your countenance ſhews that you 'have a mild and gentle diſpoſition; 'and I aſſure you we are ſo prepoſſeſſed 'in your favour, that there is not one 'of us but loves you already: we all 'remarked to each other, that the 'ſight of you inſpired us with friend-'ſhip; and, if the lady abbeſs had 'not been indiſpoſed, and in bed, ſhe 'herſelf would have received you, for 'ſhe is in the utmoſt impatience to ſee 'you. Do not, then, diſappoint the 'good opinion that you have taught 'us to form of you: we are entirely 'innocent of your affliction; we only 'were deſired to receive you; and we 'do it with hearts ſenſible of your 'charms, and full of a tender concern 'for your uneaſineſs.'

'Madam,' returned I, with a ſigh, 'I do not accuſe you with any thing; 'I return you—and theſe ladies—a 'thouſand thanks for the obliging 'thoughts you entertain of me.' Theſe few words were pronounced in a moſt plaintive and tender air. In our grief, the moving accents that flow

from us are peculiarly affecting, and their force almoſt irreſiſtible. The nuns intereſted themſelves in my concern, and all of them wept.

They then propoſed my going to dinner; and inſiſted upon my eating ſomething. I excuſed myſelf. 'It 'is unneceſſary,' ſaid I; 'I thank 'you, but I cannot eat.' However, it was preſently determined that I ſhould, at leaſt, taſte a little ſoup, which was brought me, with a light dinner, and a handſome deſert of fruit. I at firſt refuſed to touch it; but the nuns were ſo preſſing, and their entreaties and behaviour ſo very obliging, that I could not, at laſt, avoid eating a little ſoup, and taſting the reſt of the proviſions, though I complied with ſome reluctance, and after a great many refuſals.

At laſt they left me; and I grew a little more calm, though I ſaw no reaſon for conſolation. The ſource of our tears is not inexhauſtible: I had received a little nouriſhment; was affectionately careſſed; and the dreadful conſternation and deſpair to which I had juſt abandoned myſelf, inſenſibly abated; and my grief gave place to a melancholy ſadneſs; my tears were ſtopped, and I fell into a deep and painful muſing. 'From whence 'comes this ſudden and unexpected 'misfortune?' ſaid I to myſelf. 'What 'will my dear benefactreſs think of 'it? What will ſhe do to find me 'again? Is not that ill-looking rela'tion, that came to ſee me in the con'vent, the cauſe of every thing? But 'what methods have they taken to ruin 'me! What can be their deſign? Will 'my dear mamma ſuccour me? And, 'ſuppoſing this, yet how will ſhe be 'able to diſcover where I am? Will 'not Valville, my dear Valville! be 'prevailed upon to loſe me for ever? 'Will not they bring him over to 'their party, and draw him in to con'ſent to abandon me? Has not Mrs. 'De Valville conſented to it? or will 'not ſhe yield to the force of their 'reaſons, and be prevailed upon to 'deſert me, and withdraw her gene'rous protection? They will never ſee 'me more: perſons of the greateſt 'authority intermeddle with my af'fairs; my hiſtory will become pub'lick. Oh! there will be no more a 'Valville for me; perhaps, no more a 'mother!'

Thus did I entertain myſelf with my own melancholy ideas. The bell had called all the nuns who received me to the choir; and only one of the lay-ſiſters ſtaid to keep me company; and was ſaying her chaplet, while I was making theſe painful reflections, which I ſometimes ſoftened with more ſweet and comfortable thoughts. 'Can my 'mamma,' ſaid I, 'who loves me ſo 'affectionately; whoſe heart is ſo ten'der and generous; who has hitherto 'been ſo immoveable, and has given 'me ſo many inſtances of her firmneſs 'and intrepidity; is it poſſible ſhe can 'ever change? What did ſhe not ſay 'to encourage me the laſt time ſhe ſaw 'me? "I muſt finiſh my days with "thee: I cannot live without thee, "my child." And then Valville has 'a mind ſo ſincere, ſo noble, ſo tender! 'Alas! to what diſtreſs am I expoſed! 'What will this end in?'

Theſe ideas paſſed ſucceſſively in my mind, and were accompanied with the moſt deep and bitter ſighs; while the lay-ſiſter went on with her chaplet, ſometimes ſhrugging up her ſhoulders, with an air expreſſive of pity and compaſſion; and ſometimes interrupting her prayers to put up an ejaculation for me. 'Lord 'help us!' cried ſhe. 'God give you 'the comfort you want!—Do thou, 'bleſſed God, diſſipate her anxiety, and 'diſpel every care from her mind!'

The nuns returned. 'Well, how 'do you do, my dear?' ſaid one of them, addreſſing herſelf to me. 'Are 'you more compoſed and eaſy? Come, 'you have not ſeen our garden, which 'is a very fine one: the abbeſs deſired 'us to ſhew it you; will you take a 'turn, Miſs? Walking will divert and 'recreate your mind; we have the 'fineſt walks that can be imagined: 'then we will go and ſee the abbeſs, 'who is juſt up.'—'As you pleaſe, 'ladies,' returned I; and then followed them. We walked about three quarters of an hour, after which we went to the abbeſs's apartment: but thoſe nuns ſtayed hardly a minute with me; they ſlipped out, one after another, till there were none left but the abbeſs and I.

This lady was of a great family, and ſeemed to have been a very agreeable woman.

woman. I never saw so much serenity and chearfulness, mixed with an air of gravity and solemnity: and though she was in years, one did not readily observe it; for her countenance was one of those that appear rather ancient than old; one would think that time spares them; that their years do not lie heavy upon them, but slide away, and leave none but soft and slight wrinkles on their brows. She had an air of dignity, and a kind of monastick reserve; was tall, and remarkably neat: and, to form a just idea of her, you must imagine a person that appears with such a singular plainness and simplicity, as seems expressive of the disposition of her heart; and is a kind of image of it's purity, peace, satisfaction, and the sagacity of her thoughts.

As soon as I was alone with this lady, she desired me to sit down; and I took a chair—'They were much in the 'right,' added she, smiling, 'who told 'me, that at first sight you prejudice 'every body in your favour; and there 'is the greatest reason to believe that, 'with so much sweetness, you have a 'a mind perfectly reasonable and con'siderate. All my nuns are charmed 'with you. Pray, how do you like 'being here?'—'I should like it very 'well, Madam,' replied I, 'had I been 'brought here without compulsion, 'and by my own choice; but I cannot 'help being astonished at such a sur'prizing and unexpected proceeding, 'and being very uneasy to know the 'reason of it.'—'But do not you guess 'the reason?' returned she. 'Do not 'you suspect the cause?'—'No, Ma'dam,' cried I; 'I have never injured 'any body.'—'Well, I will then in'form you why it was done,' replied she; 'or, at least, what they told me 'was the cause, and what I am charged 'to let you know. There is a certain 'gentleman of fortune, that is, of one 'of the most considerable families, who 'is desirous of marrying you; all his 'relations are alarmed at it; and, in 'order to prevent it, they have thought 'proper to remove you from his sight; 'not because you want virtue and pru'dence; for in this they do you justice, 'and it is not on this account they op'pose you: the only thing alledged 'against you, is your unknown ex'traction; every particular whereof is 'but too well known to you. Con'sider, dear daughter, that you have 'a set of powerful relations, who will 'never suffer a marriage like this. 'Was merit a sufficient qualification, 'you would have reason to hope that 'you would be more agreeable to them 'than any other: but the world is not 'contented with that; however worthy 'you are of a general esteem, it would 'not prevent their being less ashamed 'at seeing you enter into their alliance; 'your good qualities would not ren'der your husband at all more ex'cusable; they would never forgive 'his taking a wife like you; and he 'would be, in the esteem of the pub'lick, entirely ruined. I must confess, 'that it is a sad thing that the world 'should think thus; but, if we con'sider, we shall find they are not so 'much to blame as we may at first ima'gine. The difference of conditions 'is a most necessary thing in life, and 'absolutely requisite to keep up that har'monious irregularity which springs 'from the various dependences of man'kind upon each other; and it could 'no longer subsist, all order would 'cease, if such unequal, and, without 'exaggeration, I may say, such mon'strous marriages as yours, child, 'were tolerated; for, between you and 'I, let me remind you, in order to help 'you to hear reason, that you ought to 'reflect a little on the situation in 'which Providence has permitted you 'to be placed, and how very contemp'tible are your circumstances; and, at 'the same time, consider who it is that 'proposes to marry you; and then, 'pray, put yourself in their place: 'these reflections are all I desire of you.'

'Ah, Madam! I beg you would 'spare me here,' returned I, in that free and resolute tone we sometimes use when under the most violent grief; 'I 'assure you it is a subject on which I 'have no more reflections to make; no 'new humiliations to undergo. I know 'too well what I am: I have made no 'secret of my misfortunes; I have 'mentioned them to every one who has 'known me. I told my history to Mr. 'De Valville, who is the gentleman 'you speak of; I told it to my dear 'benefactress his mother; I have re'presented to her the various miseries 'of my life, in the strongest and most 'lively colours; and in a way most 'proper to discourage her: I have

'drawn before her the moſt dreadful 'picture of my circumſtances; and 'have not, Madam, left the leaſt par- 'ticular of it unmentioned. The diſ- 'aſter that happened to me from my 'very cradle, which was the fatal 'cauſe of my being now deſtitute of 'every relation, and unknown to my 'family; the compaſſion with which I 'inſpired the hearts of ſome ſtrangers, 'on a road where both my father and 'mother lay murdered before them; 'the charity and compaſſion that ex- 'cited them to take me with them; 'the education that was given me by 'two pious perſons, and the indigence 'and diſtreſs to which I was reduced at 'their death; the ſuccour, or, if you 'will, the alms, I received from a gen- 'tleman who is dead too; for it is thus 'I have repreſented it, the better to 'deſcribe my indigence, and make 'Mr. De Valville aſhamed of his paſ- 'ſion. What could they have deſired 'more? I have not ſpared myſelf. I 'have, perhaps, ſaid more than was 'ſtrictly true, for fear they ſhould 'think too favourably of me. There 'is not, perhaps, a perſon upon earth 'who would have had the cruelty to 'treat me ſo ill as I have done myſelf; 'and, after all I have ſo frankly ac- 'knowledged, it is not for me to ſearch 'into the reaſons why Mrs. De Val- 'ville and her ſon did not abandon me; 'it is ſufficient to ſay that, ſo far from 'deceiving them, I have endeavoured 'to ſet myſelf in a light more mean 'and diſtreſſed than can be imagined; 'conſequently nothing can be objected 'to me on that point, ſince I never 'could be degraded lower; and repe- 'titions of the ſame things could only 'ſerve to make a girl, ſo unhappy, ſo 'afflicted, and ſo much to be pitied, 'ſink under the exceſs of her grief. 'You, Madam, who are an abbeſs, 'and therefore make the ſtricteſt pro- 'feſſion of religion, can only look 'upon me with humanity and com- 'paſſion; and ſurely ſhould refuſe to 'join in the perſecution I undergo from 'perſons that impute to me, as a crime, 'a love of which it is not my fault if 'I have not cured Mr. De Valville. 'If men are puffed up with pride, it 'is not for a lady of your charitable 'and pious diſpoſition to ſoothe and 'flatter their vanity; and if I have 'great merit, as you are pleaſed to 'ſay, (which I am neither bold nor 'conceited enough to believe) you muſt 'think I want no accompliſhment. 'Mr. De Valville, who is a gentleman 'that knows the world, deſires no more. 'His mother, a lady univerſally loved 'and eſteemed, who has a rank to keep 'up as well as thoſe who would injure 'me, and who is no more fond of diſ- 'grace than they, is not aſhamed to 'love me; nor leſs difficult to be pleaſed 'than her ſon; the mother and the ſon 'think both alike: ought I, then, to 'oppoſe them? ought I to refuſe what 'they offer me, eſpecially when I have 'given them my heart? and when it is 'neither their wealth nor their ſuperior 'ſtations, but only their tenderneſs, I 'value, which is infinitely dearer to me 'than every thing elſe. Beſides, are 'they not their own maſters? Do not 'they know what they do? Am not I 'ſenſible that they do me too much ho- 'nour? I can be taught nothing on 'that point, Madam; therefore let us 'mention it no more. Be only ſo kind 'as to tell me now, who are the per- 'ſons that brought me hither; what 'they mean by this extraordinary ſtep; 'and what pretence they have for treat- 'ing me to-day with ſo much vio- 'lence?'

'My dear child,' returned the ab- beſs, with a look of friendſhip and concern, 'was I in Mrs. De Valville's 'place, I believe I ſhould think as ſhe 'does. I even approve of your rea- 'ſons; but do not mention that I ſay 'ſo.' Upon this I took her hand and kiſſed it. She ſeemed, methought, to be pleaſed and touched with this ſud- den emotion; and, after a moment's pauſe, reſumed—'I have been very 'far from having any intention to in- 'creaſe your uneaſineſs; I have only 'ſpoken thus becauſe I was deſired to 'do it before you came hither. I did 'not imagine you to be what you are; 'you are far ſuperior to the ideas I be- 'fore had formed of you: I expected 'to find you had beauty, and, per- 'haps, ſome wit; but I did not think 'of finding either the ſolidity of judg- 'ment, the charms, and much leſs the 'character, which I begin to conceive 'an opinion of. You are worthy of 'Mrs. De Valville's tenderneſs; and 'her complaiſance for the ſentiments 'of her ſon is, indeed, truly noble. 'I do not know that lady; but her con-

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'duct towards you gives me a high 'opinion of her; for she cannot but 'be a lady of the greatest merit. I 'beg you would not mention what I 'tell you. I must repeat this request,' added she, seeing me weep out of gratitude; 'but let me proceed to the rest. 'You are brought here by virtue of a 'superior authority; and what I am 'charged to propose to you is, to determine either to stay in our house; 'that is, to take the veil; or to consent 'to another marriage. I confess that 'I sincerely wish the first may be agreeable to you: I wish it as much for 'your sake as my own; for mine, because the receiving a person like you 'would give me a great deal of pleasure; for yours, because you are 'lovely; and, in this world, such beauty as yours always exposes a person, 'though perfectly virtuous, in proportion as it is dangerous to the repose 'of others. But here you would dwell 'in perfect security; happy yourself, 'and without any danger of interrupting the felicity of any man. What 'greater advantage can you ever derive 'from your charms, than to consecrate 'them to Him who gave them you; 'from whom you will never meet with 'that infidelity and contempt which 'you have reason to fear from men, 'and even from your husband himself? 'Beauty is often the cause of the cruellest misfortunes, the greatest calamities, that attend human nature; and 'even the destruction of soul and body. You think, perhaps, I talk like 'a nun, and that I am going to preach 'to you: very far from it; what I say, 'is only the voice of reason, the language of truth, and which the daily 'experience of mankind in all ages 'will justify. But this I only say out 'of my zeal for your happiness. These 'are the two things I have promised to 'propose to you; and to-night they will 'come to know your answer. Consult 'with yourself, my dear child; think 'what answer I must make for you: 'for they desire you would explain 'yourself on each of these points, on 'pain of being removed to-morrow 'morning far from Paris. Tell me, 'then, will you be a nun? or had you 'rather be married?'

'Alas, mother, I can consent to 'neither!' replied I. 'I am not in a 'state in which it can be my duty to 'consecrate myself to the service of 'Heaven, in the manner they propose; 'nor can you yourself advise me to offer a heart full of tenderness, full of 'the softest passions for a human object, to the perpetual contemplation 'of the Deity alone: it now entertains 'no views, but such as are innocent 'and lawful; but they would cease to 'be so as soon as I had taken the veil. 'Heaven preserve me from entering into 'such engagements as will be impossible for me ever to fulfil! As I am 'not happy enough to be able to give 'my consent to it with a pure conscience, so I am not desperate enough 'to think, without horror, of deliberately offending my Almighty Friend, 'by such an audacious piece of mockery, such an abominable mixture of 'impiety and presumption. As for 'the marriage they propose, the same 'reasons, I am persuaded, will hold 'good, and ever influence me so far as 'not to permit me to consent to it: 'however, let them give me time to 'consider of it.'—'They will give 'you none,' interrupted the abbess: 'this is an affair they are resolved to 'conclude with the utmost haste; you 'must either consent to be married in a 'very few days, or submit to leave 'Paris, and be carried I do not know 'whither. And I would advise you 'to promise to marry the man they 'propose to you, on condition they will 'permit you to see him first, that you 'may have an opportunity of being 'satisfied how you like him; and of 'being informed what it is natural you 'should desire to know of his extraction, circumstances, and character; 'and that you be granted the privilege 'of speaking with those who would 'persuade you to accept of him for your 'husband. These are things which I 'think they cannot refuse you, however desirous they are of dispatching 'the affair. By this means you will 'gain time; and who knows what may 'happen during that interval?'—'You 'are in the right,' Madam,' I returned with a deep sigh; 'but, alas! this 'is a very small resource; however, I 'consent, provided they grant what 'you have just mentioned: perhaps 'some favourable event may unravel 'their design, and deliver me from the 'persecutions I suffer.'

Here a nun entered, and told the abbess

beſs that ſhe was expected in the parlour. 'May be it is on your account, 'daughter,' ſaid ſhe; 'I ſuſpect it is 'your anſwer they are come for: but 'let it be what it will, I ſhall ſoon re-'turn. Pray, my dear, believe I am 'very much your friend; and I hope 'you do not doubt it.' On this ſhe left me, and I returned into the room where I had dined; which I entered with my heart dejected and oppreſſed with grief. Nobody, I am ſure, could have known me again: my mind was diſordered, and I was almoſt ready to ſink under the diſcouraging proſpect that lay before me. I was very near an hour in this ſtate of mind, when I heard my door open. They came in: I looked to ſee who it was, or rather ſtared; and, ſtupid with pondering on my miſery, I remained ſilent. They ſpoke; but I heard them not. 'What! 'what would you have?' was all they could draw from me: at laſt, they repeated ſo often that the abbeſs wanted me, that I aroſe up and went to her.

'I was not deceived,' ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me at a diſtance coming towards her; 'it was on your ac-'count I was called: and I have an 'extreme good opinion of your affairs, 'and do not doubt but they will con-'clude very happily. I ſaid you had 'accepted of the marriage; and to-'morrow, about noon, they will ſend 'a coach to carry you to a houſe where 'you will ſee your intended huſband, 'and the perſons who propoſe him to 'you. I have uſed my utmoſt endea-'vours to procure you the reception 'you deſerve, and that regard which 'I hope they will have for you: put 'your truſt, my dear, in that Being 'whoſe providence is able to over-rule 'all events, and make the moſt cloudy, 'the moſt gloomy, ſcene to brighten 'up, and give place to a pleaſing re-'turn of peace and joy; bleſſings to 'which theſe misfortunes will add a 'double reliſh. Have recourſe to him, 'and he will not abandon you. I 'ſhould freely have offered to inform 'Mrs. De Valville that you are here; 'but, how agreeable ſoever it would be 'to me to oblige you, it is a ſervice I 'am not permitted to render you: they 'have made me promiſe not to inter-'meddle in your affairs; I have given 'them my word that I will not; and I 'am very ſorry for it.'

A nun, who then entered, interrupted our diſcourſe. I went into the garden, ſomething leſs dejected than when I came in. I diſtinguiſhed my ideas a little more clearly. I laid down ſome rules for my conduct in the houſe to which I was to be carried the next day. I meditated upon what I ſhould ſay; and I found my reaſons ſo irreſiſtible, that I thought it impoſſible but they muſt acknowledge their force, if they would but condeſcend to hear me. It is true, the little ſchemes we draw beforehand, in ſuch caſes, are often uſeleſs; ſince it is the various and almoſt infinite turns which are given to things, that ought to direct what ſhould be our words, and what our actions: but theſe ſort of preparations are not altogether unuſeful; they amuſe and comfort us; we delude the time that would otherwiſe be ſpent in anxious inquietude, by flattering ourſelves with the thoughts of gaining our cauſe while we are pleading it; and this is very natural to us. A variety of other thoughts crouded into my mind. 'There is ſome 'diſtance,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'from 'this convent to the houſe whither they 'are to carry me. Oh, Heaven! if 'thou wouldeſt but permit Valville, or 'his mother, to meet the coach I ſhall 'be in, they would not fail to make 'the coachman ſtop: and if thoſe who 'conduct me will not ſuffer them to do 'it, I will cry out and ſtruggle, and 'make ſuch a noiſe, that my mother 'or my lover may eaſily follow me, and 'know whither I am carried.' What wild thoughts enter our minds on ſuch occaſions! There is no chimera, however agreeable or dreadful, which will not readily find a place in our imaginations. 'But ſuppoſing I ſhould meet 'my mother or her ſon,' thought I again, 'am I ſure they would not ſhut 'their eyes, and ſeem not to know me? 'Have not they conſented to my being 'carried away? May not their rela-'tions, by their remonſtrances, en-'treaties, and reproaches, have prevail-'ed upon them to retract their word? 'The maxims and cuſtoms of the world 'are much againſt me; great ſenti-'ments are difficult to ſupport; and 'the pride of mankind loads me with 'contempt, and is offended at my mi-'ſery.'

'fery.' On this I renewed my tears, and a moment after flattered myſelf again. But I had like to have forgot one article; which was, that at night, when I entered my chamber, after having taken a turn in the garden, I ſaw my box (for I had yet no other furniture) in a chair, which they had brought from the other convent. 'You cannot eaſily conceive with what new trouble this unexpected object ſtruck me; I do not think my being carried away gave me ſo great a conſternation, or ſo perfectly ſhocked me. 'Well,' cried I, 'are 'they then ſo much in earneſt?' I had not yet reflected that I wanted my cloaths; and, had I thought of it, I ſhould have gone through any extremity rather than have aſked for them. However, I no ſooner ſaw them but I imagined that there was no remedy for my misfortunes. 'What! even my cloaths 'are brought here! There is, then,' I cried, 'no reſource!' You would have thought, had you ſeen me, that every thing elſe was nothing in compariſon of this: the frightful box cleared up every thing, ſunk my courage, and made me loſe all my hopes. 'Now,' ſaid I, 'every thing is determined; 'every body is united againſt me; 'this is bidding an eternal adieu: and 'it is certain that my dear benefactreſs 'and her ſon have joined the party.'

Pray, Madam, do not enquire why I formed this raſh and poſitive conſequence, ſince twenty pages would hardly be ſufficient to explain it to you: it was not my reaſon, but only my grief, that drew theſe concluſions. In ſuch a ſituation of mind as I was then in, things of the ſmalleſt importance, at the firſt ſight, appear dreadful, and fill the heart with uneaſineſs; and a ſoul previouſly diſpoſed to fear, always conſiders them in that light. They had ſent me my cloaths, and would therefore break off all correſpondence with me, and never ſee me more. How very natural was this concluſion for one in my unhappy circumſtances, oppreſſed with the keeneſt grief, and ready to catch at any thing that would plunge me deeper in deſpair? But had I been capable of reaſoning coolly, I ſhould at once have perceived that it was a thing of no conſequence. As I was removed from one houſe to another, my cloaths, to be ſure, ought to follow me: and thus I ſhould have reaſoned, had I been capable of reaſoning at all.

However, I paſſed a very uneaſy night; and my heart beat with the moſt violent palpitation all the next morning. The coach which the abbeſs had mentioned, was in the court exactly at the time propoſed: I was told it waited for me. I went down trembling; and the firſt object that preſented, on opening the door, was the woman who had ſeduced me from my own convent, and brought me to this. I ſaluted her with an air of indifference, and ſtepped into the coach. 'Good-morrow, Miſs 'Marianne,' ſaid ſhe: 'you do not 'much care for ſeeing me; I aſſure you 'I an't at all in fault; ſo I am not to 'be blamed. However, I don't think 'you have any reaſon to be diſpleaſed 'at all this: I wiſh I was in your 'place. Indeed, I am neither ſo young 'nor ſo handſome as you; and that is 'all the difference between us.'—'Do 'you know, then, any thing of my affairs?' returned I. 'Aye, a little,' ſaid ſhe; 'I have heard a word dropped here and there: they ſay you have 'a mind to marry a man of a great family, and a ſwingeing fortune. An't 'it true?'—'It is ſomething like it,' ſaid I. 'Well,' continued ſhe, 'unleſs you have taken a fancy to the 'young gentleman, I don't think you 'have any great reaſon to complain. 'They ſay you have neither father nor 'mother; and that nobody knows who 'you are, nor where you came from: 'and, between you and I, what can 'any body come to in ſuch circumſtances? I think one could only expect to be a beggar about the ſtreets; a 'great many in your caſe are ſo: however, you are neither better nor 'worſe for that. It is true, they take 'from you a ſweetheart who is too great 'a gentleman ever to be your huſband: 'but, to make you amends, they give 'you another, a clever young fellow, 'on my word! and ſuch a one as any 'good tradeſman's daughter might 'jump at. I am ſure I ſhall never 'meet with ſuch a one, though I have 'got a father and mother, and an uncle 'and aunt, and cozens, and all the relations in the 'verſal world: you are 'vaſtly luckly; and, for certain, muſt 'have been wrapped in your mother's 'ſmock. I'd have you to think I

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'don't speak more than I know; for I 'have seen your husband that is to be, 'and a proper handsome young man 'he is; I believe he is about seven or 'eight and twenty years old: I don't 'know how rich he is; but he has great 'folks for his friends, and such as that; 'and, if he has nothing now, he will cer-'tainly come to preferment. I don't 'say but he may be happy with you; 'and be as well for you as if he had 'made you a settlement.'—'But do 'not you know,' interrupted I, 'whi-'ther you are carrying me, and who I 'am to speak to?'—'Yes,' replied she, 'they are very great folks; you 'will be in good hands: we are going 'to Mrs. De ****'s; she is a relation 'of your first lover.'

You will be surprized, Madam, to hear that the lady she mentioned was no less a person than the prime-minister's wife; and that I was to appear before him: you will judge by this how powerful were the enemies I had to deal with; and that the least glimpse of hope disappeared, and left me nothing to enable me to support my misfortunes.

I told you that I flattered myself with fancying Mrs. De Valville and her son might perhaps meet me in the way: but had this improbable circumstance happened, it could have been of no service to me; for I was no sooner in the coach but the maid drew the curtains before the glasses; a precaution which she had probably received orders to take; so that it was impossible for me either to see or be seen. We soon arrived, and stopped at a back-door, which opened into a large garden, which we went through; at the end thereof she desired me to sit on a bench, in a private alley near the house, till she returned to let me know whether it was time for me to appear. Scarce had I sat half a quarter of an hour alone, when I saw coming towards me a woman of above forty-five or fifty years old, who seemed to belong to the family; and who, addressing me with the air of a low second-hand politeness, said—'Do not 'be impatient, Madam: Mr. De **** 'is engaged in a private conversation 'with some persons; and you shall be 'called for as soon as he has done.' Then from an alley that opened into that where I was seated, came a young man of about twenty-eight or thirty years old, with a person pretty agreeable, and dressed in a plain but neat manner; who bowed, and seemed going to retire; when the woman, calling him back—'Sir! Sir!' said she; 'I have 'not time to stay with this lady; pray, 'keep her company till she is called: 'I believe it will be no disagreeable 'commission for you.'—'I am very 'sensible of it,' returned he; 'and am 'very much obliged to you for it;' drawing near, with an air more courteous than gallant. 'Now, Madam, 'I will leave you,' said she: 'this gen-'tleman is, at least, one of your friends, 'or else I would not go; his company, 'I am sure, will be more agreeable to 'you than mine.' This said, she left us. 'What can all this mean?' said I to myself: 'there is something myste-'rious in this!' The young man appeared at first pretty much confused, and out of countenance: he sat down by me, after another bow; which I returned with the utmost coldness.

'It is charming weather,' said he: 'this alley is quite delightful; it is as 'pleasant here as in the country.'—'Yes!' returned I; and then the conversation dropped; for I was not in a disposition to go on with it. He seemed, at first, at a loss how to resume it; and the only way he could think of was, to pull out his snuff-box, and present it to me open. 'Do not you 'take snuff, Miss?' said he. 'No, 'Sir,' returned I: then followed another silence; and he did not know what to say. The monosyllables I made use of in my answers, gave him no assistance, and did not at all help to keep up the conversation. I coughed. 'Have 'you got a cold, Miss?' said he. 'This 'weather is very apt to give people 'colds: yesterday it was cool, and to-'day it is pretty hot. These variations of the weather are not at all 'healthful.'—'Very true, Sir,' said I. 'For my part,' returned he, 'I 'am not subject to these colds: let 'the weather be what it will, my lungs 'are never affected; nothing hurts me.' —'That is well,' replied I. 'As for 'you, Miss,' resumed he, 'whether 'you have a cold or no, you look as 'healthy as possible; and are as hand-'some as any body I ever saw.'—'You are very obliging, Sir,' returned I. 'It is very true, indeed, Miss,' replied he: 'Paris is very large; but

'there

Plate IX.

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'there are certainly very few who can 'boaſt of having a form like yours, 'nor of being poſſeſſed of ſo many 'charms.'—'Sir, theſe are compli- 'ments,' ſaid I, 'that I do not me- 'rit; I make no pretenſions to beauty: 'and, if you pleaſe, you may chuſe 'ſome other topick.'—'I only men- 'tion what I cannot help being a wit- 'neſs of,' replied he; 'and there is 'nobody, if in my place, that would 'not ſay as much, and more too: you 'ought not to be diſpleaſed at a diſ- 'courſe which is impoſſible for you to 'hinder, any more than you can help 'giving occaſion for it; unleſs you 'would hide yourſelf from the world; 'and that would be a great pity, for 'it is certain there is not a lady more 'worthy to be admired. And, for 'my part, I eſteem myſelf very happy 'in having ſeen you; and ſhould even 'be much more ſo, if this favourable 'opportunity ſhould procure me the 'felicity of ſeeing you again, and of- 'fering you my ſervice.'—'To me, 'Sir!' cried I, with ſome amazement, 'who have met you here only by 'chance; and who, according to all 'appearance, ſhall never ſee you again?' —'Why will you never ſee me again?' returned he. 'It ſhall be juſt as you 'will; it entirely depends upon you: 'if my perſon is not altogether diſa- 'greeable to you, I foreſee this meet- 'ing will be followed by many others. 'You may, if you pleaſe, render this 'an eternal acquaintance: there is no- 'thing that I wiſh ſo much for; and it 'is a ſincere inclination I have for you, 'prompts me to tell you ſo. True, I 'have not had the happineſs to ſee you 'till this moment; nor have I, till 'now, ſeen ſo much beauty: and, ſince 'we are upon this ſubject, I will take 'the liberty to aſſure you, that the ut- 'moſt of my wiſhes center in my de- 'ſire of rendering myſelf agreeable to 'you, and arriving at the poſſeſſion of 'ſo many unexpected charms.'— 'How, Sir!' returned I, not willing to make any reply to ſuch aukward and uncouth declarations of love; 'did 'not you expect to meet with ſo many 'charms? What! did you know you 'ſhould find me here, then?'—'Yes, 'Madam,' replied he: 'to keep you 'no longer in ſuſpence, I am the man 'Mrs. Kitty mentioned in the coach, 'as ſhe has ſince told me.'—'What, 'Sir! you,' cried I, 'the huſband pro- 'poſed for me!'—'Yes, Madam,' ſaid he; 'you ſee I was in the right, when 'I ſaid our acquaintance would laſt a 'great while, if it were not your fault. 'That is the reaſon that I walked in 'the garden, and was left here with 'you, in order to procure me an op- 'portunity of converſing with you: 'they told me I ſhould ſee a very ami- 'able young lady; but you far exceed 'their deſcription; and I find I ſhall 'be induced to marry out of a moſt 'tender paſſion, where I only expected 'to do it out of intereſt and conveni- 'ency. Yes, Miſs, indeed I love 'you; I am charmed with your per- 'fections: and it was this paſſion that 'made me appear ſo perplexed at ſeeing 'you firſt. Though I have been in 'company with a great many ladies, I 'never was in love before; but you 'are more handſome than all the others 'together: and it is your place now 'to conſider whether you accept of me 'or not. As for the reſt, Miſs, you 'may enquire about my temper and 'character; I am ſure you will hear a 'good account of them; for I am nei- 'ther a gameſter nor a debauchee: I 'value myſelf upon being a ſober, re- 'gular man; and, though I am a 'batchelor, my chief view is to get 'preferment; and I ſhall not be worſe 'when I am married, for a wife and 'family make a man a good œcono- 'miſt. As to my preſent circum- 'ſtances, they are not, indeed, very 'conſiderable: my father was fond of 'his pleaſures, and lived a little too 'faſt; and that, you know, is not the 'way to enrich a family. Beſides, I 'have a brother and ſiſter; I am the 'eldeſt, indeed; but yet there are three 'portions to be paid inſtead of one: 'however, I ſhall have ſomething in 'hand on account of our marriage; 'but this I do not lay any great ſtreſs 'upon. The chief point is, that I 'am now in the poſſeſſion of a very 'good place, and have the promiſe of 'a better, which will be given me as 'ſoon as our marriage-contract ſhall 'be ſigned: not to mention what I 'have ſaved theſe three years paſt out 'of the perquiſites of a ſmall employ- 'ment, which will ſoon be changed for 'one much more conſiderable and pro- 'fitable. So you ſee, by means of the 'great friends I have, we ſhall ſoon be

'in very eaſy circumſtances: but Mr. 'De ****, the prime-miniſter, will 'inform you more particularly of this 'himſelf; for I tell you nothing, my 'dear, but what is true,' added he, taking hold of my hand, in order to kiſs it. Here, Madam, my pride took the alarm, and my heart could not help ſwelling a little. 'Softly, Sir!' ſaid I, withdrawing my hand with a diſguſt that I was unable to diſſemble; 'pray, do not be ſo forward; I cannot 'admit of any freedoms: we have not 'yet ſettled matters. Who are you, 'pray, Sir?'—'Who am I, Miſs!' returned he, vexed and confuſed: 'I 'have the honour to be the ſon of the 'miniſter's lady's nurſe; we ſucked the 'ſame milk, and ſo ſhe is my foſter-'ſiſter. I am no leſs a perſon, I aſſure 'you! My mother has a penſion from 'her; my ſiſter is really her head-cham-'bermaid: ſhe loves us all; and is de-'ſirous of making my fortune. This 'is the perſon you ſpeak to, Miſs. 'Can there be any thing in this that 'ſhocks you? Does not the propoſal 'pleaſe you?'—'I have no thoughts 'of marrying yet, Sir,' ſaid I. 'Per-'haps the reaſon is becauſe I am not 'agreeable to you.'—'No, Sir,' replied I; 'if I ever marry any one, I 'muſt, at leaſt, love him firſt; and I 'do not find that I love you yet: I do 'not know what I may do.'—'So 'much the worſe; it is my misfortune,' ſaid he: 'but I would not have you 'think it would be any difficulty for 'me to get a wife; it is not quite eight 'days ſince I had one recommended to 'me, who will have a good deal of 'money when her aunt dies; and has, 'beſides, a father and mother.'—'And 'I, Sir,' I returned, 'am an orphan; 'and you would do me too much ho-'nour.'—'I do not ſay that, Miſs,' replied he; 'nor did I ever think ſo: 'but, truly, I never thought you 'would have ſhewn ſuch contempt for 'me; I imagined you would have 'conſidered a little better on it, on ac-'count of your preſent circumſtances, 'which are dreadful enough, and not 'very favourable to your being ſettled 'in the world. Excuſe me for being 'ſo plain with you; I mention it purely 'out of friendſhip: you muſt be ſenſi-'ble that there are ſome opportunities 'in life which we ought not to let ſlip; 'eſpecially when we meet with peo-'ple not over-ſcrupulous in theſe 'points, and ſo little difficult as I. 'With reſpect to marriage, there is 'hardly any body but is deſirous of 'entering into a family: I am willing 'to diſpenſe with it; and this, I think, 'ought to be conſidered.'—'Sir,' returned I, with a geſture full of indignation, 'you entertain me with very 'pretty diſcourſe; nor is your love leſs 'polite! Pray, leave that ſubject.'—'Mightywell, Madam! As you pleaſe,' returned he, riſing: 'I ſhall be neither 'better nor worſe; and, begging your 'pardon, you have no reaſon for being 'ſo proud. If it be not you, I can-'not help it; it muſt be another: they 'thought this was doing you rather a 'very great favour, than any harm. 'You have beauty, indeed, which I 'do not at all diſpute, and which has 'happened to hit my fancy; but, for 'all that, I do not know who will be 'the greateſt loſer: I ſhould have made 'no difficulty of marrying you, though 'you have nothing; I ſhould have 'loved and eſteemed you not at all the 'leſs for it. But, ſince it does not 'pleaſe you, I will take my leave of 'you, Miſs; and remain your very 'humble ſervant!'—'Your ſervant, 'Sir!' ſaid I. Upon this, he took two or three ſteps, as if going; and then, coming up to me again—'But, Miſs,' ſaid he, 'I conſider you are alone; 'and if my company will be of any 'ſervice to you, till you are called 'for, I ſhall do myſelf the honour to 'offer it you.'—'I give you many 'thanks,' I replied, with the tears in my eyes; not becauſe he was going to leave me, but to ſee myſelf expoſed to ſuch mortifying adventures. 'I hope, 'Miſs, I am not the cauſe of thoſe 'tears,' added he: 'I have ſaid no-'thing that could poſſibly make you 'uneaſy.'—'No, no, Sir,' I replied; 'I do not at all complain of you: you 'need not give yourſelf the trouble to 'ſtay; for here comes the perſon that 'brought me hither.' And, indeed, I ſaw Mrs. Catharine coming to us. I believe he did not care to have her a witneſs of the indifferent reception I had given to his love; for he immediately retired through another alley, that he might not meet her.

'Hey-day! what, has Mr. Villot left 'you?' ſaid ſhe. 'Have you diſmiſſed 'him?'—'No,' returned I; 'we part-'ed,

'ed, becauſe we ſaw you coming, and 'had nothing farther to ſay to each 'other.'—'Well, Mrs. Marianne,' replied ſhe, 'how do you like him? Is 'not he a clever, genteel ſpark? You 'find I did not impoſe upon you. 'You could not expect to have done 'better, had you never been in ſuch 'wretched circumſtances: but come, 'let us be going,' added ſhe; 'they 'wait for us.' I then followed her, with a mind extremely diſturbed, and a heart filled with the keeneſt anguiſh. We croſſed ſeveral ſpacious rooms, and came at laſt to a large hall, where a company of footmen were waiting. At the ſame time, I obſerved two gentlemen diſcourſing at a window; one of whom appeared to be about twenty-four or twenty-five years old, and had a preſence extremely noble; the other was a little elder, and had the air of an officer. 'Stay a moment,' ſaid the woman who conducted me, 'while I 'go to tell them that you are here.' She then went into another room, and returned a minute after: but, during this ſhort interval, the young gentlemen had broke off their converſation, and turned to look upon me with an extreme attention; which, notwithſtanding the acuteſt torment of mind, and moſt ſenſible diſtreſs, I could not help taking notice of: when I heard the youngeſt ſay to the other, with a tone of admiration and ſurprize—'Did 'you ever ſee any thing ſo lovely?' At this, I caſt down my eyes, and turned away my head. This was a little accidental comfort, which I could not help taſting, though it did not divert my melancholy; like a ſweet flower whoſe agreeable odour ſalutes us as we paſs along; which, though it refreſhes the ſenſes, leaves the mind as it found it. In whatever afflictions we are plunged, our vanity almoſt always performs it's office; it hardly ever lies dormant; it is ſo natural to our ſex, and ſo foreign to whatever elſe concerns us, that it remains the ſame, and ſupports itſelf amidſt every affliction.

The maid returned, and deſired me to walk in; on which the gentlemen followed me. I found there five or ſix ladies, and four gentlemen, two of whom belonged to the law, another to the army, and the fourth, the maid told me, was the prime-miniſter himſelf. His age rendered him venerable; he was tall, and well made; had a majeſtic mien, and a countenance that immediately inſpired every one with confidence; calmed the troubled mind, and was a kind of pledge of the goodneſs that reigned within, and the juſtice that with an impartial hand he always diſtributed: time had not made him look old, nor given him the infirmities which embitter the decline of life; it had only ſpread over his looks an inexpreſſible ſomething, that immediately filled the mind with a reſpectful awe. It was a countenance that was ſo agreeable to look upon, that one forgot his age, and was pleaſed to feel the veneration it inſpired: even his healthful ruddy complexion had ſomething extremely venerable in it; and appeared leſs the effect of temperance, than the fruit of wiſdom, and the happineſs of a ſerene and tranquil mind. The mildneſs of his ſentiments ſhone in his face, and his ſoul painted there it's own honeſt, plain, and amiable portrait. The charms of virtue and integrity have no age; they never decay; but are the moſt ſplendid ornaments of every ſtation. Such was the miniſter before whom I appeared: he had, in his manner of governing, a merit peculiar to himſelf, which had been hitherto unknown.

We have had ſome miniſters whoſe names our hiſtorians have rendered immortal; they were, indeed, great men; but, during their adminiſtration, their firſt care was always to gain the affections of the people, to render them attentive to their actions, and to make themſelves eſteemed as the deepeſt politicians; they were always thought to be ſurrounded with impenetrable myſteries, and were pleaſed to find great things were expected from them; and that, in the moſt difficult and intricate affairs, it was thought they would manage with a maſterly hand, even before they had undertaken to do it: this was an opinion which flattered their vanity; an artifice which their great ſucceſſes rendered very excuſable.

On the contrary, our miniſter governed according to the maxims of the truly wiſe: his conduct was mild, ſimple, without oſtentation; and, with reſpect to himſelf, entirely diſintereſted: he thought of being uſeful, never of being loaded with praiſes; he did great actions from the ſingle conſideration of

the good of his country, and not from the glory that attended them. Contented and satisfied with his own skill and abilities, he did not raise the expectations of the multitude before-hand, or seek their applause afterwards by industriously publishing his success: he did not distinguish his most noble and praise-worthy actions from the most common and trivial part of his conduct; and, whatever labour and toil they cost him in private, in public they were much the same. A genius void of all pageantry set bounds to his conduct, while it hid the capacity that managed every thing, that exerted itself for the public good, regardless of his own; for when that was secured, the other he knew must be established on the most solid basis, and he share in the general happiness. The multitude reaped the fruit of his labour with more satisfaction than surprize; and persons of reflection alone formed a right judgment of the simplicity and plainness of his conduct. Thus to surmount difficulties almost unsurmountable; to remedy inconveniences almost remediless; to procure a glory, an advantage, a benefit to his country; to tame an enemy that attacked him, whom his natural mildness, the intricacies of the time, or the modesty of his administration, had emboldened: all these things he performed in that discreet, smooth, plain, and easy manner, with which he did every thing else. His measures were so secret, so still and imperceptible, and he was so little ambitious of gaining the esteem he merited, that one might forget to praise him, though all his actions were laudable. He was like a father, by whose industry and care his children are contented, happy, and in good esteem: he boasts not to them of all the pains they cost him, because he does not desire their encomiums; while they, on their side, do not observe the trouble he gives himself on their account, and make him no other return than that of their sincere affection. When this is the character of a minister, he must be looked upon with veneration and the highest respect: he is no amusement for persons of a prying, inquisitive disposition; but only inspires his fellow-subjects with confidence and tranquillity. As to foreigners, they looked upon him as a man who loved justice, and from whom they could expect to gain nothing by deviating from it. He taught them to regulate their ambition, and to fear nothing from his. Happy is the king who has so sincere a friend, and who knows how to value him as he ought! and happy the people who have so noble, so disinterested, a patriot!

I believe, Madam, you cannot forbear smiling to hear me talk so like a politician: but if I have been too large in this part of his character, you will excuse me; since I only tell you what every body then said of him. But to return: we are now in his presence.

Among all the persons that surrounded me, some seemed to look upon me out of curiosity, while others did it with a sneer, and an air of disdain: these last I soon found were Valville's relations. I forgot to tell you, that the son of the lady's nurse, my destined husband, was there, who stood by the door with a servile and timorous countenance.

I was at first very much disconcerted at the sight of so much company, but soon recovered myself, and resumed my presence of mind. Amidst such extreme discouragements we are apt to fear nothing; besides, I was conscious of my own innocence, and that they alone were guilty in unjustly persecuting me: I loved Valville; they wrested him from me; and, methought, I had nothing more to fear. The most formidable authority loses all it's awe and veneration when it is made to oppress the innocent.

The minister looked upon me with a smile of affability: 'She is perfectly 'amiable! and Valville is very excus-'able,' said he, addressing himself to one of the ladies, who was his wife. 'Yes, she is very pretty; she would 'do well enough for a mistress,' replied another lady, in a malicious and ill-natured tone. At this discourse I only gave her a look full of contempt. 'Come, softly!' said the minister to her; then addressing himself to me—'Come near, Miss,' added he: 'they 'say Mr. de Valville loves you; is it 'true that he intends to marry you?' —'At least he told me so, Sir,' said I. At this two or three of the ladies burst into a loud and scornful laughter: I again only cast a cold and careless glance at them; while Mr. De **** made a sign with his hand to engage them

Plate VI.

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them to be silent. 'You are an orphan, 'and know not who you are,' resumed he. 'That is very true, Sir,' returned I. 'Well,' added he, 'do yourself 'justice, then; and resolve to think no 'more of this marriage: I can never 'consent to it; but I will make it up 'to you, and take you under my care. 'There is a young man, who is a 'very suitable match for you: he is an 'honest lad; and I shall take care to 'promote him. I would have you 'marry him; I hope you consent to 'it.'—'I do not design to marry at 'all, Sir,' returned I; 'and I entreat 'you would not press me any more to 'it: this, Sir, is my final resolution.' —'Well, I will give you four and 'twenty hours to think of it,' said he: 'they shall take you back to the con-'vent; and I will send again for you 'to morrow. Do not be refractory; 'for you must see Mr. de Valville no 'more; I will take care of that.'— 'I shall never alter my mind, Sir,' said I; 'I can never think of marrying 'a man that has reproached me with 'my misfortunes: so you may now 'resolve what to do with me; for it 'will be to no purpose to make me 'come hither again.'

Scarce had I finished these last words, when word was brought that Valville and his mother were coming, and who immediately entered the room. Judge of their surprize and mine. 'What, 'my daughter! thou here!' cried Mrs. De Valville. 'O mother!' cried Valville, with his eyes sparkling with joy; 'it is she herself!'

Their relations had not the least suspicion of their coming; and therefore had not provided against it: the only precaution they had taken was, to finish my affair in the morning, a time least subject to visits; besides, they had imagined that Mrs. De Valville would be at a loss to know how to get intelligence of me, and thought she was entirely ignorant of the minister's having any share in my adventure. But, Madam, you will easily call to mind the visit I had received two or three days before from a certain thin, tall, meagre lady; and you know I immediately informed my benefactress of this extraordinary visit; that I had given her a picture of the lady; and that she had wrote me word that she knew the person it represented: and this guided her in her search after me.

It was very plain that my history was divulged, and that that lady had been acquainted with it: she was proud, and of a malignant spirit; and the short discourse that she had with me at the convent sufficiently discovered her ill intentions. To all appearance it must be she who had exasperated her relations, and engaged them to remove me, in order to secure them from the affront Mrs. De Valville was about to throw upon them, by making me one of the family; and, indeed, my sudden disappearing could be attributed to nothing else but the result of a scheme they had concerted together against me: but, had they alone been concerned, it is probable they would have taken another method, and have endeavoured to have prevented my happiness by the stiller methods of artifice and address; and would not have dared to have taken such arbitrary and violent steps, unless they had been supported by authority. Thus my benefactress reasoned. As a coach had been sent for me, she enquired what was the coachman's livery; and what sort of a woman it was that pretended to have been sent by her to take me away. One of the servants of the convent had seen both the coachman and the above-mentioned woman, and had taken such notice of them, as to be able to give a particular description of each. She had no sooner described the features of the latter, but my mamma recollected that she had seen such a person at Mr. De ****'s; and that she belonged to his wife, who was one of their relations: as to the coachman's livery, the nun told them it was a yellow silk-lace upon a brown cloth; which they knew belonged to another relation, a magistrate, whom they visited almost every day. From this they inferred, that not only the whole family were concerned, but that they were supported by the prime-minister himself; since Mrs. De **** had sent one of her maids for me.

Mrs. De Valville came to see me the same day I was taken away; but, though she found I was carried off, she could not learn any of the above particulars till the day after; because the servant, who was the only person from whom she could expect to get any intelligence, was

was abſent, on ſeveral commiſſions for the houſe.

My dear mamma no ſooner heard that I was conveyed away, but ſhe was ſeized with the moſt violent grief and uneaſineſs; and, as the abbeſs told me afterwards, behaved like a tender mother who had loſt an only daughter: ſhe at firſt fainted away; and they no ſooner brought her to herſelf, than ſhe gave way to tears, and lamented my loſs in the moſt moving language.

'I confeſs, Madam, I love her,' ſaid ſhe to the abbeſs, who repeated it to me again; 'I am moſt tenderly attached 'to her; and it muſt have been impoſ-'ſible for me to have avoided it: ſhe 'has a heart, a ſoul, a manner of think-'ing, which would aſtoniſh you! You 'know my dear child poſſeſſes nothing; 'and you cannot imagine how noble, 'how generous, how diſintereſted, I 'have found her! I eſteem her even 'more than I love her; I have ſeen 'ſuch inſtances of the greatneſs of her 'ſoul, as have moved even the bottom 'of my heart. It is me, my perſon, 'ſhe loves, and not the ſuccour I give 'her. Is not this admirable in a ſitua-'tion like hers? I believe ſhe would 'die rather than diſpleaſe me: ſhe car-'ries this to a ſcrupulous nicety; and, 'if I ſhould ceaſe to love her, I am 'perſuaded ſhe would no longer have 'the courage to receive any thing from 'me. What I tell you is ſtrictly true: 'but, alas! I have loſt her! How muſt 'I find her again? What have my 'unworthy relations done with her? 'Where have they carried her?'— 'But, Madam, why have they taken 'her away from you?' returned the abbeſs. 'Why ſhould they be con-'cerned at your bounty and love for 'her? What intereſt can they have in 'being an obſtacle to it?'— 'Alas, 'Madam!' ſaid ſhe, 'it is becauſe my 'ſon is not proud enough to deſpiſe 'her; it is becauſe he has ſenſe enough 'to do her juſtice; and a mind capa-'ble of knowing her worth: they are 'afraid he ſhould love her too much; 'and that I love her enough to con-'ſent that he ſhould indulge his paſ-'ſion for her. I have not time to tell 'you by what accident he came to 'know her; but ſee the cauſe of the 'perſecution ſhe ſuffers from them. 'An unhappy event has let them into 'the whole ſecret, through the indiſ-'cretion of one of my relations; who 'is one of the filleſt women I ever 'knew, and who never could forbear 'indulging a wretched itch of talking. 'It is not, indeed, without reaſon that 'they miſtruſt my tenderneſs for her; 'for there is not a gentleman of good-'ſenſe to whom I ſhould not think I 'had given an invaluable treaſure, had 'I married him to this dear, this love-'ly girl.'

How extremely kind was this! how frank and unreſerved her expreſſions! She diſcovers all; ſhe now endeavours to conceal nothing: ſhe, who had hitherto required from me ſo much circumſpection, ſo much reſerve and prudence, is now ſo overcome by her affection and ſenſibility, that ſhe herſelf forgets to be ſilent, and is the firſt that reveals our ſecret; it burſt from her troubled heart! How amiable that trouble, which all my love for her, great as it has been, was never able ſufficiently to repay! and which I cannot now think on without melting into tears of the moſt affectionate gratitude. Yes, Madam, I am now all in tears; and can ſcarcely proceed. O how vaſt are the obligations I am under to her! But, alas! this dear, this admirable woman, is no more! and that charming tenderneſs ſubſiſts no where but in my breaſt!

When the abbeſs told me theſe particulars, my dear mamma ſo perfectly took up my thoughts, that I quite loſt ſight of Valville; whom his mother was hardly able to comfort, and who waited in the coach, overwhelmed with grief, while ſhe was examining the ſervant. She had no ſooner had this information, than (though extremely indiſpoſed) ſhe haſted, with her ſon, to Mr. De ****'s, fully perſuaded that there he ſhould hear ſome news of me. The miniſter's wife was not only a relation, but one of her moſt dear and intimate friends; and therefore ſhe was perſuaded that ſhe could not be brought to aſſiſt in the plot without a great deal of reluctance; and did not at all doubt but ſhe ſhould bring her over to her party. The ſervants, who had no orders to prevent her entering, upon her enquiring for Mrs. De ****, immediately told her where ſhe was; and both Valville and my mamma, as I have ſaid, entered the room without any interruption.

At

At the sight of my mamma, Mr. De **** smiled with an air of affability; though, at the same time, I thought he looked a little disconcerted. As to the relations, they saluted her with the utmost gravity, cast upon her a cold and critical look, and then turned away their heads with a visible discontent. Valville seemed to devour them with his eyes; but was obliged to be silent, for it was only on that condition that his mother had consented to take him with her: all the rest of the company appeared attentive and curious; and, indeed, the opening scene promised something very interesting. Mrs. De **** broke silence first. 'Your servant, Madam,' said she to my mamma. 'Indeed we did not expect to see you here: and I am very much afraid you are going to be very angry with me.'—'Why so, Madam?' cried immediately the long, meagre relation, (for I have forgot her name, and have only retained the singularity of her figure) 'why should she be angry with you?' added she, with a tone even more sour and disagreeable than her looks. 'Can we disoblige her in doing her service, and preventing her incurring the reproaches of her whole family?'—'You may think what you please, Madam, of my actions,' returned my benefactress, with an air of indifference; 'but I shall never alter my conduct upon the judgment you form of it: we are of characters too different to be ever of the same opinion; I approve of your sentiments no more than you do mine; and as I do not ask your advice, I do not expect that you should give it.'

Here Valville was as red as fire; his eyes sparkled; and, by his quick breathing, I easily perceived that his heart fluttered, and that it was with the greatest difficulty he contained himself.

'Sir,' continued Mrs. De Valville, addressing herself to the minister, 'it was your lady I intended to wait upon this morning—and here I have found the subject of my visit,' added she, turning towards me. 'I have been informed that one of Mrs. De ****'s women made use of my name to take her from the convent where I had placed her; and I hope she will tell me her reasons for it; for I confess I do not know what to make of such an extraordinary proceeding. Have you all been willing to divert yourselves with my uneasiness? What can be the intention of those who have contrived to rob me of this young person, in whose happiness I interest myself? I am sure, Sir, this project is not your lady's: I cannot be so unjust as not to distinguish her from those persons, who at least must have been at some pains to make her consent to have any share in it. Nor do I accuse you, Sir: you were both, I do not doubt, prevailed upon by the misrepresentations of others. But what pretence could they make use of? Upon what foundation could they undertake such a ridiculous enterprize? With what crime do they charge this young lady?'—'Lady!' interrupted the ill-natured relation, with a satirical air; 'lady! I think I have heard her called Marianne, or Mrs. what do you call her; for as nobody knows her origin, we cannot tell who she is, unless we could conjure. But, perhaps, you have a mind to compliment her a little because she is tolerably genteel.'

Valville, at this discourse, could refrain no longer; he looked upon her with a scornful and bitter smile, which went to her heart. 'My little cousin,' said she to him, 'I know what I say is not agreeable to you; but I think you ought to forbear laughing at it.'—'How now! my great cousin,' returned he; 'if I think it pleasant, why should not I laugh at it?'

'Pray hold your tongue, son!' said Mrs. De Valville immediately. 'As to you, Madam, I desire you would let me speak after my own manner, and as I think proper. If this lady has any thing to do with you, you are at liberty to call her what you please: for my part, I do not scruple to call her Miss, or Lady; and yet, whenever I please, I shall call her Marianne; and this is a liberty I can take without trespassing upon that regard which I think is her due. The care I take of her gives me a right which you cannot pretend to; but it will never induce me to treat her with that contemptuous familiarity which you think yourself authorized to do: every body has a peculiar manner of thinking; and therefore I do not wonder

'der that our thoughts are so opposite. 'I shall never be capable of insulting 'the distressed, for no other reason but 'because they are so. I readily grant 'that Providence has hid from us the 'knowledge of her family; she has 'reason to lament her misfortunes, but 'not to be humbled for them. The 'one is not a natural consequence of 'the other; reason and humanity (not 'to mention religion) must engage us 'to treat persons in her circumstances 'with the utmost tenderness; it is re-'pugnant to our natures, repugnant to 'the soft influences of humanity in our 'breasts, to trample upon those whom 'Providence has brought low: an air 'of disdain must sit upon us with a 'very ill grace, while we make our 'pride cancel all that is humane, all 'that is noble, from our minds; and 'we basely take refuge in a more than 'brutal insensibility. Such misfor-'tunes as hers ought to be regarded, by 'the generous and good, as an equiva-'lent for want of pedigree: but, Ma-'dam, since you know her history, 'you must have been informed, that 'there is such probable evidence, as 'arises almost to a certainty, that her 'father and mother, who were mur-'dered, with their attendants, when she 'was but two years old, were foreigners 'of the greatest distinction. This was 'the opinion that was entertained of 'them at that time. You know they 'had two footmen and a chambermaid; 'that Miss, whose rich cloaths shew-'ed she could belong to nobody but a 'person of quality, so remarkably re-'sembled the lady who was assassinated, 'from whose cold embrace she was 'taken, that it could not be doubted 'that she was her daughter. These 'particulars have been certified by a 'virtuous person, who then took her 'to her charge, brought her up, and 'on her death-bed related every cir-'cumstance to a monk, called Father 'St. Vincent; who is ready to repeat 'the whole.'

Here the disinterested part of the company (I mean those that were not of the family) appeared very much moved; and even some of the relations who were less obstinate than the rest, seemed sensibly affected; particularly Mrs. De ****: and a gentle murmur was raised, which I easily perceived was caused by their beginning to conceive a most favourable opinion of me.

'You see, Madam,' continued my benefactress, 'that all these presump-'tions are in her favour, and suffici-'ently justify my giving her the title 'of Miss or young lady; and prove that 'I could not have refused them her 'without using her ill: I do not pay 'her a mere compliment, but a piece 'of that justice she has a claim to; and 'which nothing but the most pitiful 'and abject pride can make any one 'refuse to a person of her character. 'I am sorry you force me to say, be-'fore her, that her person, which even 'to you appears agreeable, is, indeed, 'her least distinguishing accomplish-'ment; and I assure you, that by her 'wit, the amiable qualities of her 'mind, and by the nobleness of her 'proceeding, she has proved herself to 'be as much a lady as any other person 'of what rank soever. You must con-'fess that these are considerations which 'demand some regard. Her educa-'tion, though simple, has been vir-'tuous; and has laid a foundation for 'that greatness of sentiment, and in-'ward rectitude, which are the bright-'est ornaments of the most splendid, 'the most exalted, stations. And if 'there be any truth in our opinion, 'that virtue runs in the blood, the 'sublimity of her ideas, and the deli-'cacy of her soul, set her in a rank 'vastly superior to most of our quality.'

'Ah, doubtless!' said Valville, who had here room to slide in a word; 'had 'the world thought proper to bestow 'the title of Lady upon none but those 'whose real merit gave them a claim 'to it, how many of our modern qua-'lity would dwindle into plain Molly 'and Kitty: but, happily, they have 'had neither their fathers nor their 'mothers killed; and we know what 'they are.' The company could not help laughing at this agreeable rail-lery. When Mrs. De Valville, after desiring him not to interrupt her, went on.

'However,' resumed she, 'I pro-'tect her; I have been of some service 'to her, and design to continue to be 'so while she stands in need of my as-'sistance: and there are no virtuous 'minds who would not be ready to 'envy the sweet delight I take in ex-

'pressing

'pressing my affection for her, and wish 'themselves in my place, that they 'might experience the same satisfac- 'tion. This appears to me a most 'laudable action, an action that car- 'ries it's own reward with it; and un- 'less it be a crime against the state, for 'the rich to compassionate those who 'are most worthy to be rescued from 'their misfortunes, I do not know 'what I can be charged with: and, 'since it has not yet been proved to 'be one, I must demand a reason, Sir, 'for the audacious attempt made a- 'gainst me, and for the scandalous 'methods they have made use of to 'impose upon you and your lady. I 'am come, Sir, to claim a girl I love; 'who is exceeding dear to me; and 'whom you would love as much as I, 'did you know her as well.'

She stopped here; all the company held their peace; whilst I, with eyes full of tears, gave her a look which expressed all the tender emotions of my soul, and which moved every one but that inexorable relation I have not named, who still shewed the same unrelenting mien she did at first.

When, after a few moment's pause, —'Love her, Madam! love her!' said she, shaking her head; 'who hinders 'you? But do not forget that you 'have relations, whose honour you 'ought not to sully: this is all we de- 'sire of you.'

'Pshaw, Madam! you do not know 'what you say!' cried my mamma, pretty warmly. 'You cannot, surely, 'think, that either you, or any one 'else, have a right to make me alter 'my conduct in this affair: I am nei- 'ther under your tuition, nor theirs. 'I freely grant you all the privilege 'of giving me your advice, but will 'never suffer myself to be reprimand- 'ed. You, Madam, suppose them to 'act and speak; but I am persuaded 'none of them would own what you 'are pleased to make them say.'—'You 'must excuse me, Madam; you must 'excuse me,' cried the harpy; 'we are 'not ignorant of your designs, and 'are justly incensed at them! In short, 'your son loves this little thing too 'much; and, what is worse, you suf- 'fer it!'—'And if, indeed, I did suf- 'fer him to love her,' returned Mrs. De Valville, coolly, 'who is there 'that can hinder him? Who else 'should call him to account? Nay, I 'should have a very ill opinion of my 'son's judgment and character, if he 'had not the highest esteem for this 'little thing, as you are pleased to call 'her; and who, as little as she is, will 'be thought, perhaps, so only by 'those who are superior to her in no- 'thing but their pride.'

The minister, who had attended to this dialogue, smiling all the while, with his eyes fixed on the floor, at these words, began, in order to pre- vent any more replies. 'You are in 'the right, Madam,' said he to Mrs. De Valville; 'I cannot help approving 'your kindness to this amiable young 'lady. You are generous; her mis- 'fortunes render her worthy your 'care: her countenance has something 'expressive of those engaging virtues, 'those noble accomplishments, she is 'possessed of. But it is not the care 'you take of her, nor the good opi- 'nion you have of her, that alarm us; 'the only thing that makes us uneasy, 'is, a report that Mr. De Valville has 'not only the highest esteem for her, 'which is very reasonable, but the 'greatest tenderness, which this young 'lady's beauty renders highly proba- 'ble: in fine, they talk of a marriage 'being about to be concluded, which 'your affection for her, they say, makes 'you so far forget yourself as to con- 'sent to; and this it is that displeases 'your relations.'—'And those rela- 'tions have reason to be displeased at 'it!' interrupted the ill-natured kins- woman. 'Pray, Madam, let me speak,' said the minister, with a calm and se- rious tone: 'this lady deserves to hear 'reason.

'I confess,' resumed he, 'that, 'from what you have told us, it is 'very probable that this young beauty 'is of noble extraction; but the me- 'lancholy catastrophe you have men- 'tioned has cast over it a veil of ob- 'scurity which has something shock- 'ing in it. If this marriage should 'ever be consummated, you would be 'reproached with her misfortunes, 'since they are such as our customs 'will not suffer us to overlook. I 'would pay her the same respect as 'you do; and would not refuse her 'the titles of Miss and Lady, which,

'to all appearance, are her due; titles 'which her ſad misfortunes give her 'an additional claim to: but this 'thought proceeds from a ſentiment 'of generoſity, of which we ſhall 'find very few capable; it is like a pre-'ſent we would make, which every 'body elſe will think themſelves at 'liberty to refuſe. Though they 'would be to blame, they would not 'think ſo: they would tell you, that 'you have nothing certain to build 'your conjectures upon; to which 'you will have nothing to reply; no-'thing to juſtify you in their opinion: 'I do not queſtion but you will freely 'conſent to remove all their ſuſpicions; 'and I have found a very eaſy way for 'you to do it; I have thought of pro-'viding for this young lady in an ad-'vantageous and agreeable manner, 'by marrying her to a young man of 'honeſt parents, whoſe fortune I will 'augment, and with whom ſhe may 'live in a very honourable ſituation. 'I ſent for the lady, to propoſe this 'marriage to her; which, creditable 'and honourable as it is, ſhe refuſes: 'on this, I thought proper to uſe her 'with a little ſeverity; I have even 'threatened to remove her from Paris. 'Nevertheleſs, ſhe inflexibly keeps her 'reſolutions. Join with me, Ma-'dam: your ſervices have given you 'an authority over her; pray, endea-'vour to bring her to hear reaſon. 'There is the young man we are talk-'ing of,' added he, ſhewing her Mr. Villot; who, though pretty genteel, had then the air of an inſignificant fel-low of no conſequence, whoſe only bu-ſineſs was to cringe and obey; to whom it did not belong to have any ſpirit, and whom one might order to retire without doing him an injury. Juſt ſuch a perſon was, then, this pretended lover: I did not ſee any thing like a modeſt baſhfulneſs in his looks; for they only diſcovered the moſt ſervile and abject ſubmiſſion. The miniſter reſumed—

'He is an agreeable, good-tempered 'young man, and will live with this 'lady, as with a perſon to whom he 'will owe the fortune I ſhall, on her 'account, beſtow upon him; and this 'I have recommended him never to 'forget.' To this, Mr. De Villot made no other anſwer, but by bowing almoſt to the ground. 'Do not you 'approve, Madam, of this proceed-'ing?' continued Mr. De ****. 'She 'ſhall ſtay at Paris; and, as you love 'her, ſhe ſhall never be out of your 'ſight.'

At this, my benefactreſs caſt her eyes upon Mr. De Villot, who thanked her for it with another bow; though the manner in which you ſay ſhe viewed him required no acknowledg-ment.

'Alas!' returned ſhe, ſhaking her head, 'this union, I am perſuaded, 'would not be very agreeable; and I 'can hardly think that Marianne will 'ever approve of it. Sir, I flatter 'myſelf that I have, as you ſay, an 'aſcendant over her; but I muſt con-'feſs, that I can never make uſe of it 'on this occaſion; it would be making 'her pay too dear for the ſervices I 'have rendered her: let her decide 'the queſtion; ſhe is her own miſ-'treſs.—Come, Miſs; do you con-'ſent to this propoſal?'

'I have already expreſſed myſelf on 'this ſubject, Madam,' returned I, with a melancholy, reſpectful, and re-ſolute tone: 'I have ſaid I had rather 'remain as I am; and have not yet 'changed my mind. My misfortunes 'are very great; but what adds to 'them very much is, my being born 'with a heart very unſuitable to my 'circumſtances, and which it is im-'poſſible for me to overcome. With 'this heart I could never bring my-'ſelf to love the young man: I ſhould 'never accuſtom myſelf to him; but 'look upon him as one that nature ne-'ver deſigned for me. This thought 'would ever dwell upon my mind; I 'ſhould reproach myſelf with it; but 'ſhould not be able to remove it from 'thence: by this means, I ſhould ren-'der him unhappy, and baniſh all re-'poſe from my own breaſt. Beſides, 'I ſhould never forgive the diſagree-'able life a huſband would be con-'ſtrained to lead with me, who would 'love me, perhaps, whilſt he would be 'the object of my utmoſt reluctance; 'and who might have been happy in 'enjoying the tenderneſs of another 'woman, had he not been burdened 'with me. Pray, then, let this mar-'riage be mentioned no more: how-'ever, I thank you, Sir, for thinking

'of

'of it for me; but, indeed, I ſhall ne-
'ver be able to prevail upon myſelf to
'conſent to it.'

'Tell us, then, what is your reſolu-
'tion?' returned Mr. De ****. 'Had
'you rather be a nun? You ſhall chuſe
'that convent which is moſt agreeable
'to you. Come, think what condition
'will make you eaſy. You would
'not, I dare ſay, ſuffer Mrs. De Val-
'ville to be teazed any longer upon
'your account. Take your choice.'

'No, no,' ſaid my enemy; 'no-
'thing will pleaſe her; ſhe is beloved;
'and ſhe will be married too: every
'thing is agreed upon; the little crea-
'ture will not bate an inch of it; ſhe
'knows what ſhe is doing.—This la-
'dy, they ſay, calls her, already, her
'daughter!' Mr. De ****, at this diſcourſe, immediately ſilenced her by a geſture of diſpleaſure and impatience.

I am forced, Madam, to break off; and muſt make you wait for the reſt till you receive the Seventh Part.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

PART VII.

DO you remember, Madam, that it was so long before you received the Second Part of my history, that you began to suspect I did not intend to send it: the Third was so late, that you thought you should receive no more; and though the Fourth was more expeditious, yet you charged me with laziness; the Fifth preceded your expectations; the Sixth followed it so close, that it surprized you; and here you see the Seventh. Pray, tell me what opinion this gives you of my character? Am I idle? my diligence proves the contrary. Am I diligent? my former sloth insists upon the negative. What am I, then, in this respect? I am what, in general, we all of us are: I am what fancy and humour render me; sometimes worthy of praise, and sometimes of blame. Is not all the world the same? I have confided in the virtues of mankind; and, from their vices, have imagined what would be their actions; but have been often deceived. I have had reason to think they would shew their generosity, and they appeared mean-spirited and covetous: I have thought them covetous, and they proved generous. Formerly, you could not endure the sight of a book; and now you are ever reading: perhaps, in a short time, you will leave your books; and I relapse into my former indolence.

However, let me go on with my history; we are at the ill-natured manner in which my enemy interrupted Mr. De ****: to which I returned—

'You are quite mistaken, indeed, 'Madam,' said I: 'you may make 'yourself entirely easy; for you have 'no reason to be under any apprehen-'sions. It is true, Mrs. De Valville 'has the goodness to be a mother to 'me;' (here I could not smother my sighs) 'and I am obliged, unless I 'would be the most ungrateful crea-'ture upon earth, to love and respect 'her as much as if she was the mother 'who brought me into life: I owe her 'the same dutiful submission, the same 'reverence, and, I think sometimes, 'even much more; for, though I am 'not her child, she treats me as if I 'was. I am not related to her; and 'she might, therefore, without fear of 'censure, have left me in the distress 'in which she found me involved; or, 'however, have satisfied herself with 'shewing a common compassion for 'me, and letting me know that I had 'some share in her esteem: but her 'goodness, her care, her tenderness, 'are inexpressible. I can neither think 'of them, nor look upon her, without 'melting into tears of love and grati-'tude; without telling her that my 'heart, my life, are hers; without 'wishing I had a thousand lives, which, 'if she stood in need of them, I would 'freely give to save hers: and, I thank 'God, I have now an opportunity of 'making this publick declaration; it 'is an infinite satisfaction, the greatest 'I could ever experience, to be able 'thus to give a loose to the transports 'of my affection, and all that zeal and 'admiration with which my heart over-'flows.—

'flows.—Yes, Madam, I am only a 'ſtranger, an unhappy orphan, whom 'God, the Univerſal Parent, ſeemed to 'have abandoned to all imaginable 'evils: but now, though I ſhould be 'told I was the daughter of a queen, 'and was invited to accept of a crown, 'I would refuſe it, rather than be ſe-'parated from her; I could not live 'without her.—I love none with ſuch 'a tender affection as I do you, my 'deareſt friend: you are the only tie I 'have on earth; you, who have re-'ceived me ſo charitably; you, whoſe 'generoſity leads you to love me, not-'withſtanding the efforts of thoſe who 'would make you bluſh for it, and 'though the world deſpiſes me.'

Here, through the tears I was ſhed-ding, I took notice that ſeveral of the company turned away their heads to wipe their eyes. The miniſter looked downwards, and endeavoured to con-ceal his being touched: Valville ſtood as if immoveable, regarding me with a paſſionate air, as if I took up all his thoughts; and my mother let her tears freely flow, without endeavouring to conceal them. 'Thou haſt not ſaid 'all, Marianne,' ſaid ſhe, giving me her hand without any ceremony, which I freely kiſſed: 'proceed; but ſay no 'more of me, ſince it moves thee ſo 'much.'

'You told me, Sir,' reſumed I, 'that you would remove me far from 'Paris, if I refuſed to marry this young 'man: do ſo, if you pleaſe. But I have 'one thing to ſay, which ought to free 'you from your apprehenſions of my 'marrying Mr. De Valville; and that 'is, I give you my word it will never 'be concluded. It is true, Sir, I did 'not aſſure you of it before Mrs. De 'Valville arrived; but I hope you will 'excuſe me when I tell you, that I did 'not think it would be generous in me 'to renounce Mr. De Valville while 'menaces were uſed to compel me to 'it. I thought it would be a piece of 'baſeneſs and ingratitude to ſhew ſuch 'want of reſolution, after he has had 'the courage to love me with ſuch ſin-'cerity and tenderneſs, in ſpite of the 'diſcouraging ſituation in which he 'found me, and which has only ſerved 'to increaſe his affection. This, Sir, 'was my motive. If I had promiſed 'that I would ſee him no more, he 'would have had reaſon to believe that 'I had not the leaſt eſteem for him, 'ſince I ſhould have refuſed to have 'been perſecuted for his ſake: on the 'contrary, my intention was, that he 'ſhould know his generous heart had 'conquered mine; and I am not a-'ſhamed to confeſs it. This, perhaps, 'may be the laſt time I ſhall ſee him; 'and I therefore take hold of it to ac-'quit myſelf of what I owe him; and 'to let both Mrs. De Valville and him 'know, that, what fear and menaces 'could not compel me to, I do now 'out of gratitude to them both.—No, 'Madam—no, Mr. De Valville—you 'are both too dear to me: I can never 'be the cauſe of the reproaches you 'would ſuffer; nor of the ſhame, they 'ſay, you might draw upon yourſelves. 'The world diſdains, it rejects me; 'and, as we ſhall never be able to cor-'rect it's prejudices, we muſt humour 'them. You think it is unjuſt; but 'it does not become me to think ſo too; 'I ſhould be too much a gainer by 'that: I will only ſay you are gene-'rous; and I will never abuſe the af-'fection that makes you ſcorn it's 'cuſtoms. The blame that would fall 'upon you, would coſt me my life; 'and, if I did not prevent it, I ſhould 'be unworthy of your goodneſs. A-'las! how greatly would you then 'think yourſelf deceived! You would 'then reflect, that I had not the diſin-'tereſted character your affection now 'flatters me with: this is the only 'way to preſerve your eſteem. Mr. 'De Climal has been ſo kind as to 'leave me ſomething to live upon; and 'that is ſufficient for a girl, who, in 'quitting you, leaves all that is dear 'behind her; all the charms, all the 'ſweets, of life: and, after this, will 'have nothing more worthy her care; 'no other loſs worth regretting. I will 'immure myſelf in a convent for life; 'where I ſhall ſee nobody but my dear 'mamma, whom I beg not to deprive 'me of her company too ſuddenly, and 'that ſhe would be ſo kind as to ſee me 'ſometimes.—Theſe, Sir, are my de-'ſigns; and, if you ſuſpect my ſince-'rity, ſend me far from hence accord-'ing to your firſt intentions.'

A torrent of tears concluded my diſcourſe. Valville, pale and dejected, ſeemed unable to ſupport his trouble: his mother was going to anſwer me; when the miniſter prevented her, by turning

turning ſuddenly to her relations. 'Ladies,' ſaid he to them, with a lively air of ſatisfaction, 'what anſwer can 'be made to what we have heard? For 'my part, I can make none; and I de-'clare, that I will interfere no more in 'it. Would you have me oppoſe the 'eſteem Mrs. De Valville has for vir-'tue, which we all ought to approve? 'Would you have me endeavour to 'ſtrip it of it's charms? You and I 'have no ſuch thoughts; and there-'fore authority has nothing to do here.' And then turning to his lady's nurſe's ſon—'Retire, Villot,' ſaid he. 'Ma-'dam, I return you your daughter, and 'all the power you have over her: you 'have been to her a mother; nor could 'ſhe have found a better; ſhe is wor-'thy of all your care and tenderneſs.—'Go, Miſs; forget what is paſſed, and 'let it be as if it had never been: let 'not your being ignorant of your birth 'diſturb you; though the nobleneſs of 'your extraction is unknown, that of 'your mind is beyond all diſpute; 'and, were I to chuſe, I ſhould prefer 'the latter.'

Here he was going to withdraw; but, ſeized with a ſudden tranſport, I threw myſelf at his feet with a rapidity more eloquent and more expreſſive than all I could have ſaid; nor could I utter a word to thank him for the gracious ſentiments he had expreſſed in my fa-vour: he raiſed me immediately, with an air that ſhewed that this action agree-ably ſurprized and moved him.

'Riſe, my lovely child!' ſaid he; 'you owe me nothing; I only do you 'juſtice.' Then addreſſing himſelf to the ladies—'She will not be ſatisfied 'till ſhe makes us all love her,' added he; 'and I do not ſee how we can avoid 'it.—Take her with you, Madam,' ſaid he to my mamma; 'carry her 'back: you muſt take care of your 'ſon, if he loves her; for, after the 'amiable qualities we have ſeen in her, 'I would neither anſwer for him nor 'any one elſe. You muſt, after all, do as 'you think proper; for it is your own 'buſineſs.'—'Without doubt,' ſaid Mrs. De ****: 'I am very ſorry we 'have given Mrs. De Valville this 'trouble to-day; I did all I could to 'prevent it.'—'Well, ladies,' returned the haughty kinſwoman, 'I think you 'have nothing to do now but to con-'gratulate your couſin: pray embrace 'her before-hand; you will run no 'riſque in it; for ſhe will ſoon be one 'of the family. As for me, I hope 'you will diſpenſe with it, notwith-'ſtanding the incomparable nobleneſs 'of her heart: I am not, indeed, apt 'to be wrought upon by ſuch roman-'tick virtues.—Adieu, my little ad-'venturer! you are now, it ſeems, 'only a lady of quality, they ſay: but 'you will not ſtop here; we ſhall be 'very happy if you do not perſuade 'them to believe, by-and-by, that you 'are a princeſs.' Inſtead of anſwer-ing her, I advanced towards my mo-ther, took hold of her hand, kiſſed it, and bathed it with tears of joy. The ill-natured relation aroſe up in a rage; and, as ſhe was going, aſked the two ladies if they would not follow her. On this they aroſe, more out of com-plaiſance to her than enmity to me: it was very viſible that they did not at all approve of her behaviour; and only went for fear of diſobliging her. One of them, as ſhe was going, whiſpered to Mrs. De Valville—'She brought us 'with her,' ſaid ſhe; 'and would ne-'ver forgive us if we ſtaid behind her.' Valville, who was now come to him-ſelf, could not look at her without laughing: the ill ſucceſs of her enter-prize had diſarmed his reſentment. 'Does your coach wait for you, Ma-'dam?' ſaid he; 'or ſhall we ſet you 'down?'—'Let me alone,' cried ſhe; 'your ſatisfaction excites my pity.' She then ſaluted Mrs. De ****; and, without caſting her eyes on Mrs. De Valville, went out with the above-men-tioned ladies.

She was no ſooner gone, than the reſt of the company aſſembled about me; and every one paid me ſome obliging compliment. 'I cannot help reproach-'ing myſelf,' ſaid the miniſter's lady to my mamma, 'for entering into their 'intrigue; I am vexed that they were 'able to teaze me into it: we could 'not not be more in the wrong than 'we were.—Is it not true, ladies!'—'Pray, do not mention it any more; 'we are quite aſhamed of it!' replied they. 'How amiable ſhe is! we have 'nothing ſo ſweetly charming in all 'Paris!'—'Nor, perhaps, ſo truly va-'luable!' returned Mrs. De ****; 'I cannot tell how to expreſs the in-'quietude I was in during the whole 'dialogue: and I confeſs I never was

'better

'better pleased with Mr. De ****; 'for what he has just said is extremely 'equitable.'—'I confess,' said one of the gentlemen I had seen in the anti-chamber, 'that I should have been in 'a great deal of pain if we had had 'any other judge but Mr. De ****; 'but his known justice would not suf-'fer me to doubt a moment.'—'For my 'part, I ought to beg his pardon for 'my fears,' said Valville, who had hitherto listened with an air of inward satisfaction; at which they all smiled. It grew late; and my mamma took her leave of the minister's lady, who embraced her in the most friendly manner, as if she intended to make her forget the assistance she had given to her enemies. She then did me the honour to embrace me too; a favour I received with all possible respect: and then we retired.

Scarce were we got into the anti-chamber, when we met Mrs. Catharine, who told us she was sent by the minister to wait upon us to the last convent, to desire them to return my cloaths, which they might not be willing to do if we went without her; unless Mrs. De Valville chose to defer going thither till another time. I did not know the way thither; besides, we were willing to conclude this affair directly, and therefore readily consented to her offer: the woman then followed us, and stepped into the coach. She had immediately lost that familiar behaviour she had before assumed; she seemed ashamed of the difference there was between us: every one has her own little pride; we were no longer companions; and that gave her a visible confusion. My joy was too exquisite to permit me to increase her disorder; and my triumph too sweet to suffer me to amuse myself with an ill-natured vanity: besides, I never had a heart capable of desiring to give another pain. Our conversation was very much reserved all the way, on account of her company. Something, however, that passed, made her tell us that Mrs. De Fare was the cause of this uproar; though she would not consent to join with the rest of the relations against me: she had not spoken with a design to prejudice me; but only to give herself the pleasure of being indiscreet, and revealing a thing she thought surprizing.

We soon arrived at the convent; when I stepped down with the servant. 'There is no occasion for me to ap-'pear,' said my mamma; 'and I think 'it sufficient for this young woman to 'go alone to demand your cloaths, 'without taking notice that we are 'here.'—'Permit me to go, Madam,' said I: 'the kindness the abbess has 'expressed for me, requires that I 'should return her my thanks; which 'cannot be dispensed with without the 'appearance of ingratitude.'—'You 'are in the right, child; I did not 'know that,' returned she: 'go; but 'make haste; tell her that I wait for 'you, and that I am so fatigued, that 'I cannot possibly come down; be as 'speedy as you can; you may come to 'see her another time.' Not to be tedious, I entered the convent, and had my box returned to me. The nuns I had seen before, came to congratulate me on the success of my adventure: the abbess gave me fresh testimonies of the most sincere affection; she wished I would pass the rest of the day with her; but I could not comply with her request. 'My mamma,' said I, 'is at 'the gate of your convent in her 'coach: she would have seen you if 'she had not been indisposed; she de-'sires to be excused; and I am obliged 'to leave you.'—'What! that tender 'mother whom I esteem so much?' cried she. 'Is she here? How glad 'should I be to see her! Go, Miss, 'and endeavour to persuade her to 'come in for a moment: if I could go 'out, I would wait upon her myself; 'but, if it is too late, tell her that I 'entreat her to do me the honour to 'come another time with you.' Here she dismissed me; a servant carried my box of cloaths to the coach; and then we parted. My mamma told me I should dine with her, and not return to the other convent till the evening. 'You must be a little longer in that 'house,' said she, 'if it be only on ac-'count of what has happened, and the 'uneasiness I have expressed there on 'your account.' Meanwhile the coach was going on, and presently stopped in the court of Mrs. De Valville's house; when she dismissed Mrs. De ****'s servant, walked in, and went up stairs.

The housekeeper who pulled off my stocking after my fall in returning from church, was no longer in the family; and the valet that had followed me in the

the hackney-coach to Mrs. Du Tour's, and brought me letters from Valville to the convent, I found was sick; so none of the servants knew who I was. The reason why I mention this is, while I was going up stairs with my mother, I had a reflection which exceedingly damped my joy: methought I was going to meet the above-mentioned housekeeper, and some of the footmen, who would infallibly know me again. 'Ha! the girl that was brought here 'who had hurt her foot,' thought I, they would say as soon as they saw me: 'the little linen-draper whom we 'took for a lady, who was carried to 'Mrs. Du Tour's.' This reflection mortified me; and I was afraid Valville, too, would be a little ashamed of me; though his love might make him regardless of their censure: but, happily, we were not exposed to this disagreeable scene; and I was at leisure to taste the pleasure of being with my mother, with as high a satisfaction as if I had been in my own house. 'Now, my dear,' said she, 'let me embrace thee without restraint: 'what a happy turn have our affairs 'taken! They suspect, they foresee, our 'designs; but do not disapprove them. 'The prime-minister has dispensed with 'your promise in returning you to me; 'and, thank Heaven! they will no 'longer be surprized at any thing that 'passes. Thou hast said, my dear, 'the tenderest things of me this morn-'ing; but, indeed, the uneasiness I 'have suffered on thy account makes 'me deserve them. Thou hast had a 'great deal of affliction too; is it not 'true? Didst thou reflect on what I 'should suffer? What were thy thoughts 'of thy mamma?'

She had seated herself in an easy-chair, and I sat by her, before she addressed me in this manner; when I gave myself over to a sudden transport of gratitude; I threw myself at her feet, kissed her hand, and lifted up my eyes swimming with tenderness and gratitude. 'My dear mother,' said I, 'Mr. De Valville is very dear to me; 'I have publickly acknowledged it: 'but that cannot prevent my telling 'you, that you are a thousand times 'more in my thoughts than he. It is 'my mother that has engrossed my 'soul; it was her affection; her good-'ness——what will she do! what will 'she not do! was all the language of 'my soul. I could not tell whether 'you would succeed in extricating me 'from my difficulties; but my most 'earnest wishes were, that my dear 'mother might not be afflicted at the 'thought of never seeing me more: I 'desired a hundred times more your ten-'derness than my own deliverance; and 'would rather have endured all than 'have been abandoned by you. I was 'full of these thoughts; so extremely 'agitated by them, that I could not 'help having some inquietude, which 'I now reproach myself with; but 'which lasted only for a moment. I 'thought of Mr. De Valville too; and 'found that I could not bear his for-'saking me without being filled with 'an affliction too great to be expressed. 'But your affection, Madam, was my 'principal concern: your heart was 'still more necessary for the repose of 'mine, than his seemed to be. How 'kind has been your behaviour! How 'many obligations have you conferred 'upon me! And how sweet is the re-'flection of being dear to those we 'love!'

Mrs. De Valville listened to me with a smile of complacency. 'Arise, my 'dear,' said she at last: 'you make 'me forget that I am to blame you for 'your imprudence yesterday morning. 'I wonder you should let yourself be 'carried away by a woman entirely 'unknown to you; who came to fetch 'you without a note from me; and in 'a coach, too, which was not mine. 'Where were your wits, not to take 'notice of all this, especially after the 'suspicious visit you had received the 'day before from the skeleton you 'so well described? Did not her me-'naces intimate some design against 'you? And should not they have given 'you some distrust? You are a little 'giddy-brained creature! And, pray, 'while you stay in the convent, re-'member I would not have you leave 'it without that woman who is just 'gone out of the room,' (she spoke of her chambermaid) 'or a letter from 'me, when I do not go for you myself; 'do you mind?'

She had no sooner said this, than the dinner was brought in. Valville and I ate very little: my mamma took notice of it; and, with a smile, said —'Your joy, I fancy, takes away 'your stomachs.'—'Yes, Madam,' returned Valville, in the same agree-

able tone; 'we cannot give up our 'minds to many things at once.' When dinner was over, Mrs De Valville went into her own room, and we followed her. She then went into a small closet, and called me. I went to her. 'Give 'me thy hand,' said she to me; let us 'see if this ring will fit thee.' It was set with a very large and beautiful brilliant. 'I see a picture,' returned I, while she was trying it on, 'that I 'should value more than all the rings 'and jewels in the universe. Let us 'make an exchange, Madam,' added I: 'give me the picture, and I will re-'turn you thering.'—'Have patience, 'child,' replied she; 'it shall be placed 'in your room, when you take posses-'sion of it; and that will be very soon. 'Where do you put your money, Ma-'rianne?' she rejoined: 'I think you 'have never a purse. Here is one neat-'ly wrought,' said she, opening a drawer, and taking it out; 'make use 'of this.'—'I thank you, Madam,' returned I: 'but where must I put all 'the love, the respect, the gratitude, I 'have for you? Methinks I have more 'than can be contained in the narrow 'limits of my heart.' At this she smiled. Valville, who stood at the closet-door, was almost in raptures at hearing us talk to each other with this sweet and easy familiarity. 'Do you 'know, Madam, what we must do?' said he: 'let us put your daughter as 'soon as possible in possession of the 'room where you design to hang your 'picture; she will be more able to sup-'port the love she has for you, by be-'ing at hand to pour it when she pleases 'into your bosom.'—'That we are 'going to talk on presently,' returned Mrs. De Valville. 'Come, I will shew 'her the apartment which was mine 'while your father lived.'

We then went into a large anti-chamber, which I had seen before, in which there was a door opposite to that of the room we left, which opened into an apartment more spacious, and better furnished, than Mrs. De Valville's; and which, as well as hers, had the prospect of a fine garden. 'Well, my 'dear,' said she, smiling, 'how do you 'like this room? Will not your time 'pass sluggishly here, and make you 'regret your dear convent?' Transported with the most ravishing joy, I burst into tears; and, casting myself into her arms—'O dear Madam!' returned I in an affectionate tone, 'what 'charms are here for me! How delight-'ful will it be to be always so near 'you!' I had scarce finished these words, when the porter's whistle informed us we were going to be troubled with company *. Mrs. De Valville was concerned at our being interrupted: she went to her apartment, and I followed her. Two ladies presently entered the room, who were entirely unknown to me, as I was to them; they, perhaps, thought me a relation of the family; and came to pay us one of those indifferent visits which consists in trifling away an idle hour, exchanging a few troublesome compliments, and then parting with a perfect indifference to each other. I shall only observe, that one of these two ladies talked very little, and had hardly any share in the conversation; she bridled her head, threw herself into a variety of different attitudes, and seemed wholly taken up with the charms of her dear incomparable person. It is true, she would have been very agreeable, if she had taken less pains to shew that she was so; but her vanity spoiled all, and stripped her of every natural beauty. There are many like her, who would appear extremely amiable, if they could but forget a little that they are so. Every action, every gesture, in this person, was only designed to make her be taken notice of, and to fill her beholders with admiration. This was the height of her ambition; and she seemed to live for nothing else. I believe she thought me pretty agreeable, because she only regarded me with a side-glance, full of an affected negligence; and hardly seemed to take notice that I was there, as if she would have it thought that she saw nothing in me but what was common, and below her regard. But one thing, however, betrayed her; her eyes were incessantly fixed on Valville, to observe which of the two he took most notice of, she or I; and shewed that she feared he would give me the preference.

The other lady was a good deal older; and was of a very grave, and yet very trifling disposition: she spoke, with the

* It is a custom in France, when persons of quality receive a visit, for the porter at the door to whistle to give the servants notice of it.

utmost

utmoſt ſerioufneſs and dignity, of a coach that was making for her; of an entertainment ſhe had given; of a viſit ſhe had made; of a ſtory ſhe had from a certain marchioneſs; and then what an ingenious repartee ſhe made the other day to Mrs. What-do-you-call-her, who, becauſe ſhe is rich frequently forgets herſelf, and preſumes not to make a proper difference between herſelf and women of a certain diſtinction. Theſe, and a thouſand other ſubjects, equally trifling and vain, were the topicks of her converſation: during which we had ſeveral other viſits no leſs tedious and impertinent; ſo that it was late before we could diſengage ourſelves from them; and it grew time for me to be carried back to my convent. My mamma haſtened my going, becauſe ſhe was weary, and wanted to take ſome repoſe. We ſoon arrived at the convent, where we ſaw the abbeſs in her parlour; and my mother, in a few words, told her the concluſion of my adventure: and, after promiſing to come to ſee me again the next day, or the day after, ſhe retired.

About twelve o'clock, the ſecond day, Mrs. De Valville came to fetch me, according to her promiſe. I dined with her and Valville; and our marriage was the ſubject of the converſation. At the ſame time they told me that Valville was endeavouring to get a conſiderable poſt, which he would ſoon be inveſted with; that it would not be above three weeks at fartheſt before he obtained it; and that it was reſolved we ſhould be married as ſoon as that affair ſhould be concluded. Nothing could be more poſitive. Valville diſcovered a mind full of joy; and my ſatisfaction was ſo exceſſive, that it took away my ſpeech, and I could only expreſs it by the grateful looks I caſt at my mamma. 'This is not all,' ſaid ſhe; 'I intend to ſet out this evening, 'for eight or ten days, to my country-'ſeat; where I ſhall reſt myſelf from 'the fatigues I have undergone ſince 'my brother's death; and I deſign to 'take thee along with me, whilſt my 'ſon goes to paſs ſome time at Ver-'ſailles, where his affairs call him.'— 'What! ten or twelve days with you at 'once! How delightful is the thought!' returned I. 'But pray, Madam, do 'not change your mind.'—'Never 'fear it, child,' ſaid ſhe; and immediately went into her cloſet to write to the abbeſs, that ſhe would take me with her into the country: the letter was ſent directly, and we ſet out two hours after.

Our journey was not very long, her ſeat being only three leagues from Paris. Valville ſtole away from Verſailles two or three times to ſee us there; he did not take poſſeſſion of his poſt ſo ſoon as he imagined; ſeveral unforeſeen difficulties drew out this affair to a conſiderable length, though we expected it would be concluded every day: in ſhort, we returned from the country; and my mamma placed me again in the convent, where ſhe did not think I ſhould ſtay above a week. However, a month paſſed away; in which time I went ſometimes to dine with her, and ſometimes with Mrs. Dorſin.

During this interval Valville appeared as tender and paſſionate as ever; but more gay than uſual: in a word, his love ſeemed not to decreaſe, though he had more patience under the incidents that prolonged the concluſion of his affairs. The laſt time ſhe carried me to my convent, Valville deſired my mamma to let him attend us: his company had been that day very charming; methought he had never before loved me ſo much; nor expreſſed it in a more graceful, gallant, and lively manner. But ſo much the worſe; his wit and gallantry were ill omens of my approaching uneaſineſs: his love, probably, was then leſs ſerious and violent; and he told me agreeable things only to diſguiſe the ſentiments of his heart, which began to loſe it's tenderneſs. However, he deſired to attend us. Mrs. De Valville at firſt refuſed it; but afterwards conſented to it. 'Well,' ſaid ſhe, 'I grant you leave, 'on condition that you ſtay in the 'coach, and do not ſhew yourſelf, while 'I ſtep in for a moment to ſpeak to 'the abbeſs.' From this piece of complaiſance ſprang the moſt poignant grief I think I had ever before experienced.

A lady of great diſtinction had brought her daughter, the evening before, to our convent; whom ſhe intended to place there as a boarder, till ſhe returned from a voyage ſhe was going to make to England, to take poſſeſſion of an eſtate that had fallen to her by the death of her mother. This

lady's husband died in France not long before: he was an English lord, whose zeal for his king had induced him, like many others, to leave his country. His widow, whose jointure had been her only resource, was going to sell it, together with her new estate, with a design to return to France, where she chose to reside. She had then made an agreement with the abbess, that her daughter should enter the next day into the convent, and had just brought her when we arrived; so that we found her coach in the court. We had but just stepped out of ours, when we saw those two ladies coming down from the parlour, where they had had a short conversation with the abbess. They had already opened the door of the convent to receive the young lady; who, casting her eyes into the convent, and on the nuns who waited to receive her; and then turning and casting a look upon her mother, who was all in tears; she suddenly fainted away between her arms. The mother, almost as weak as the daughter, would have been unable to prevent her falling down the last pair of stairs which they were going to descend, if a footman, who belonged to her, had not made haste to support them both.

This accident, of which Mrs. De Valville and I were spectators, made us cry out, and run to help them, and assist the footman, who had much ado to support them, and prevent their both falling down stairs together. 'Help, ladies! quick! I entreat you: 'I believe my daughter is dying!' cried the mother, all in tears, with the tone of a person in distress. The nuns, who were at the door of the convent, called the servant, who came running, and opened the door of a little room where she lay, and which happily was near the stair-case of the parlour. Here they endeavoured to carry the young lady: we entered it, with her mother, whom Mrs. De Valville supported, who we feared would follow her daughter.

Valville, touched at this moving spectacle, part of which he had seen, as well as we, from the coach, forgot that he ought not to have appeared; and, without allowing himself time for reflection, ran into this little room. They had laid the young lady on the servant's bed; and she and I were unlacing her, to facilitate her respiration when he came in. Her head lay upon the pillow; one of her arms hung out of the bed, and the other was extended upon her side: and both, I must confess, were of an admirable form. Her eyes, though closed, had a particular charm; and I never saw any thing so moving as her countenance, on which death was painted: but it was an image which was only affecting, but not at all frightful. At this sight one would rather have chose to say that she does not live, than that she is dead. I am at a loss how to give you an idea of the impression she made upon me, any other way than by desiring you to distinguish these two expressions, which, though at first they appear to signify the same thing, have, nevertheless, a very different signification: she seemed then to be deprived of life, without having the deformity of death. In short, with that beautiful face thus reclined, with those delicate features, whose fading charms it were impossible not to lament; which, though we imagine them to be gone, are far from being so, since they take a nearer way to soften the heart, and inspire with tender pity; with those beautiful eyes, gracefully closed; there cannot be imagined an object more interesting, nor a situation more proper to affect the soul.

Valville was behind us, and had his eyes fixed upon her; I looked at him several times without his perceiving it: she took up all his thoughts. I was a little surprized to see it; but went no farther, and inferred nothing from it. Mrs. De Valville felt in her pocket for a smelling-bottle, which contained a spirit that was esteemed of the greatest efficacy in cases like this, but she had left it at home. Valville, who had one of them, suddenly approached, and made way through us with precipitation; and, putting one knee to the ground, tried to make her snuff up some of the spirit, and poured some into her mouth: this, added to our endeavours, brought her to herself, and made her half open her eyes, which she cast with a languid glance upon Valville; when he cried, with a tone which I thought as tender and affectionate as it was singular—'Come, 'Miss, take some more; snuff it up 'again.' And then, with a gesture

that

Plate V.

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that was doubtleſs involuntary, took one of her hands, which he preſſed between his; but which I immediately took from him, without knowing why. 'Softly, Sir!' ſaid I; 'we ſhould not 'diſturb her too much.' He did not ſeem to hear me: but all this ſeemed, on both ſides, as only the effect of that embarraſſment our uneaſineſs and eager deſire of aſſiſting her occaſioned. He was going to apply his ſmelling-bottle again to her noſe, when ſhe ſighed; opened her eyes quite; lift up her hand I held in mine, and let it fall upon Valville's arm; who took hold of it, and ſtill continued on his knee before her. 'Lord!' cried ſhe, 'where 'am I?' Valville held her hand ſtill; and I thought he preſſed it, and did not ſeem to think of riſing. The lady at laſt recovered her ſpirits; fixed her eyes upon Valville; and gently drew away her hand, without taking her eyes from him: and, as by the bottle he held in his hand, ſhe gueſſed that he had contributed to her recovery—'I 'am very much obliged to you, Sir,' ſaid ſhe. 'Where is my mamma? Is 'ſhe here ſtill?'

That lady was at her bed's-head in a chair, in which they had placed her, and had hitherto been only able to ſigh and weep. 'I am here, daughter,' replied ſhe. 'O my dear Varthon! how 'you have frightened me! Here are la-'dies to whom you are very much o-'bliged; as well as to this gentleman.'

Valville ſtill continued in the ſame poſture: I repeat it to you, becauſe I began to be uneaſy at it. The young lady returned perfectly to herſelf, looked around her upon us, and fixed her eyes again upon him; and then, perceiving the diſorder ſhe was in, and that ſhe was unlaced, appeared confuſed, and out of countenance, and put her hand upon her ſtays. 'Will not 'you ariſe, Sir?' ſaid I to Valville: 'all is over; the young lady has no 'longer any need of your aſſiſtance.' —'That is true,' returned he, with ſome diſorder, and without ceaſing to look at her. 'I would fain get up,' ſaid ſhe, leaning upon her mother, who helped her as well as ſhe could. I was going to give her my hand, when Valville prevented me, and offered her his with an eager precipitation.

So much earneſtneſs and aſſiduity on his ſide did not at all pleaſe me; but I could give no reaſon why I diſapproved of it. This little uneaſineſs made me act thus, without knowing what I did. How ſhould I have known the motive? And, to all appearance, Valville behaved as innocently as myſelf. However, ſomething extraordinary paſſed in his mind; for you have ſeen the rude manner in which I ſpoke to him two or three times, without his taking notice of it: he was not ſo ſurprized at it as he would have been at another time; or elſe he bore it as one who was conſcious that he deſerved it, and that I only did him juſtice. But to proceed.

The nuns were ſtill waiting till the lady ſhould be ready to go into the convent. She thanked Mrs. De Valville and I, with a very good grace, and a modeſt air, for the ſervice we had rendered her: but I imagined that ſhe ſeemed a little more embarraſſed in the compliments ſhe paid Mr. De Valville, and caſt down her eyes when ſhe ſpoke to him. 'Come, Madam,' added ſhe, to her mother; 'to-morrow is the day 'of your departure: you have no 'time to loſe; and I muſt enter the 'convent.' On this they embraced, not without ſhedding many tears. I ſuppreſs the polite compliments that paſſed between Mrs. De Valville and the Engliſh lady: this laſt related, in a few words, the reaſons which obliged her to leave her daughter in the convent. 'My dear,' ſaid my mamma, ſeeing them embrace for the laſt time, 'ſince you will have the honour of 'having this young lady's company, 'endeavour to gain her friendſhip, 'and forget nothing that may contri-'bute to comfort her.'—'This is ex-'tremely kind,' ſaid the Engliſh lady; 'it encourages me, in my turn, to 'take the liberty to recommend her to 'you.' To which Mrs. De Valville replied, that ſhe begged leave to take her daughter to her houſe when ſhe ſhould come for me; which was accepted by the other with all imaginable tokens of gratitude.

Valville ſaid not a word to all this: I obſerved his eyes oftener fixed upon the young lady than upon me; which, though it did not pleaſe me, I attributed only to the impulſe of curioſity. How was it poſſible to ſuſpect him who had loved me ſo tenderly; and had, the ſame day, given me ſuch delightful proofs of his paſſion? who was ſo dear

to

to me; whom I had often told so; and who seemed charmed at being sure of it? Sure, did I say? perhaps he was too much so. Some minds, filled with a false and unmanly delicacy, relax in their tenderness as soon as they know they have gained ours. The desire of pleasing is attended with infinite charms, and prompts them to a behaviour that is accompanied with a real satisfaction; but as soon as they have found the way to our hearts, they are unemployed, and they neglect the person they think they have conquered.

However, the young lady, in return to the affection Mrs. De Valville recommended me to have for her, came very gracefully to me, threw her arms about my neck, and asked my friendship. This action, which was performed in the most frank and amiable manner, exceedingly moved me: I should not, perhaps, have behaved thus to her; though she did not appear unworthy of being loved; but my heart did not speak for her; or, to talk more intelligibly, I found a fund of coldness and indifference there, which I should have found some difficulty to overcome, though it could not withstand her caresses. I returned them with all the sensibility of which I was capable, and interested myself sincerely in her concerns: she, at last, tore herself from the embraces of her mother, and retired into the convent; when I called to let her know that I would be with her as soon as we had seen the abbess, with whom Mrs. De Valville desired to have a short conversation.

Her mother stepped into the coach, bathed in tears; and the next day set out for England. Mrs. De Valville went, for a moment, to speak to the abbess; saw me enter into the convent; and went to rejoin Valville, who had placed himself in the coach, where he waited for her. He left us just as we were going into the parlour to speak with the abbess, when I thought he did not seem less tender than usual: there was only one thing wanting; and that was, he forgot to ask his mother when he should see me again; and this forgetfulness I called to mind about a quarter of an hour after I had been in the convent. But our minds had been disconcerted; the young lady's accident had confused our ideas, and engrossed all our thoughts: besides, had not my mother said that she would return the next day, or the day after, and was not that sufficient? Thus I excused him; and blamed myself for being so foolish as to remark such a trifling instance of forgetfulness.

I was received by the abbess, the nuns of my acquaintance, and the boarders, in the most obliging manner: I have already told you they loved me, and that was very true; and especially the nun who had so agreeably vindicated me, and mortified the pride of the haughty boarder I have mentioned. After I had thanked them for the joy they expressed at my return, I ran to my new companion, whom I found in a deep melancholy, leaning upon a table in a thoughtful posture: she arose as soon as she perceived me, and came forward to embrace me, with all the marks of an extreme pleasure. It would have been difficult not to love her: her behaviour was simple, engaging, and tender; and, in fine, she had a heart in every respect like her manners. This is an eulogium which I cannot refuse her in spite of all the uneasiness she cost me. I soon conceived the most tender inclination for her; and hers for me, she said, began as soon as she saw me; when she could receive no other consolation but what sprang from the thought of having me for her companion.

'Promise me that you will love me, 'and that we shall be inseparable,' added she, squeezing my hand, and with a tone and look whose sweetness penetrated my soul and constrained my belief; so that we tied the strictest knot of friendship, and our interests became inseparable. She was like a foreigner in a strange country, (though she was born in France) since she was separated from all her friends. Her father was dead; her mother was gone to England, and, possibly, might die there, and this be an eternal adieu; and the next day might let her know she was an orphan. I was one: but, though my misfortunes far exceeded those she had reason to apprehend, yet she was in danger of experiencing some part of them, and of being in a condition nearly resembling mine. This reflection attached me nearer to her; and I seemed to find in her a per-

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ſon more really my companion than any other. She poured her grief into my boſom; we ſoftened each other; and, in that effuſion of tender and generous ſentiments, to which our hearts abandoned themſelves, ſhe entertained me with the misfortunes of her family; and I, in return, related mine: but I did it to my own advantage; not, indeed, out of vanity; it was only the pure effect of the diſpoſition of my mind. My ſtory became intereſting: I expreſſed myſelf in a language ſublime and pathetick; I ſpoke like a victim of fortune, or the heroine of a romance; who, though ſhe may ſay nothing but what is true, adorns that truth with every thing that can render it moving. Thus I appeared like a noble unfortunate: in a word, I deceived her in nothing; nor was I capable of that, but only repreſented things in words ſuited to the diſpoſition of my mind, which was tender and elevated by a crowd of affecting ideas. The agreeable Miſs Varthon liſtened to me with concern; ſhe ſighed with me, and mingled her tears with mine.

I gave her the hiſtory of my infancy; the character of my dear friends the vicar and his ſiſter, with her arrival at Paris; and treated them with the ſame dignity as my own adventures: then I repreſented the ſituation I was in after her death, in the moſt melting language. I mentioned Father St. Vincent: Mr. De Climal I did not name; my reſpect and tenderneſs for his memory prevented me, though I told the injury he had done me, his repentance, and the reparation he had made me; even Mrs. Du Tour, with whom he placed me; Mrs. De Valville, to whom I gave no other name than that of a lady I had met with. I did not omit my fall in coming from church; nor the amiable young gentleman of a noble family, to whoſe houſe I had been carried; and ſhould, perhaps, in the ſequel of my hiſtory, have told her that this was the ſame who had aſſiſted her; that the lady ſhe had juſt ſeen was his mother; and that I was upon the point of marrying her ſon, had we not been interrupted by a lay-ſiſter, who entered the room to tell us that ſupper was on the table, which made me break off at Mrs. De Valville's entering the church: ſo that this young lady could apply nothing that I had ſaid to any of the perſons ſhe had ſeen with me.

We then went to ſupper. Miſs Varthon, during this repaſt, complained of a violent pain in her head, which increaſing, obliged her to riſe from table, and to return into her room, whither I followed her; but, as ſhe had need of repoſe, after an embrace, I retired; without having had any of the incidents which attended her fainting in my mind.

I aroſe next morning, earlier than ordinary, in order to wait upon her; when I found they were going to bleed her: alarmed at this ſight, which I thought a preſage of an approaching fit of illneſs, I burſt into tears; ſhe ſqueezed my hand, and endeavoured to remove my fears. 'It is nothing at 'all, my dear friend,' ſaid ſhe; 'it 'is only a ſlight indiſpoſition, pro-'ceeding from my mind's being too 'much agitated yeſterday, which has 'cauſed a little fever; that is all.' She was in the right; the bleeding calmed her diſorder; the next day ſhe found herſelf better: and this little indiſpoſition, of which I had been ſo ſenſible, ſerved only as a proof of my affection for her, and to increaſe hers for me, which the condition I fell into myſelf put to a harder trial.

She was but juſt up the next day, when I went into her room to fetch my work, which lay upon her table; but I was ſeized with ſuch a dizzineſs as made me call for help. There were none in the room but herſelf and the nun my friend: they both immediately haſted to my relief. My dizzineſs went off, and I ſat down; but it returned from time to time: I then found a difficulty of breathing; then a heavineſs upon my ſenſes; and at laſt an almoſt total privation of them. The nun felt my pulſe, and appeared uneaſy; but ſaid nothing that might alarm me: ſhe propoſed I ſhould be put to bed; and Miſs Varthon and ſhe carried me into my room. I would fain have reſiſted my diſorder, and have perſuaded myſelf that nothing ailed me; but I could hold it out no longer: they put me to bed; and I deſired them to leave me.

They had ſcarce left the room, when a letter was brought me from Mrs. De Valville: it contained only two lines; which were as follow.

'I have

'I Have not been able to see thee these
'two days: do not be uneasy, my
'dear; to-morrow, about noon, I will
'come and take thee with me.'

'Is there no other note, sister?' said I to the nun who brought it. I asked this, because I imagined Valville might have wrote me a letter, since he had so good an opportunity for sending it. 'No,' returned she; 'this is all the 'maid received of the footman, who 'waits for an answer. Have you any 'thing to say to him, Miss?'—'Yes; 'pray, reach me a pen and ink,' said I: and, as ill as I was, I made the following reply.

'I Return you a thousand thanks,
'dear mamma, for your kindness
'in letting me hear from you. I find
'myself a little indisposed, and am
'just put to bed: but I hope this dis-
'order will be of no ill consequence;
'and that to-morrow I shall be ready
'for you. Accept of my humble
'duty.'

I could not possibly have wrote any more; and, two hours after, I had a high fever, and was light-headed; when it soon encreased to such a degree that my life was despaired of: I grew quite raving, and knew neither Miss Varthon, my friend the nun, nor even my mother, who was permitted to come to see me, and whom I only distinguished from the rest by the earnestness with which I looked upon her, without speaking at all. I remained in pretty near the same condition for four days together; during which time I neither knew where I was, nor who spoke to me; and had been let blood without being sensible of it. The fifth day the fever abated; I came to myself; and the first sign I gave of it was, that, seeing Mrs. De Valville at the bed's-head, I cried out—'Ah, 'mamma!' She was then reaching out her arm towards me, and was going to embrace me: I drew my hand out of bed to seize hers; put it to my mouth; and, for a long time, held it there, as if it had been glewed to my lips. I saw Miss Varthon, and some nuns, about my bed; and observed that the former seemed overwhelmed with sadness. 'I must have been very 'ill,' said I, in a low and faint voice; 'and, without doubt, have given you 'all a great deal of trouble.'—'Yes, 'daughter,' replied Mrs. De Valville; 'there is nobody here that have not 'given you proofs of their goodness: 'but, thank God! you are now out of 'danger.' Miss Varthon came near, and pressed my hand between hers with an air of the sincerest friendship; and said some tender things to me, which I only answered with a smile, and a look which shewed my gratitude. Two days after I was entirely out of danger; my fever had quite left me; but my weakness lasted a great while. Mrs. De Valville, who had been only permitted to see me on account of the great danger I had been in, appeared no more when that was over.

But I had like to have forgot one thing; and that is, that the next day after I began to recover, I reflected that I might probably have a relapse, which might be fatal to me: I thought, too, on the deed of gift Mr. De Climal had left me. 'To whom will it be-'long?' said I. 'It will probably 'be lost to the family: and justice, as 'well as gratitude, demand that I 'should restore it to them.' While these thoughts employed my mind, there was nobody in the room with me but a lay-sister: Miss Varthon had just left me; the nuns were in the choir; and I found myself at liberty. 'Sis-'ter,' said I, 'my life, a few days 'ago, was despaired of; my fever is 'now, indeed, abated; but we cannot 'be sure that it will not return with 'the same, or even a greater, violence: 'however, I desire you would raise me 'up a little, and give me pen, ink, and 'paper, that I may write a line or two, 'which is absolutely necessary.'—'Pray, Miss, consider a little,' returned she. 'Why do you talk so? 'You seem to be inclined to make 'your will. You ought not to in-'dulge such thoughts; but rather to 'thank God for your recovery.'—'Pray, sister,' said I, interrupting her, 'do not refuse me; I will only write a 'line or two: I shall have done in an 'instant.' At last, she gave them me; and I wrote as follows.

'I Give to Mrs. De Valville, to
'whom I am indebted for all I
'have, the deed of gift which Mr.
'De

'De Climal, her brother, lately de-
'ceased, had the charity to leave me:
'I return also, to the same lady, every
'thing I am possessed of, to dispose of
'as she pleases.

'MARIANNE.'

I put this paper under my pillow, with an intention to give it into my mother's hands the next time she came; and it had not been wrote above a quarter of an hour before she entered the room. 'Well, daughter, how do 'you do?' said she, feeling my pulse. 'I think you are better than you were 'yesterday. Come, I hope you are in 'a fair way to do well: you only want 'to recover your strength.' I then took the paper, and slipped it into her hand. 'What dost thou give me 'here?' cried she. 'Let us see.' She opened, and read it; but could not help laughing. 'What a mad thing thou 'art, child!' said she: 'thou makest 'me thy executrix, and art in better 'health than myself.' She had some reason for saying so, for she was very much altered. 'Come, child; to all 'appearance, you will have no occa-
'sion to make your will this great
'while: it will be time enough to do
'that long after I have left this life,'
added she, tearing the paper, and throwing it into the chimney. 'Keep
'what you have for my grand-chil-
'dren; I hope thou wilt have no other
'heirs.'—'Why, mamma, do you
'talk of leaving me? I had rather die
'now, than live to survive you.'—
'Hold your tongue,' returned she.
'Is it not natural to suppose I should
'go before you? Is it not according to
'the course of nature that I should do
'so? The extravagance of your paper
'makes me mention it. Come, let us
'think of living; and do you make
'haste to recover, lest Valville should
'fall sick too. Such a long absence,
'I am sure, must be insupportable to
'him.' We were talking thus, when Miss Varthon and the physician entered. The latter thought me quite out of danger, though I was very weak; so that my mother came no more, and was satisfied with sending to know how I did.

Mrs. De Valville had always, during her visits, caressed Miss Varthon in the most friendly and obliging manner; and it was agreed, that, as soon as I was fit to go abroad, we should go together to dine with her.

The next day, when Miss Varthon was in my room, she was told a person from Mrs. De Valville desired to speak with her. 'I fancy it is about you,' said she, as she left me to go to the parlour; nor did I doubt that I was really the subject of the message. You must observe that I had not resumed the sequel of my adventures since the day I had told her part of them; and that she was entirely ignorant of my love to Valville, and my being designed for his wife: she was indisposed the first day after she entered the convent; my illness had seized me two days after; and it had, therefore, been impossible for me to give her the continuation of my story.

'So, Miss,' said she, as she entered my room, with an air of gaiety; 'you
'did not tell me that the agreeable
'young gentleman who joined with
'you in recovering me from my fit
'was Mrs. De Valville's son. Did
'you know that it was he who waited
'for me in the parlour?'—'Who?
'Mr. De Valville!' returned I, with some surprize. 'Pray, what did he
'want with you? You have been a
'great while together.'—'About a
'quarter of an hour,' returned she.
'He told me he came from his mother,
'to know how you did. He was
'commissioned to give her compli-
'ments to me; and has been pleased to
'pay me a polite visit.'—'He was in
'the right!' returned I, in a thought-
ful and reserved air. 'Has not he
'given you a letter for me? Did not
'Mrs. De Valville write to me?'—
'No,' said she, 'there is no letter at
'all.'

Here some of the boarders, who were my friends, entered, and obliged us to change the conversation. I was surprized that Valville, who, in less interesting circumstances, had embraced every opportunity of writing to me, and had so often added a few lines to my mother's letters, did not, on this occasion, give me the same marks of his regard. 'In the height of my
'disorder,' said I to myself, 'his
'letters might have been unseason-
'able: but, after I have been thought
'to be on the brink of death, he
'ought, surely, to congratulate my
'returning to life, and join with me in

'thanking Heaven for my recovery; 'but he neglects it, and gives me not 'the least tokens of his joy. If he 'thinks it improper, in the languish-'ing state I am in at present, to send 'me a separate letter, he might desire 'his mother to write me one, to give 'him an opportunity to add some lines 'to it by his own hand: but he thinks 'of nothing. This negligence dis-'turbs me: it is not behaving like 'himself. What is become of my 'dear Valville?' continued I. 'Sure-'ly this is no longer his heart, which 'has hitherto been so soft, so passionate, 'and tender!' In short, his beha-viour sincerely grieved me; and I could not help being offended at it.

'I have refused, till to-day,' said Miss Varthon to me, while our com-panions were talking to each other, 'to 'go and dine with a lady who is an 'intimate friend of my mother's, and 'to whom she has recommended me. 'You are too weak to go with me; and 'I am not willing to leave you: but 'this morning, before I entered your 'room, I sent her word, by a foot-'man who came from her, that I 'would wait upon her to-morrow. 'But, however,' added she, 'if you 'wish me to stay with you, I will send 'to excuse myself. Come; shall I 'stay? I assure you I had rather be 'with you.'—'No,' returned I, tak-ing hold of her hand in an affectionate manner; 'pray, go: you must comply 'with the desire she has of seeing you. 'Only be so kind as to return half an 'hour sooner than otherwise you would 'do, and I shall be very well satis-'fied.'—'But I should not be so,' re-turned she; 'you must give me leave to 'shorten the visit a little more: I do 'not care to be uneasy so long together 'as you would have me.'

Let us pass, then, to the next day. Miss Varthon went to her mother's friend; whose coach came to fetch her so very early, that she was quite out of humour at being obliged to leave me so soon: however, she returned much later than I expected. 'I have not 'been able to leave them,' said she; 'they kept me in spite of myself.' And nothing could be more probable. Some days after she went thither again, and repeated her visits very often: she could not avoid it, she said, unless she would break with the lady; and I did not at all doubt it; but methought she al-ways returned with a look more thought-ful and absent than ordinary. I told her my opinion: but she said I was mis-taken; and I took no more notice of it. I then began to be able to leave my bed, though I was still very weak. My mother sent every day to the con-vent to enquire after my health; she even wrote to me once or twice; but I did not receive a line from Valville. 'My son,' said she, 'is very impa-'tient to see thee again; he is disturbed 'at thy being so long on thy recovery: 'he intended to have added some lines 'to this note; I have waited for him 'to do it; but he is not returned home 'yet, and must defer giving himself 'that satisfaction till another time.' This was all the news I could hear of him. I was so shocked and so angry at it, that, in the replies I returned to my mamma, I ceased making any mention of him. In my last, I told her I had strength enough to carry me to the par-lour, if she would be so good as to come and see me the next day. 'My 'only illness now is, that I do not see 'my dear mamma,' added I: 'make 'haste then, dear Madam, I entreat 'you, to compleat my recovery.' I did not at all doubt of her coming; which she did not fail to do: but we neither of us foresaw the grief and ex-treme trouble in which she found me the next day.

That evening Miss Varthon and I were alone, and took a turn or two in my room. 'You fancied, some days 'ago, that I seemed a little thought-'ful,' said she; 'and I think that to-'day you seem very much so. You have 'something in your mind that disturbs 'you; and I am much deceived if you 'had not just been crying yesterday 'morning before I entered your room. 'I desire to know, my dear companion, 'what it is that troubles you? In the 'situation I am in, I can be of no ser-'vice to you; but your uneasiness dis-'turbs me, and makes me fear some 'ill consequence of it. Remember 'that you have been very ill; and that 'to give yourself up to melancholy, 'is not the way to recover your health. 'Our friendship requires that I should 'say this; but I will go no farther.'—'Dear Miss,' said I, 'I assure you I 'have no intention to hide my uneasi-'ness from you; my heart has no se-

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'cret which it would conceal from my 'friend. I have not long been con- 'vinced that I have had sufficient cause 'to be disturbed; and I should not 'have let this evening pass without 'trusting you with it: I cannot refuse 'myself this consolation. Yes, my 'dear,' replied I, after a short pause, and fetching a deep sigh; 'I have, in- 'deed, reason for being troubled: I 'have already related to you the greatest 'part of my history; your illness pre- 'vented my giving you the sequel; 'and here it is in a few words. Mrs. 'De Valville is that lady whom, if you 'remember, I told you I met in the 'convent: you have been witness of 'her behaviour towards me; every 'body would take her for my mother; 'and, from the first moment she saw 'me, she has constantly treated me in 'the same manner. But this is not 'all; that Mr. De Valville, who came 'the other day to see you——' 'How! 'Mr. De Valville! is he against you?' said she, interrupting me. 'Is he dis- 'pleased with his mother's friendship 'for you?'—'No; pray hear me,' said I: 'that is not the case. Mr. De Val- 'ville is the same young gentleman I 'have also told you of, to whose house 'I was carried after my fall, and who 'from that moment conceived a most 'violent passion for me; a passion so 'tender, that I cannot doubt of it's 'being real. Mrs. De Valville knows 'of our mutual affection; knows that 'he would marry me; and, notwith- 'standing my misfortunes, has herself 'consented to it: but for some reasons 'it has been retarded, and perhaps it 'will never now be concluded; at least, 'Valville's conduct makes me despair 'of it.' Miss Varthon interrupted me no more: she listened with a pensive air, cast down her eyes, and did not even look at me. 'You know from 'what dangers I have escaped,' con- tinued I; 'I have but just been saved 'from death. Before my illness, his 'mother hardly ever wrote the least 'note to me but he sent me one with 'it, or added a few lines to hers; and 'yet this same man, whom I have been 'accustomed to see so tender, so affec- 'tionate; he who has thought of losing 'me, and who ought to be so alarmed 'at the state I was in; he whom I could 'scarce believe able to support his 'fears on my account, and who ought 'to have been transported with joy at 'seeing me out of danger; can you 'believe it, Miss? has not let me hear 'from him; has not wrote me a single 'word; he who has loved me so ten- 'derly—not one short note! Is this 'natural? What would he have me 'think of it? And what would you 'think, if you were in my place?' Here I paused for a moment, and stood still: Miss Varthon continued silent too; but she always left me a little be- hind her, continued mute, and avoided turning her head towards me. 'Not 'one letter,' resumed I; 'he who had 'been so prodigal of them on less im- 'portant occasions. Once more I say, 'can you think it possible? Have I lost 'his heart, instead of that life which I 'had much rather have parted with? 'Oh, how am I troubled! But tell me, 'Miss—a thought arises suddenly in 'my mind—may not he be sick? May 'not Mrs. De Valville, who knows 'that I love him, hide it from me? 'She has a sincere affection for me, 'and may be afraid of afflicting me: 'have not you had the same kindness 'for me? Did not you pretend a visit 'from Mr. De Valville only to hinder 'my suspecting the truth? For it ap- 'pears impossible to me that he should 'be guilty of such negligence; and I 'assure you, I should be less afflicted 'to hear of his being ill. He is young, 'Miss, and may recover; but, if he is 'inconstant, there can be no remedy. 'This last motive of inquietude is 'more sharp and cruel than the other. 'I entreat you, then, to confess his 'disorder; you will compose my mind: 'be so kind as to tell me; I shall be 'discreet.'

She made no answer: her silence made me grow impatient; I took hold of her arm, and seated myself before her, to oblige her to answer me. But judge of my astonishment, when, in- stead of a reply, I heard some sighs, and saw her countenance bathed in tears. 'Oh, Miss!' cried I, turning pale, 'why do you weep? What mean 'those tears?'. I asked what my heart began already to presage: my eyes were opened; every thing that had passed during her fit rushed into my mind. She stood near an easy-chair, into which she threw herself: I sat by her, and wept too. 'Come, Miss, you 'need make use of no disguise with

'me,' said I; 'I believe I understand 'you. Where have you seen Mr. De 'Valville? Unkind, unworthy man! 'is it possible that he loves me no 'more?'—'Alas! my dear Marianne,' returned she; 'O that I had but been ac- 'quainted with this before!'—'Well,' rejoined I, 'speak freely; have you 'robbed me of his heart?'—'Say, ra- 'ther, that I have lost my own!' replied she. 'What! he loves you, then; 'and you return his passion? How un- 'happy am I!'—'We have both reason 'to complain,' returned she. 'He has 'not mentioned you to me. I confess 'I love him; but I will never see him 'again.'—'He will love me no more!' cried I, shedding a flood of tears; 'he 'will love me no more! Oh! where am 'I? and what shall I do?—Alas! Mrs. 'De Valville, I shall not then be your 'daughter! In vain you have been so 'generous to me!—What! you, Mr. 'De Valville, you unfaithful to Ma- 'rianne! you who have loved her with 'such a transporting tenderness! you 'abandon her!—Is it you, Miss, that 'take him from me? you who have 'had the cruelty to contribute to my 'recovery! Oh, that you had rather 'let me die! How is it possible to sur- 'vive his loss? I have given my heart 'to both; and, in return, you both 'give me death! Oh, I shall never sup- 'port a life of such torture!'—'Pray, 'do not reproach me,' returned she, in a moving tone; 'I am not capable of a 'perfidious action: I will tell you 'every thing; he deceived me!'—'He 'deceived you!' interrupted I, in my turn. 'Ah, Miss! why did you listen 'to him? Why did you love him? 'Why did you encourage his passion? 'Your mamma was but just gone, and 'left you overwhelmed with grief; 'how, then, had you the courage to 'love? Besides, you knew he was not 'my brother: you had seen us toge- 'ther; he is amiable, and I am young; 'and was it difficult to imagine that 'we might love? What is your ex- 'cuse? But, pray, tell me where you 'have seen him? What methods did 'you take to deprive me of his tender- 'ness? Never, sure, had any man so 'much as he: never will he find one 'so tender as me! He will regret his 'forsaking me; but I shall be no more! 'He will remember how much I loved 'him; he will lament my death: you 'will have the grief to see it; you will 'reproach yourself with having be- 'trayed me, and never enjoy any solid 'happiness.'—'Have I betrayed you?' returned she. 'Ah, my dear Mari- 'anne! is it possible I should confess 'that I love him, if I had not been 'myself deceived? But it is I that must 'be the victim of his infidelity. En- 'deavour to calm your mind, so as to 'hear me for a moment. You have a 'soul too great to suffer you to be un- 'just, though you seem to be so: judge 'of me by my sincerity. I had ne- 'ver seen him before my fainting at 'parting with my mamma. As soon 'as I returned to myself, the first ob- 'ject that struck me was Valville on 'his knee before me; he had my hand 'in his: I do not know whether you 'observed the looks he cast upon me; 'but, weak as I was, I could not help 'taking notice of them. He is amia- 'ble; you acknowledge it yourself; 'and I thought so too: his eyes were 'fixed upon me till I entered the con- 'vent; and, unhappily, I could not 'help taking notice of it. I knew not 'who he was; and what you told me 'of your history could give me no 'light into it. It is true, I sometimes 'had him in my thoughts; but it was 'only as one that I imagined I should 'never see more. I was told, some days 'after, that a person they did not 'name desired to speak to me from 'Mrs. De Valville. I was then with 'you: I went down, and found it was 'he that waited for me. I blushed at 'seeing him: he appeared embarrassed; 'and his embarrassment gave me some 'confusion. He asked, with a smile, 'if I knew him, and had not forgot 'that I had ever seen him: he told me 'that my fainting made him tremble, 'and that he was never so moved in 'his life as at the condition in which 'he had seen me; that it had been ever 'since present before him; that his 'heart was struck with it; and then 'begged my pardon for the freedom 'with which he explained himself on 'that subject.'

Whilst she was speaking thus, she did not perceive that her words went to my heart: she heard neither my sighs nor my groans; she wept too much herself to give any attention to them; and, cruel as her recital was, my heart attended to it, and could not renounce the

the pangs it felt at every word ſhe uttered. 'For my part,' ſhe reſumed, 'I was ſo moved at his diſcourſe, that 'I was unable to ſtop him. He did 'not tell me, however, that he loved 'me; but I was very ſenſible that this 'was what he would intimate: and it 'was ſaid in a manner which it would 'have been unreaſonable to have been 'offended at.

"I held that lovely hand in mine," 'added he. "You no ſooner opened "your eyes, but you ſaw me at your "feet; and it was with the greateſt "difficulty I aroſe from thence: I muſt "ſtill proſtrate myſelf before you, "whenever I behold your charms."— 'Oh! he caſts himſelf at your feet?' cried I. 'He proſtrates himſelf before 'you, even whilſt I am dying! I am 'then entirely baniſhed from his 'heart: he never ſaid any thing ſo tender to me!'—'I cannot recollect 'what anſwer I made him,' returned ſhe: 'all that I remember, is, that I 'concluded with telling him that I muſt 'retire, and that I had ſuffered his converſation too long; when he excuſed 'himſelf with ſuch an air of ſubmiſſion and reſpect as ſoon appeaſed me. 'I aroſe up, and was going to leave 'him; when he turned his diſcourſe on 'my mamma, and of the great deſire 'Mrs. De Valville had to ſee me at 'her houſe. He mentioned, too, the 'Marchioneſs of Kilnaire, whom, he 'ſaid, we were both acquainted with; 'and at this lady's houſe I have been 'three or four times ſince your recovery. He added, that he was to ſup 'that evening with one of her relations. In fine, when I was going to 'leave him, "I had like to have forgot," 'ſaid he, "a letter which my mother "deſired me to deliver to you." He 'bluſhed at giving it me. I took it, 'as I ſincerely thought it came from 'Mrs. De Valville: but he was no 'ſooner gone, than I found it was his 'own. I opened it in my coming back 'to you, with an intention to let you 'ſee it: however, I did not; and you 'will ſee the reaſon that hindered me.' She then drew the letter out of her pocket, gave it me open, and deſired me to read it. I took it with a trembling hand; and durſt not, at firſt, look upon thoſe characters which had before often filled me with delight: at laſt, however, I caſt a look upon it, and wet it with my tears. 'He writes,' cried I; 'but it is not to me! it is no longer to 'the unhappy Marianne!' I was ſo penetrated with this reflection, it ſtuck ſo cloſe to my heart, that for a long time I breathed nothing but ſighs, and was unable to begin to read it. It was pretty ſhort; and ran thus—

'SINCE the day of your melan-'choly accident, Miſs, I have not 'been myſelf. I foreſaw that, in 'coming here to-day, my reſpect for 'you would hinder me from telling 'you what an impreſſion you have 'made upon my mind: but I have 'foreſeen, too, that my timid and trou-'bled countenance would acquaint 'you with it. You have ſeen me trem-'ble before you. I fear this letter will 'offend you; but my heart will not 'be bolder than it was when I was in 'your preſence; it trembles ſtill. You 'have doubtleſs conceived an affection 'for Miſs Marianne; and it is very 'likely that, at your leaving the par-'lour, you will go and make her the 'confidante of your ſurprize, and perhaps of your indignation, on my account: but I beg you would forbear; 'you would wrong me in the opinion of 'my mother, from whom your friend 'conceals nothing. I ſhall give you, 'another time, a reaſon for my requeſt. 'Dear Miſs, my ſecret has eſcaped me: 'I adore you. I had not dared to tell 'you ſo, if you had not known it.'

I ſhall reſerve, Madam, the ſequel of this adventure, for the Eighth Part.

END OF THE SEVENTH PART.

THE

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART VIII.

I Could not forbear laughing very heartily, Madam, at your anger againſt my perfidious lover. Could any thing be more diverting? You deſire to know when you may expect the ſequel of my adventures; and ſay you wait for it with the utmoſt impatience. But I muſt not mention a word more of Valville: you cannot bear the very thought of him. I fancy that, inſtead of the life of your friend, you have inſenſibly brought yourſelf to believe you were reading a romance; and, this granted, there muſt be ſome reaſon for the violence of your indignation. What! an unfaithful, romantick hero! Sure never was heard ſuch a prodigy! It is an eſtabliſhed rule, that they all of them ought to be true; and it is on this account only that we intereſt ourſelves in their concerns: beſides, nothing is more eaſy than to render them ſo; it coſts no more pains; and fiction alone is at the expence of the whole. But infidelity is uncommon no where but in this viſionary, romantick world. I am here repreſenting things as they really are; as the inſtability of all human things render them; and not the adventures of the brain, which may be framed as we pleaſe: not a fictitious heart, but the heart of a man, a Frenchman, and one that now really exiſts; a contemporary of the lovers of the preſent age. This, Madam, I ſay, is the ſum of his character: he had only theſe three trifling difficulties to overcome towards being as conſtant as your moſt renowned heroes; and pray, do not loſe ſight of this. I would have you look upon him with the eye of an unconcerned ſpectator. We have all of us ſome faults mingled with our perfections; and no man is entirely exempt from them. You, at firſt, thought him charming, and now think him quite hateful; but you will ſoon conceive a more favourable opinion of him.

Valville, who, the firſt moment he ſaw me, loved me with a tenderneſs as lively as it was ſudden; a paſſion commonly of a ſhort duration, and much like thoſe early fruits which are frequently blaſted before they arrive to maturity; Valville, I ſay, notwithſtanding his volatile diſpoſition, was, even then, a very honeſt man, but was born with a mind extremely ſuſceptible of ſoft impreſſions: he meets with a dying beauty who touches him, and ſnatches me from his heart; but he has not left me for ever; he is only cloyed with the pleaſure of loving me, becauſe he at firſt enjoyed it too greedily. But his taſte will return to him; he rambles only to recover himſelf: he hunts after a new beauty; and I, in my turn, ſhall become one more charming to him than ever. He will ſee me in a ſituation that will melt his heart: my grief, and the tender diſpoſitions of my mind, will entirely alter me, and give me graces hitherto unknown to him. You ſee, Madam, I make a jeſt of it now; though I wonder how I could then bear up under it. Let us now proceed; and enter upon this moving part of my adventures.

We

We are now at Valville's letter; which I read over, notwithſtanding the ſighs and tears which almoſt ſuffocated me; while Miſs Varthon, with her eyes fixed on the floor, was weeping too, and ſeemed in a profound reverie. As for me, I ſat almoſt ſenſeleſs, with my head leaning on the back of my chair: at laſt I lifted it up, and began again to look over the letter. 'Ah, Valville!' cried I, 'I have nothing now to do but 'to die!' And then, caſting my eyes upon Miſs Varthon—'Do not afflict 'yourſelf, Miſs,' ſaid I; 'you will 'ſoon be both at liberty to love each 'other: I ſhall not live long; this will 'be the laſt of all my misfortunes!'

At this diſcourſe, the young lady, ſtarting ſuddenly from her penſive and thoughtful poſture, addreſſed me with a firm and reſolute air—'Why do you 'reſolve to die?' ſaid ſhe; 'for whom 'do you afflict yourſelf? Is this a man 'worthy of your grief? worthy of 'your tears? Is this the man you pro-'feſſed to love? Is he what you thought 'him? Would you have conſidered 'him as worthy your eſteem, had you 'known him? Would you then have 'given him your heart, or have ac-'cepted of his? It is true, you once 'thought him amiable; and imagined 'he had a mind that deſerved your eſ-'teem: and I thought ſo too; but we 'were both deceived. He wants thoſe 'virtues which are neceſſary to conſti-'tute the character of a gentleman: 'his behaviour renders him deſpicable. 'He loves you; he is going to marry 'you; you fall ſick, and he is told 'your life is in danger: he then for-'gets you, and takes that opportunity 'to declare that he loves me; me whom 'he had only ſeen for a moment, and 'who had hardly ſaid two words to 'him. Ah! what love was that he had 'for you? What name can be given 'to that he has for me? From whence 'can proceed the fancy of indulging a 'new paſſion in ſuch circumſtances as 'theſe? Alas! it was only becauſe he 'thought he ſaw me dying: the ſight 'moved his little, weak, unſteady mind, 'which is the ſport of every new and 'ſingular object. If he had ſeen me 'in perfect health, he would have taken 'no notice of me: my fainting was the 'cauſe of his infidelity; and, perhaps, 'even you, who are ſo lovely, ſo capa-'ble of inſpiring that tender paſſion, 'owed your conqueſt, by which you 'were able to fix him a few months, 'to your misfortunes, and your fall at 'his door. I acknowledge he took a 'great deal of notice of you at church; 'but that was only becauſe you were 'charming; and his admiration, it is 'likely, would not have proceeded to 'love, without the aſſiſtance of your 'ſituation and your fall.'—'However, 'he loved me!' cried I, interrupting her; 'he loved me! and you have 'taken him from me: and perhaps I 'had nobody in the world to fear but 'you.'—'Pray let me make an end,' continued ſhe; 'I have not done yet. 'I have confeſſed that he was agree-'able to me; but do not imagine that 'I have let him know it; for he has 'not the leaſt ſuſpicion; nor is he wor-'thy of being acquainted with it: and, 'prejudiced as you are, doubtleſs, now 'againſt me, I beg you would keep it 'ſecret; if not out of friendſhip, at 'leaſt out of generoſity. A young 'lady of your excellent diſpoſition, 'need not a particular affection for peo-'ple to make you uſe them kindly, 'when there is no juſt reaſon for be-'ing diſpleaſed with them. Farewel, 'Marianne!' added ſhe, riſing: 'I 'leave you Valville's letter; make what 'uſe of it you pleaſe; ſhew it to Mrs. 'De Valville; ſhew it to her ſon; you 'have my conſent to it; I cannot be 'blamed for what he has the aſſurance 'to write to me; and if you ſhould de-'ſire me to confront him, and make 'him publickly bluſh for his conduct, 'I am ſo incenſed againſt him, and ſo 'much deſpiſe his ridiculous love, that 'I ſhall make no ſcruple of it; and 'ſhall readily join with you in your 'reſentment. However, I have taken 'a reſolution never to ſee him more, 'without you require it of me. I will 'forget that I have ever ſeen him; and 'if I meet him, I will not ſeem to 'know him; for flying from him would 'be doing him too much honour. You, 'I believe, are neither ambitious nor 'ſelfiſh; and, if you are only affec-'tionate and reaſonable, you will loſe 'nothing. As Valville is unworthy 'of your tenderneſs, you ought not to 'regret the loſs of his. You muſt con-'ſider yourſelf as if you never had a 'lover; for to have a general one, is 'to have none at all: yeſterday he was 'yours; to-day he is mine, if I muſt 'believe

'believe him; and to-morrow he will 'be another's; and yet will ſtill have 'no ſincere paſſion for any body. 'Leave him, then, at large; and reſerve 'your heart, as I ſhall mine, for one 'who will give you his in return.'

Here ſhe came to me, and gave me a friendly embrace, which I received without the leaſt emotion; I only looked earneſtly at her, and let my eyes wander over her. She took one of my hands, and preſſed it between hers; whilſt I let her do as ſhe pleaſed, without being able to make any reply, or to return her careſſes. I did not know whether I ſhould love or hate her; treat her as a rival or a friend; though, methought, I had ſome ſentiments of gratitude in my ſoul for thoſe marks of friendſhip I received from her, as well as for the reſolution ſhe had taken to ſee Valville no more. I heard her ſigh as ſhe left me. 'I ſhall not ſee you 'again till to-morrow,' ſaid ſhe; 'and 'I hope I ſhall find you then more ſe'rene, and more ſenſible of my friend'ſhip.' To all this I could ſtill make her no reply; and only followed her with my eyes till ſhe was gone.

I was then left alone, leaning back in the chair; where I remained about half an hour, with my thoughts ſo diſturbed and confuſed, that I ſeemed almoſt ſtupified. The nun I have already mentioned as peculiarly deſerving the character of my friend, at laſt entered, and ſurprized me in this diſordered ſtate of mind. Though I ſaw her, I did not ſtir; and, I believe, I ſhould have kept myſelf in the ſame ſituation, if even the whole body of nuns and boarders had entered too. There are afflictions ſo violent as to make us forget ourſelves, in which the ſoul has not the diſcretion to make a ſecret of the ſtate it is in; it is not at all embarraſſed at being made a ſpectacle of to others; it entirely forgets itſelf: and this was exactly my caſe. The nun, aſtoniſhed at my not moving to ſalute her, at my ſilence, and my wild and ſtupid look, came towards me in a kind of fright. 'My dear, what is the matter? What 'ails you?' cried ſhe. 'Are you ill?' —'No!' returned I; and then was ſilent. 'But what is the matter, then? 'You look pale, dejected; and I think 'you are crying too: have you re'ceived any ill news?'—'Yes,' returned I; and then ſtopped again. She knew not what to think of my monoſyllables, and the faint manner in which I pronounced them. At laſt, ſhe perceived the letter, which I was ſtill holding with a weak and trembling hand, and which was wet with my tears. 'Is this, my dear, the cauſe of 'your affliction?' added ſhe, taking hold of it. 'Will you permit me to 'read it?'—'Yes,' cried I. 'Pray, 'who does it come from?' ſhe rejoined. 'Alas! come from——' I could ſay no more; my grief ſtopped my voice. She ſeemed extremely moved; and I obſerved ſhe wiped her eyes, and then read the letter. 'Come, Miſs,' ſaid ſhe, 'this lets me into the whole 'matter. You are full of conſternation, and give way to your grief: I 'ſympathize with you in your affliction. You are young, and want ex'perience: you are born with a noble 'ſoul; with a heart ſincere, and void 'of artifice; and this is a reaſon why 'you are more penetrated with a miſ'fortune of this kind. Yes, Miſs, 'ſigh, complain, and indulge your 'grief. I am not a ſtranger to the 'ſituation you are now in; I have ex'perienced it, and was as much af'flicted as you: but a friend, nearly 'of the age I am now of, ſurprized me 'in the condition I now ſee you in, 'and endeavoured to conſole me: ſhe 'talked reaſon; I liſtened to her, and 'at laſt received comfort.'—'She com'forted you, Madam!' cried I, lifting up my eyes to Heaven. 'She com'forted you, did you ſay?'—'Yes,' returned ſhe: 'you do not conceive 'it poſſible; and I then thought ſo 'too.

"Let us ſee,' ſaid my friend, "for "what it is you thus give yourſelf up "to deſpair: it is for one of the moſt "frequent occurrences of life; and "which is hardly of any conſequence "to you. You love a man who re"turned your affection, and now leaves "you for another; and you call this "a very great misfortune: but are "you ſure it deſerves that name? and "may it not be quite the contrary? "How can you tell but his infidelity "may be an advantage to you? and "that you would repent your having "married him? that his jealouſy, his "ill-humour, his debauchery, and a "thouſand other eſſential faults which "he may have unknown to you, might 'make

" make you groan out a tedious, un-
" happy life? You only look upon the
" preſent moment: caſt your views a
" little farther, and conſider that his
" infidelity may be a bleſſing from
" Heaven. That over-ruling Provi-
" dence which preſides over all things,
" is conducted by unerring wiſdom;
" and the Father of mankind knows
" what will promote our happineſs
" better than we do: his love infinitely
" exceeds that we have for ourſelves.
" You are now lamenting an imagi-
" nary misfortune, which in a little
" time will, perhaps, be the ſubject of
" your joy: take courage, then; if he
" is not deſtined for your huſband,
" you will be a gainer by loſing him;
" as I myſelf have been in being aban-
" doned by one who was dear to me,
" and who forſook me for another
" who is miſerable in that condition in
" which I once wiſhed myſelf, and
" which I fooliſhly imagined would
" make me compleatly happy. You
" love him, you will ſay; and, as you
" have no fortune, his wealth would
" become yours: but could nothing
" but his infidelity deprive you of it?
" Was he ſecure from every illneſs,
" might he not die before your mar-
" riage? and would not every thing
" then be loſt? Would there be no re-
" ſource left for you? and does his
" unfaithfulneſs deprive you now of
" the comforts you would then have
" enjoyed? Though you love him
" now, do you think you ſhall never
" be able to love any but him? Are
" there none ſo rich, none ſo amiable,
" as he? To what purpoſe, then, is
" your uneaſineſs? You are young, and
" have but juſt entered upon life; you
" are bleſſed with a happy genius, an
" amiable ſoul, and a fine perſon; you
" have a variety of pleaſing proſpects
" before you: and yet give yourſelf
" up to deſpair for a man who will,
" perhaps, return to you again." This
' is what my friend told me,' added the nun, ' in the firſt tranſports of my ' grief: and I will tell you the reſt when ' you are capable of attending to me.'

Here I fetched one of thoſe ſighs which eſcape us when we are told ſomething which moderates our afflictions: ſhe perceived it. ' Theſe motives of ' conſolation touched me,' continued ſhe; ' and they ought to have ſtill a ' greater weight with you, to whom ' they are more applicable than they ' were to me. My friend ſpoke to me ' of my perfections; but you have more ' of them. I do not tell you this to ' flatter you: I was agreeable enough, ' but had not your charms. As to ' the qualities of your mind, you have ' received proofs of the impreſſion they ' make upon every body: you know ' the eſteem and tenderneſs Mrs. De ' Valville has for you; and I know not ' one ſenſible perſon in our houſe that ' is not prejudiced in your favour. ' Mrs. Dorſin, who is ſo good a judge ' of true merit, is ready to be another ' Mrs. De Valville to you: you de-' light every body at her houſe; and ' wherever you appear it is the ſame. ' I do not pretend to make any account ' of my own judgment; yet, though I ' am pretty difficult, and not eaſily ' pleaſed, I was ſtruck with your pre-' ſence, and inſtantly became ambitious ' of being your friend. Who could be ' otherwiſe? Then, what is it to you ' to be deprived of a lover who diſho-' nours himſelf in leaving you; and ' who is not, in my opinion, the moſt ' conſiderable of all the matches that ' will be offered you? Therefore com-' poſe your mind, Marianne; make ' yourſelf perfectly eaſy; it does not ' require any great effort of reaſon to ' be ſo: for the leaſt degree of ſpirit, ' joined to what I have told you, is ' more than ſufficient to give you that ' tranquillity you ſtand in need of.'

I then looked at her in a manner that ſhewed I was half vanquiſhed by her reaſons, and half ſoftened with a grateful ſenſe of the pains ſhe took to calm my troubled mind; and gave her my hand, with an air of friendſhip and affection, which ſeemed to ſay—' How ' ſoothing is the confidence of a friend! ' How ſweet the ſatisfaction of being ' in ſuch hands as yours!' I found my affliction began to abate; for we are very near receiving comfort, when we take an affection for thoſe who try to aſſuage our grief. This obliging lady ſtaid about an hour longer with me, inſinuating the moſt pleaſing things; which ſhe had the art to make me think extremely judicious: and though, indeed, they were ſo, yet it was neceſſary, in order to gain my attention, that they ſhould be ſet off with that affectionate

tone, and that look of benevolence, with which she uttered them.

At last, the bell rung to call her to supper: as for me, I had my provisions still brought me into my room. 'Well,' said she, smiling, 'I am glad I do not 'leave you so inconsiderate and void 'of reflection as I found you: you 'are now become reasonable; you 'know yourself, and will do yourself 'justice. Believe me, you were much 'to blame to give way to such excess 'sive, such immoderate, grief and de- 'jection of spirit. I cannot easily par- 'don it; and shall take the liberty to 'chide you for it this great while.' I could not help smiling at this friendly raillery, which disposed me to think that I had really exaggerated my misfortunes. 'Sure my friend would not 'take this method to comfort me,' thought I, 'if my affliction was so very 'serious as I have imagined it!'

She had no sooner left me, than one of the lay-sisters brought me my supper, and began to set some things to rights in my room. This woman was naturally of a gay disposition. 'Come, 'come,' said she, 'you are almost as 'fresh as a rose already; you have 'quite recovered your illness, and there 'is not the least appearance of it left: 'will not you take a little walk in the 'garden after supper?'—'No,' replied I; 'I feel myself fatigued, and design 'to go to bed as soon as I have eat a 'little.'—'Well, well,' returned she, 'all in good time: sleeping will do you 'as much good as walking.' On this she left me.

You will easily judge that I made but a very light supper; for, though my friend the nun had recovered my spirits, and taught me to moderate my uneasiness, yet I continued still in a very deep melancholy: I revolved in my mind all she had told me. She had said I had but just begun to live—'You 'are in the right,' said I to myself; 'my fate is not yet decided; and I 'ought to prepare myself for many 'other events. Others will love me; 'he will see it; and they will teach 'him to revive his esteem. A man 'who is inconstant, thinks he leaves 'the injured lady solitary; but, when 'he sees his place filled up by another, 'he begins to think himself mistaken, 'and looks upon it as an accident he 'could not have foreseen: he can hard- 'ly believe it is her that he discarded; 'and seems surprized to find she has 'still so many charms.' New thoughts succeeded to these. 'Is he not the most 'amiable, the most tender, of mankind? 'And must I lose him? Shall I ever 'find one like him? Ah, Mr. De Val- 'ville! the charms of Miss Varthon 'will not justify you; and I shall, per- 'haps, have as many admirers as she.' Upon this, I wept; and went to-bed. Amongst the various thoughts which revolved in my mind, there was one which I at last fixed upon. 'Why should I,' said I to myself, 'who have virtue and 'sense, who have a character and senti- 'ments which render me generally es- 'teemed, with all the charms of youth, 'have the weakness to destroy myself 'with a grief which, perhaps, will be 'thought interested, and which will 'only serve to swell the vanity of a 'man who treats me so unworthily?' This last reflection rouzed up my courage; it had something noble in it, that inspired me with resolutions that rendered me more calm and tranquil. I laid a scheme for my behaviour to Valville; and fixed upon what method I should make use of to discover his infidelity to his mother: in a word, I proposed to act with a spirit, a modesty, a decency, worthy of that Marianne who had been so highly esteemed. In fine, to behave with a conduct which, in my opinion, would be more proper to make Valville regret his forsaking me, if he had any generosity left, than all the tears I could shed; which often only serve to degrade us even in the opinion of the lover we lament, and at least spread an air of disgrace over our charms. Thus enthusiastically enchanted with my little generous plan, I insensibly sunk to rest, and did not awake till late the next morning; but then I awoke only to renew my sighs.

However industriously we endeavour to encourage ourselves in a situation like mine, we are continually liable to relapses, and that little repose we procure is too uncertain to be of long continuance: the soul only enjoys itself for a moment, and is sensible that it's tranquillity depends upon a slight of imagination, which it would willingly preserve; but it constrains it too much; it is forced to retract itself into that condition which is most natural to it, that is, a state of agitation. This was my

case.

case. I not only thought that Valville was unfaithful, but that his mother would no longer be mine; and that I should never possess that apartment she had shewn me at her house, which was so near to her's. She had promised me this in the tenderest manner: how delightful would have been my situation! I had anticipated my happiness by reflecting upon it before-hand, and had promised myself many sweet and pleasing interviews with her; but all my hopes were vanished, and the happiness I had depended on disappeared: how heavy, how severe, was this disappointment! Valville no longer intended this should ever come to pass. This was an article I did not think of the evening before. What would become of my mamma's picture which I had begged of her, and which she had assured me should be hung in my chamber, where it was placed perhaps already; but, alas! to no purpose, since it was not for me. How numerous were my griefs! how swift did they flow in upon me!

Though I expected Mrs. De Valville would come that day, I did not hope to see her till the afternoon; but she was there in the morning. My friend the nun, who had paid me a visit soon after I was dressed, and whose conversation had again comforted me, had scarcely left the room, when I saw Miss Varthon enter: she appeared cast down, but less melancholy than the evening before. I gave her a reception which was neither cold nor very affectionate; I received her with a languishing look; and notwithstanding her friendly behaviour, and all she had told me, I felt some pain at seeing her: but, whether she perceived it or no, she seemed not to take any notice of it. 'I think I ought 'to acquaint you with one thing,' said she, with an open countenance, in which there appeared a visible concern; 'and 'that is, that I have been with Mr. 'De Valville.' She stopped here as if ashamed of what she had told me. This surprizing beginning made me sigh. 'I 'readily believe it!' replied I, filled with the utmost consternation. 'But pray, 'do not condemn me without hearing 'me,' rejoined she immediately. 'I 'have assured you that I would never 'see him more, and that was my in-'tention; but I had not the least su-'spicion that it was he who waited for 'me in the parlour.' (And this, indeed, was true, as I heard since.) 'I 'was told that one desired to speak 'with me from Mrs. De Valville,' continued she; 'and you are sensible that 'my appearance could not be dispensed 'with: it would have been very rude 'and unkind to have refused going to 'her without a sufficient excuse; so 'that I was obliged to shew myself, 'though I did it with reluctance, and 'not till after some hesitation; and the 'uneasiness of my mind seemed to pre-'sage what was going to happen. 'Judge of my surprize, when I found 'Mr. De Valville in the parlour.'— 'You then retired, did not you?' returned I with a weak and trembling voice. 'I had undoubtedly done so,' returned she, blushing; 'but I had no 'sooner seen him than I could not re-'sist a natural impulse of indignation 'which seized me. Would not you 'have done so?'—'No,' said I; 'you 'would have shewn a greater resent-'ment in retiring.'—'May be so,' returned she, 'but put yourself in my 'place, with the opinion I had of him.' The words 'I had,' made me tremble; it seemed an ill omen of what was following. "You are very bold, Sir," said I to him, "to come here to sur-"prize me," continued she, "after the "letter you wrote to me, which you "could not have made me take with-"out deceiving me: are you come now "for an answer to it? If so, you shall "not wait long for it: I assure you, "Sir, both your visits and your letters "offend me extremely. The little ser-"vice you have done me does not en-"title you to dispense with the regard "you owed me, especially as you are "under engagements to a young lady, "whom you cannot forsake without "being guilty of a base perfidiousness. "It is she, Sir, you ought to visit here; "and not me; who am not born to be "the object of such an injurious, such "a shameful intrigue!" This I was 'willing to say before I left him,' added she; 'and was going to the door in 'order to leave him, without conde-'scending to hear what he had to say, 'when I heard him cry out—"Oh, "Miss! you throw me into despair!" 'and this was uttered with such a loud 'and mournful voice, that I thought 'myself obliged to stop, to prevent his 'crying out a second time, and alarm-'ing the house, which would have in-

'troduced a very disagreeable scene.'—'No, no!' said I, 'he would not have 'behaved so extravagantly; that precaution was entirely unnecessary.'—'I beg your pardon,' returned she, a little confused; 'the servants, or any 'in the court, might have come at the 'noise, and have put me out of countenance; so it was wiser to stay a little, 'for I did not think he would detain 'me long. "Well, Sir, what do you "want with me?" said I, in the same 'haughty tone; "I do not desire to "hear any thing that you can inform "me of."—"Alas, Madam! I pro"test I have but one word to say to "you; pray return," replied he with 'a bewildered look, and so much emo'tion, that it was impossible for me 'to proceed. "Well, Sir," said I, 'going back to him, "what would "you say?"—"I came to tell you," returned he, "that my mother will be "here between eleven and twelve; and "designs to take you and Marianne "home with her to dinner: she did not "desire me to tell you of it, but I "thought you would permit me to let "you know it before hand."—"You "need not have given yourself that "trouble, Sir," said I: "Mrs. De "Valville does me a great deal of ho"nour; and I shall consider how I "ought to behave. Is that all?"—'Why did you ask if that was all?' said I: 'would you never have done? 'would you listen to him for ever?'—'Dear Miss,' said she, 'how you mis'take me; it is quite the reverse: "is "that all," signified only that he tired 'my patience; I only said so to get a 'pretence to leave him, for I was all the 'while afraid of his disordered looks; 'for one does not know what to do with 'persons that are so little masters of 'themselves. Then, assuring me that 'he would soon have done, he began a 'discourse which I was obliged to hear 'from the beginning to the end. It was 'a vindication of himself with regard 'to you, occasioned by my having men'tioned his perfidiousness. You may 'judge that his arguments could not 'persuade me to believe him as excuse'able as he thinks himself to be; but 'I must confess, that I do not find him 'quite so culpable as I before thought 'him.'—'Ah, Miss!' cried I, (without lifting up my head, lest my looks 'should charge her with hypocrisy) 'is 'he not quite so culpable? Do you say 'so, who despised him so much yester'day?'—'It is true, indeed,' returned she, 'I did despise him; and thought 'him the basest and most unworthy of 'all mankind: nor do I now pretend 'to say that he is not at all to blame; 'I only think he is less so than I at 'first imagined. My friendship indu'ces me to tell you this, in order to 'diminish your affliction, by rendering 'his behaviour less shocking to you. 'You have looked upon him as a fickle 'and perfidious person, who suddenly 'changes without knowing why: but 'he is very far from it; it is sometime 'since he endeavoured to remove his 'passion, with which he reproached 'himself. This he told me almost with 'tears in his eyes; it was even before 'your illness; he thought to conquer 'it by loving another; he only wanted 'an object: he saw me; I did not dis'please him; he felt a slight preference, 'which he could not help giving me 'over the rest, and seized the opportu'nity of making himself happy. That 'is all.'—'Oh, Miss!' said I, 'is 'this the comfort you would have me 'listen to? Is this the consolation 'you bring me?'—'Indeed, Miss, I 'thought it would be one,' returned she: 'is it not more agreeable to you 'to think that it is not out of incon'stancy or want of love that he leaves 'you, but that he is forced to do it 'with reluctance, and only from mo'tives which appear to him to be rea'sonable; and which, if am not de'ceived, you will think so too, if you 'will permit me to repeat them to you, 'in order to take away the ill opinion 'you have entertained of him? Let us 'see now: you have related your his'tory to me, my dear Marianne; but 'there are a great many articles that 'you have but just touched upon, yet 'are extremely important, and may 'have been prejudicial to you. Val'ville, who loved you, did not attend 'to them while they were concealed; 'and he was much in the right. But 'your story has been blazed abroad, 'and those little particulars are known 'to every body: there are few like him 'or his mother; persons of generous 'sentiments are very scarce. The linen-'draper, with whom you lived as a 'shop-maid; the good monk, who went 'to petition the assistance of one of Mr.

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'De Valville's relations; the convent 'where you went to beg to be received 'out of charity; the adventure of the 'linen-draper, who knew you again at 'a lady's called Mrs. De Fare; your 'being taken from thence; your ap-'pearing at the prime-minister's before 'so large a company; the insignificant 'young fellow that was designed to 'displace Valville; and a hundred 'other things; which, though they 'turned out, indeed, to your advantage, 'and prove that none was ever more 'amiable and engaging; yet are very 'mortifying, and degrade you, though 'very unjustly. All these things, I 'say, have been represented to Valville, 'who has given me an account of them. 'You cannot imagine all that has been 'said to him on this subject, or how 'much they condemn his mother, and 'teaze him about his design of marry-'ing you. His friends break off their 'acquaintance with him; his relations 'will see him no more, unless he will 'lay aside his project; and there are 'none even of the indifferent and un-'concerned that do not laugh and jeer 'at him: in fine, he must bear the most 'mortifying things, and go through 'endless insults. I cannot repeat half 'of what they say to him. "What! "a girl that has nothing!" say they; "a girl that does not know who she "is! How can you have the face, Sir, "to shew her to the world?"—"She "has virtue."—"But are there no la-"dies of quality who have it too? Can "nobody please you but your amiable "orphan? She loves you, you will say; "but what can she do better? Is that "a love to be boasted of? Can you be "sure, that she would have had any "esteem for you, if she had been your "equal? How do you know but her "necessities may induce her to dissem-"ble that passion, to draw you in, and "keep you to herself? All these ideas, "Sir, will one day come into your "mind;" they add, with equal malice 'and stupidity; "and you will then "be sensible of the indignity you are "now offering yourself; and be at least "obliged to leave your country, and "go and hide yourself with your wife, "to avoid the scorn you will bring up-"on yourself: but, wherever you go, "do not hope to avoid the misfortune "of hating her, and cursing the day "when first you knew her."

Here I could contain myself no longer; I had been silent whilst she repeated to me all these mortifying, these humbling expressions; I had endured a re-cital of my miseries: and of what ser-vice could it have been to me to have vindicated myself, or to have given a loose to my complaints? It could not be doubted but she was ready to follow her inclinations; I saw that Valville had sufficiently justified himself in her opi-nion, that he had gained her over, and that she only sought to clear him in mine, that I might dispense with her promise of despising him. This I saw very plainly; and my reproaches would have been of no signification at all. But how cruel, how extremely barba-rous was it to mention that hatred which they predicted Valville would have for me! How severe the reflection, that he would curse the day of our acquaint-ance! This pierced my heart, and tried my patience to the utmost. 'Oh! this 'is too much, Miss! It is too much!' cried I. 'He detest me! he curse the 'time when he first saw me! The thought 'is quite insupportable! Have you the 'courage to threaten me with it? to 'come and entertain me with such 'frightful ideas? Is this your boasted 'friendship? Is this the method you 'take to dissipate my uneasiness? Can 'you believe I do not understand you, 'and see into the bottom of your heart? 'Is it like a friend, to use me in this 'manner? Cannot you love him with-'out taking away my life? You will 'have it that he is innocent; and would 'convince me of it. Well, Miss, I 'will confess that he is so; give him 'again your esteem. He is in the 'right; he ought to blush at having 'loved me. I grant that our marriage 'would cover him with all the reproach 'you have enumerated. Yes, I am 'nothing; the meanest creature upon 'earth is above me. I have subsisted hi-'therto only upon charity: they know 'it, and reproach me with it. I am suf-'ficiently convinced that Valville ought 'to abandon me, and that he may do 'it without any impeachment of his 'honesty. But for you to threaten me 'with his hatred and his curses; me, 'who am dying; it is too much; I 'cannot bear it: and God will revenge 'your inhumanity to me! You might 'have justified Valville; and have in-'sinuated that his passion for you is

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'not at all blameable, without coming 'to crush me under these barbarous 'presages. It may be you, perhaps, 'that he will hate; it will perhaps be 'yourself, and not me, Miss: take 'care.'

This reproach perfectly stunned her: she did not expect that I should so readily find out her artifice; and I saw her blush and turn pale successively. 'You 'put a very ill construction upon my 'intentions,' returned she, with a troubled air. 'What wild transports! 'I crush you! I pierce your heart! and 'God will revenge my inhumanity! 'How very strange is all this! Why 'should he punish me, Miss? Have I 'any share in your misfortunes? Am 'I responsible for the ideas people in-'spire this gentleman with? Is it my 'fault if they strike him? Is it any 'wonder that they make an impression 'upon him? However, I must say 'again, there is less infidelity than 'weakness in his change; and it is im-'possible to judge otherwise. Those 'who talk to him thus are more to 'blame than he: he is not perfidious, 'but only ill advised. I thought I 'should please you in telling you this, 'and that was all the artifice I have 'made use of. I wish he had resisted 'all that has been said to him, he would 'then have been more worthy of praise; 'but I cannot think that either you or 'I have a right to despise him for it. 'Every body will excuse his fault; nor 'will it make him sink in the esteem of 'any one. This is my opinion; and, 'if you are equitable, it must be yours 'too: your own peace and tranquillity 'require it.'—'I should be more easy 'if this conversation was dropped,' said I, weeping. 'As you please,' returned she. 'I will say no more: 'and, I assure you, I shall never re-'sume it. Fare you well, Miss,' added she, retiring. I made no reply, only bowed my head, and let her go.

You will, perhaps, be apt to imagine, Madam, that I am now going to abandon myself to a greater excess of grief than ever: at least, you must see that I have a new acquisition of painful, uneasy circumstances. False as Valville was, I could not absolutely say, before this discourse, that I had a rival: it is true, he loved Miss Varthon; but yet she did not seem to be at all the less my friend; she despised him, and persuaded me to do so too; this was far from acting like a true rival; but now she was a most compleat one. They mutually loved each other; and her discourse told me what an impression he had made on her heart; and that she had taken a resolution to cherish her growing passion. Must not this, according to all appearance, renew my despair, and plunge me into the most cruel, the most bitter affliction? But, so far from it, she had no sooner left the room, than my tears began insensibly to cease. This new augmentation of sorrow stopped them, and made me unable to shed any more. When a misfortune, which we have believed to be extreme, becomes still greater, the soul seems to lay aside it's sorrow; it collects all it's strength, to enable it to bear up courageously; it's excess brings it to reason; it would be to no purpose to afflict itself; and therefore it yields, and is silent; it has no other choice left: and this I took even unknown to myself. It was with this kind of coolness that I peacefully contemplated my misfortunes; became convinced that there was no remedy, and consented to endure this unhappy adventure with patience. Thus my troubles terminated in a profound melancholy; I was peaceful and tractable: a state less cruel than that of absolute despair.

I was in this situation of mind, when a lay-sister told me Mrs. De Valville was come, and a person waited for me in the parlour: I imagined it was she that was there; and, notwithstanding the calm I was just in, I went down a little moved, and my eyes grew moist in the way. 'That dear, that tender, 'mother,' said I to myself, 'thinks 'she comes to see her daughter: she 'does not know that she will only see 'the poor Marianne, stripped of that 'affectionate, that charming appella-'tion her goodness would bestow upon 'me.' I resolved, however, not to inform her of any thing yet: I had my reason for concealing it, and intended to wait for a more favourable moment. I dried my eyes at the parlour-door, endeavoured to assume a serene countenance; and, after two or three sighs, I entered. A curtain drawn before the grate hid from me still the person I was going to see; but, prepossessed with the opinion that Mrs. De Valville was behind it—'Ah, my dear mamma!' cried I, as

I, as I advanced towards it; 'is it you 'that are come to see me?' when, drawing the curtain, I was ready to tear it for presenting, instead of Mrs. De Valville, her unfaithful son. I started; and was so struck with the sight, that I stood some time with my head hanging down, stunned, and without the power to speak a single word. 'What 'is the matter, my charming Marianne?' said he. 'It is me: did 'they not tell you so? How ravished 'am I to see you! Alas! you seem to 'be very weak still. My mother is in 'the parlour next this, with Mrs. Dorsin, talking with a nun; and she desired me to tell you that she would be 'here in a moment, and that she designs to take you and your friend Miss 'Varthon with her: but I am very much 'afraid that you are not yet in a condition to go out; think of it, however. 'Will not you go and dress you?'—'No, Sir,' said I, recovering my spirits; 'no, I will not dress me; I am not 'perfectly well; and Mrs. De Valville 'will give me leave to remain as I am.'—'O without doubt,' replied he. 'Well, you have given us terrible 'alarms,' added he immediately, with the tone of a man who would shew some concern, and who would speak, though he had nothing to say. 'Pray, how do 'you do? I do not know whether I am 'deceived or not, but you appear very 'much dejected: perhaps your illness 'has given you that thoughtful melancholy air; for I hope nothing has 'disturbed you.'

I easily perceived that he said this because my sadness and reserved behaviour alarmed him. He did not know Miss Varthon had revealed his secret to me; for she had concealed from him all that passed between us on that subject, and had persuaded him to believe that she had only learned our engagements from the friendly confidence I reposed in her: but the guilty are always suspicious; Miss Varthon, by some imprudent word, might have given me some light; and this was what he feared. Hitherto I had not dared to look in his face. I did not care that he should read in my eyes, that I too well knew every thing; and apprehended that I should not be able to dissemble with him. At last I thought I might trust myself, and looked up. 'When a person is recovered from an illness so 'great as mine,' returned I, observing how he looked at me, 'our weakness 'gives us an air of melancholy.'

Ah, Madam! how difficult is it to commit a perfidious action with an unmoved countenance! The soul must be extremely tender of it's honour, and have a strong propensity to truth, since it is so difficult to surmount the confusion it feels at being false. Valville could not meet my looks, notwithstanding all the assurance he endeavoured to put on. I could hardly know him again; he did not seem to be the same man; he had no longer that frankness, that openness of countenance, that joy at seeing me, which always used to sparkle in his eyes, and express the tender sentiments with which I inspired him. Love was banished from thence, and nothing remained but embarrassment and imposture: I saw nothing now but a visage cold and constrained, which he strove to enliven, and to conceal the indifference that, in spite of all his endeavours, was very visible. Alas, Madam! such a sight was insupportable to me; I was obliged to cast down my eyes, and not to look upon him again. Here a deep sigh escaped me, which it would have been impossible to have concealed, which he took notice of with the appearance of some concern. 'Have you any difficulty of 'breathing, Marianne?' said he. 'No,' returned I; 'I am only very weak.' And then followed a long interval without either of us speaking a word, which happened more than once. These pauses had something very singular in them; they had been entirely unknown in our former interviews; and the more they disconcerted my unfaithful lover, the more frequent they became. For my part, I could only prevail on myself to be silent, and not to explain the subject of my disorder; which I could neither conceal, nor put any restraint upon my looks and behaviour. 'Your languishing condition 'makes me very uneasy,' said he: 'we 'have been assured that you were much 'better recovered. Do you take any 'recreation in your convent? You have 'some friends there.'—'Yes,' returned I; 'I have a nun who sincerely loves 'me: and then I see Miss Varthon, 'who is a most amiable lady.'—'She 'appears to be so,' he replied; 'but 'you are a better judge of that than I.'

—'Does

—'Does she know,' said I, 'that Mrs. 'De Valville is come for her?'—'Yes; I think my mother desired she 'should be told of it,' returned he. 'You would be glad to be better ac-'quainted with her,' said I. 'Why, 'I have seen her here once or twice; 'my mother desired me to call upon 'her to enquire after your health,' cried he. 'Did not you know it? She 'should have told you of it.'—'Yes,' replied I; 'she mentioned it to me.' And then we were silent again; he out of confusion, and I from discretion and melancholy. 'But come, endeavour, 'Miss, to recover,' said he: 'I think 'I hear my mother in the court; I will 'see if I am not mistaken,' added he, going to the window. This action spared him some words, which he would have been obliged to speak to keep up the conversation; at least, it entitled him to mention what he saw, or did not see in the court. 'Yes,' cried he; 'it 'is she herself, with Mrs. Dorsin: they 'will be here in a moment; and I will 'go and open the door.' He left me without saying any more; and went down some of the stairs to give Mrs. Dorsin his hand. He was glad of a pretence to run from me: whilst I, as soon as he was gone, endeavoured to smother my sighs, and to assume a countenance as serene and undisturbed as possible.

'My dear child,' said Mrs. Dorsin as she entered, giving me her hand, 'I 'thank Heaven for thy preservation. 'We had not come till the afternoon, 'but I told your mamma that you must 'dine with us, that we might have 'your company the longer.—Madam, 'she is a great deal better than I fear-'ed,' added she, addressing herself to Mrs. De Valville; 'she is wonderfully 'recovered; and, I think, is not much 'altered.' I do not remember what answer she made her. Valville stood by Mrs. Dorsin, and smiled at looking on me; as if he, too, found a great deal of pleasure at seeing me again. 'My 'dear daughter,' said Mrs. De Valville, 'thou art not dressed yet: I sent 'my son to tell thee I was coming for 'thee.' This she said with the most affectionate air. At the name of daughter, I let fall some tears; and observed that Valville blushed: but I do not know why, except he was ashamed to see me moved to so little purpose, and thought that the sweet and tender name of daughter would be at last of no signification. 'Indeed your daughter loves 'you too much,' cried Mrs. Dorsin, 'for her present weakness: there is no 'need of these emotions, nor of that 'melting tenderness, which seizes her 'heart at seeing you; and, I am afraid, 'they will do her no good. Let her be 'perfectly recovered, and then she may 'weep for joy as much as she pleases; 'but let her indulge none of these soft-'enings till then.—Come, Miss, en-'deavour to chear up, and let us go, 'for it grows late.'—'I stay for Miss 'Varthon,' returned my mamma: 'but 'as for thee, thou mayst go as thou 'art. Thou needs not take the trou-'ble to dress now.'—'Alas! notwith-'standing the desire we have to take 'her with us, I tremble for fear she 'should come out too soon,' said Valville; who, under a pretence of a concern for my health, probably had no other design but to furnish me with an excuse, which he hoped I should take hold of; but he was deceived. 'No, 'Sir,' cried I; 'I am not ill at all: 'and since this dear lady will dispense 'with my dress, I shall be charmed 'with the pleasure of going with her.' —'What do you mean by lady?' returned Mrs. De Valville, smiling. 'Who dost thou speak to? Thy illness 'has rendered thee mighty grave. Call 'me, very respectfully, thy mamma.'—'I can never have respect enough for 'you, Madam,' returned I with a sigh, which I was unable to conceal. It did not escape Mrs. Dorsin; and confounded the uneasy, the guilty Valville; who was, with some reason, out of countenance. This sigh, joined to my respectful behaviour, seemed to proceed from some hidden cause. Mrs. Dorsin appeared to think so, and to take notice of Valville's confusion, by the manner in which she observed us both. My mamma was going, perhaps, to make me some farther reply, when Miss Varthon entered in a negligent, but elegant dishabille. As she had foreseen that, notwithstanding my uneasiness, I might go with them to dinner, she had, without doubt, satisfied herself with dressing in this manner; which seemed to exclude all design of pleasing; and which she probably thought would leave me no room to accuse her with any such intention.

I imme-

I immediately guessed her motives for this apparent regard for me, and was not to be imposed upon by it. In these cases, a jealous and betrayed lover is quicker sighted than a beloved one. I at once saw that she was not sincere; and that, notwithstanding her negligence, she had not been willing to strip herself of any of her charms. I was dressed in the same manner as when I arose, and had only slipped on a very bad gown. I was so changed and thin, the fire of my eyes was almost extinguished, and had such a pale, sickly, and disturbed countenance, that I could not help being sensible of the disparity between us, and being mortified at appearing before her with such disadvantages, and thus contributing myself to justify Valville's infidelity. If a lover leaves us, and gives the preference to another, we are at least pleased to think him to blame for it; and to charge it to his inconstancy, and not our want of charms; and thus to flatter ourselves that he is guilty of injustice. What lesser comfort can be required? But yet, in this case, methought I could not charge Valville with it. And this thought made me repent my having engaged to dine with his mother; but I could not go back. However, there were some things which might be alledged in my favour: and my rival, upon recollection, had not such great cause for triumph. If she shone more than me, it was not because she was naturally more lovely; but it was owing only to her being in good health, and my having been ill. I might be excused if I then wanted my own charms; but she was obliged to have all hers. They saw how much she excelled me; but did not know how far I might exceed her when mine returned.

I need not repeat the compliments these ladies made her. It was time to go; and we both of us left the convent, stepped into the coach, and soon arrived at Mrs. De Valville's. 'I am afraid 'you are not perfectly recovered,' said my mamma, with an affectionate look, when we were at dinner: 'you appear 'to have a languid melancholy which 'does not at all please me.—Was she 'so in the convent, Miss?' added she, speaking to Miss Varthon, who blushed at her question. 'Yes, Madam,' returned she; 'she was pretty much the 'same. She has much ado to recover; 'her illness has been long and violent: 'however, she is sometimes better.' Mrs. Dorsin said nothing; but did not cease examining Valville and me.

As we arose from table, the weather being very fine, it was proposed to take a walk on the terrace of the garden. The conversation was at first general; and then Miss Varthon was asked news of her mother: they talked of her voyage, her return, and her affairs. While they were on this subject, I pretended a curiosity to see a shady arbour at the end of the terrace. 'It appears 'to be very agreeably situated,' said I, to engage Valville to wait on me thither. 'No, no,' returned he; 'it is nothing 'uncommon.' But, as I arose up, he could not avoid following me, and leaving the rest of the company. 'I beg 'pardon, Sir,' said I to him, as we walked, 'for depriving you of a con-'versation in which you, perhaps, in-'terest yourself; but I shall not de-'tain you long.'—'Why, you jest!' said he. 'Do not you know the plea-'sure I take in being with you?' I made him no answer. We entered the arbour; whilst my heart suffered the most violent palpitation; and I could not tell how to begin what I had to say to him. 'A-propos!' cried he. (You will judge if 'a-propos,' was a proper introduction to what he was going to mention.) 'Do you remember 'that I have been endeavouring to ob-'tain a post?'—'Do I remember, Sir! 'Without doubt, I do,' returned I. 'It is that affair that has deferred our 'marriage.'—'Is it concluded, Sir; 'or will it soon be so?'—'Alas! no; 'there is nothing done yet,' he replied; 'we are hardly any forwarder than we 'were at first: my mother will, no 'doubt, mention it to you. There 'have arisen difficulties which have re-'tarded the conclusion of it; and 'which, unhappily, may put it off 'much longer.' You must observe, Madam, that these were difficulties of his own procuring; and the result of an intrigue carried on between him and his friends, without Mrs. De Valville's knowledge; as will appear afterwards. 'There are creditors and 'heirs that oppose us,' continued he: 'we must bring them to an agreement; 'and, according to all appearance, we 'shall not be able to do it soon. I am 'extremely sorry for it, and prodigi-

'ously uneasy,' added he, taking two or three steps to go out of the arbour. 'Stay a moment,' cried I: 'I am a 'little weary; let us sit down. Pray, 'Sir, tell me why these difficulties 'disturb you so much?'—'Cannot you 'guess?' replied he. 'It is because 'it retards our marriage. You must 'imagine that I should be very glad 'to have it concluded. I have had a 'design to desire my mother to com-'plete my happiness before I obtained 'my place; but, upon second thoughts, 'I found it more proper to defer it; to 'keep to her decision; and not to press 'her too much. Am not I in the 'right?'—'Oh! there is nothing to be 'feared from her,' returned I; 'it 'will never miscarry on her account.' —'No, I believe not,' replied he; 'nor on mine neither: I believe you 'are pretty sure of it. But that is no 'reason why these delays should not 'make me impatient: I wish, with all 'my heart, my mother had not put it 'off; she did not consult my love in 'it. I thought I ought to seize this 'opportunity to explain myself.'— 'Pray, Sir, what love is it you are 'speaking of?' returned I, to enter upon the matter. 'What love!' cried he. 'What love should it be but 'mine, Miss? my affection for you. 'Is my love to you a new thing? And 'can you attribute to me those obsta-'cles which prevent an union; which 'I desire much more than you do 'yourself?' Instead of a reply, I drew his letter to Miss Varthon out of my pocket, which you know she had left with me. As I gave it him open, he knew it at first. Judge, then, what was his confusion! It was quite inexpressible. It would have made any other but me pity him. However, he endeavoured to recover himself. 'Well, 'Miss; what paper is this? What 'would you have me do with it?' said he, taking it with a trembling hand. 'Ah!' added he, with a forced laugh, without knowing what he said; 'I see 'it is mine: it is my letter. I forgot 'to tell you of it: it is a trifle. You 'were sick; the conversation turned 'upon love; and the subject made me 'a little pleasant; that is all: I thought 'no more of it. Miss Varthon and I 'saw each other sometimes at the Mar-'chioness of Kilnare's: every body 'knows that I have not made any se-'cret of it. As I could not see you, 'I was willing to amuse and divert 'myself, to pass away the time. But, 'now we are speaking of this mar-'chioness, I must tell you that I 'should be glad to see you acquainted 'with her: she is a lady of merit.' I let him conclude this rambling discourse, which was void of sense and reason, and which perfectly expressed the disorder of his mind. I attended to it with silence, and my eyes cast down. When he had done—'Sir,' said I, without using any reproaches, or taking hold of any thing he had said, 'I must do Miss Varthon the jus-'tice to assure you, that you ought 'not to accuse her with having made a 'premeditated sacrifice of your letter: 'she gave it me in the sudden emotion 'of her mind; as she then just disco-'vered that I had the vanity to think I 'was dear to you.'—'The vanity!' returned he, with a countenance perfectly disordered. 'Sure, Miss, there 'is no vanity in that!'—'Sir,' returned I, with a modest tone, 'pray, 'have the goodness to hear me make an 'end. Miss Varthon, to whom you 'paid a visit a few days ago, told me, 'as soon as she had left you, that you 'had been to pay her a visit, and to en-'quire how I did; without mention-'ing a word of the letter you had just 'given her. But yesterday, hearing 'that our marriage was agreed upon, 'she became quite stunned.'—'Hah! 'hah! stunned!' cried he. 'Why 'so? You surprize me! What is that 'to her?'—'I do not know that,' replied I: 'but, however, I took notice 'of it; asked her the reason; and 'pressed her to tell me; when she pro-'duced the letter, and gave it me.'— 'Very good!' returned he: 'she was 'mighty welcome; it was not any 'thing very important. What signi-'fies the letter? She knows I intended 'nothing by it; and that it was only a 'little piece of gallantry; and I did 'not desire her to conceal it from you.' —'You must excuse me, Sir; you for-'get yourself: you desired her not to 'shew it me in the letter itself,' replied I, in a gentle and friendly tone. 'But 'pray, let me conclude what I was 'going to say: I have desired this ex-'plication for no other reason but that 'Miss Varthon (supposing she should 'love you, as, indeed, you have reason

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'to hope for) should have no reason to 'accuse me of a jealousy which would 'very ill become me.'—'But what do 'you mean with your explications and 'jealousies?' cried he. 'What would 'you say? Indeed, Miss Marianne, I 'do not understand you: I do not, in-'deed!'—'Pray, Sir, hear me,' continued I; 'and let me conclude. Who 'is it that you thus debase yourself to 'dissemble with? Have you forgot 'who you are speaking to? Am I 'not that Marianne, that poor, that 'unfortunate Marianne, who owes 'every thing to your family, and who 'knows not what would have become 'of her had not your bounty saved 'her? Do I deserve that you should 'give yourself the trouble to explain 'and justify your conduct to me? No, 'Sir; the time is short; and do not, 'therefore, interrupt me: we must 'agree upon something. You know 'the dispositions of your own heart; 'but must be sensible that Mrs. De 'Valville is ignorant of them. She 'believes you are still actuated by 'those sentiments you lately enter-'tained in my favour: she honours me 'with the most engaging, the most en-'dearing affection; she persuades her-'self that I shall soon be her daughter; 'impatiently waits till I am so; and 'may take the resolution to marry us, 'before you have obtained your post; 'and, since you have so lately pressed 'her to it, may well imagine that her 'desire to have it concluded will fill 'you with the most pleasing transports. 'Can you, then, suddenly go to her, 'and acquaint her that you have en-'tirely banished me from your heart? 'I know, Sir, Mrs. De Valville has a 'mind full of truth and virtue; and, 'without reckoning the grief a decla-'ration of this kind would give her, 'such a surprize would, doubtless, 'prejudice you in her esteem. We 'must endeavour, then, to soften a 'little this adventure, and render it 'less shocking to her: a mother, like 'her, deserves all the pains we can 'take to prevent her uneasiness. I 'should be extremely afflicted, should 'I make you incur her displeasure. 'Alas! who am I, that I should be 'the subject of a quarrel between Mrs. 'De Valville and you? I, I say, who 'am obliged to you for great part of 'her tenderness, and for many of the 'benefits I have received from her. 'You would then, indeed, curse the 'day of your acquaintance with the 'unhappy orphan: but this I shall use 'all my endeavours to avoid. There-'fore, consider, Sir, how you would 'have me behave; and what steps you 'would wish me to take, to prevent the 'uneasiness I am speaking of. I will 'do every thing for you, except saying 'that I do not love you; for that 'would be far from being true: you 'need only tell me what you would 'have me do, and I will endeavour 'chearfully to obey you. And, be-'lieve me, Sir, it was only with an in-'tention of serving you, that I took 'the liberty to draw you from a con-'versation which you thought more 'engaging than mine.'

Hitherto Valville had stood his ground as well as he was able; and had the courage absolutely to deny his infidelity. The courage, did I say! I should rather have called it a mean, a pitiful baseness, which would not suffer him generously to confess the situation of his heart. How painful must such a conduct be to a mind that was always inclined to virtue, and had ever the strongest propensity to truth! But what I had now told him made him unable to resist any longer; my generosity confounded him, and made him sink before me: he dissembled no longer; but confessed his shame without the least reserve. I did not seem to take notice of his confusion; but, as he still remained silent, I added—'Be so good 'as to give me an answer. What do 'you prescribe to me?'—'Do as you 'please, Miss,' returned he: 'I am to 'blame, and cannot vindicate myself.' —'It is necessary, however, to advise 'what I should say,' added I, with a free and pressing air: but he continued mute; and it was impossible to get a word more from him. Here I observed Miss Varthon had left the two ladies, and was coming up to us. 'Sir,' said I, 'in the uncertainty in which you 'leave me, as to the part I ought to 'take, I shall act with as much dis-'cretion as possible; and it shall not be 'my fault if this affair does not suc-'ceed according to your desires.'

As he continued still silent, and I was going to leave him, Miss Varthon, who was already at the entrance of the arbour, pretended to be surprized at

finding us there; and seemed as if unwilling to interrupt us. 'I beg par-'don,' said she, retiring; 'I did not 'think you had been there still: in-'deed I imagined you were walking 'in the garden.'—'You are very 'welcome to come in, Miss,' said I; 'our conversation is finished, and you 'might have had your share in it.— 'This gentleman is witness that there 'has been nothing said against you.' —'What do you mean by against me?' returned she. 'Indeed, Miss, I do 'not doubt it. What connection is 'there between your secrets and my 'affairs?' I made no reply; and went out of the arbour to meet the ladies, who were coming up to us; so that our two lovers could only remain a moment together. I do not know what they said, but I heard them soon follow me: and, as I listened, methought Miss Varthon was talking very low to Valville. For my part, I returned from this expedition with a pleasing kind of emotion: that dignity of sentiment I had shewn to my unfaithful lover; that shame and humility I left in his heart; that astonishment he was in at my generous behaviour; in short, that superiority which my mind had assumed over his; a superiority more tender than displeasing; more amiable than vain; filled my soul with the sweetest and most flattering sentiments; and I found myself too worthy of his esteem not to be regretted. 'Sure,' said I, 'it is impossible for him to love 'Miss Varthon with the same tran-'quillity he would before have done!' I defied him to forget me, and be at peace with himself. I resolved to punish him by seeing him no more: and then I imagined that his affliction would be superior to mine, as he alone was guilty. 'Ah! why was he un-'faithful?' These were the thoughts which employed my mind as I advanced towards Mrs. De Valville: and you cannot imagine how greatly I was delighted with them, or how much they allayed my grief. Revenge is, in some degree, sweet to every offended heart; and nothing but that can assuage it's pain. Some will have a cruel, and others a generous one: and mine, you see, was of the last sort; for I wished my dear Valville no greater evil than to regret his forsaking me.

I have already told you, that Miss Varthon and he followed me; and we presently joined the other ladies: when, a cold and troublesome breeze arising, Mrs. De Valville proposed our walking in. I perceived Mrs. Dorsin, who had the goodness to interest herself in my concerns, and who had entertained some suspicions of what had happened, had watched all our actions. I observed, that she fixed her eyes on Valville, who turned away his head: his countenance had still an impression of the several emotions of his mind, which he was not yet able to disguise. Mrs. De Valville herself, who suspected nothing, discovered so much disorder in his looks, that, coming up to me—'Daughter,' said she, lowering her voice, 'Valville seems melancholy and 'thoughtful: pray, what has passed 'between you? What hast thou said 'to him?'—'Nothing, Madam,' I replied, 'that he ought not to be very 'well satisfied with.'—'I will soon 'make his gaiety return, I am deter-'mined,' said she, without explaining herself any farther; and then we went in. As soon as we had taken our seats—'My dear,' said Mrs. De Valville, 'as Miss Varthon is your friend, 'we may talk freely before her of the 'marriage which is agreed upon be-'tween my son and you: and I hope 'she will even do us the honour to be 'present at it; and therefore I shall 'make no difficulty of speaking my 'mind before her.' Here this young lady coloured; she foresaw that a scene was opening in which she herself might be involved: however, she bowed to Mrs. De Valville, to thank her for the confidence she reposed in her. 'You 'are thinking of your post, son,' continued the latter: 'I had made a reso-'lution not to marry you till you had 'obtained it; but I did not foresee 'that you would meet with so many 'difficulties to obstruct your designs; 'but since they seem to have no end; 'since we cannot tell when you will 'get over them; and since they trouble 'you so much; we need only overlook 'them, and conclude your marriage; 'with this single precaution, to keep 'it secret for some time. I have taken 'measures accordingly, unknown to 'you; and three or four days will be 'sufficient to prepare for it. We shall 'set out this evening for the country.— 'This lady,' added she, shewing us Mrs.

Mrs. Dorfin, 'has promiſed to give us 'her company: Miſs will be ſo kind 'as to do the ſame; and all will be 'over in a few days.'

Here Valville fell again into all that diſtreſs and confuſion into which I had caſt him a few moments before. Miſs Varthon bluſhed, and knew not what countenance to aſſume. For my part, I held my peace, and had the air of one more melancholy than pleaſed: but there was no malice nor ill-nature in my ſilence. My tenderneſs and regard for Mrs. De Valville, and, perhaps, my love too for her ſon, tied up my tongue, and made me unable to make her any anſwer. Here a ſhort interval paſſed, during which neither Valville nor I could open our mouths. At laſt, he broke ſilence; but it was rather to utter a few inſignificant, trifling words, than to make any reply; for he was entirely undetermined, and knew not what he was going to ſay: but he could not avoid ſaying ſomething to fill up that ſurprizing vacancy in the converſation occaſioned by our ſilence. 'Yes, indeed, it is true! You 'are in the right—nothing is more 'eaſy—Yes; in the country—when-'ever you pleaſe—We ſhall ſee——' —'How! what do you ſay? We ſhall 'ſee!' cried Mrs. De Valville, in an amaze. 'Are you abſent? Did you 'hear what I ſaid? What ſhall we ſee? 'Why, is not every thing ſeen al-'ready?'—'No, Madam!' returned I, with a ſigh; 'no! your goodneſs, 'your love to me, ſhuts your eyes 'againſt thoſe reaſons which ought 'abſolutely to break off this marriage: 'and I conjure you, by the favours 'with which you have loaded me; by 'that eternal gratitude I have for 'them; by all your concern for the 'happineſs of your ſon; not to preſs 'him any more on this ſubject; but to 'abandon your project!'—'Why ſo, 'huſſy!' cried ſhe, in an angry tone; for ſhe was ready to call me names: ſhe was provoked out of mere tenderneſs. 'Why ſo, pray? What do you 'mean?'—'Oh, mamma!' you ought 'to think no more of it,' cried I, throwing myſelf ſuddenly at her feet. 'I loſe riches and honours; but I 'cannot help it; they are not fit for 'me: Mr. De Valvillé cannot ſhare 'them with me, without rendering me 'the ridicule of the world; without 'paſſing himſelf for a man of a mean 'and baſe ſpirit. Alas! what a misfortune would it be to this young 'gentleman, who is the hope of an illuſtrious family, who might aſpire to 'the greateſt honours, to be obliged, 'perhaps, to deſert his country for 'having married a girl whom nobody 'knows; a girl whom you have raiſed 'from nothing; and who has no other 'fortune but your charity! Could the 'world ever approve of ſuch a marriage?'—'But what do you mean 'by theſe reflections? What are you 'about?' cried Mrs. De Valville, interrupting me. 'Pray, Madam, hear 'me,' reſumed I in a preſſing and importunate tone: 'if any thing is 'worthy your concern and his, it is 'certainly my miſery. My dear mamma, you have hitherto had the greateſt regard for me, and ſtill continue 'it: you would have the poor Marianne call you mother; you do her the 'honour to call her your child, and 'treat her as if ſhe was ſo. How admirable, how kind, is this! Can any 'thing equal your goodneſs? And is 'not my low, my indigent condition, 'ſufficiently honoured, but you muſt 'carry your charity ſo far as to marry 'me to your ſon? Is my miſery to be 'eſteemed a portion? No, my dear 'mother; no! you may give me the 'endearing title of your daughter as 'long as you pleaſe; you may beſtow 'it upon me without controul; but I 'ought not to receive it from the law. 'It is true, I had yielded to your exceſſive goodneſs; I thought I had ſurmounted all obſtacles, and every 'thing would paſs on ſmooth and eaſy: 'the exceſs of my happineſs prevented 'my thinking, and had taken away all 'my ſcruples; but they return upon 'me, and I can no longer hide from 'myſelf the true ſtate of things. Every 'body cries out againſt our marriage. 'Mr. De Valville is affronted, raillied, 'and perſecuted, wherever he goes; 'though he conceals it from me, and 'durſt not tell it you; he is ſhocked at 'the frightful proſpect; and has reaſon 'to be ſo: but, though he ſhould regard all this with indifference, and 'endeavour to overlook it, I ought to 'mind it for my own ſake, as well as 'his. In ſhort, you love me; your 'intention is to ſecure my happineſs; 'and yet I ſhould diſappoint all the

'deſigns

'designs of your tenderneſs by consenting to marry him; deſigns which I ought to revere, and which deſerve to meet with ſucceſs. How can I be happy if he is not ſo too? if I ſee myſelf hated and deſpiſed, as they foreſee I muſt be? Lord! I be hated——!'

Here I was ſtopped by a torrent of tears. Valville, who, during my diſcourſe, had appeared as if he was going to interrupt me, as ſoon as I had finiſhed, aroſe ſuddenly with an air of the moſt violent agitation, and went out of the hall without any body deſiring him to ſtay, or aſking the reaſon of his going. Mrs. De Valville continued immoveable; Mrs. Dorſin appeared dull and penſive, and fixed her eyes on the floor. Miſs Varthon, more uneaſy than ever at what ſhe feared I ſhould ſay, endeavoured to aſſume a countenance that might not betray her: ſo that we were all of us, from different motives, unable to ſpeak. As for me, weakened by this violent effort, I let myſelf ſink upon Mrs. De Valville's knee, and continued crying. The two ladies were for ſome time ſpeechleſs after Mr. De Valville was gone. 'Daughter,' ſaid my mamma, at laſt with an air of conſternation, 'does my 'ſon love you no more?' I only anſwered her by a freſh flood of tears, with which ſhe mingled hers; and a look that made her ſenſible ſhe had diſcovered the cauſe of my uneaſineſs. Mrs. Dorſin ſeemed extremely moved, and wept too: Miſs Varthon ſighed a little; and this was for ſome time the tone of our converſation. This was ſucceeded by a perfect ſilence: but Mrs. De Valville, at laſt, burſting afreſh into tears, took me in her arms, and moved me ſo much by her tenderneſs and affection, that I was unable to contain myſelf, or to ſupport the weight of my own ſorrow; and was therefore placed in an eaſy-chair. 'Come, my dear daugh'ter,' ſaid ſhe; 'come, endeavour to 'comfort yourſelf! Believe me, my 'dear, thou haſt ſtill a mother: doſt 'thou eſteem her as nothing?'—'Alas! it is ſhe I regret,' returned I, with a voice interrupted with ſighs. 'Ah! why doſt thou regret her?' returned ſhe. 'She is, if poſſible, more 'thy mother than ever!'—'And I a 'thouſand times more her friend!' returned Mrs. Dorſin, in a reſolute voice, but with her eyes full of tears. 'And, 'indeed, it is not her that I pity; it is 'Mr. De Valville: his loſs is infinitely 'greater than hers.'—'Now I have 'done with him; I ſhall never eſteem 'him any more,' returned my dear mamma. 'But, Marianne, how didſt 'thou learn that he loves another?' added ſhe. 'Who gave thee that infor'mation? he could not tell it thee 'himſelf? Do you know the perſon 'for whom he thus breaks through his 'engagements? Who is it that he can 'think worthy of being preferred be'fore thee? Can ſhe hope to retain 'him? Tell me, haſt thou heard who 'ſhe is?'—'You will know, without 'doubt, Madam; he ought to tell you 'that himſelf,' returned I: 'I beg you 'would excuſe me from telling you any 'more.'—'Miſs,' reſumed Mrs. De Valville, addreſſing herſelf to my rival; 'my daughter is your friend; and, I 'am perſuaded, has told it you: it is 'likely ſhe has truſted you with the 'whole. Is ſhe not miſtaken? Is there 'any proof that he is really unfaith'ful? I have ſometimes ſent Valville 'to your convent; is it there that he 'became enamoured? and was in'ſpired with this new, this ſtrange 'paſſion?'

In the ſituation Miſs Varthon was in, ſhe muſt have been older and more converſant with the world than ſhe was, to have been proof againſt a queſtion of this nature: ſhe was at once unable to keep her countenance, and bluſhed in ſuch a remarkable manner, that the two ladies were immediately ſatisfied that ſhe was the perſon. 'I underſtand 'you, Miſs,' ſaid Mrs. De Valville: 'you are, indeed, extremely amiable; 'but, after what has happened to my 'daughter, I cannot adviſe you to de'pend much on the heart of my ſon.' —'I did not expect either your com'pariſon or advice, Madam,' returned Miſs Varthon, with a haughtineſs that recovered her from her embarraſſment. 'As to your ſon, all I think of his 'love is, that it offends me; and I 'ſhould have imagined that you muſt 'have thought ſo too. But it is very 'late, Madam, and time to return to 'the convent; will you be ſo good as 'to ſend me back?'

'I ſhall wait upon you thither my'ſelf, Miſs,' ſaid Mrs. De Valville: and then, turning to Mrs. Dorſin, 'you

'will

'will not leave us so soon?' added she. 'I am going to order the horses to be 'set to the coach; and shall return in 'a quarter of an hour, and expect to 'find you here with Marianne.'—'With all my heart, Madam,' said Mrs. Dorsin. 'My dear mamma,' cried I, with a voice still very faint, 'I never knew a greater pleasure than 'being with you; it will always be my 'happiness; and I shall now never wish 'to enjoy any other: but Mr. De Valville will return to-night; and, if you 'would not have me lose my life, do 'not expose me again to the pain of 'seeing him, at least so soon. You 'would be sorry for detaining me, 'since it could only cause you uneasi-'ness. I know, mamma, how sincerely 'you love me; and it is your affection, 'your tender heart, I would spare. 'You must believe what I say now is 'very true; since, by warning you, I 'deprive myself of all that consolation 'which I should find in being with 'you: but, when Mr. De Valville 'shall be married, I shall find no other 'charm in life but the pleasure of be-'ing with my dear mamma.'—'She 'is in the right,' returned Mrs. Dorsin, while Mrs. De Valville was drying her eyes. 'This adventure is too 'fresh; let us carry her back to her 'convent.' On which the latter went to give her orders; and we went soon after. Never, perhaps, were four people together more serious and silent than we were; for scarce were four words spoke in the way from my mamma's to the convent. It is true, the situation Miss Varthon and I were in could not allow of a very brisk conversation: nothing was lively amongst us, but my glances at Mrs. De Valville, and hers at me. At last we arrived. My rival stepped out of the coach first; Mrs. De Valville and I followed; and Mrs. Dorsin, who loaded me with caresses, and assurances of friendship, staid behind. Miss Varthon, who longed to get rid of us, rang the bell, and returned her thanks to my mother in a cold, but polite manner; and, the gate being opened, she left us. I cast myself into Mrs. De Valville's arms; where I remained some time speechless, and ready to faint. 'Hide thy tears,' said she to me, whispering; 'it is with 'difficulty that I retain mine. Fare-'well! think that thou shalt for ever be 'my daughter; and that thou possessest 'the first place in my heart. I will 'come to see thee again to-morrow.' This she said with the most dejected countenance. After this, I entered, with my soul more softened than afflicted: and, indeed, I had reason to be so. I left Mrs. De Valville oppressed with grief; Mrs. Dorsin had just affectionately embraced me, with tears in her eyes; my unfaithful lover was troubled himself, and had given us a sufficient proof of it, by leaving us so abruptly. Thus my adventure had moved three persons who were infinitely dear to me: my affairs became theirs; and this was a pleasing subject of consolation. I did not appear destitute of help: their tears honoured mine; they were sorry for my affliction; grieved for what I grieved; and sympathized in all my sorrow. These ideas were extremely sweet, and made me weep less from any real uneasiness, than from the most pleasing sentiments of tenderness and gratitude. But to proceed.

I passed the rest of the evening with my friend the nun. You will easily conceive that I did not see Miss Varthon; and that the friendly commerce which had been begun between us was entirely broken: however, she thought that the discretion I had made use of in concealing her share in my adventure, deserved some acknowledgment. At nine o'clock the next morning, a lay-sister brought me a letter from her. I opened it, a little uneasy at what might be the contents; but it contained only a compliment upon my proceedings the day before: and, as near as I can remember, it was as follows—

'MISS,

'WHAT you did for me yesterday 'was so very obliging, that I 'should reproach myself if I did not 'return you my sincerest thanks for it. 'It was not your fault that the share I 'had in your grief did not remain a 'secret; for, notwithstanding the ex-'treme trouble and disorder of your 'mind, you did not let a word escape 'you, that could in the least expose me. 'A very generous proceeding, indeed! 'and such as none but you could have 'been capable of. The result of this 'adventure will shew you how much I 'am touched with it. Adieu Miss,' &c.

You

You will ſoon ſee what this proof was that ſhe engaged herſelf to give me. I returned her an anſwer by the ſame lay-ſiſter; which was very ſhort, and was as follows—

'I Am obliged to you, Miſs, for your 'compliment: but you owe me 'none; I do not think I deſerve any 'praiſe for not being ill-natured. I 'acted only according to my own cha-'racter; and expect no reward for it.'

Mrs. De Valville had promiſed me, the evening before, that ſhe would come and ſee me; and ſhe was as good as her word. We ſpoke of Miſs Varthon; and as all my engagements with Valville were broken, I made no difficulty of telling her in what manner I became acquainted with his infidelity; and I did it to the advantage of my rival, whoſe diſpoſitions I could not then inform her of. My narration made us both weep: and the expreſſions of our mutual tenderneſs exceeded all deſcription. She had no news to tell me from Valville, for he had not ſhewn himſelf ſince the moment he left us. However, he returned home, but not till it was very late, and that morning he ſet out either for the country or Verſailles. 'Doubtleſs,' ſaid ſhe, 'he avoids ſee-'ing me; and, I am perſuaded, is 'aſhamed to appear before me.' On this ſhe got up, and was going to leave me, when Miſs Varthon, whom neither of us expected to ſee, ſuddenly came in. 'I intended to write to you, Madam,' ſaid ſhe to my mother, after ſaluting her; 'but ſince you are here, and I 'may have the honour to ſpeak to you, 'it is better, I think, to let it alone, and 'tell you my mind, without giving you 'or myſelf any farther trouble. I ſhall 'not detain you very long. Mr. De 'Valville is changed: you believe I 'am the cauſe; and I have reaſon to 'think ſo too. But how have I contributed to his inconſtancy? This, 'Madam, it is neceſſary you ſhould 'know. I ſhould be ſorry to have you 'deceived in an affair of ſuch conſe-'quence; and ſhall therefore tell you 'the whole with the ſtricteſt truth. 'The firſt time Mr. De Valville ſaw me, 'was when I fainted away at parting 'from my mamma. You was ſo kind 'as to lend me your aſſiſtance; and he, 'too, endeavoured to bring me to my-'ſelf. I entered the convent with this 'lady, whom I had but juſt known, 'and who became my friend: but ſhe 'neither mentioned you, Madam, nor 'Mr. De Valville; nor told me upon 'what terms ſhe was with him.'—'I 'know it, Miſs, ſaid my mother, interrupting her: 'Marianne has juſt 'told me every thing; and has done 'you all the juſtice that you could ex-'pect from her. My ſon came to pay 'you a viſit; he preſented my ſervice 'to you; he gave you a letter as he 'left you, and told you it came from 'me: you could not divine; and any 'body elſe would have taken it. Be-'ſides, you made no ſecret of it; but 'gave it to this lady as ſoon as you 'knew ſhe was intereſted in it: ſo I ſee 'no reaſon why you ought to diſturb 'yourſelf. If my ſon found you amiable, and has preſumed to tell you ſo, 'it is not your fault. You have no 'otherwiſe contributed to it than by 'having charms, which it is not in your 'power to diveſt yourſelf of; and you 'are quite out of the caſe, even accord-'ing to the account Marianne gives of 'it.'—'This account is much to her 'honour; and I ſhould not, perhaps, 'have been treated ſo gently by any 'body elſe,' returned Miſs Varthon, with the tears in her eyes, in ſpite of her endeavours to prevent them: 'and, 'what I have further to add is, to de-'ſire you to be ſo kind as to oblige Mr. 'De Valville to endeavour to ſee me 'no more. It would be to no purpoſe; 'and would only ſhew his want of re-'gard to me.'—'You are in the right, 'Miſs,' returned my mother; 'he 'would be quite inexcuſable; and I 'will let him know it. Not that I 'ſhould not be the firſt to wiſh for an 'alliance like yours; which, to be ſure, 'would do us a great deal of honour: 'but my ſon is unworthy of it; his in-'conſtancy ſhocks me; and though he 'ſhould be ſo happy as to pleaſe you, 'I ſhould be afraid, in giving him to 'you, that I made you a very bad pre-'ſent. I will let him know how diſ-'agreeable his viſits are to you; and 'I hope he will give you no reaſon to 'complain.' Miſs Varthon made no other reply, but a curtſey, and then retired.

She imagined, perhaps, that I ſhould applaud the reſolution ſhe had taken to ſee him no more; and that I ſhould look

look upon it as a proof of that acknowledgment she had promised me: but, far from it; I was not so easily deceived. This was only a pretended acknowledgment; but no proof at all of her gratitude. What could she risque by refusing to see Valville at the convent? Had she not the Marchioness of Kilnare's house for a resource? Was not Valville one of this lady's friends? Did not he frequently visit her there? All this shew of a noble generosity in her behaviour was only a vein of ostentation, which signified nothing: and you will see, in the sequel, that I then reasoned very justly. But, to return to myself.

I was born for a multiplicity of adventures, and my stars would not suffer me long to want them: I am now a little at leisure; but it will not last long. My mother continued to come and see me; but Valville, always absent, never came with her. Miss Varthon and I met in the convent; but we only gave each other a transient salute without speaking. About four or five days after our dining with Mrs. De Valville, I received, in the morning, a very extraordinary visit. But I must begin, Madam, by telling you what it was that procured it me. Mrs. Dorsin had been that morning to see Mrs. De Valville; she found there an old friend of the family, an officer, who was a person of quality, and a little advanced in years: he had heard much of me, on account of my adventure at the prime-minister's; and had never seen my mother, without asking news of Marianne, of whom he was continually making encomiums, founded on what he had heard of me. The noise of my disgrace was already abroad; and Valville's infidelity was publickly known. Perhaps he himself, since he had left his mother, had told it to some of his best friends, who had also trusted the secret to others. However, this gentleman had heard of it; and came to Mrs. De Valville's in order to be certainly informed of the truth. 'Madam,' said he, 'there is a report 'that Mr. De Valville is no longer in 'love with that amiable girl, who is so 'worthy of every one's esteem: they 'say he has left her, and refuses to marry her. How is it possible that he 'should cease loving that Marianne, 'who was so dear to him, and so worthy of being so? I can hardly believe 'it; and, probably, it is only a calumny.'—'Alas, Sir! it is but too true,' returned Mrs. De Valville with an air of grief; 'and I am quite inconsolable.'—'Indeed,' returned he, 'you 'have reason to be so: it would have 'been the highest comfort to you to 'have been the mother of that engaging 'child; it would have been an acquisition that would have secured the repose of your life. What can Mr. De 'Valville mean? Is he afraid of being 'too happy?' I shall pass over the rest of their conversation on this subject. Mrs. De Valville was going to dine with Mrs. Dorsin; and this last lady engaged the officer to attend them; and added, that I must come too, on account of the extreme desire he expressed to see me. But as it was yet very early, the ladies did not care to go so soon; however, they thought I ought to be informed of it: 'I shall send,' said my mother, 'to her convent, to tell her 'that we shall take her with us in our 'way.'—'There is no need of sending,' replied the officer; 'I have a 'little business that way; and, if you 'will give me leave, I will wait upon 'her myself: only give me a short note 'for her, or else perhaps I may not be 'able to gain admission.' On which she wrote immediately—

'DEAR DAUGHTER,

'I Shall call upon thee at one o'clock, 'and take thee with me. We dine 'at Mrs. Dorsin's.'

With this short passport the officer arrived at the convent. He asked for me, from Mrs. De Valville; and I came down. Some of the boarders had told me they would that afternoon come to keep me company in my chamber; so that, notwithstanding my grief, I happened to be dressed less negligently than ordinary. These are little regards which do not seem to cost us the least reflection. It is true that my mind was dejected: but what then! my vanity did not subside; but still performed it's office. It is necessary to repair, on one side, what our afflictions destroy on the other; for, in short, we are not willing to lose all.

I entered the parlour, and saw a man of about fifty; he had a good mien, and an air of distinction; was well dressed, though plain; and had a countenance extremely frank and open. Let

our natural politeneſs be ever ſo great, we no ſooner ſee perſons whoſe appearance prepoſſeſſes us in their favour, than we give them a reception peculiarly engaging. With the one we are only courteous and obliging; but, with the other, free and affable: and this diſpoſition takes ſuch a ſudden poſſeſſion of our minds, that we have ſcarcely time to take notice of it. This was the ſituation of my mind the moment I ſaw this gentleman: my looks of complacency were returned by his, which expreſſed the ſame regard; and he could not poſſibly have ſhewn a higher ſatisfaction. I waited till he ſpoke to me. 'Miſs,' ſaid he, after a low bow, and preſenting me the note from my mother, 'Mrs. De Valville 'deſired me to give you this. She want-'ed to ſend ſomebody with it; and I 'entreated her to give me the prefe-'rence.'—'You do me a great deal 'of honour, Sir,' returned I, opening the note, which I ſoon read. 'Well, 'Sir,' added I, 'Mrs. De Valville 'ſhall find me ready; and I give you 'a thouſand thanks for the trouble you 'have given yourſelf.'—'I ought to 'thank Mrs. De Valville for having 'permitted me to wait on you,' replied he: 'but, Miſs, it is not late, and the 'ladies will not ſoon be here. May 'I, by the favour of the commiſſion 'I have obtained, hope to enjoy a quar-'ter of an hour's converſation with 'you? I have been a long time a friend 'to Mrs. De Valville and her family: 'I am to dine with you; ſo you may 'regard me beforehand as one of your 'acquaintance, ſince I ſhall be no 'ſtranger to you two hours hence.'—'As you pleaſe, Sir,' replied I, much ſurprized at his diſcourſe. 'You may 'ſpeak; I am ready to hear you.'—'I 'will not keep you long in ſuſpenſe, 'Miſs,' returned he, 'about what I 'have to ſay to you. I have the cha-'racter of a man of honour; and a ſin-'cere, ſociable, honeſt, plain-dealer: 'ever ſince I heard of your character, 'you have been the object of my eſteem, 'my reſpect, my admiration! This, 'I aſſure you, Miſs, is ſtrictly true. 'I am informed of your affairs. Mr. 'De Valville, unhappily for himſelf, 'is guilty of inconſtancy. I am my 'own maſter, Miſs; enjoy an eſtate of 'twenty-five thouſand livres a year; 'and I offer them to you: they ſhall 'be at your ſervice whenever you pleaſe, 'after you have conſulted with Mrs. 'De Valville upon it.' What moſt ſurprized me in this propoſal, was the rapidity with which it was delivered, and the engaging frankneſs which accompanied every thing he ſaid. I had ſeldom ſeen any body ſo worthy of being liſtened to as this agreeable gentleman: his ſoul ſeemed to ſpeak to me; methought I ſaw it; it addreſſed itſelf to mine; and demanded an anſwer, as ſimple and natural as the queſtion it had propoſed to me. Therefore, laying aſide all ceremony, I conformed myſelf to his behaviour; and, without trifling away any time in returning him thanks, I aſked him if he knew my hiſtory. 'Yes, I do, Miſs,' returned he; 'and that is the reaſon 'why you ſee me here: it is that 'which has told me you are more 'valuable than all the world poſſeſſes 'beſides; and it is that which has at-'tached me to you.'—'You ſurprize 'me, Sir!' returned I: 'your manner 'of thinking is very rare. I do not 'know how to praiſe it, becauſe it is 'too much to my advantage. To all 'appearance, you are a perſon of qua-'lity.'—'Yes,' returned he; 'I for-'got to mention that: but it is not, in 'my opinion, a thing very material. 'It is the honeſt man, and not barely 'the man of quality, who can merit 'you, Miſs: and, as I think myſelf 'as honeſt as any other perſon, I ima-'gined this qualification, joined to an 'eſtate, which is more than enough to 'ſatisfy our deſires, and make us eaſy, 'might induce you to accept of my 'offers.'—'I ought not to heſitate,' returned I, 'upon the value I ought to 'ſet upon your propoſal, which is a 'mark of the higheſt eſteem, and the 'greateſt generoſity: but permit me to 'repeat my queſtion; Have you well 'conſidered it? I have nothing; I do 'not know to whom I owe my birth; 'I have ſubſiſted from my cradle only 'on the charity of ſtrangers; and have 'many times been in danger of be-'coming an object of publick charity. 'This has ſhocked Mr. De Valville, 'notwithſtanding the inclination he 'had for me. Take care, Sir!'—'It 'is the worſe for him, Miſs,' return-ed he; 'this will never be looked upon as 'the moſt glorious part of his conduct: 'however, you will have nothing like 'this

'this to fear from me. Mr. De Valville loved you: but it was not that 'paſſion which brought me hither; I 'heard you repreſented as moſt perfectly lovely; but we are not apt to be 'affected by charms we have never 'ſeen, and know only by relation. So 'it is not a lover that comes to ſee you; 'it is much better. Is a perſon of 'your merit fit to be made the ſport of 'a fooliſh and inconſtant paſſion? No, 'Miſs! no! Let people fall in love 'with you the firſt moment they ſee 'you; let them love you with the tendereſt affection: how can they avoid 'it? I feel the ſame paſſion; and I 'find that I am actually in love; but 'I need not that to be charmed with 'you; the amiable qualities of your 'mind have been able to attract my 'higheſt eſteem: your beauty, indeed, 'is an additional qualification; which, 'though not neceſſary to engage my 'regards, which were before founded 'on a more ſolid baſis, yet I cannot 'be offended at it, becauſe the exceſs 'of that happineſs I would enjoy, 'cannot be ſuppoſed to extirpate my 'deſire of obtaining it. It was my 'reaſon that made me give you my 'heart; and I brought no other paſſion 'with me. Thus my affection does 'not depend upon a tranſport which is 'liable to wear off, and ſubject to 'change. My reaſon is not concerned 'about a fortune, ſince I have enough 'for us both; nor about your relations, ſince they would be nothing to 'me. I am not concerned about 'your family; for, if you were of 'royal extraction, would it add any 'thing to your perſonal merit? Beſides, 'have ſouls any relations? Are they 'not all derived from the ſame original? 'It is your mind, then, I would obtain; it is your virtue alone that has 'the moſt powerful charms; which I 'can never poſſeſs without being obliged to make you all poſſible returns. 'Should you conſent to marry me, I 'ſhould eſteem myſelf infinitely obliged 'to you. My love is too exceſſive for 'me to dare to deſire you to return it 'in the ſame degree. You are hardly 'twenty; and I am almoſt fifty: and 'you would think me very weak was 'I to deſire you to love me. But as to 'your friendſhip and eſteem, I muſt 'hope to attain them both; as I ſhall 'endeavour to deſerve them. As you 'are reaſonable and generous, I flatter 'myſelf with ſucceſs. This is what 'I had to ſay to you, Miſs: I now 'only wait to know what is your determination.'—'Sir,' ſaid I, 'if I 'only conſulted the honour you would 'do me in my preſent ſituation, and 'the good opinion you give me of yourſelf, I ſhould immediately accept of 'your propoſal; but I muſt deſire eight 'days time to conſider of it, both for 'your ſake and mine. I ſhall think 'for you, becauſe you would marry a 'perſon who is nothing, and has not 'any thing to recommend her: and the 'ſame reaſons will induce me to conſider it well on my own account, becauſe they equally regard us both. 'Let me entreat you, Sir, to employ this 'time in examining theſe things more 'cloſely than you have done, and with 'all the attention you are capable of. 'You eſteem me, you ſay, very highly; 'and your preſent diſpoſition makes 'you ſet this above all other conſiderations. But I am not yet yours, 'Sir: and we ſhould be no ſooner married, but your conduct would be cenſured; you would be raillied on my 'unknown extraction, and want of 'fortune. Can you be inſenſible and 'unconcerned at their banters and reproaches? Will you not be ſorry for 'having allied yourſelf to no family; 'and for not increaſing your fortune 'by your marriage? Theſe things you 'ought to conſider of maturely; as I 'ſhall reflect what would be the conſequence, ſhould you repent of your 'precipitation. But though theſe motives of reflection ſhould not keep me 'in ſuſpenſe, I cannot have the liberty 'of giving you the proof you deſire of 'my gratitude, without Mrs. De Valville's conſent. I am her daughter; 'nay, more than her daughter; for it 'is to her goodneſs alone, and not to 'nature, that I owe the bleſſing of having her for my mother. Her generoſity, her noble, her boundleſs generoſity, made her aſſume that title, 'and indulge the moſt tender care and 'affection for me; ſo that I am bound 'to be entirely at her diſpoſal: and 'I am perſuaded you will think I have 'reaſon to be ſo. I muſt therefore, 'Sir, acquaint her with your offers; 'which I ſhall do without telling her 'your name, unleſs you permit me to 'do it.'—'O juſt as you pleaſe,

'Miſs!' returned he; 'I ſhall take ſo 'little care to keep it ſecret, that I ſhall 'take a pride in publiſhing my deſign: 'and I am ſure that all men of ſenſe 'will eſteem me the better for it, even 'though you ſhould refuſe me. But 'it is time I ſhould leave you; the la-'dies will be here in an hour at far-'theſt: and I ſhall wait for you at Mrs. 'Dorſin's. Farewel, Miſs; I ſhall 'make reflections, ſince you deſire it; 'but I ſhall not be in pain about thoſe 'which may be made upon me; yours 'alone are capable of diſturbing me. 'This day ſe'nnight, about this time, 'I ſhall be here again, to know the re-'ſult of them and Mrs. De Valville's 'ſentiments; which, perhaps, may be 'in my favour.'

This ſaid, he retired; and I made him no other anſwer but a curtſey, which was accompanied with an air of the greateſt affability and gratitude. I then immediately went up into my room, and made haſte to dreſs me. The ladies ſoon arrived: I ſtepped into the coach; dined at Mrs. Dorſin's; and returned home very late, without having mentioned my adventure with the officer to Mrs. De Valville. 'Shall I ſee 'you again ſoon, mamma?' ſaid I to her. 'I ſhall come again to-morrow 'in the afternoon,' returned ſhe, embracing me; and then we parted. That night I ſpoke to nobody but my friend the nun. I unboſomed myſelf to her, and told her all that had paſſed between the officer and me; at which ſhe ſeemed agreeably ſurprized: and I concluded with deſiring her to come and ſee me in the morning. She entered the room the next day before I was awake; at which ſhe was going to retire; when, by her pulling the door after her, I opened my eyes, called her back, and deſired her to take a chair, and ſeat herſelf by my bed-ſide. 'My dear friend,' ſaid I, 'I have, for ſome days, had a de-'ſign to retire from the world, and fix 'myſelf for the reſt of my life in that 'ſerene and tranquil ſtate you have 'embraced.'—'How! would you be 'a nun?' cried ſhe, interrupting me. 'Yes,' returned I; 'my life is ſubject 'to too many events; I find every thing 'is uncertain and precarious: Val-'ville's infidelity has given me a diſ-'guſt to the world; I find he is ſtill 'too dear to my heart; and I muſt not, 'I dare not, ſee him more. Providence 'has given me enough to ſettle me 'here: my deed of gift will ſecure to 'me this peaceful retreat, where I ſhall 'live with you in a perfect repoſe, with-'out being at any one's expence.'—'Any other but me,' ſhe returned, 'would immediately applaud your re-'ſolution: but I am too much your 'friend to adviſe you to purſue your 'inclinations, where I foreſee they 'would be followed by repentance. 'When we can have a day entirely to 'ourſelves, I will give you the hiſtory 'of my life; you will then be more 'able to form a judgment of your ſitu-'ation: and if, after that, you perſiſt in 'your intention of taking the veil, you 'will be more ſenſible of the import-'ance of your engagements.' But it is time, Madam, for me to break off; I am ſufficiently fatigued; and muſt therefore make you wait a little longer for the continuation of my adventures.

END OF THE EIGHTH PART.

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART IX.

YOUR commendations, dear Madam, of my generous behaviour to my unfaithful lover, ſo agreeably flatter my vanity, that I cannot help expreſſing my acknowledgments. We are all of us naturally fond of applauſe, as it is a kind of proof that we have ſome reaſon for that complacency with which we are apt to regard our own actions. Self-love is the univerſal ſpring that moves in every breaſt, the reigning principle which governs the ſoul, and gives laws to our behaviour. The mind that is actuated by the low proſpects of ſenſual pleaſure, and that which is animated by a love of virtue, and the refined delight which attends the practice of great actions, have the ſame ſource; it is all ſelf-love, all a deſire of happineſs. But to proceed with my hiſtory.

You remember, I ſuppoſe, that I had given my friend the nun an account of my adventure with the officer; that I had told her my deſire of taking the veil; and that ſhe had earneſtly perſuaded me againſt it. Her warmth and ſerioufneſs on this ſubject at once ſurprized and alarmed me: I thought her before perfectly happy; and I had reaſon to think ſo, for ſhe always appeared to have a mind full of tranquillity; but now I began to fear I was miſtaken; I longed to hear the hiſtory of her life; but as Mrs. De Valville was to be there in the afternoon, and it would be ſoon time for me to dreſs, ſhe deſired me to defer it. 'I have a great variety 'of adventures to relate,' ſaid ſhe; 'and I ought to take ſome time to re-'collect myſelf.' I aroſe with a mind more calm than it had been for ſome time paſt. She endeavoured to divert my thoughts from Valville, by mentioning the happineſs I might expect from a union with the generous officer. 'His ſentiments, I find,' ſaid ſhe, 'are 'too noble, too agreeable to yours, not 'to make you charmed with him. He 'will at once be a tender huſband, a 'father, and a friend; his good ſenſe 'will render him always engaging; you 'will forget his years; and, in ſhort, 'return his paſſion: you will find 'your eſteem gradually ſtrengthen and 'grow up to love.'—'Alas, my friend!' returned I, 'you are quite miſtaken; 'I find Valville, my dear, my unfaith-'ful Valville, has ſtill the entire poſ-'ſeſſion of my heart; and I can find 'no room there for any other object. 'I confeſs the gentleman you mention 'has inſpired me with the higheſt 'eſteem; his open frankneſs at our firſt 'interview, and his converſation at 'Mrs. Dorſin's, have rendered me 'highly ſenſible of his merit; but it is 'a ſenſibility very different from the 'tenderneſs of love. He inſpires me 'with a regard much like the reve-'rence which is due to a father. I 'ſhall be glad of his friendſhip, and 'ſhall readily give him every proof of 'mine; every proof that the ſtricteſt 'virtue, and my unconquerable love to 'Valville, will permit.'—'Marianne,' replied my friend, 'Valville has ren-'dered himſelf unworthy of this ten-'derneſs; indeed you are too conſtant, 'conſidering his infidelity: but, how-'ever, it is poſſible he may return to 'you again, and love you with more 'fondneſs than ever.'—'I do not think 'I have

'I have any reaſon to cheriſh ſuch flat-
'tering hopes,' returned I with a
ſigh; 'I have no expectations of that
'kind: and, though I deſpair of con-
'quering my paſſion, I muſt endea-
'vour to do it. His cold and con-
'ſtrained looks pierce through my
'ſoul; his indifference is inſupportable:
'and abſence alone muſt fortify my
'mind, and enable me to repulſe that
'flood of tenderneſs which flows in
'upon it whenever I think of him.'

Here a lay-ſiſter entered with my breakfaſt, and told the nun that the ladies waited for her below. I had no ſooner ate a little, than I dreſſed, in order to receive Mrs. De Valville: at laſt ſhe arrived; but, methought, ſhe looked out of order; a languid paleneſs was ſpread over her face, and all the marks of a real illneſs were viſible there. 'How
'do you do, my dear?' ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as I entered the parlour. 'I find I
'ſhall not be able to ſtay long with
'thee to-day, for I am not well.'—'I
'ſee it, mamma,' returned I with a look full of tenderneſs. 'Pray, what
'is the matter?'—'I do not know,'
returned ſhe; 'I have not been per-
'fectly well for ſome time. But come,
'do not afflict thyſelf,' added ſhe, ſeeing me ready to weep; 'I ſhall ſoon re-
'cover. My ſon's infidelity I think
'unpardonable; it is always upper-
'moſt in my mind: I am provoked at
'it to the higheſt degree. I have juſt
'found out an intrigue, that has com-
'pleated my indignation, and equally
'ſurprized and ſhocked me. I had no
'ſooner got home laſt night from Mrs.
'Dorſin's, than I was told that a let-
'ter from Verſailles, directed to my
'ſon, had been left there; and that my
'ſervants were ordered to give it him
'as ſoon as poſſible: but, as I imagined
'he was gone thither himſelf, and could
'not tell whether it might not contain
'ſomething relating to his poſt, which
'might be of importance enough to re-
'quire me to ſend it after him, I re-
'ſolved to break it open. However, I
'ſent it firſt to my country-houſe, that
'it might be given him if he was there;
'but this morning the man returned,
'and brought it back, with the news
'that he ſet out for Verſailles yeſter-
'day; on which I went into my cloſet,
'opened, and read it. I have brought
'it to thee, my dear; it would ſhock
'my delicacy too much to read it to
'thee,' added ſhe, pulling it out of her pocket: 'thou ſhalt thyſelf be a witneſs
'of his ungenerous proceedings; and, I
'hope, it will enable thee to overcome
'thy paſſion; for, when thou haſt en-
'tirely ceaſed to eſteem him, thou wilt
'ſoon ceaſe to love him too.' I opened it; but not without a great deal of trouble; and found the following lines.

'SIR,

'I Can no longer avoid diſpoſing of
'my commiſſion: I am not at all
'pleaſed with your delays, and thoſe of
'your friends. As I am reſolved to
'ſpend the reſt of my days in a peace-
'ful retirement from noiſe and buſi-
'neſs, I think every day an age that
'keeps me from my country-ſeat. I
'have ſettled all my affairs, and am
'reſolved to be there in a few days.
'You cannot blame me if I diſpoſe of
'my poſt to another; ſince, if it had not
'been your own fault, you might have
'been in poſſeſſion of it long ago. I
'am,' &c.

I had no ſooner read it over to myſelf, but I ſighed, let fall ſome tears, and was unable to ſpeak; when Mrs. De Valville reſumed—'How ill he re-
'pays my tenderneſs! Ungrateful, un-
'worthy man! I am reſolved he ſhall
'be ſenſible of my reſentment!'—'Dear
'mamma!' cried I, interrupting her, and throwing myſelf at her feet, 'do
'not ſink me into deſpair: I cannot
'bear to think of your uſing him un-
'kindly upon my account. Let me
'entreat you not to oppoſe his happi-
'neſs: he has too much reaſon to for-
'ſake me; I do not complain of him.
'He was, perhaps, born to enjoy a hap-
'pineſs ſuperior to that which I could
'beſtow upon him: he has a ſoul ſen-
'ſible of the niceſt honour; a ſoul which
'will not ſuffer him to do an action
'that would bring upon him as much
'diſgrace and contempt as if he had
'been guilty of the blackeſt crime.
'Would you have him inſenſible of the
'remonſtrances of his friends? Would
'you have him regardleſs of their con-
'tempt and ſcorn? And would you ſuf-
'fer me to be the cauſe of all that igno-
'miny that would fall upon you both?
'No, Madam, it was I alone that was
'to blame; it is I alone that you ought
'to be offended with: I have dared to
'preſume upon your goodneſs; and,

'dazzled

'dazzled with the pleasing prospect that 'lay before me, have encouraged a pas-'sion, which must necessarily have 'drawn after it the most fatal, the most 'dreadful consequences. Let me en-'treat you, by all your tenderness for 'me, to forget those engagements 'which have passed between us; let 'me entreat you to reinstate him in 'your favour; to approve of his new 'passion: and suffer me to look upon 'him as my brother. I will never leave 'you till you forgive him. You must 'either forgive him, or kill me. The 'reflection of my causing a breach be-'tween you would be too much for me 'to support!'

Here my tears prevented my saying any more: my dear mother wept too; and we both were silent for some moments; we wiped our eyes; and then she cried out—'Oh, my daughter! how 'generous is this! Would you per-'suade me to pardon him? you, whom 'he has injured, persuade me to return 'him my affection! Was he sensible of 'thy behaviour, I am sure it must 'chace every other passion from his 'breast: he will never find another 'like thee.'—'Yes, Madam, as I am the 'cause of his offending you, I ought 'to be the first to promote a reconcili-'ation. Think, mamma, how amia-'ble has been his character hitherto; 'and then consider if one action ought 'to destroy that esteem which he has 'been raising for many years.'—'My 'dear,' returned she with an affecting look, that darted through her tears, 'thy 'goodness has overcome me; thou hast 'raised all the mother in my breast: 'and, since thou canst forgive him, 'sure I ought to do so too.'—'I sin-'cerely thank you, mamma,' returned I: 'but this is not all; you must give 'him your consent to marry Miss Var-'thon. I had once the prospect of 'spending my life in the pleasing toil of 'promoting his felicity; of industri-'ously pursuing every means to in-'crease his love, and augment his hap-'piness. But I must for ever lay aside 'these transporting hopes; and can on-'ly use my entreaties, that you would 'permit him to be blessed by a lady 'who is more happy than I deserve to 'be. Consider, Madam, he is your 'son; consider how great has been your 'tenderness for him; and how well he 'has deserved an esteem, which no con-'siderations for me ought ever to su-'persede: and then I am sure you will 'deny him nothing. His only crime 'is indulging an involuntary passion; 'but his concealing it from you can 'only prove that he fears to give you 'pain; that he dreads that as an evil 'which he most earnestly desires to 'avoid. He has been afraid you should 'push things to extremities; and there-'fore, rather than offend you, has de-'clined accepting of an advantageous 'post; and chuses rather to refuse those 'honours which he might easily obtain, 'than give you an uneasy moment.'—'Enough, my dear! enough!' she re-turned with an engaging smile: 'you 'make use of the very motives of my 'resentment to procure a reconcilia-'tion: I did not consider his behaviour, 'in throwing in obstacles to retard his 'preferment, in the light thou dost. 'He is still my son; and he shall find 'that I have all the affection of a mo-'ther. I will endeavour to see him as 'soon as he returns to Paris; I will tell 'him I still persist in my resolution 'to contribute all I can to render him 'happy: and, as you desire it, I con-'sent that he shall chuse his own way 'of being so. But, at the same time, 'I will let him know what he owes to 'thee: and if he has any remains of 'generosity and ingenuity, thy good-'ness, I am sure, must fill him with ad-'miration, and make him resume all 'his former tenderness for thee.'—'Dear mamma,' replied I, 'do not 'fill me with such vain, such delusive 'expectations: they are too agreeable 'to me; I dare not indulge them.' Yet notwithstanding, I could not help think-ing there was some reason for her opi-nion: 'It is not impossible,' said I im-mediately to myself, 'but he may be 'sensible how much he is obliged to 'me; he may be charmed with the dis-'interestedness of my passion.' This reflection gave me a most sensible plea-sure; and I could not help repre-senting my dear Valville to my mind, in a suppliant posture, entreating for-giveness, and saying the most tender things.

My dear mamma arose up, and was going to leave me, when I desired her to stay a little longer. I then repeated all that had passed between the officer and me, when he paid me a visit a few days before. She smiled, and seemed ex-tremely pleased. 'Well,' cried she, as soon as I had done, 'I could not help

'observing

'observing something in his behaviour 'afterwards at Mrs. Dorsin's, that rendered him more than ordinarily engaging; nay, that lady,' added she, 'gave me a hint, that she fancied thou 'hadst made him thy captive. He seemed peculiarly desirous of rendering 'himself agreeable to thee: and we 'both observed that his looks were continually fixed upon thee; and that 'thou hardly ever spokest, but his eyes 'sparkled with a pleasing vivacity. 'But you do not tell me what is your 'resolution. He is a person of great 'merit; and has a delicacy and elevation of mind, that must render him 'very valuable in thy esteem: he has 'a way of thinking almost peculiar to 'himself. In short, he is a very extraordinary person; and I persuade 'myself, that a conformity of sentiments will soon render your tenderness reciprocal. What dost thou resolve? Will not he possess that place 'in thy heart, which my son has so justly forfeited?'—'I shall make no difficulty, mamma, of telling you the 'situation of my mind,' returned I: 'I 'have a very great esteem for him; his 'frankness and generosity, his good 'sense and virtue, make me look upon 'him as a person who deserves my 'friendship. But Mr. De Valville has 'still the possession of my heart: I find 'he is too dear to me, not to regret his loss as a most severe affliction. His 'infidelity has not made me love him 'less; but, on the contrary, it has rather increased my tenderness: indeed, 'I did not think he had been so very 'dear to me as I find he is. Though 'I am obliged to give my new lover all 'the esteem he deserves, yet I cannot 'help looking upon him with a respectful kind of awe, which will ever 'prevent my loving him with that tenderness which is due to a husband: 'and, while Valville is unmarried, I can 'never bear to think of entering into 'engagements which must render it 'impossible for him to be mine.'—'I 'can only advise thee, my dear,' said she, 'to consult thy own breast; and 'to endeavour to be as serene as possible: a virtue like thine must one 'day meet with it's reward. But farewel; I shall see thee again in two or 'three days time,' added she, putting as many of her fingers as she could through the grate, which I took hold of, and kissed with a respectful tenderness. She then repeated her assurances of an eternal affection for me, and retired.

She left me in a situation not to be expressed; I reflected with pleasure on my having reconciled my mother to her son: my generous behaviour suspended my uneasiness; and I felt a delightful harmony in my breast, which every thought seemed to increase. All peaceful, serene, and composed, full of self-applause, full of the satisfaction which reason approves and heightens, I felt a delight which was more exquisite, sublime, than can be imagined. How more unlike the mad transports of jealous rage, which disturb, torture, and rack the soul! which fill the mind with a thousand contending passions; and can only be followed by remorse and disappointment. But I had taken the sweetest method of revenge; a revenge which was most likely to meet with success, and wound my unfaithful lover in the tenderest and most sensible part. I foresaw that my behaviour would cover him with shame, and make him reflect how little I deserved to be disregarded by him, who could forfeit all my hopes to promote his happiness. At last, Mrs. De Valville's indisposition came into my mind, and immediately gave a damp to my satisfaction: however, I flattered myself that she would soon recover; and with this hope regained my tranquillity.

I saw my mother almost every day; but, alas! she appeared to be in such a declining condition, that her presence always filled me with the most cruel alarms. She seemed, indeed, more nearly attached to me than ever; her tenderness exceeded all bounds; and her whole soul appeared to be entirely taken up with her affection for me, and to be filled with the sincerest concern for my happiness. When the day appeared in which I expected to see the officer, I dressed, and prepared to receive him: but he was in the parlour sooner than I expected; however, I did not make him wait long; I went down to him with a mind a little discomposed at the apprehensions of the pain I should give him. After the usual compliments were over—'You see, Miss,' said he with an air of gaiety, 'that I have kept 'to your appointment: I have deliberately reflected upon all the conse-

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'quences that may attend our union, 'and have not been able to find one 'that can for a moment ſhake my reſo- 'lution: may I hope to have a ſhare in 'your friendſhip; in that ſincere and 'tender friendſhip which muſt render 'the indiſſoluble knot for ever ſweet 'and full of charms? All I wait for 'now is to know the reſult of your re- 'flections.'—'Sir,' returned I, 'I 'ſhall make no difficulty of telling you 'my mind with the utmoſt freedom. 'Your behaviour, your generoſity, 'your unexceptionable character, have 'given me a very high opinion of your 'merit; and I ought to eſteem your 'propoſal as a very great honour: but 'I find I cannot enter into any new 'engagements. Valville, though un- 'faithful, is ſtill dear to me: however, 'your friendſhip is too deſirable not to 'make me earneſtly wiſh for the con- 'tinuance of it; and I ſhall think my- 'ſelf very happy, if, after this, you 'grant me a ſhare in your eſteem.' I obſerved, while I ſpoke, a viſible con- cern ſpread over his countenance; and, after I had done, he ſtood ſome moments in a thoughtful poſture, without mak- ing any reply: at laſt, he recovered himſelf; and with an engaging, though ſorrowful air, aſſured me that, ſince he muſt not hope to be ſo happy as he could wiſh, he would gladly embrace every opportunity to ſerve me, and that I ſhould always find him my ſincereſt and moſt affectionate friend; and in that character, he hoped, I would ſome- times permit him to ſee me at my mo- ther's, or Mrs. Dorſin's. This requeſt was too reaſonable to be denied him; I readily conſented to it: and on this he left me.

For three days after this I heard no news of my mother. On the fourth, in the morning, a lay-ſiſter entered my apartment, and told me that a coach was waiting for me in the court, with a ſervant from Mrs. De Valville; on which I dreſſed, and went down. I found one of her maids at the door with a letter; in which ſhe told me ſhe was at her country-houſe, and longed to ſee me there. She had delivered another letter to the abbeſs; ſo I had nothing to do but to get into the coach. I did ſo, and ſoon arrived at my mamma's: ſhe received me with her uſual affec- tion. I ſhould have thought myſelf extremely happy in being near her, if her increaſing diſorder had not filled me with the utmoſt inquietude; a ſoft languiſhment appeared in her eyes, and her countenance, pale and ſickly, made me fear I ſhould ſoon be deprived of all the comfort, all the repoſe, of my life. Valville's infidelity had hitherto given me the ſevereſt pain; but now my affliction for his mother made me for- get every other cauſe of grief. I ſtrug- gled with myſelf to put on, before her, a countenance as ſerene as poſſible; but whenever I was from her, I ſought to be alone: I then gave a looſe to my ſorrow, and uttered the ſevereſt com- plaints. 'Oh! why have I taſted,' ſaid I, melting into tears, 'the ſweet, 'the delightful ſatisfactions that ſpring 'from a filial affection to the deareſt, 'the beſt of mothers, if I muſt ſo ſoon 'feel her loſs? Why was I made hap- 'py to be ſunk the deeper in deſpair? 'O my God!' then cried I, 'fortify 'my mind againſt the agonizing tor- 'ture that flows in upon it; fill my 'ſoul with fortitude; and may I never, 'never offend thee, by repining at thy 'providence! O that thou wouldſt but 'take my life for hers, and ſave me the 'anguiſh of lamenting her loſs!' Theſe reflections ſoon ſpread ſuch a gloom over my face, as made it impoſſible for me to diſguiſe my diſorder before her. She reſolved I ſhould not leave her; and, to diſſipate my uneaſineſs, con- ſtrained herſelf to aſſume an air of gaiety and chearfulneſs: but ſhe did not tell me ſhe took notice of my diſorder, any other way than by thus endeavouring to remove it. I was ſenſible of this in- ſtance of her goodneſs; and my heart owned the obligation, and ſincerely thanked her for it. But ſome days af- ter, obſerving I ſtill had the ſame con- cern upon my ſpirits, ſhe deſired me to take a turn with her into the garden; on which we went to the moſt ſhady part of it, that we might enjoy the benefit of a ſoft breeze which played amongſt the leaves, without being in- commoded by the heat of the ſun. We ſat down upon a bench together near a caſcade, whoſe aquatick murmurs ſeemed to ſoothe the diſpoſition of our minds. 'My daughter,' ſaid ſhe, looking upon me with eyes full of a maternal tenderneſs, 'I cannot help 'taking notice of thy aſſiduity and 'concern for my health. Thou art un- 'willing to leave me even for a mo-

'ment; and when thou doſt ſo, I have 'reaſon to believe that I take up all 'thy thoughts. Thou returneſt to me 'with thy eyes red, which informs me 'that thou haſt been crying; and the 'appearance of ſo much diſorder, that I 'can no longer help taking notice of it. 'I thought my ſilence, and thy own re-'flections, might make thee reſume thy 'gaiety, or, at leaſt, prevail upon thee 'to moderate thy concern: but, I find, 'they have a different effect. Conſider, 'my dear; thou needeſt not be told 'that I am mortal: I freely confeſs I 'am in a conſumption; and thou muſt 'not wonder if thou ſeeſt me ſnatched 'from thee. Thou wilt loſe a mother 'whoſe tenderneſs may deſerve ſome 'tears: but I ſhall not leave thee with-'out a friend; Mrs. Dorſin will think 'herſelf happy in having thee for a 'companion; ſhe will make up my 'loſs, and return thee all the affection 'thou canſt beſtow upon her.'—'Dear, 'dear mamma!' cried I, interrupting her, and lifting up my head, with the tears running down my cheeks, 'Mrs. 'Dorſin is not you!' Scarce could I pronounce theſe words for my ſighs, which almoſt rendered them unintelligible. Here we were both ſilent; and ſighs and groans were all that paſſed for ſome time: at laſt, recollecting herſelf, and taking hold of my hand—'Thy ſoftneſs moves me too much,' ſhe reſumed. 'But, my dear, conſider 'that you muſt have parted with me, 'had I lived ſome years longer: our 'ſeparation would then have been as 'ſevere as it is now. The ſweeteſt 'pleaſure I ever knew was that which 'ſprang from communicating the bleſ-'ſings which Heaven has beſtowed up-'on me; a pleaſure ſo ſublime, that it 'gives me the higheſt ſatisfaction even 'in the proſpect of my diſſolution. I 'ſhall be judged by a Being whoſe diſ-'poſitions are the ſame as my own; a 'Being whom I have always loved to 'think on under the endearing cha-'racter of a Father; and a Being, too, 'not ſwayed by prejudice, but the Im-'partial Diſtributer of juſtice; and who 'is as ſuperior in his benevolence and 'compaſſion as the nature of God is 'more exalted than that of the loweſt 'part of his rational creation! Death, 'my dear, by reflection, grows familiar 'to the mind: I find it inſenſibly loſes 'all it's horrors; the gloom vaniſhes; 'the ſpectre is ſtripped of it's terrors; 'and, in an angel's form, opens the 'way to boundleſs joys, and delights 'unutterable! On this ſide are care, 'trouble, and anxiety; on that, rap-'turous pleaſures, eternal felicity, and 'endleſs peace!' Here ſhe pauſed; and then, looking at me with eyes which expreſſed all the tender ſentiments of her heart—'My dear,' added ſhe, 'I 'confeſs I cannot think of leaving 'thee without ſome regret: I long, too, 'to ſee my ſon, and to embrace him 'with that tenderneſs which is due 'from a mother to a child, to whom ſhe 'muſt bid a long adieu! As for thee, 'I would perſuade thee to moderate 'thy affliction, and arm thyſelf with a 'firmneſs of mind ſufficient to ſupport 'my loſs with courage. Think, where-'ever I am, I ſhall love thee ſtill: not 'all the delights of Heaven, though 'infinitely various, will make me for-'get thee; thou wilt there furniſh out 'a pleaſing ſubject of diſcourſe; and 'I ſhall wiſh for the happy time when I 'ſhall congratulate thee on thy arriv-'al in that world of love, where our 'raptures will increaſe by communi-'cating them!'—'O mamma!' cried I, with my eyes ſparkling with ſoft delight, 'how ſweetly you ſoothe my 'grief! What an engaging proſpect 'you lay before me! What an aſſem-'blage of noble and pleaſing ideas! 'Yes! our affection will be as laſting 'as our ſouls: we ſhall be eternally 'dear to each other; friendſhip, love, 'and devotion, will fill our minds, and 'give us joys more ſolid than the pro-'ſpect of the golden pavement, and 'the delicious groves crowned with 'immortal verdure! You have brought 'ſuch a picture to my mind, that I 'cannot help anticipating our future 'happineſs, and imagining us poſſeſ-'ſed of all that is moſt ſweet and de-'ſirable. But do not imagine, dear 'mamma, that I can think of a ſepara-'tion from you without pain; no! it 'is impoſſible! I have reaſon to be 'highly ſenſible of your loſs: I cannot 'loſe the deareſt friend on earth; I 'cannot be ſeparated from that mind 'which ſympathizes in all my con-'cerns without a cruel anguiſh! Life 'will loſe all it's charms; and it 'would require much leſs reſolution 'for me to die with you than to live 'without you; but I will endeavour

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Stothard del. Angus sculp.

Plate III. Published as the Act directs. by Harrison & Co. Oct.r 16. 1784.

'to be as calm as poſſible; I will re-
'flect upon your happineſs till I for-
'get my own miſery; I will ſet your
'example before my eyes; and learn
'from you to conquer my vanity, and
'all my youthful follies.'

Here we were interrupted by a ſervant, who came to tell us that a coach was juſt entered the court with Miſs De Fare; on which we immediately went to receive her: ſhe ſaluted us with an air that had a mixture of friendſhip and confuſion; and ſhe was at firſt ſo much diſconcerted, that ſhe knew not how to expreſs herſelf. 'My ſincere
'affection for you and Miſs, has con-
'ſtrained me, Madam, to wait upon
'you,' ſaid ſhe to my mother, 'to en-
'quire after your health. I am very
'ſorry that I cannot appear before you
'without bluſhing for my mother's
'indiſcretion; though I am conſcious
'I have not done any thing incon-
'ſiſtent with that friendſhip and regard
'I owe you both.'—'Pray, Miſs,' returned Mrs. De Valville, 'do not you
'make any apologies; for you need
'no juſtification in our eſteem; you
'have never offended us: and your
'company is too agreeable for us to
'ſuffer you to ſpend your time in ex-
'cuſes, which are equally painful to us
'all. Let Mrs. De Fare's imprudence
'be forgotten.' On this we went into the parlour; and diſcourſed, the reſt of the day, on indifferent ſubjects.

At night this young lady was going to leave us; but my mother preſſed her to ſtay two or three days with ſuch earneſtneſs that ſhe could not refuſe her: on which we wrote to her mamma, and ſent back the coach. We ſpent the evening in a converſation more grave than ordinary: though the arrival of this amiable lady had given me a great deal of ſatisfaction, yet it could not diſſipate the uneaſineſs in which my mind was involved at the dreadful apprehenſions of loſing my dear mother. That engaging lady endeavoured to enliven the diſcourſe; but in vain. When it was time for us to go to bed, I entreated her to let me lie with her; but ſhe would not conſent to it, on account of her cough, which ſhe thought would diſturb me. In the morning, Miſs De Fare and I went into Mrs. De Valville's apartment; but, finding her aſleep, we agreed to take a walk in the fields behind the garden. As my weakneſs made the leaſt diſorder viſible, ſhe had obſerved the ſettled diſturbance of my mind, which I eaſily perceived by her looks; which were expreſſive of a very tender and generous concern: but as ſhe, perhaps, imagined that Valville's infidelity was the cauſe, ſhe did not think fit to renew my uneaſineſs by taking notice of it. We went through the back gate of the garden, where a double row of tall elms extended a great length, and ſeemed, at the farther end, to cloſe and form a thick grove. She endeavoured to divert me by an agreeable converſation, which was accompanied, on each ſide, with the moſt friendly and affectionate endearments: and ſhe ſo artfully ſuited herſelf to the diſpoſition of my mind, that I could not help being exceedingly moved. We had walked a conſiderable way, and were talking of returning back, when we ſaw a young woman, genteelly dreſſed, ſitting with her back towards us, under one of the trees, at a ſmall diſtance before us: a little ſpark of curioſity made us deſirous to walk on; when, coming pretty near, ſhe ſeemed to be loſt in thought, and was in a poſture expreſſive of the deepeſt deſpair. We croſſed the walk to gain a ſight of her countenance; and ſtood ſome time to obſerve her actions. Her eyes were, at firſt, fixed on the ground; but ſhe ſoon after lifted them up to Heaven; when we obſerved the tears trickle down her cheeks: this ſight, joined to ſome bitter ſighs which eſcaped her, equally affected us both. We went up to her, with a reſolution to give her all the aſſiſtance we were capable of: I no ſooner ſpoke, but ſhe ſtarted, and turned her head to us, (for we had, hitherto, only a ſide-view of her face) and immediately aroſe; when we ſaw a countenance on which was painted a mixture of grief and ſhame. She was very young; her features were perfectly regular; and her eyes full of the moſt melting ſoftneſs. 'May we know, Madam, the
'cauſe of your uneaſineſs?' ſaid I:
'you may depend upon our aſſiſtance,
'if we are happy enough to be able to
'ſerve you. We beg pardon for our
'intruſion: but, as we were unable to
'ſee you without being moved, ſo we
'could not refrain from offering you
'our friendſhip, in order to diſſipate
'your uneaſineſs as well as ours.—

'This lady,' said I, turning to Miss De Fare, 'I am sure, feels the same 'affection for you that I do; and will 'gladly contribute to remove your 'troubles; for the virtuous peculiarly 'deserve the esteem of the virtuous.' Here she stood for some time silent, as if in suspense, and at a loss how to behave: at last, wiping her eyes—'I do 'not know how to express the sense I 'have of your goodness, ladies,' said she, blushing: 'you do not know me; 'and, if you did, I am persuaded you 'would lose all your generous senti-'ments for me. Permit me to retire: 'it is sufficient that you know I am a 'wretch beneath your notice.' At this Miss De Fare could contain herself no longer: she took hold of her hand, and entreated her not to leave us so abruptly. 'We desire, Miss,' said she, 'to know no more than you are 'willing to tell us. Pray, compose 'yourself; and do us the favour to 'breakfast with us: though it may 'not be in our power to serve you, 'oblige us with your company, and 'accept of our friendship.' To this she consented; but not without the appearance of some reluctance. As Miss De Fare seized one of her hands, I took hold of the other: and, as we began to walk back—'Ladies,' said she, looking upon each of us with eyes full of gratitude, 'I am incapable of 'thanking you as I ought: you do 'not know me; and I wish I could for 'ever conceal my misfortunes from 'you, and hide the cause of my mi-'sery; but I shall no sooner be disco-'vered, but your friendship will be 'turned into aversion and horror; you 'will then detest me as much as I do 'myself. Oh! may you never feel 'the stings of conscious guilt!' added she, squeezing both our hands, and the tears gushing afresh from her eyes.

We were extremely moved at this unexpected interview; and neither Miss De Fare nor I could refrain from weeping. We arrived; and I immediately went into my mother's room, and left Miss De Fare, with the disconsolate lady, below. I found her awake, and ready to arise: a sweet sleep had recruited her spirits, and very much refreshed her. She received me with a smile, 'My child,' said she, 'I hope Miss's 'company has diverted thee. I am 'much better than I was yesterday; 'after breakfast we will divert our-'selves; but do not be too grave. I 'expect Mrs. Dorsin here to-day; and 'do not doubt but we shall spend the 'time very agreeably.' I expressed my joy at the alteration which, indeed, was visible in her countenance, in the most lively terms. 'O Madam,' cried I, embracing her, 'how happy should 'I be might I flatter myself with 'the hopes of your recovery! How 'delightful would be the prospect of 'spending my life with you!'—'My 'dear,' returned she, interrupting me, 'my life is very precarious: learn to 'resign thyself to the Divine Will; 'that wise, that beneficent Being, who 'has the disposal of thy life and mine, 'knows what is best for us both. But 'where is Miss De Fare?'—'She is 'below with a young stranger,' said I, 'that we intend to introduce to you; 'whom I hope you will find worthy of 'your friendship.'—'I do not doubt 'it, my dear,' returned she: 'thy re-'commendation makes me her friend 'before I see her. But where didst 'thou find her?' On this I related our little adventure. She seemed extremely pleased with it; and immediately dressed to wait upon her. As soon as she was ready, she went into the parlour, and received her with an air of the most engaging affability: but all our caresses could not disperse the gloom from her countenance; we saw that something preyed upon her spirits, and that her mind was too disordered to render it possible for her to assume an air of chearfulness, even for a moment. As soon as breakfast was over, my mother proposed taking a turn in her coach for an hour or two, to see the country, and take the benefit of the air. The unknown young lady desired to be excused; but, at our expressing an unwillingness to part with her, she consented. My dear mamma's conversation I thought more lively than ever; though we discoursed of some subjects that were perfectly grave: but she had the art of handling the most serious topicks in a manner that rendered them very engaging.

But, however agreeable they were to me, I am afraid, Madam, you will think them quite tedious: I have, perhaps, dwelt too long upon these serious discourses, which to you may appear insupportable; but, for all this, I have

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a great mind to go on with them a little farther, because the thoughts may possibly be new to you. However, if you think yourself in danger of the vapours, pray pass over a few leaves, and you will be infallibly out of danger. But to return.

I think I told you, Madam, when I drew you a portrait of my mother's heart, that her conceptions of the Divine goodness and justice were almost peculiar to herself. This conversation will shew you what ground I had for such an assertion. 'Nothing can be 'more shocking,' said she, 'than the 'villainies that have been practised un'der the venerable name of religion. 'Who can reflect on the horrid devas'tations that have been spread through 'the world by mad priests and furious 'bigots, without being filled with de'testation and horror? How prepos'terous is it to attempt to please the most 'merciful Being in the universe, by 'cancelling his gentle impressions 'from our minds, and behaving with'out mercy! Wherever superstition 'and enthusiasm have prevailed, they 'have banished every natural, every 'noble, sentiment from the human 'breast. How unaccountable is it 'that we should ever attempt to de'light the most wise and intelligent of 'all beings with little tricks and cere'monies equally trifling and vain! 'How absurd to endeavour to render 'propitious the most perfect, the most 'benevolent disposition, by any thing 'else but acting according to the 'dignity of our intelligent natures, 'raising ourselves as near as possible to 'his perfection; and thus, in some 'measure, rendering ourselves worthy 'of his esteem! Nor less profane is it,' added she, 'to address the Mighty Fa'ther of mankind, who ought to be 'approached with the most humble 'awe and the profoundest veneration, 'with the amorous language, and the 'fond endearments that are more just'ly bestowed upon our own species: 'how monstrous is this spiritual kind 'of debauchery! Nature abhors the 'impious profanation, and starts from 'a worship so impure and sacrilegious.' These were the principal subjects of our discourse, in which Miss De Fare and I bore a part with an agreeable satisfaction. Religion, stripped of the gloom and unnatural solemnity with which melancholy spirits are apt to cloath it, will ever appear lovely and engaging to a reasonable mind: it owes all it's beauty to it's own simplicity and native excellence; and whenever it is made to oppose the indispensible obligations of reason and nature, it must be degraded, and sunk in the opinion of every intelligent and virtuous being. The person who has experienced the exquisite pleasures that attend the practice of the social virtues, and with an humble and upright mind gratefully adores the supreme and unexhausted Source of benignity, has satisfactions unknown to the sensualist and epicure, the superstitious and enthusiast. Virtue to such a mind appears always lovely and divinely charming: it's graces are more attractive than the delusive pleasures which court our enjoyment; it is the highest gratification of our rational natures; it fills the soul with the most delightful harmony, whilst all besides is jarring discord and endless confusion. But I have done.

During this conversation, I frequently cast my eyes upon the young stranger, and observed that her cheeks glowed with incessant blushes; methought she felt all the charms of virtue, and yet at the same time seemed stunned and confounded: she sometimes looked upon me with an air of friendship, then sighed, and let fall some tears. As we stepped out of the coach, she desired me to walk with her in the garden for a few minutes; to which I gladly consented, and went full of the hopes that she would tell me the cause of her uneasiness; and put it in my power to give her some proof that I sympathized in her afflictions.

'Dear Miss,' said she, as soon as we were alone, 'I cannot help being de'sirous of having you for my friend; 'your tenderness and generous con'cern for my uneasiness prepossesses me 'in your favour, and inclines me to 'return you the utmost affection; but 'I must then disclose all my misery; 'this you would demand as a proof 'of my confidence: but, alas! it 'would be such a proof of it as would 'entirely change your kind disposi'tions to serve me; you would hate, 'you would detest me; and your dis'pleasure would aggravate my de'spair, which even now exceeds all 'bounds.'—'Indeed, Miss, you in-

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'jure me very much,' returned I. 'Whatever is the cauſe of your trou-'ble, it will not make me forget what 'I owe to the diſtreſſed: Heaven knows 'I would do any thing to ſerve you; 'and I aſſure you I will never deſire 'you to tell me any thing that will 'give you ſo much pain; only let me 'know what I can do for you; I 'will aſk no queſtions, but my obedi-'ence alone ſhall prove my friendſhip.' Here ſhe continued ſilent, and caſt down her eyes, while her countenance informed me that her mind was tormented with the moſt painful agitations. She opened her lips ſeveral times as if ſhe would ſpeak, but a riſing ſigh prevented her: at laſt, caſting a look upon me full of tenderneſs, grief, and ſhame—'I would,' ſaid ſhe, 'lay open my guilt before you, 'but my tongue refuſes to obey me. 'Alas! I could wiſh my infamy was 'hid in eternal oblivion: but that can 'never be; and, if I do not tell it you, 'you will learn it from others. I was 'educated with the ſtricteſt piety: my 'ſituation in life was eaſy and agree-'able; and all around conſpired to 'make me happy. But, alas! flatter-'ed with my little beauty, I forgot 'myſelf: I liſtened to every one that 'was pleaſed to addreſs me; and re-'joiced in the conqueſt of a multitude 'of admirers. But, in the height of 'my vanity, an unforeſeen accident 'plunged me into the deepeſt diſtreſs: 'my father died ſuddenly, and left 'his affairs in a very bad ſituation. I 'lamented his loſs with an unfeigned 'ſorrow: I had no viſible means of 'ſupport. My friends forſook me; 'and I had only an uncle to depend 'upon, who was gone abroad, and 'could not give me an immediate aſ-'ſiſtance: I was even diſregarded by 'thoſe who, a few days before, pro-'feſſed to have the moſt violent paſſion 'for me; no proſpect of relief lay be-'fore me. In ſhort, I lived upon the 'little that remained of my father's 'ſubſtance, till that was expended: 'when I was addreſſed by a gentleman 'of fortune, who took advantage of 'my diſtreſs, and baſely made uſe of 'every expedient to force me to com-'ply with his criminal deſires. At 'laſt, my coward ſoul, ſhocked at the 'appearance of want and miſery, con-'ſented; and I was ruined. But who 'can expreſs the horrors that flowed 'in upon me, when cool reflection 'brought the guilty ſcene to view? 'Oh! how ſharp are the upbraidings 'of an offended conſcience! What 'inward perturbations diſtracted my 'mind! I was incapable of taking 'the leaſt repoſe. No ray of comfort 'ſhone into my breaſt: I reflected on 'my education, and the pious inſtruc-'tions that my tender mother had in-'culcated into my mind in my early 'infancy. But this reflection renew-'ed my anguiſh. "A proſtitute! a "wretched, a vile proſtitute!" cried 'I. "Am I that guilty wretch? Oh! "that I had ſubmitted to the ſevereſt "hardſhips! If I had begged my "bread, I might have been virtuous "ſtill: I might, even then, have look-"ed up with a mind conſcious of it's "innocence; and have beheld the face "of mankind without a guilty bluſh." 'In ſhort, I curſed my vanity and 'folly, that made me rather ſtoop to 'be really miſerable and truly con-'temptible, than to loſe the gay, the 'vain trifles of life. In the midſt of 'theſe agitations, I received a letter 'from my uncle: he had heard of my 'father's death, and the unhappy 'circumſtances in which he had left 'me; and therefore haſtened to town, 'with an intention to conſole me, and 'ſupply the place of his deceaſed bro-'ther, by being my guardian, my 'friend, and kind benefactor. He 'arrived the night before, juſt after I 'had retired to the houſe of my pre-'tended lover: he knew his character, 'and foreſaw that I was ruined. He 'upbraided me with the infamy I had 'brought upon his family; and or-'dered me never to ſee him more. I 'was ſhocked at the contents of this 'letter; and abandoned myſelf, for 'ſome time, to the ſevereſt deſpair. 'Had I continued virtuous but one 'hour longer, I might now have been 'happy. I loved my uncle; but I 'durſt not meet his reproaches; and I 'was aſhamed to appear where my 'guilt would ſoon be made publick: 'I therefore reſolved to abandon my 'lover, and ſeek, from my induſtry, an 'honeſt ſupport. This reſolution was 'attended with an inward ſatisfaction. 'I humbly begged the Divine forgive-'neſs, and implored the protection of 'his providence: and, after having

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'taken a few rings that were my mo-
'ther's, and a little money and cloaths
'that I had ſtill left, I abandoned that
'fatal houſe, without communicating
'my intention to any body. Though
'ſeveral days are paſſed ſince I put this
'deſign in execution, I have not found
'any relief: my little money is almoſt
'gone; and I have now no other pro-
'ſpect but of ſhortly wanting the ne-
'ceſſaries of life. Oh, Miſs! let not
'my guilt harden your heart againſt
'me!' added ſhe: 'do not be more
'inexorable than that Being who com-
'paſſionates the penitent; and, I hope,
'has heard my prayers.'

This diſcourſe was delivered in ſuch a ſoft and plaintive voice, and accompanied with ſo many tears and ſighs, that it ſeemed to melt my very ſoul. I forbore to look in her face, that I might not increaſe her bluſhes; and would gladly have ſpared her the confuſion of making ſuch a painful diſcovery, if it had not been neceſſary for me to know the moſt material circumſtances, in order to give her ſome relief. I ſtood, ſome time after ſhe had done, to conſider what anſwer I ſhould make her. She ſeemed ſurprized at my making her no reply; and then, caſting her eyes upon me, and obſerving my tears—'I do not know, Miſs,' reſumed ſhe, 'what I ought to think of
'your ſilence: your virtue makes you,
'perhaps, loath and deteſt me; but
'you cannot do it more than I do my-
'ſelf. However, let me beg that you
'would not expoſe me.'

'No, Miſs,' returned I; 'I have
'not the leaſt diſpoſition to abuſe the
'confidence you have repoſed in me.
'I am ſorry for your uneaſineſs; and
'ſympathize with you in it: you have,
'indeed, had great cauſe to be afflict-
'ed; for guilt and miſery are inſepa-
'rable companions. Your repentance
'ought to reſtore you to the eſteem of
'every virtuous mind: this ſhould
'compoſe and calm your thoughts;
'for it is all that Heaven requires from
'frail offending mortals. I will not
'humble you ſo far as to give you any
'thing; you was not born to receive
'charity: I only deſire you would
'oblige me ſo far as to let me lend you
'a few louis d'ors, which you ſhall
'return when it ſuits your conveni-
'ency. I will take your word for
'the payment of them,' added I, pull-
ing out my purſe, which I put into her hand. 'Pray, take what you want;
'and flatter yourſelf with the hopes
'that you will in a few days be re-
'ſtored to your uncle's favour. But,
'in order to that, I muſt know your
'name, and where to direct to that
'gentleman.'—'O Miſs!' cried ſhe, in a tranſport of joy, 'how noble,
'how generous, is your behaviour!
'Good God! this is too much!' Here a freſh flood of tears ſtopped her voice; while ſhe gave me a look which expreſſed all ſhe would have uttered, in a language infinitely more affecting than any thing ſhe could poſſibly have ſaid to me.

As I began to think our long abſence from the company might be taken notice of, I propoſed our walking in; and deſired her again to take freely what money ſhe wanted; for ſhe had not yet been able to open the purſe, but ſtood holding it in her hand, without any motion: at laſt ſhe took two louis d'ors. I inſiſted upon her taking five; which I could not prevail upon her to do without ſome importunity: when, returning me the purſe without ſpeaking a word, ſhe took hold of my hand, and preſſed it in a manner ſo tender and affecting, that I could not help being extremely moved. Her heart ſeemed to beat with ſenſations too violent for utterance; and methought ſhe longed to preſs me to her breaſt, but had not confidence to do it: at laſt, as we were returning back—
'My dear friend,' cried ſhe, 'forgive
'my not being able to expreſs my gra-
'titude: your goodneſs quite over-
'whelms me.'—'Enough, my friend,' returned I: 'you owe me no thanks.
'Virtue is it's own reward: my ſatiſ-
'faction, in being able to ſerve you,
'gives me a pleaſure at leaſt equal to
'yours. I wiſh I could reſtore peace
'and ſatisfaction to every troubled
'mind. Depend upon my friendſhip
'for the management of your affairs.'
Here we entered the houſe, and found Mrs. Dorſin and the officer there: they aroſe and ſaluted the young lady and me; and told us they had ſent a ſervant to acquaint me with their arrival; but it was very eaſy for him to miſs us in a garden of ſuch a large extent. We had no ſooner ſat down, but we were told that dinner was on the table: during which Mrs. De Valville took no-

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tice that the young ſtranger looked upon me with a complacency which ſhe thought very remarkable. An air of ſerenity was ſpread over her face, which yet retained ſome of thoſe marks of joy and admiration which had before agitated her mind. She was pleaſed with the change; but more ſo, as ſhe imagined I was the cauſe of it; and congratulated that young lady on the return of her tranquillity. 'As 'you have not been pleaſed, Miſs, to 'acquaint us with the cauſe of your 'late melancholy,' ſaid ſhe to her, 'perhaps it may not be agreeable to 'you to relate it; but as I am perſuaded you have let Marianne into 'the ſecret, I hope you will permit 'her to communicate it to us, except 'you have any particular reaſon to 'the contrary. You may depend upon our ſecreſy, if the caſe requires 'it; and that we ſhall uſe our utmoſt 'endeavours to ſerve you, and prove 'that we deſerve your confidence.' Miſs Du Bois, for that was the young ſtranger's name, coloured at this propoſal, and knew not what anſwer to return her: at laſt, after ſome heſitation —'I am obliged to you, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'for the ſhare you take in my 'concerns; which are of ſuch a nature as to render it abſolutely neceſſary that they ſhould be kept inviolably ſecret. I have, indeed, communicated my unhappy ſtory to this 'young lady, whoſe goodneſs has in 'ſome meaſure calmed my mind: I 'will depend upon her prudence, and 'leave it to her to do as ſhe ſhall think 'fit.' But as ſhe ſeemed to grant me this liberty with ſome reluctance, we waved the ſubject, and the diſcourſe turned upon Valville. 'My ſon,' ſaid my mother, 'has got a very handſome fortune; and my death will 'very much increaſe it. You all 'know my affection for Marianne; 'and therefore cannot wonder to find 'that I have made ſome proviſion for 'her in my will. I have left my ſon 'my whole eſtate, except this houſe, 'with it's furniture; the gardens round 'it, and two thouſand livres a year; 'my picture, and ſome jewels and 'plate; which I give my daughter. 'My ſon cannot have the leaſt reaſon 'to complain, ſince what I leave from 'him is but a trifle in compariſon of 'my whole eſtate: beſides, he has already a very large fortune left him by 'his father and my brother.—I believe you will approve, Sir, of what 'I have done; and think that at the 'ſame time that I have conſidered my 'affection for my daughter, I have not 'forgot what I owe to my ſon: I had, 'indeed, given her all, in giving my 'conſent to their marriage; but I 'know my daughter is not avaricious, 'and will be very well ſatisfied with 'what I have now done for her.' The officer and Mrs. Dorſin appeared perfectly pleaſed with the contents of her will; and had begun to extol her equity and goodneſs, when I threw myſelf at her feet—'Dear Madam,' cried I, 'I 'need not tell you how ſenſible I am 'of your exceſſive kindneſs: you 'know how dear you are to me; and 'can eaſily put yourſelf in my place, 'and form an idea of the ſituation of 'a mind overflowing with every grateful ſentiment. Each inſtance of 'your affection gives me a very ſenſible pleaſure. How ſweet is it to be 'obliged by thoſe we love! But, dear 'mamma, how engaging ſoever this 'inſtance of your kindneſs is, I confeſs I cannot ſincerely approve of it. 'Mr. De Valville has a right to enjoy 'all you poſſeſs after your deceaſe; he 'has a claim to it, founded on reaſon 'and nature: he is your ſon, your only 'heir; and deſerves to poſſeſs your 'eſtate entire. For my part, I am 'not ambitious: and, ſince I muſt be 'ſeparated from Valville, I do not deſire to enjoy any of his fortune, except what Mr. De Climal has left 'me; and your picture, which I ſhall 'value more than all the riches in the 'world. When you are gone, you 'will leave no charms behind for me; 'nothing will ever make life deſirable.'—'Ariſe, child,' ſaid my mother; 'and do not be ſilly: I believe 'thou wilt regret my loſs, and be ſincerely afflicted at it; but in time thy 'uneaſineſs will wear off, and thou 'wilt become reconciled to it. Valville has enough; and I dare ſay he 'will not be diſpleaſed at what I have 'done for thee: however, I may live 'a good while yet; mine is a very 'lingering diſtemper. This gentleman and lady, I am ſure, think I 'could not do leſs for thee than I have 'done: however, as I hope to ſee my 'ſon again, I will tell him my deſign,

'and

'and know if he has any objection to 'it. Will not that ſatisfy thee?'— 'Indeed, Miſs,' ſaid Mrs. Dorſin, 'you are too ſcrupulous; I cannot help 'approving of what your mother has 'done. But pray,' added ſhe, 'is 'Miſs Du Bois's misfortune to be 'kept a ſecret? She has left it to your 'diſcretion to diſcloſe it to us, if you 'think proper. She is a very amiable 'lady: but I could not help thinking 'that her bluſhes and confuſion ex-'preſſed a ſtrong ſenſe of guilt and 'ſhame. Am I right, my dear?' —'That, Madam, may perhaps be 'owing,' ſaid the officer, 'to a deli-'cacy which may make her look upon 'ſome circumſtances of her misfor-'tune as criminal, which in fact 'may not be ſo.'—'No, Sir,' ſaid I, 'that is not the caſe: I am ſorry to 'ſay Miſs has been highly to blame; 'and I wiſh I could give you her ſtory, 'and hide her guilt; but that could 'not be done conſiſtent with truth: 'beſides, it would deprive her of the 'advantage of your aſſiſtance. Poor 'lady! ſhe is much to blame; but yet 'ſhe deſerves your pity and compaſ-'ſion; and I promiſe myſelf you will 'readily lend her your aſſiſtance. But 'I ſhall never be able to deſcribe the 'horror and anguiſh of her mind; nor 'the painful ſtruggle between her ſenſe 'of virtue, and her ſhame at having 'offended againſt it's precepts.' Here I related every thing that paſſed; and concluded with deſiring the officer to compaſſionate her caſe, and endeavour to make a reconciliation between her and her uncle. 'I was juſt going to 'propoſe it to you, Miſs,' returned he: 'I do not wonder at your being 'moved at ſuch an affecting ſtory. 'Happy is the perſon who, having 'behaved ill, has the reſolution to re-'pent; but more happy ſhe who has 'not this need of repentance.'

I obſerved that, during my diſcourſe, the two ladies liſtened with the utmoſt attention; while their countenances expreſſed the tendereſt pity and the greateſt ſurprize. When I had done, they wiped the tears from their eyes, and looked upon each other with an air of aſtoniſhment. At laſt, ſaid Mrs. Dorſin—'How dreadful are the ago-'nies that attend the loſs of virtue! 'Dear-bought ſatisfactions that are ac-'companied with ſuch exquiſite mi-'ſery, ſuch laſting wretchedneſs! If 'her folly is divulged, ſhe will never 'be able to wipe out the infamy that 'will attend her. Rivers of tears, 'and the ſevereſt repentance; no, not 'a life of the ſtricteſt virtue; will, in 'the opinion of the world, reſtore her 'innocence, or retrieve her character.' —'Very true,' returned Mrs. De Valville; 'the world is cenſorious; and 'though a thouſand virtues may be 'overlooked, yet the indiſcretion of 'an unguarded moment will never be 'forgotten: we muſt, therefore, con-'ceal this unhappy affair.—I am very 'glad, Sir,' added ſhe, 'that you are 'pleaſed to undertake the office of re-'conciling her uncle to her; and we 'all, I dare ſay, ſincerely wiſh you 'ſucceſs.'—'I thank you, ladies,' replied he; 'I ſee my ſucceſs will give 'Miſs Marianne a peculiar pleaſure: 'but I muſt know where Miſs Du 'Bois's uncle lives.—Can you inform 'me, Miſs?'—'Yes, Sir,' returned I; and immediately gave him the direction I received from that lady. He had no ſooner read it but he ſmiled. 'I know the gentleman,' ſaid he; 'and though I am concerned at the 'trouble this event muſt have occaſion-'ed him, I cannot help being pleaſed 'to think I ſhall ſerve a man of ſenſe 'and honour; and, by reſtoring him 'his niece, I ſhall contribute to his 'repoſe. I will wait upon him im-'mediately; I know he will hear rea-'ſon: and though his virtue muſt have 'made him very ſenſible of his niece's 'imprudence, yet the ſame virtuous 'diſpoſition will prompt him to pardon 'her upon her repentance.'

On this the officer left us: but he had not been gone above two hours, before we ſaw him return. As he entered the room, we read in his looks that he had met with ſucceſs: and after he had told us that our conjectures were true, he ſat down; and, at my requeſt, gave us a particular account of his adventures. 'I happened,' ſaid he, 'to find 'Mr. Du Bois at home, who received 'me in a moſt obliging manner, though 'he appeared to be very uneaſy. After 'the firſt compliments were over, and we 'had drank part of a bottle, I took no-'tice of his melancholy; and aſked him 'if I could contribute to remove it: 'he thanked me; and, with an affected 'ſmile, told me that nothing was the

'matter with him; then drank my 'health, and enquired how I liked his 'wine. I then mentioned his brother; 'and asked how long he had been 'dead: he gave me only a slight answer; 'and almost insensibly turned the dis-'course on another subject, without 'ever mentioning his niece. By this 'I imagined that he was tender of her 'honour; and concluded that, how-'ever displeased he was with her con-'duct, he had still some affection for 'her. I then took the liberty to men-'tion her to him, and to propose a re-'conciliation; but he seemed surprized, 'and very much concerned to find that 'I was acquainted with an affair that 'was so little to her credit. "No, Sir," 'said he, "I will never let my doors "be open to such a strumpet. As she "has ruined herself, she must take the "consequence of her folly. I will "for ever disown her: she is a dis-"grace to her family. I will never "be reconciled to her; and I desire, "Sir, you will mention her no more." 'This he spoke with a great deal of 'warmth, and with his looks full of 'resentment. Then musing a little —"Poor, unhappy girl!' resumed he, 'in a soft and quite different tone; "is "her disgrace, then, made publick? "What will become of her? Pray, "Sir," added he, "at whose request "do you propose this reconciliation? "Have you seen her?"—"Yes, Sir," 'said I, "I saw her to-day." And 'here, Miss,' added he, addressing him-'self to me, 'I gave him a particular 'account of all that passed between you 'this morning; at which he was so af-'fected, that I saw I had gained my 'point before he told it me. "Sir," 'said he, as soon as he found I had 'done, "I think myself greatly oblig-"ed to you for this information: I "did not think she had been drove to "such extremities. As soon as I was "informed of my brother's death, and "the unhappy disorder in which he "left his affairs, I made haste to town, "that I might have the satisfaction of "providing for his daughter; on whom "I intended to bestow my estate; and "who, I imagined, would be a com-"fort to me in this decline of life. I "have always had a very great affec-"tion for her; and have loved her as "tenderly as if she was my own child. "I therefore went to my brother's "house, to comfort her for the loss of "a tender father, and to taste the sa-"tisfaction of embracing her, the dear "remains of his family; as well as to "relieve her from her anxieties by my "care and affection. But how great "was my surprize! how inexpressible "my grief! to find her seduced and "carried off by a villain, who has not "the least degree of virtue or honour. "A paper I found on her toilette let "me into the whole intrigue. He "there takes advantage of her distress; "promises her a considerable settle-"ment; and makes use of a great deal "of art to debauch her principles. I "was shocked at his villainy, and her "folly; and the next morning, after I "had found that she had not been at "home the night before, sent her a let-"ter, in which I commanded her to see "me no more. But I find I was too "hasty: her repentance gives her a "right to my compassion; I have had "a very great concern for her upon "my spirits, and have therefore care-"fully concealed her shame. Poor "girl! how nearly is guilt allied to "misery! What remorse and shame, "what inward perturbations, what "self-abhorrence, fill the penitent mind "upon the review of a vicious action! "Such a state deserves our tenderest "pity. Tell her, therefore, Sir, that "I relent; and will gladly receive her "to my favour."

'As soon as he had finished this pa-'thetick discourse, I told him I re-'joiced to see him in such a favourable 'disposition, and would let the lady 'know how much she was obliged to 'his tenderness; and immediately took 'my leave.'

We all expressed a very sensible plea-sure at his having so happily concluded this melancholy affair; and returned the officer our thanks on this occasion, in a manner which shewed how nearly we were interested in the lady's happiness; and, as I was sensible how necessary this news was to her repose, I imme-diately resolved to be the welcome mes-senger of it: in short, I no sooner men-tioned my design, but it was approved; the ladies smiled at my impatience; and the officer begged I would give him leave to accompany me, which I readily consented to. In the way I expressed afresh the sense I had of his goodness; and let him know that he had very much

obliged

obliged me. As Miss Du Bois lodged not far from our house, we soon found her, and acquainted her with our success; when she burst into tears of joy, embraced me in the most affectionate manner, and thanked the officer in terms which expressed the most lively gratitude. But as it was late, she was obliged to defer waiting on her uncle till the next day. In my return home, I formed a design of being a spectator of the scene between her and Mr. Du Bois at their first interview, which I foresaw would be very interesting; besides, I fancied our company would keep up the spirits of the young lady, who possibly might fear meeting with some reproaches from him. I acquainted my mother with my thoughts, and she very much approved them; on which the gentleman and Mrs. Dorsin promised to come again in the morning, and bring Mr. Du Bois in the coach with them. In fine, the next day I wrote her a note, desiring her to come to dinner with us, and to defer waiting upon her uncle till the afternoon. She came immediately, and was engaged in conversation with Mrs. De Valville and I, when the officer and Mrs. Dorsin entered, and introduced the old gentleman, who had not the least thought of seeing his niece there. She saw him first, started up, trembled, and then suddenly threw herself at his feet. He had begun a compliment to my mamma; but broke off in the middle of a sentence; stood motionless, and appeared greatly surprized and disconcerted. However, he recovered himself first, and raised her up: when she appeared almost ready to faint, hung down her head, and had not the courage to look up. He was immediately touched; and endeavoured to inspire her with confidence by the most affectionate endearments: at last, she recovered a little; and, looking in his face, with the tears streaming from her eyes—'Oh, Sir!' cried she, 'in the most moving tone, 'can you, indeed, for-'give me?'—'Yes, child!' replied he, weeping too; 'I ought to forgive 'thee: and I do it sincerely.'—'But, 'alas! I can never forgive myself!' she returned with a countenance expressive of the deepest remorse: 'to what mi-'series have I exposed myself! I have 'dishonoured you; justly forfeited your 'favour; and rewarded your kindness 'by rendering the object of it infamous 'and detestable: you ought to be 'ashamed of me; you have reason to 'despise me, as being a disgrace to your 'family. How ill have I requited 'your tenderness!'—'No more, my 'dear,' returned he; 'I cannot bear to 'hear it. Come, forget what is passed; 'and let it be as if it had never been.' —'Oh, that I could do so!' resumed she with a sigh; 'but it is impossible: 'the idea of my shame will ever be at-'tended with the most painful anguish; 'I shall never reflect on this part of my 'life without a keen sense of guilt. 'But, Sir, is my infamy made pub-'lick? Am I not already made the ri-'dicule of the lowest of mankind? Am 'not I reproached and contemned by 'the wise and virtuous? Oh! that I 'had died a thousand deaths, rather 'than thus have stained my honour, 'and forfeited all that is most dear and 'valuable!'—'No, my dear,' returned he; 'the world is yet unacquainted 'with thy folly: the vile wretch who 'seduced thee has a design upon a 'rich old lady, whom he would marry 'to support his extravagance; his estate 'is almost all sold; and therefore he 'is obliged to be secret, because his 'success depends upon it.' As they began here to be something more calm, we desired them both to sit down: we were pleased with the old gentleman's good sense and tenderness, and desired that we might be honoured with his friendship; and that he would sometimes do us the favour to give us his and Miss's company; to which he readily consented.

Nothing, Madam, could be more moving than this affecting scene. Miss Du Bois's looks expressed, throughout, a mixture of shame and confusion; and her words and actions, the deepest repentance: on his side was all softness, a paternal affection, and a generous concern for her happiness. We could none of us refrain from weeping; and I observed that even the officer's manly countenance was bathed in tears.'

What a wide extreme is there between virtue and vice! The first has the sublimest satisfactions, the pleasures of a God: the enjoyments of the last are low, transient, and pall upon the senses; they depend upon our extinguishing the very sense of our reasonable nature, and therefore are only the mean gratifica-

tions of a brute. The delights of the firſt are accompanied with inward complacency and ſelf-applauſe; they brighten upon the review, whilſt every reflection is a repetition of the pleaſure: but the laſt is attended with inward perturbations, ſelf-abhorrence, and ſhame; they will not bear a ſober and cool review; but the very idea of them is a real miſery. What a degradation of the noble powers of reaſon and reflection! What a vaſt ſtoop to chuſe rather to be a brute, than a wife, a happy, and intelligent being! But to proceed with my ſtory.

Mr. Du Bois and his niece gave us their repeated thanks for our making ſo happy a reconciliation. Soon after dinner was over, they were going to leave us; but, at our requeſt, they ſtaid the reſt of the day; and at night we parted with reciprocal expreſſions of friendſhip.

I went to bed with my mind filled with a variety of agreeable ſenſations, and ſlept till late the next morning; when I aroſe, and went to my mother's room; but found her more diſordered than ever: ſhe had been conſtantly attended by a phyſician for ſome time; but now he could not give us any hopes that ſhe would ever recover. Several days paſſed over in which nothing material happened to me: I hardly ever left my mother, who grew worſe. Mrs. Dorſin came almoſt every day to ſee her, and to comfort me; for my tenderneſs ſeemed to increaſe in proportion as her life grew more in danger. I frequently ſat up with her all night, notwithſtanding her fears that it would prejudice my health: and, at laſt, I could hardly bear to be ſeparated from her a moment. Yet, in ſpite of all my uneaſineſs, I could not help thinking ſometimes of Valville: I found I ſtill loved him; and my heart induced me to excuſe him to myſelf, and made me even almoſt wiſh to ſee him again. Mean while, I found the fatigue I daily underwent was a great deal too much for me; and that, together with the thoughts of loſing my mother, had deprived me of the little ſtrength I had recovered ſince my late illneſs. I grew pale and weak; my watching and tears had in a great meaſure extinguiſhed the fire of my eyes; and my vivacity and natural gaiety gave place to a thoughtful ſadneſs. However, I put a conſtraint upon myſelf, and endeavoured to appear as chearful as poſſible before my mother; but I could not diſſemble ſo well as to deceive her: ſhe frequently told me that my exceſſive care and aſſiduity, though it was an undeniable proof of my affection, gave her real pain. But, for ſome time, I was unwilling to abate my diligence; I made light of her obſervation, and told her I only did my duty; and entreated that ſhe would not deny me the ſatisfaction of attending upon her, ſince I ardently deſired to do it: but, at laſt, my own weakneſs, rather than that tender lady's advice, obliged me to deſiſt; for I was brought almoſt as low as herſelf. However, I ſpent all my time with her and Mrs. Dorſin, whoſe affection for my mother ſoothed my grief. She ſympathized with me; and, in the kindeſt manner, endeavoured to moderate my ſorrow: her ſolid and judicious diſcourſe never appeared more charming than now; and I began to be reſigned to Providence, and to enjoy a good degree of calmneſs and ſerenity; when an unexpected event gave a happy turn to my affairs.

One day, as I was ſitting with my mother, and had been ſaying ſome of thoſe tender things which naturally drop from a heart full of the ſincereſt friendſhip and engaging manner, I heard ſomebody come ſoftly up ſtairs; the door opened: but how vaſt was my ſurprize when I ſaw Valville enter! Though I had for ſome days before even wiſhed to ſee him, I now found I was unable to ſupport the ſhock of ſuch a ſudden, ſuch an unexpected ſight. I held my mother's hand in mine; but my nerves ſeemed to ſlacken; I let go my hold, and fell ſenſeleſs upon the floor.

Whether my fainting was owing to my preſent weakneſs, which made me unable to bear ſuch a ſudden ſurprize, and ſupport the ſtrange tumult in my ſoul; or whether it proceeded from the ſoftneſs of my mind, which had juſt been melted by my mother's tender endearments, I know not; however, when I recovered, which was not till ſome time, I found myſelf in bed in my own room, violently ſick and faint; and perceived that in my fall I had received a large contuſion in my head, which was already dreſſed by a ſurgeon: he

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was seated with Mrs. De Valville, who was weeping by my bed-side; and they were surrounded by several maid-servants.

When I opened my eyes, I looked about me; and, greatly surprized at my condition, asked my mamma, with a weak and low voice, where I was, and what had reduced me to that condition: for I had entirely forgot the circumstance of my fainting; and had only a very confused idea of having seen Valville. She satisfied me by answering my request; and, at the same time, desired me to be silent. As I found myself hardly able to speak, I complied with her desire; and remained the rest of the day, and the following night, in a state little different from that from which I had just been recovered. The next day I found myself something better, though I had a violent pain in my head; and, three or four days after, I was able to sit up in my bed. My mother did not think it was yet proper to communicate the news she had to tell me; but a few days after this, when she thought me able to support the emotions her discourse would infallibly occasion in me, she drew near to my bed-side; and, taking hold of my hand —'My dear,' said she, with an air of the utmost tenderness, 'I have surprizing news to tell thee; news which I hope will hasten thy recovery. I do not know whether you took notice of Valville's looks when he came into my room: I did; he entered with an air of submissive respect; and cast a look at thee full of all that tenderness which used to inform his breast when he adored thee with the most passionate fondness; but no words can describe his confusion when he saw thee fall upon the floor. He ran to thee, and snatched thee up in his arms with a look of the utmost distraction: thy face was immediately stained with the blood, which ran upon his cloaths. The servants immediately came running up, and took thee from him; when he took horse, and rode full speed to Paris for a surgeon: he came back, and brought him with him, before thou wast come to thyself. His soul seemed to be tormented with the most violent and frightful agitations; and his grief and despair appeared in every action: when, fearing that his presence would be of ill consequence, if he should stay till you came to yourself, I entreated him to retire; which your interest made him submit to, though he could not do it without the appearance of the greatest reluctance; but, however, he went no farther than into the anti-chamber, where he staid at thy door, to enquire how thou didst of every one that went out. At last I told him that thou hadst recovered thy senses, and was found to be out of danger; he lifted up his eyes; and, drying away his tears—"O heavens!" cried he in an extasy, "does she live? Shall I then be so happy as "to persuade her to believe that her "virtue and generosity have overcome "me, and that I now love her more "than ever!"

'Is it possible?' cried I, interrupting her; 'is it possible? What a wavering and inconstant disposition! What a contradiction he is to himself! He must be a stranger to love, who can so lightly change the object of it. A slight hurt made him enamoured with me; an ordinary fainting-fit induced him to change his resolution, forsake me, and almost adore another: for he makes it appear that this was his only reason; since, the same incident, attended with a few frightful circumstances, reclaims him, makes him break his former engagements, and regret his abandoning me. A very hopeful lover, truly! The next lady who has a greater misfortune before him, will melt his heart, impress her image there, and infallibly make him her admirer; till another, still more unhappy, shall gain the preference. Poor Valville! how art thou the sport of every irregular impulse! how strangely carried away by every capricious fancy?'

Notwithstanding this exclamation, I cannot positively affirm that this news gave me either pleasure or pain; though I cannot help thinking that I had some secret satisfaction upon it; but it lay hid in some corner of my heart, and might then escape my notice.

'Pray, child, do not judge too rashly,' replied my mother, finding I had done; 'he may not, perhaps, appear so weak upon a farther examination: come, hear what he had to say for himself, and refer your censures till then. As this exclamation,' added she, 'seem-

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" ed rather to be dictated by a sudden " transport of joy, than directed to me, " I was going to leave him, when he " cast himself at my feet—" My dear " mother," cried he, " I did not hear " of your illness till yesterday; if I " had, nothing should have prevented " my waiting upon you: indeed, I am " sincerely afflicted to see you so much " altered. I arrived at Paris yesterday " about noon, and immediately set out " with a design to visit the Marchioness " of Kilnare: I went with all the im- " patience of a lover, who had been for " a long time detained from his mis- " tress, in order to engage her to in- " vite Miss Varthon to dinner, that I " might have her company there as u- " sual; but in my way I was constrain- " ed by a friend to step into his house, " upon his promising not to detain me. " I there found Miss De Fare; I con- " fess I could not see her without a con- " fusion, which perhaps was too visi- " ble, as she had been a witness of " some of those tender things I had " some time ago said at her mother's " to Miss Marianne: however, I sent " my request to the Marchioness in a " letter, and told her that I should wait " upon her in an hour's time. Miss " De Fare took an opportunity to in- " form me of your illness, and even " mentioned the many obligations " which Mrs. Dorsin had told her I " had to Marianne; particularly her " prevailing upon you to pardon my in- " constancy, and even to consent to my " marrying her rival, as well as her " generosity in desiring you not to give " her what you had promised in your " will. She repeated, as near as she " was able, the very words that passed " between you. I confess, that at her " first mentioning Marianne's name, " I was filled with the greatest uneasi- " ness; and would have been very glad " of an excuse to have left the room. " But, however, I could find none: but " when she mentioned the letter you " received from Versailles, I thought " myself so interested, that I could not " help listening to her with the greatest " attention; for I had spent part of the " time you had been sending after me, " with Miss Varthon at Paris; and had " therefore formed a plausible story to " deceive you, in which you would at " once have detected me. Here I was, " in spite of myself, both surprized and " charmed; and my admiration con- " tinued to rise as she proceeded, to " such a degree, that the tears came " into my eyes, and I could not help " sighing, and feeling a tender pity for " that dear generous girl. At last I " left her, and thanked her for her in- " formation in such a manner, that I " am sure she must have taken notice " that what she had said had very much " affected me. However, I could not " dispense with going to Miss Varthon; " but I went with much slower steps " than I was going with two hours be- " fore, though I had staid an hour long- " er than I promised in my letter. I " found Miss Varthon there before me, " but did not meet her with that rap- " ture which in the morning I had ima- " gined would attend such a long ex- " pected interview. No, my mind was " frequently absent, and led me to " contemplate what I had just heard; " and I, that was in an extasy for some " days before, at the idea of this mo- " ment, was obliged to dissemble, lest she " should perceive my coldness. After " dinner, she happened, amongst other " things, to ask what Marianne had to " say to me when she conducted me to " the arbour: I gave her a particular " account of it; but it was not with- " out great difficulty that I disguised " the emotions it caused in my breast. " When I had done, she commended " her generosity; but it was with a " very cool and indolent air: she then " mentioned a letter she had sent to " Marianne, to express her gratitude " for concealing her share in my in- " trigue, and her promise afterwards " to see me no more. " The old lady " and her daughter were equally cre- " dulous," cried she, smiling: " I on- " ly meant that I would not see you at " the convent; you may see me here " as often as you please, if they do not " know it. I love you too well to part " with you for such a one as she! who, " you know, would be a sad disgrace " to you," added she, laying her hand " upon mine, and smiling in my face. " How, Miss!" cried I, " was this " expression of your gratitude to de- " ceive them? Indeed it was poorly " done! Marianne's generous senti- " ments deserved, at least, that you " should treat her with sincerity, in re- " turn for her regard to you." As " this, Madam, was spoke with a very " serious

" serious air, she could not help shewing " her resentment. " I do not know " what you mean, Sir," returned she, " snatching away her hand with an air " of indignation; " I confess you treat " me very oddly: what is poorly done? " If I have deceived your mother, and " that girl! have you any reason to " complain? Was not you the cause? " Methinks you are very free with " your censures! I can tell you, Sir, " you must not expect to use me as you " have done her: you, at least, ought " not to complain of insincerity." I " confess, I was quite confounded at " this reproach, which was too just not " to make a very deep impression upon " me: however, I could not bear to " hear you both treated with such con- " tempt; and therefore endeavoured " to make her believe that she greatly " injured you, by mentioning several " instances of Marianne's generosity. " Here her jealousy and pride took the " alarm; and her mind, which was all " tenderness before, became instantly " full of rage; and she assumed such " airs, as made me blush for my weak- " ness in loving her. She told me, she " was sorry she had degraded herself so " much as to listen to my addresses; " that she was not of a rank that would " suffer her conduct to be compared " with the character of an orphan, who " was probably of a low and ignoble " birth; and that she looked upon my " treating her thus as the highest af- " front. These reproaches had no " other effect but to make the amiable " Marianne appear still more lovely. " What a surprizing contrast!" said I " to myself: " how ungrateful have I " been to forsake that dear girl, whose " tenderness makes her prefer my in- " terest to her own, and who only con- " sults my felicity!" This reflection " made me give her a very cool answer, " which was not at all to her satisfac- " tion. She cast a look at me full " of resentment; and then told me I " presumed too much upon her tender- " ness, which, she said, she had been " fool enough to confess to me; but " since she found I did not deserve it, " I should no longer impose upon her; " and therefore ordered me, in an im- " perious tone, to see her no more: " and then flounced out of the room, " flinging the door after her. But " one thing was very particular; I ob- " served that, by her manner of leav- " ing me, she thought I would call her " back; and I was convinced she really " expected it, by her stopping at the " outside of the door for a minute, to " give me an opportunity of doing it: " but when she found I kept my seat, " and continued silent, I heard her re- " tire.

" I was so far from being concern- " ed at her ill treatment, that I was " really glad I had given her an op- " portunity to shew her temper, and " therefore only staid to take my leave " of the Marchioness, which I did as " soon as she entered the room, which " was but a moment after; and retir- " ed full of the charms of that dear " lady, who had first taken possession " of my heart. As I went home, I ran " over in my mind every thing that " Miss De Fare had told me; and I " found it so comformable to the sweet- " ness of Marianne's disposition, that I " could not doubt the truth of the least " particular. I hated myself for my " ingratitude, and reproached myself " every minute for the uneasiness I " had given that enchanting creature. " How noble and disinterested," said I, " is her behaviour! And how could I " have the stupidity to forsake her for " a lady whose soul is widely different " from her's? Oh, am I still dear to " her? And may I flatter myself with " possessing that amiable girl? I am re- " solved to ask her forgiveness, and en- " deavour to regain her favour!"

" I heard that a man of quality had " made his addresses to her: this news " filled me with uneasiness, and made " me reproach myself in the severest " manner; it was like a dagger to my " heart. " I have deserved to lose her," " said I; " I have deserved to be " wretched!" I cursed those false " friends who had filled me with mis- " taken notions of honour, and had " made me ashamed of what was ne- " cessary to my happiness; ashamed of " what ought to have been my glory! " And this news seemed to increase my " passion, by the difficulty there ap- " peared of ever obtaining my desires. " Some affairs, Madam, prevented my " coming last night; but all my thoughts " were here; I longed to cast myself at " her feet and yours, and endeavour to " obtain forgiveness from both: I " longed to testify the sense I have of

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" her goodneſs; and to find if I was " ſtill dear to that charming creature. " I entered your room with my mind " full of a tender admiration, and yet " full of diffidence, and a dread of of- " fending; but I no ſooner ſaw her, " than my heart ſeemed ready to leap " from my boſom: but no words can " deſcribe the confuſion, the fright, " the agony of my ſoul, when I ſaw " the effects of my preſence."

' Oh, mamma!' cried I, ' does he ' then love me again? May I indulge ' once more the thought of being your ' daughter indeed? Delightful idea! ' Shall my miſeries be ſucceeded by ' ſuch exquiſite happineſs? No! you ' will ſoon be ſnatched from me; ' I ſhall ſoon be deprived of the deareſt ' part of me! But tell me, mamma, ' does not the ſame objection hold good ' againſt our union? May he not fear ' being treated with contempt by his ' friends? May he not fear their re- ' proaches ſtill? And will not their ' cenſures damp our deareſt joys, and ' cool his tranſports? Will he not bluſh ' for entering into engagements which ' will load him with contumely? Alas! ' I fear he will.'—' No, I hope not, ' my dear,' returned ſhe: ' thou art ' dearer to him than ever; he is now ' drawn to thee, conſtrained by reaſon ' and gratitude; by an eſteem that will ' compel him to love thee; an eſteem ' that time will increaſe; for the more ' he knows thee, the greater will be ' the aſcendant thou wilt have over his ' heart. The officer's preferring thee ' to every other of our ſex will make ' him proof againſt the affronts that ' may be thrown upon him; and he will ' be aſhamed to appear leſs hardy than ' him: he will think, if that gentle- ' man, whoſe wiſdom and good ſenſe is ' too well known to be called in queſ- ' tion, ſcorns the cenſure of the ill- ' judging multitude, he muſt have an ' equal reaſon for doing ſo too. As for ' me, I ſhall not be long here a wit- ' neſs of your happineſs; but it will ' be a great pleaſure to me to ſee you ' united before I die: and whilſt I live ' I ſhall give you both my prayers, for ' a continuance of your mutual felici- ' ty.'—' Dear mamma!' cried I, ' I ' ſincerely thank you: but the thoughts ' of loſing you muſt damp every joy; I ' can give up my heart to no delight, ' whilſt I ſee you on the verge of life. ' How could you think that I ſhould ' conſent to marry him, when, a mo- ' ment after, I muſt part from you? ' Pray do not ſuffer the firſt days of ' our nuptials to be daſhed with grief. ' Valville's tenderneſs, if he loves me ' dearly, will ſoothe my anguiſh for ' your loſs; we ſhall mingle our tears, ' and find a ſweet ſympathy in the ' moſt bitter ſorrow.'—' Well, my ' dear,' returned that engaging lady, ' I will not preſs you too much; I will ' be ſatisfied if you reſolve to conclude ' it after my deceaſe: I know thy ten- ' derneſs will induce thee to pay a de- ' cent reſpect to my memory; but do ' not carry it too far; thy affliction ' will be of no ſervice to me; let the ' proſpect of your approaching happi- ' neſs dry up your tears. But my ſon ' waits to ſee you,' added ſhe, ſmiling; ' and, I think, I may deſire him to ' come in, ſince a reconciliation be- ' tween you is ſo far advanced.'

Upon this, ſhe went out, and preſently returned with Valville; who entered with ſome confuſion, and threw himſelf on his knee at my bed-ſide. ' Miſs,' ſaid he, with a timorous voice, ' you cannot wonder if I do not know ' how to approach you without trem- ' bling. I am aſhamed of my own ' inconſtancy; an inconſtancy which ' your beauty and goodneſs render al- ' together inexcuſable. I will not pre- ' tend to offer any apologies as an alle- ' viation of my guilt; no, my beha- ' viour will admit of none; they would ' only render me more deteſtable. I ' confeſs myſelf, dear Miſs, unworthy ' of that regard you have conſtantly ' ſhewn me; abſolutely unworthy of ' having the leaſt pretenſions to your ' friendſhip. But, ſince your amiable ' conduct has opened my eyes, let me ' tell you how much I owe to you; let ' me expreſs my gratitude, and thank ' you, in the ſincereſt terms, for that ' tender regard you have ſhewn to me; ' for that concern you have always ex- ' preſſed for my happineſs, even whilſt ' I was acting inconſiſtent with my ' honour, and thoſe engagements which ' ought to have made me inviolably ' yours: a noble return for falſhood ' and deceit! a glorious inſtance of ' that rectitude of heart which is proof ' againſt every paſſion that is an ene- ' my to virtue! You now ſee me full ' of remorſe; full of the deepeſt con-

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'fusion for having offended you: and, 'if you have any degree of resentment 'lurking in that pure heart, you have 'now an opportunity of satisfying it, 'by beholding a mind distracted with 'it's own folly without a pitying eye. 'But you have a soul too great to har-'bour revenge: then what is mine, 'that has offended against such consum-'mate virtue! Oh, that I could atone 'for the uneasiness I have given you, 'or make you forget my infidelity! 'I deserve your hatred; and merit 'only to be treated with contempt and 'scorn. I feel the most ardent passion, 'without daring to hope that you will 'ever consent to make me happy. Even 'my return to you, and love, has been 'attended with circumstances the most 'shocking and dreadful: my presence, 'like that of a hateful monster, has 'caused the most terrible and shock-'ing effects, and has even almost cost 'you your life, at a time when it was 'dearer to me than ever. What an-'guish has your illness occasioned! 'With what cruel torments has it filled 'my distracted mind!' Here Mrs. De Valville interrupted him—'You have 'no reason,' said she, 'to make such 'cruel invectives against yourself: 'Marianne has never ceased to love 'you; and, I dare say, she will readily 'pardon your fault, since you yourself 'are so very sensible of it.'

I confess, I could not see Valville at my feet, and hear him say such tender things, without being touched, and melting into a softness which made me unable to interrupt him. I heard him with an inward satisfaction; and felt, while he spoke, the most delicious sen-sations: however, I thought I ought not to let him too soon into the disposi-tion of my heart. 'I do not know, 'Sir,' replied I, finding Mrs. De Val-ville and he were both silent; 'I do not 'know what return I ought to make 'to your professions of love: I confess 'you are still very dear to me; but how 'must I know that your heart is sin-'cere? What reason have you to think 'that marrying me will be less dan-'gerous to your repose than you have 'before thought it? Will not our 'union be attended with misery to us 'both? Will you not be ashamed of a 'marriage that will degrade you in the 'opinion of the world? Will not their 'scorn make you hate me, as being ac-'cessary to your ruin? This is an evil 'I ought to fear; and the very idea of 'rendering you unhappy is enough to 'make me shut myself up in a convent 'for life. Oh, Sir! consider what you 'are doing! Consider whether you have 'any solid reasons to change those 'sentiments which have made you re-'solve to abandon me! Is there not the 'same reason you should do so now as 'ever? Besides, Sir, can a slight quarrel 'justify your forsaking Miss Varthon? 'How do I know but your return 'may proceed rather from your resent-'ment to her, than from any new mo-'tives of love to me? I assure you, I 'am too tender of your honour and 'happiness to contribute to your doing 'any thing inconsistent with either.'— 'Ah, Miss!' cried he, in the most moving tone, at the same time taking my hand, and pressing it between his; 'pray do not sink me deeper in de-'spair! I have been deluded by false 'notions of honour and interest; and, 'in pursuit of a shadow, have acted 'contrary to both; contrary to true 'honour, and my most perfect interest: 'I have been persuaded to abandon 'you; and foolishly consented to do it, 'even while you were very dear to my 'heart; and I have met with some suc-'cess. I have endeavoured to divert 'my passion by changing the object; 'but your generosity, in offering me 'your assistance, disconcerted my 'schemes, and made me unable to think 'of your rival without making a com-'parison which was greatly to your ad-'vantage: but I have endeavoured to 'stifle the impression it made upon my 'mind, till I heard the surprizing effects 'of your goodness in my absence; that 'recalled all my tenderness, and re-'vived every soft impression. I could 'not bear to hear Miss Varthon treat 'you with contempt; every disrespect-'ful word was like a dagger to my 'soul: I was shocked at her ingrati-'tude and hypocrisy, and astonished 'to find she was able to impose upon 'you under a shew of friendship. I 'detested her ungenerous baseness: I 'saw my folly, and blushed to see how 'I had been deluded by my pretended 'friends; and resolved to throw my-'self upon your mercy. The supposed 'misfortunes that would attend our 'union are vain and silly chimeras; 'your virtue and integrity, your piety

'and good-ſenſe, would make the 'loweſt ſtate of life preferable to the 'higheſt with any other woman: and, 'might I be ſo happy as to poſſeſs your 'tendereſt affections, I would look with 'contempt even upon a crown; and not 'all the riches and honours of the uni-'verſe ſhould ſhake my reſolution of 'being eternally yours!'

I could not forbear giving a ſigh at theſe tender expreſſions; but it was a ſigh unmixed with the leaſt tincture of uneaſineſs, except what was occaſioned by my putting a conſtraint upon myſelf to conceal my ſatisfaction; and only proceeded from the ſtreams of delight which poured into my mind. Mrs. De Valville eaſily perceived the ſituation of my heart. 'My dear,' ſaid ſhe, with her eyes full of the moſt melting joy, 'Valville muſt be for ever 'thine, ſince he has learned to do juſ-'tice to thy merit. Come, give me 'thy hand.' I held it out to her immediately; ſhe preſſed it between hers; and then, ſuddenly taking hold of Valville's, put my hand into his. 'My 'children,' continued ſhe, 'may you 'be mutually happy! May this union 'be crowned with laſting felicity, and 'the moſt durable delights; delights 'uninterrupted by anxious care, and 'every painful inquietude!—My ſon, 'poſſeſs the virtuous Marianne!' added ſhe, giving him a tender look; 'imitate 'her goodneſs, her fidelity, and learn 'to ſet a juſt value upon thoſe perfec-'tions, which will render your felicity 'ſolid and permanent. Her ſtudy will 'be to make you happy; may yours be 'to render her ſo!'

My dear mother's heart ſeemed here too full to permit her to ſay any more; ſome tears guſhed from her eyes, and trickled down her cheeks; and ſhe preſſed our hands together; for ſhe ſtill held Valville's and mine between hers. Then recovering herſelf, ſhe reſumed—'My dear children, I ſhall 'now leave you with comfort, ſince I 'can wiſh you no greater happineſs in 'this life than what I ſee you in the 'proſpect of: you will be both ſettled 'in ſuch a manner as to render your 'ſituation very agreeable; you have 'virtue, and love to ſweeten life; and 'a great eſtate, which will not only 'procure you all the conveniences of it, 'but give you the power of taſting the 'exalted pleaſure of doing good. You 'may make the gloom vaniſh from the 'troubled brow; you may make the 'orphan and the widow ſing for joy, 'and the afflicted and diſconſolate ex-'ult in tranſports of delight.—And 'may you, my dear daughter,' added ſhe, looking upon me in a manner that was prodigiouſly affecting, 'have many 'pledges of your mutual love! May 'they all ſhare thy virtues, and tranſ-'mit them down to poſterity! O may 'Heaven ſmile upon your joys, and 'pour down it's bleſſings upon you!'

Theſe expreſſions were too affecting to render it poſſible for either of us to make an immediate reply: we appeared equally moved; the tears ſtreamed from our eyes for ſome time; we were melted down, and almoſt ſeemed as if we had been filled with ſome ſevere affliction. At laſt, Valville began—'Dear Ma-'dam—dear Miſs!' cried he, with a ſudden joy breaking through his tears; 'what ſhall I ſay to expreſs the ſenti-'ments of my heart? How ſhall I de-'ſcribe the pleaſing, painful tumult 'that fills my ſoul? I am borne down 'with the weight of my own happi-'neſs; my tranſports are too violent 'to be endured!—Does this dear, this 'charming creature, love me ſtill? Haſt 'thou forgot my ingratitude? my bar-'barous, my vile ingratitude!'—'Pray, 'Sir, mention it no more,' interrupted I; 'I have nothing to reproach you 'with. I am ſtill the ſame; and I do 'not bluſh to tell you, that you have 'been always dear to me; infinitely 'dearer than life itſelf: no other per-'ſon would ever be able to make an 'impreſſion upon my heart, which has 'never ceaſed to be yours.' The tender emotions of my ſoul had here exhauſted my ſpirits; and it was with ſome difficulty I pronounced theſe laſt words loud enough to be heard: I was ſtill too weak to endure ſuch violent agitations; and found myſelf ready to ſink under the tender ideas which filled my mind. My mamma had let go our hands, and walked to the window to dry away her tears: but I ſtill ſuffered Valville to hold mine without endeavouring to draw it from him; he preſſed it to his breaſt, and then to his lips, without ſeeming to know what he did. My mother ſoon returned, and told her ſon that it was time to leave me to recover myſelf, and that I ought to take a little reſt: ſhe then embraced us both

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in the moſt affectionate manner; and, deſiring Valville to attend her, conſtrained him to leave me.

What ſurprizing viciſſitudes attend human life! How ſwift is the tranſition from grief to joy! and how nearly do theſe oppoſite ſenſations bear a reſemblance! for, when pleaſure grows exceſſive, it becomes nearly allied to pain. As all happineſs ſubſiſts in the ſoul, the mind muſt be in a diſpoſition fit to attend to it, and, by reflection, to carry it as near to perfection as poſſible. In order to this, our minds muſt enjoy a great degree of tranquillity; for whatever diſturbs them, deſtroys that ſelf-enjoyment which is the baſis of all human felicity. Exceſſive tranſports of joy, or a too ſudden tranſition from the extremes of grief to thoſe of the contrary paſſion, are too violent to be of any long continuance; they are like a ſudden blaze, which ſcorches and fills the body with pain, while a moderate heat would refreſh and enliven it.

I do not know, Madam, whether you are of the ſame opinion or no; but, if you are not, it can only proceed from want of reflecting upon the nature of your mind, and obſerving the effects of it's emotions: for, in this reſpect, all minds, I am perſuaded, are the ſame; and in every breaſt a placid ſerenity and inward compoſure, and the delightful ſenſations which proceed from thoſe ideas which charm the ſoul, and all it's paſſions, into a pleaſing harmony, is the higheſt pitch of human felicity.

I ſoon found that theſe violent agitations had conſiderably weakened me; and was ſo diſordered, that, had not a ſervant entered almoſt as ſoon as my mother left me, and given me a few drops in a little wine, I ſhould infallibly have fainted away. My dear Valville and his mother were preſent before me all the reſt of the day, and the following night; and my imagination repeated, over and over, every tender endearment. Methought I ſtill ſaw his confuſion; attended to the melting ſounds of love, and heard them both repeat, with the utmoſt affection, every endearing expreſſion: but, about break of day, I dropped aſleep, and did not awake till noon; when I found myſelf a little refreſhed. I now began to regard Valville as if he had already been my huſband; and looked upon my mamma's joining our hands in that tender manner as a kind of marriage. He ſaw me every day; my mind became inſenſibly more calm; and, in a ſhort time, I was pretty well recovered. But, alas! Mrs. De Valville grew daily worſe, and was ſoon obliged to keep her bed: Mrs. Dorſin and Miſs De Fare came frequently to ſee her; and congratulated me on our happineſs, at the ſame time that they endeavoured to enable me to ſupport the loſs of my dear mother. I was under too many engagements to theſe ladies for the ſhare they had in our reconciliation not to make them a ſuitable return. I had the ſatisfaction, too, ſometimes to ſee the officer; who, notwithſtanding his own paſſion, expreſſed a generous pleaſure at our union, and let me know that he prized my felicity above his own; or rather, that my happineſs made the greateſt part of his own. But, alas! my dear, dear mother's condition, damped all my joy; a ſeparation from her was a ſevere ſtroke that required all my reſolution and fortitude to enable me to bear. Since Valville's poſt was ſold to another, he was under no obligation to leave us; we therefore ſpent great part of our time together in my mother's room, and endeavoured mutually to comfort each other; we mingled our tears, and had a ſoft and pleaſing ſympathy in our affliction.

One day, as we were ſeated near her bed-ſide, ſhe ordered the ſervants to leave the room; and then, deſiring us to come near—'My dear children,' ſaid ſhe, in a ſlow and weak voice, 'I 'ſhall ſoon bid you a long adieu; but 'you muſt not lament my loſs with an 'immoderate grief: I know I have 'been a tender mother to you; and 'therefore believe you will not be able 'to part with me without pain. I am 'leaving a world ſurrounded with 'many and various uneaſineſſes, to 'which the frail ſtate of human nature 'is always liable: but I ſhall ſoon ar'rive in the world of happy beings; a 'world where peace and eternal joy 'reign without interruption! Do not 'let your tears ſeem to ſay you envy 'my happineſs; do not wiſh me de'prived of the nobleſt felicity, for no 'other reaſon but to indulge your fond'neſs to me here: that would be un'kind and cruel!' Here ſhe pauſed; then recovering herſelf—'May you 'live, and be a bleſſing to the world!'

resumed she: 'and, O my son! steadily 'adhere to the practice of virtue; dare 'to oppose yourself to the licentious 'customs of a degenerate age; and, by 'your example, endeavour to stem the 'torrent of vice. Do not blush to 'own your obligations to that great 'Being who fills the universe with the 'wondrous exertions of his wisdom 'and power; give him your highest 'esteem, your highest reverence and 'supreme regard: let your devotion to 'him spring from gratitude; and ne-'ver mention his name without a re-'spectful and humble awe; regard his 'favour as the highest blessing, and 'endeavour to imitate his moral cha-'racter, and to follow the bright ex-'ample which the blessed Author of 'our religion has set before us.' Then, taking breath a little—'Believe me, 'my son,' continued she, 'a mind 'conscious of it's own innocence and 'integrity, enjoys a most refined and 'rational delight; it bears, with a se-'rene composure, the various unavoid-'able misfortunes of life; looks into 'a future state with pleasure; and 'even could smile amidst the groans 'of expiring nature.'

These last words were spoke so very low, that we could scarce hear them: she seemed quite spent; and, after pulling us both to her, to embrace us, she repeated her wishes that we might be mutually happy; and then endeavoured to take some rest. We were greatly moved at this discourse; and went into another room to indulge our grief. Valville eagerly kissed the falling tears from my cheeks, and then laid his face to mine; while our souls seemed to mingle like those dewy drops, our griefs, our cares, our pains, the same.

But, Madam, I must break off. The remembrance of this tender scene has, I am afraid, rendered these last paragraphs almost unintelligible: I cannot think of this dear lady's death without melting into a flood of tears; and to them you must ascribe all those blots which have stained my paper.

How difficult, Madam, is it to support ourselves under such severe afflictions! afflictions which require the greatest efforts of reason and philosophy to enable us to behave under them with any degree of constancy and resolution, when the mind is oppressed with the frightful apprehensions of losing some beloved object! It is in vain to hope for succour from those ideas which interfere with the tender sensations of the heart, since all it's impulses are blind, and spring only from it's passions: the soul infallibly turns itself to the objects of the mind, while the cool dictates of reason have not the power of affecting it.

Valville and I were quite inconsolable at the apprehensions of suddenly losing my dear mother: her tender discourses, and moral exhortations, set her death before our eyes in the most painful light; and, instead of giving us that comfort she desired, only made us more sensible of the greatness of our loss, and more unable to bear up under it. My grief seemed to increase as she drew nearer her end; and Valville, who feared the effects of it, employed all his endeavours to give me that comfort which he wanted himself.

My mamma began now to be too weak to give us any more advice; and could only express her tenderness by kissing me, squeezing my hand, and then lifting up a dying look to Heaven, as if she was praying for our happiness. One morning I was waked out of my sleep by a noise and bustle among the servants: I no sooner opened my eyes, but I cried out—'Alas! she 'is dead!' and then fainted away. My conjecture was but too true; for I no sooner came to myself, than, finding every thing quiet, I rang the bell for a servant: one of them immediately came into my room with her eyes swelled with crying. I needed no more to satisfy me that my fears were too well grounded: however, I asked her if my mamma was not dead. 'Do not 'fright yourself, Miss,' said she, turning away her head; 'she is much 'better than she was last night.' And then she retired. This was spoke with a trembling voice; she was too much affected to conceal the sad news from me; for all the servants lamented her, as having lost a sincere friend, whom they tenderly loved. But how unaccountable are the sensations of our minds! Though I had been hitherto deaf to every reflection that did not tend to increase my grief, I no sooner heard that she was really dead, but I felt myself inspired with more courage than I ever expected, and perceived myself

myself in a more calm and resigned disposition. 'Then she is happy!' cried I: 'she now reaps the fruits of 'her virtue and piety! Blessed spirit! 'When shall we meet again to part no 'more? When shall I lay down this 'feeble frame, and share with you in 'the sublimer joys of immortal be-'ings? When taste your pleasures, 'and share in your pure delights?—O 'my God! may this prospect fire my 'ambition, and make me endeavour 'to imitate her virtues, that I may 'enjoy her transports!' I was thus raising myself above my afflictions, by these motives of consolation, when Valville entered my room with a countenance perfectly disordered: he had been up some time, and had heard me ring; and therefore came to share with me in my grief, that we might ease our hearts by giving a loose to the tender emotions of nature. He saw at once that I had been acquainted with the melancholy news: when, taking hold of my hand—'My dear Marianne,' said he, 'what a dreadful loss is this! 'May Heaven enable thee to support 'it!'—'Dreadful, indeed!' returned I; 'but yet, since it cannot be reco-'vered, let us endeavour to behave 'consistent with our hopes as Chris-'tians.'—'May we ever do so, my 'dear!' replied Valville; 'and, since 'she is happy, let us not think that 'we are miserable.' We thus endeavoured for some time to console each other, till it was time for me to arise, when he left me.

In the afternoon Mrs. Dorsin and Miss De Fare came to see me, in order to soothe my grief by sharing it with me. Valville, unknown to me, had sent a servant to acquaint them with our affliction, and to desire their company: and this day was spent in a manner suitable to the solemn occasion. Methought there was something extremely engaging in this soft and tender sympathy of souls, where every one wept as if they had lost a mother: every thing about us had the face of grief; and for some time not the meanest domestick appeared with dry eyes. At last, the source of our tears was dried up; and the virtues of the dear deceased lady became the subject of our conversation; when Mrs. Dorsin mentioned a hundred instances that evidenced the greatness of her soul, and proved the vast extent of her generosity and compassion, most of which I had hitherto been unacquainted with. When she had done—'What a glori-'ous example has she left us to excite 'our emulation!' said Valville, taking hold of my hand, with an air the most tender and affecting. 'May it 'be our care, my dear, to follow her 'steps; and may we always express 'the same sweetness and benevolence 'to those who deserve our assistance!' —'Alas, Sir!' replied I, 'I fear I 'shall fall very far short of her in 'these amiable perfections; though I 'shall strive to come as near her as 'possible.'

In the evening, these two charming ladies, after using their endeavours to reconcile us to our loss, prepared to leave us. 'O Madam!' said I to Mrs. Dorsin, 'I cannot help being very sen-'sible of this severe affliction: me-'thinks I feel a vacancy in my breast. 'That dear, lovely woman, has bid 'us a long adieu; and I have no sooner 'tasted the sweetness of having a mo-'ther, than she is torn from me.' At this, Mrs. Dorsin clasped me in her arms—'My dear,' said she, 'think 'that I am your mother; indeed I 'have an affection for thee which ex-'ceeds all bounds: you shall be my 'daughter, my friend, and all that is 'most dear to me.' She then embraced me; when Miss De Fare took this opportunity to give me the most tender assurances of her affection.

But as I am weary of writing, and willing to divert my thoughts a little from this gloomy subject, I shall leave, Madam, the continuation of my story to the Tenth Part.

END OF THE NINTH PART.

THE

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART X.

I Hope, Madam, you are now a little better ſatisfied with my unfaithful lover, and begin to think him not quite ſuch a monſter as you falſely imagined him to be. If you aſſert ſtill, that he has his faults, that is only ſaying he is a man; for imperfection and human nature have a neceſſary connection; and they only are wiſe, who, when they are ſenſible of an error, know how to ſet about a reformation immediately: but, though he was to blame in this inſtance, yet he has a number of virtues that render his character perfectly amiable; and, I aſſure you, this inſtance of ill-conduct has been of the higheſt ſervice to him; and has, perhaps, rendered us more durably happy than we ſhould have been, had he never offended.

As ſoon as my mother's funeral was over, I thought it adviſeable to ſhut myſelf up in my convent for ſome time. This I was prompted to by the melancholy diſpoſition of my mind, which made me in love with a retirement, where I might indulge my reflections without interruption; beſides, I conſidered that it would not now be decent to live any longer in the houſe with Valville till after our marriage: but, as this reſolution oppoſed his deſire of ſpending his time with me, he applied to Mrs. Dorſin; who propoſed my living with her, and uſed ſo many arguments to perſuade me to it, that I could not abſolutely refuſe her; and therefore promiſed to ſtay in the convent only a month, where I might receive her viſits, and have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing Valville, in her company, as often as ſhe pleaſed.

In fine, Mrs. Dorſin carried me to the convent; when, after paying my reſpects to the abbeſs, and letting her know that Providence had deprived me of my dear mother, I went to my friend the nun's apartment, who rejoiced to ſee me: ſhe deſired me to ſit down; ſaid a great many tender things to comfort me for my loſs; and I then told her, in few words, what had paſſed during my abſence; only omitting my adventure with Miſs Du Bois, which I was reſolved to keep ſecret.

When I had done, ſhe told me ſhe would defer congratulating me on my reconciliation with my lover till I was in a ſituation of mind that would render ſuch diſcourſes more agreeable to me: ſhe then ſaid that Miſs Varthon had received orders from her mother to follow her to England, and that ſhe had left the convent the day before. As I had now nothing to fear from Valville's inconſtancy, this piece of news was, on his account, neither able to give me pleaſure nor pain; but yet the reflection that I ſhould not be obliged to mortify her by my preſence, was a ſatisfaction that ſuited with my delicacy; for I eaſily conceived that, after what had paſſed, it would be impoſſible for her to ſee me without a confuſion that I had not the leaſt inclination to give her.

When I retired to my room, I ran over in my mind all the tender ſcenes which had paſſed between my dear mother and me, and enumerated the repeated inſtances of her goodneſs; whilſt my ſoul ſucceſſively felt the various

ſenſations

ſenſations that at different times had poſſeſſed it. I then turned my thoughts upon myſelf; but here how different appeared the ſcene! how widely different my character from hers! 'What 'extravagant, ridiculous vanity! what 'a complication of pride and folly! 'Oh! how unlike her ſimplicity!' ſaid I to myſelf. 'How ridiculous is it for 'a reaſonable being to indulge a fondneſs for dreſs and ſplendor! What 'an inſipid gratification is this to a 'mind that is capable of the ſublimeſt 'joys! O my dear mother! may I entirely conquer this conſtitutional 'folly! may I form myſelf by your 'example; and diſdain, like you, to 'ſtoop ſo low as to indulge the trifling 'foibles of my ſex!—My dear mother,' cried I again, 'is now in the 'poſſeſſion of thoſe delights which ſhe 'ſo lately ſet before me: ſhe no ſooner 'forſook her feeble, tottering frame, 'than ſhe found herſelf ariſing into 'new life; the clouds of death were 'diſperſed; and, inſtead of pain and 'weakneſs, ſhe found herſelf cloathed 'with unfading beauty, immortal 'health and vigour, and in the nobleſt 'exerciſe of all her reaſoning faculties. 'But, alas! ſhall not I fall very far 'ſhort of her joys? And will not my 'follies make me incapable of riſing 'to ſo great a degree of felicity? Will 'not ſhe bluſh to ſee me ſo far beneath her?—O my God!' added I, 'ſtrengthen my reſolutions to imitate 'her bright example!'

With theſe thoughts I ſunk to ſleep; and the next morning aroſe with a mind full of tranquillity. I ſpent part of the day with my friend the nun, and ſeveral of the boarders. One of theſe ladies, perhaps, obſerving that my affliction for Mrs. De Valville's loſs was too great to ſuffer me to take any delight in a promiſcuous converſation, endeavoured to divert me, and make me chearful, by aſſuming an air of gaiety; and, with much vivacity, began to diſplay her wit: but, alas! I was incapable of reliſhing any diſcourſe that did not ſoothe my grief; her converſation became intolerably burdenſome to me. I deſired her to forbear, and entreated her to change a converſation which the diſpoſition of my mind rendered inſupportable. At this ſhe burſt into a laugh; and deſired me to conſider, that, though I had loſt a friend, I had found a lover; and ſhe thought I had made ſuch a happy exchange, that I had no reaſon to complain. Here I could not help weeping; but made her no anſwer; when ſeveral of the company perceiving my tears, appeared affected, and caſt down their eyes. This young lady ſeemed pleaſed with what ſhe had ſaid; but looking round, and perceiving ſhe had her laugh to herſelf, ſhe bluſhed, and was quite diſconcerted: when my friend the nun, after giving me a look full of affection, cried—'It is cruel to offer that joy to 'the afflicted which they cannot taſte; 'it is like inſulting our grief; and, 'inſtead of alleviating our ſorrows, is 'the only way to render the mind in'conſolable.—Believe me, Miſs,' added ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the young lady, who ſeemed ſtill more confounded at her reproof, 'mirth is always un'ſeaſonable to a ſorrowful mind; wit 'then grows diſtaſteful, and is like mu'ſick "when time is broke, and no "proportion kept."—'I thank you, 'Madam,' returned ſhe; 'if I have 'offended, it was not for want of re'gard to Miſs Marianne; and, as my 'intention was only to diſſipate her 'gloom, I hope ſhe will be ſo good as 'to excuſe my taking a wrong method 'of doing it. And then,' added ſhe, ſmiling, 'I ſhall not be very ſorry for 'having behaved ill; ſince it has been 'the occaſion of a reproof that will 'prevent my ever being guilty of the 'like fault again. But, to be ſerious, 'Miſs,' continued ſhe, 'I do not think 'you can have ſuch vaſt cauſe for af'fliction; and, ſure, it is not unrea'ſonable to imagine that your happi'neſs ſhould, indeed, counterbalance 'it, and render it leſs inſupportable.'—'I grant,' ſaid I, 'in ſome meaſure, 'it does ſo; but you muſt be a ſtranger 'to the dear deceaſed lady's virtues, 'to think I can reflect that I muſt ſee 'her no more without the ſevereſt grief. 'How hard is it,' continued I, with a ſigh, 'to break thoſe ties which are 'founded on friendſhip and reaſon! A 'mind that is at eaſe can eaſily offer 'motives of conſolation, and range a 'thouſand arguments which it thinks 'unanſwerable; but theſe motives do 'not reach the heart which is inca'pable of baniſhing it's paſſions.'

Here I was interrupted by a lay-ſiſter, who came to tell me that two perſons waited

waited for me in the parlour; at which all the ladies rose up, took their leave of me, and retired to their respective apartments. I went down; and, as I expected, found Mr. De Valville and Mrs. Dorsin waiting for me. 'My 'dear,' said the latter, 'I have brought 'a lover, who is doubly disconsolate: 'he comes to entreat you to pity him; 'and desires me to entreat you not to 'deprive him of your company at a 'time when the situation of his mind 'renders your absence most insupport-'able. I must join with him in re-'peating my request, that you would 'immediately leave the convent, and 'accept of my house: you may there 'have an opportunity of comforting 'each other. It would be unkind to 'deny us such a reasonable demand.' —'I do not know what answer to make 'you, Madam,' returned I. 'I should 'be very sorry to give either of you 'the least pain: and, I assure you, I 'did not chuse this retreat out of any 'desire to shun either yours, or Mr. 'De Valville's company; but purely 'from a regard to decency, and to pre-'vent censure. And, though I flat-'tered myself with the thoughts that I 'should here have an opportunity to 'indulge my grief, yet I could not se-'parate myself from you without a great 'deal of reluctance. Besides, you 'know I had not taken leave of my 'convent; the abbess expected me eve-'ry day to return to it again; and my 'mother's death rendered it proper that 'I should take this opportunity of do-'ing it, that I might let her know of 'my intention to leave them, before I 'did it altogether.' Here Valville lifted up his eyes with an air of satisfaction —'O my dear Marianne!' said he; 'you will accompany us, then; will 'not you? We shall drive directly to 'this lady's house; she may speak to 'the abbess immediately; and you will 'soon be ready.'—'No, Sir,' returned I; 'you are too precipitate, as there is 'no apparent reason for our being in 'such haste; we must defer my going 'till to-morrow at least: mean time, 'I will prepare for my departure, and 'bid my friends adieu.' Mrs. Dorsin thought me in the right, and went to meet the abbess in another parlour. As soon as we were alone, Valville addressed me with the most tender and affecting air. 'My dear,' said he, 'did you 'know how insupportable this short 'absence has been to me; was you sen-'sible how heavily the lazy hours have 'passed along, I am sure you would 'pity me: you might then, my lovely 'charmer, form some idea of the sin-'cerity and excess of my passion.'— 'I believe it sincere, Sir,' returned I; 'and I love to hear you tell me so; 'but let us defer, for some time, these 'kind of discourses; I ought yet to 'entertain no ideas but such as relate 'to my dear mamma; we will talk of 'her virtues till we plant them in our 'minds, and we shall find some conso-'lation in mingling our cares.'— 'What, my dear!' cried he; 'can we 'talk of her without mentioning our 'passion, which was so agreeable to 'her, and which she blessed with her 'expiring breath? Were not our af-'fairs more at her heart than those 'which more immediately concerned 'herself? Our love and her tenderness 'are so interwoven, that we shall ne-'ver be able to consider them separately 'long together.'

This discourse lasted till Mrs. Dorsin returned, when she told me the abbess desired to speak with me; and then, after some affectionate caresses, retired, with my dear Valville, who handed her down stairs. They were no sooner gone than I went to wait upon the abbess; who, after making me sit down by her, told me she was very sorry I was going to leave her—'My 'dear child,' said she, 'as thou art a 'person of reason and prudence, I was 'in hopes that thou wouldst have taken 'the veil; but, alas! poor girl! thou dost 'not know what thou art doing; thou 'art unacquainted with the snares of a 'worldly life, and therefore art run-'ning into temptations. That beauty,' added she, 'was never designed to be 'thrown away on a mortal: no, Hea-'ven made thee for itself; and thou 'shouldst consecrate thy charms to him 'that gave them thee. Here thou 'mightest devote thyself to the con-'templation and enjoyment of God. 'What an acceptable sacrifice thou 'wouldst be to him! The Blessed Vir-'gin, whose beauty, while on earth, 'exceeded that of the children of men; 'and who, happy woman! held her 'God to her breast, and gave suck to 'the Prince of Peace; she, I say, will 'smile on thy vows, and bless thee 'with

'with her favour; nay, she will command her Son to bless thee too, and 'thou wilt be ravished with the sweetness of his love. Mrs. De Valville 'loved thee; and, I suppose, has left 'thee great part of her estate: and how 'canst thou bestow it better than by securing a place in Heaven with it, 'which thou wilt certainly do by setting it upon a convent.' I could not help smiling at this religious cant, this monstrous profanation of sacred things to the sordid views of interest and a vile spirit of covetousness: I reflected, while she was speaking, upon the tender reception she gave me when I offered myself before Mrs. De Valville; the flattering epithets she so liberally bestowed upon me; and the cold reception she afterwards gave me, when she found I desired to be admitted out of charity. 'I confess, Madam,' returned I as soon as she had done, 'I 'am not able to enter into the engagements you propose to me; my affections are not sufficiently weaned from 'the things of this world, to render it 'possible for me to forsake them all at 'once. Besides, Madam, I am not 'certain that the lady you mention has 'left me any thing.' This I could safely say, because Valville had forbore mentioning the contents of the will to me; and I expected this declaration would make her change her tone, and have greater weight with her than any arguments I could make use of: but I was mistaken; she informed me, that Mrs. Dorsin had told her that my mother had left me something considerable; and then made use of all the arguments she could think of to persuade me to believe that her care for my soul induced her to wish that I would lay out my estate in the manner she proposed; since that alone, she said, could procure me the most solid happiness in this life, as well as eternal felicity in the next. I thanked her for interesting herself so much in my happiness; told her I would consider on what she had said; and went away very well pleased that I had disengaged myself from such a troublesome visit.

It being a very fine evening, I no sooner left the abbess, than I went to take a walk in the garden: the winds were still, and the evening perfectly calm; the sun had just sunk beneath the horizon, and given way to the solemn shades of the approaching night. I walked here for some time, indulging an agreeable contemplation, and then retired to my own apartment. In my way I happened to meet the haughty lady of quality I have mentioned already; who, with a sneer, told me she heard I was about taking the veil; and was very glad to find I had formed such a resolution; and hoped I would renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world with a good grace. 'Perhaps, Miss,' said I, 'you may be 'mistaken; I assure you I have no such 'design.'—'Nay,' said she, 'I think 'you cannot do better; and there can 'be no great mortification in resigning 'the pleasures of life, when we have 'no probability of our ever tasting 'them: I hope, my pretty creature! 'you are not so vain as to think that 'Valville will ever marry you.' I made her no answer; but retired to my chamber a little nettled. My friend the nun hearing me shut the door, rapped softly at it; on which I opened it, and she came in. 'The abbess,' said she, 'has spread a report that she has 'almost prevailed upon you to be a nun; 'and as she has found you have a fortune to bestow upon her house, I 'know she will spare no pains to make 'you one of us: she knows how your 'affairs stand with Mr. De Valville; 'and, I am afraid, she will endeavour 'to make a breach between you, that 'she may remove all obstacles that may 'prevent her from putting her designs 'in execution; therefore do not be prevailed upon to stay any longer than 'you can help. I should, my dear,' added she, 'esteem your company as a 'great blessing; but I know I cannot 'obtain it without your being miserable; and I have too much friendship for you, to prefer my satisfaction to the happiness of your whole 'life. Beware of her artifices; and 'more especially guard yourself against 'her flattery and pretended tenderness: 'it is deceitful; and you would find 'too soon, that it is only a pretence to 'keep you in her power. Disbelieve 'every thing she says, and you will be 'out of danger; but if you give any 'credit to her, you will be undone.' I thanked her for her advice; she wished me a good night, and was going to leave me, when I desired her to stay a little longer; and repeated what the

haughty young lady had said to me just before I entered the room. 'I am 'more than ever convinced that my su- 'spicions are just,' said she, as soon as I had done. 'Miss Varthon no sooner 'quarrelled with Valville, than she 'made this lady, who is your professed 'enemy, her confidante; they were ever 'together till she left Paris, and has been 'heard to say many ill-natured things 'of you: but, what is very remarkable, 'is, that as soon as you left the abbess, 'she was sent for to her, and came away 'just as you met her; and, by what 'she said, I believe they had been con- 'triving how to make you suspect your 'lover's constancy. Pray, take care 'that you are not imposed on: I will 'assure you, you are in more danger 'than you imagine; stand therefore 'upon your guard; for you may be 'sure I would not give you these cau- 'tions only to terrify you.' She then wished me again a good repose, and retired.

All these cautions alarmed me extremely; I did not know what to think; and soon found that my mind could entertain other ideas than those of grief for the loss of my dear mother. I before thought myself secure of Valville; and imagined that I had nothing to do now but to wait till a decent respect to her memory would permit us to think of our own happiness: but my fears of being deprived of him awakened a variety of quite different sensations in my breast; and I spent great part of the night in confirming my resolution of refusing to take the veil, and in fortifying myself against all the arguments they could make use of.

The next day I heard nothing from the abbess; and though I expected Mrs. Dorsin to come for me in her coach, and waited impatiently to see her, yet I was disappointed: however, my friend the nun endeavoured to comfort me; and at night told me, that the abbess had sent a letter to Mrs. Dorsin's by a servant; and, at the same time, assured me, that, as almost every one in the house loved me, nothing could be done without our being informed of it; and made me hope that I should soon get out of their hands, but, at the same time, desired me not to seem to suspect any thing, but pretend to believe every thing the abbess should say to me.

This night I was much more uneasy than the former; I knew not how to behave; I burst into tears, and lamented my unhappy condition. 'Shall I 'never know an end of my miseries?' cried I. 'I was born to be wretched; 'and must expect always to continue 'so! Is it not enough that I have lost 'my mamma, but I must lose Valville 'too? Must I be stripped at once of all 'that is dear to me? robbed of every 'comfort, and never enjoy a moment's 'solid repose? But why do I despair?' added I; 'has not Providence hitherto 'extricated me out of greater difficul- 'ties? Valville, sure, cannot be long 'imposed upon: and Mrs. Dorsin is 'too wise, has too much penetration, 'to be long the dupe of their wicked 'artifices. Good God!' continued I, with a deep sigh, 'disappoint the de- 'signs of my enemies!'

The next morning I arose with a mind perfectly disordered; and was no sooner dressed, than the abbess sent word that she desired I would breakfast with her. I wiped my eyes, and resolved to dissemble my uneasiness as much as possible. As I entered her room, she threw her arms about my neck, and kissed me. 'My dear,' said she, 'thou 'dost not know how much I love thee; 'and, I am sure, thou canst not imagine 'how sorry I am at the thoughts that 'thou wilt leave me.—O Blessed Lady! 'how shall I bear the loss of this dear 'child! —But come, daughter, sit 'down; I was afraid thou wouldst leave 'us yesterday; but am very glad thou 'hast changed thy mind. Hast thou 'considered what I said to thee? And 'may I flatter myself that I have con- 'tributed to thy resolution of staying 'a day or two longer with us? O that 'thou didst but know the snares of this 'wicked world!' added she, without giving me time to answer her; 'thou 'wouldst not court thy misery by going 'into it; but wouldst gladly chuse 'this peaceful retirement, where thou 'mightest give up thy thoughts to the 'sweet delights that would always at- 'tend thee in the practice of thy duty. 'The world, child, is a sink of ini- 'quity and sin; and it is impossible to 'continue virtuous in it; and there are 'few or none that ever get to Heaven 'who have not spent their lives in a 'convent. Alas! how should I pity 'thee to see thee exposed to the follies 'of a worldly life! What a pity is it,

'that

'that such a beautiful angel should be 'miserable for ever! Oh, how my 'heart bleeds for thee!' Here she wiped her eyes, and was silent. While she ran on in this hypocritical strain, my heart was so full of resentment, that it was with the utmost difficulty I contained myself; however, I endeavoured to appear sensible of her pretended goodness; but I did it in such an awkward manner, that I am persuaded she must have guessed at the disposition of my mind.

'Madam,' said I, 'I am perfectly 'sensible of your kindness, and shall 'always esteem it as I ought; but you 'know I must not engage myself in an 'affair of such consequence, without 'advising with my friends.'—'Thy 'friends, child! what friends?' cried she hastily. 'Thou hast lost Mrs. De 'Valville, who was a sincere friend to 'thee. Ah, poor woman! she is gone! 'She used to tell me how happy she 'should be, could she see you take the 'veil: thou canst not now consult her; 'she was thy only friend; and on that 'account I shall pray for her as long 'as I live.'—'Did Mrs. De Valville 'tell you so, Madam?' returned I. 'I did not think she had any thoughts 'of making me a nun.'—'Yes, but 'she had though,' replied she, 'ever 'since Valville was false to thee; and 'really was mightily concerned about 'it.'—'But, Madam,' replied I, 'as 'she is dead, I must advise with Mrs. 'Dorsin, to whose charge she left me.' —'Thou art in the right,' returned she: 'and here is a letter thou mayest 'give her for Mr. De Valville, who 'sent it for Miss Varthon; but she was 'gone before we received it.'—'I will 'give it her, to be sure, mother,' said I.

Here breakfast was brought in; and while we were eating it, she continued her pious exhortation; enumerated a great many snares I should be exposed to; and concluded with assuring me, that the welfare of my soul always employed her thoughts; and she hoped I should be prevailed upon to prefer my eternal happiness to the vain pleasures of sense.

I no sooner got leave to retire, but I hasted to find my friend the nun, who waited for me in my room. 'I am in 'a maze, Madam,' said I, as soon as I saw her; 'I am so shocked at the ab- 'bess's impudence and hypocrisy, that 'I cannot tell how to express myself! 'What gross and palpable lyes! My 'mother, my dear mother! she has the 'assurance to say, was very desirous of 'having me a nun.'—'How! Mrs. De 'Valville!, that is very extraordinary!' returned my friend. 'Nothing could 'be more so!' replied I; 'but she did 'not know that I was too well ac- 'quainted with that dear lady's senti- 'ments to give the least credit to such a 'vile assertion. I have a letter, too, to 'give to Mr. De Valville, which she 'pretends he sent the other day for 'Miss Varthon. This, I suppose, she 'expects I will break open: but she 'shall be deceived; I will send it to 'him just as it is, if ever I can get an 'opportunity of doing it.'—'That is 'prudently resolved,' returned my friend; 'but will not you give me a 'more particular account of what she 'said to you?' Here I repeated almost every word that passed between us; and when I had done, she told me she was very glad I insisted upon advising with Mrs. Dorsin: 'But though,' said she, 'it is a very reasonable demand, I am 'persuaded she will not consent to it 'till she finds that all other means 'prove ineffectual. However, keep to 'your resolution.'

You will imagine, Madam, that I was now surrounded with a thousand fears, and was ready to sink into despair, at the dreadful apprehension of being confined from the man I loved; especially considering he might be imposed upon, and therefore, by false suggestions, might be induced to abandon me: but, if these are your thoughts, you are quite mistaken; for I never had a greater presence of mind than now. The abbess's deceitful caresses, and impudent lyes, so surprized me, that I had hardly leisure to attend to my affliction: I resolved, with my friend's assistance, to counterplot her in all her artifices; and did not doubt but I should meet with success. 'No wonder,' said I, 'that religion is so much despised; 'since it is made a pretence to cover 'the blackest designs, and the vilest 'purposes! What a heap of incon- 'sistent nonsense has she invented to 'cover her avarice! Sanctified non- 'sense, and pious stupidity! The re- 'ligion which comes from Heaven is 'certainly designed to "refine our mo-

" rals, and civilize the rudeneſs of na-
" ture;" to render the mind pleaſed
' with itſelf, and happy in the enjoy-
' ment of the ſovereign good, the rec-
' titude of an enlightened and enlarged
' underſtanding; to love what is truly
' lovely; and to hate what is baſe and
' deteſtable.—O my God!' cried I to
myſelf, ' help me to unravel her dark
' deſigns! Thou moſt perfect and
' amiable Being, while I can regard
' thee as my friend, I will never de-
' ſpair of thy protection!' To pro-
ceed.

After ſome farther converſation, in which the nun told me I had no reaſon to doubt a happy concluſion of this affair, ſince I had nothing to do but to arm myſelf with patience, ſhe added—
' You know I have promiſed to give
' you the hiſtory of my life; and I
' ſhall never, perhaps, find a better op-
' portunity for doing it than I have
' now; beſides, it will be ſome amuſe-
' ment to you, and make the time of
' your involuntary confinement paſs
' away leſs heavily than it would other-
' wiſe do.' I ſincerely thanked her; told her it was extremely kind thus to contrive to make me forget my cares; and then deſired her to proceed.

THE LIFE OF MISS DE TERVIERE.

' YOU have thought, my dear Ma-
' rianne, that you have been the
' moſt unhappy perſon upon earth: this
' is a misfortune that we are too apt to
' create to ourſelves; for the perſon that
' thinks herſelf miſerable is indeed
' really ſo. Though you have not been
' bleſſed with taſting the ſweets of a
' filial affection, you have ſtill greater
' advantages; you have a moſt excel-
' lent character, a great deal of good
' ſenſe, and a ſtock of virtue, that is of
' more value than all the benefits you
' could receive from the moſt indulgent
' parent; beſides, a form ſo lovely, as
' to make you univerſally admired:
' theſe have now procured you advan-
' tages, which make the reſt of your
' life happy. But, alas! there is no
' condition in life, however it may flat-
' ter us at a diſtance, which can ſecure
' us from miſery, or which may not be
' the cauſe of our misfortunes; for
' every mortal is ſubject to a variety of
' terrible events.

' I am the daughter of a country
' gentleman of a very ancient and ho-
' nourable family; though their con-
' ſtantly reſiding at their own caſtles, at
' a great diſtance from court, has ren-
' dered them very little known. Miſs
' De Trele (for ſo was my mother call-
' ed) was as nobly deſcended as my fa-
' ther: ſhe had been educated in a con-
' vent, where ſhe was a boarder; but
' being taken out to aſſiſt at the nup-
' tials of one of her relations, my fa-
' ther happened to ſee her, and became
' perfectly enamoured. She, in her
' turn, felt a reciprocal tenderneſs for
' him; but her mother, who was a wi-
' dow, thought herſelf obliged to op-
' poſe their mutual affection. She had
' a large family; and did not think my
' father (who was a rich heir) would
' ever be permitted to marry her young-
' eſt daughter; a lady who had ſcarcely
' any portion to bring him but her ex-
' traction: ſhe told my father there was
' not the leaſt reaſon to hope for it;
' and endeavoured to perſuade him to
' ſuppreſs his paſſion, ſince it would
' probably come to nothing. But he
' oppoſed the difficulties ſhe raiſed with
' ſo much ſpirit, that at laſt ſhe conſent-
' ed he ſhould ſee her daughter.

' Some time after this, my father
' mentioned it to Mr. De Terviere, and
' entreated him to give his conſent to
' an union, on which, he ſaid, depend-
' ed the happineſs of his life. But my
' grandfather, who had other views for
' him, laughed at his requeſt; treated
' his paſſion as a frivolous amour; and
' propoſed to carry him immediately to
' a young lady he had deſtined for him.
' My father, who thought that a ſtep
' of this nature would be a kind of en-
' gagement, refuſed to go; on which,
' my grandfather anſwered very coolly,
' without any ſigns of reſentment, that
' he would never force a marriage upon
' him; but could not conſent to that
' he propoſed, becauſe his fortune would
' not be conſiderable enough to ſuffer
' him to burden himſelf with a woman
' who had none; and added, that if he
' married Miſs De Trele, he ſhould re-
' pent it. My father concealed this
' anſwer as long as poſſible from Mrs.
' De Trele; but ſhe no ſooner knew
' the old gentleman's reſolution, than
' ſhe ordered her daughter to ſee her lo-
' ver no more, and prepared to ſend her
' back to the convent; when, diſtract-

' ed

ed at the thought of losing her, he offered to marry her privately: the old lady took offence at this proposal, which only confirmed her in her resolution of concealing her daughter. But her two sons at this time returning from the army, learnt what was passing; and as they had a great esteem for my father, backed his solicitations so successfully, that Mrs. De Trele at last left them masters of their sister's fate; and my father married her about sixteen or seventeen months after this. Mr. De Terviere having several reasons which induced him to fear that my father had taken this false step, resolved to be satisfied, by addressing himself to him, to know if his suspicions were just: he, surprized at the question, and afraid to confess the truth, denied it; but in a manner that plainly discovered what he endeavoured to conceal. The old gentleman soon found out the truth; and while he was coolly threatening my father with a resentment that was afterwards attended with sad effects, my mother expected every day to bring me into the world. Thus, Marianne, you see my misfortunes were preparing for me before I saw the light.

'Four months after this, when I was but three months and a few days old, my grandfather, whose indispositions gave him daily proofs of the decay of nature, in order to recreate himself, went on horseback, attended by two servants, to visit a gentleman who lived but about two leagues from his castle; but he had not got above half way, before he was seized with a swimming in his head, which he was very subject to. This obliged him to stop near the house of a peasant, whose wife was my nurse: he went in to sit down, when he saw the man endeavouring to make a pale and weakly child, that seemed almost dying, take some milk. Mr. De Terviere appeared touched with the child's condition; and asked for it's nurse—"For "that," said he, "is all she wants." —"My wife," said the peasant, "is "in bed sick of a fever, and therefore "cannot suckle the child; my son went "early this morning to desire the father and mother to come and bring a "nurse with them; but nobody comes: "the poor child is very ill; I endea-"vour to keep her alive as well as I "can; but if she is suffered to languish "in this manner, it will be impossible "to save her."—"I am very much "concerned for the little creature," returned Mr. De Terviere.—"You "would be much more so, Sir," cried the 'poor woman from her bed, "did you "know who she is."—"How! whose "is she, then?" cried he, with some 'surprize. "Alas, Sir!" replied the 'peasant, "I was afraid of telling you "at first, for fear of offending you; "for I am sensible that your son mar-"ried without your consent: it is Mr. "De Terviere's." The old gentleman 'was here a moment without making 'any answer; and then, looking at me 'with a pensive and tender air—"Poor "child!" said he, "thou hast never "offended me: make haste," added 'he, turning to one of the servants, "and fly to my house; I remember my "gardener's wife lost a boy she suck-"led a day or two ago; and tell her I "desire her to come immediately to take "the child, and I will pay her. De-"sire her to make as much haste as "possible."

'He being now pretty well recovered, kissed me, and mounted his horse; 'but he had not been gone above a 'hundred yards from the house, before 'his son arrived with a nurse, which he 'could not find sooner. The peasant, 'in a few words, told him what had 'just passed; he was touched with the 'goodness and tenderness of his offended father; took horse again, and 'rode full speed after him, to express 'the grateful sense he had of his kind-'ness.

'Mr. De Terviere, who saw him at 'a distance, stopped, and waited for his 'coming up to him; when he alighted, 'ran to him, and threw himself on his 'knees, with tears in his eyes, unable 'to utter a word. "I know, my son, "what brings you hither," said he, mov-'ed at my father's behaviour: "your "daughter wants some assistance, and "I have sent to procure it for her; if "it arrives soon enough to be of any "service, I shall not leave imperfect "the kindness I would do her; for it "would be barbarous to preserve a life "only to render it miserable. Go, my "son, your daughter from henceforward shall be mine; let her be car-"ried to my house, and take your wife

"thither

" thither too; she shall have the apart-
" ment which was your mother's,
" where I shall expect to find you both
" when I return at night. If Mrs. De
" Trele will do me the favour to sup
" with me, I shall be very glad of her
" company. I long to be back again
" to alter my will; which is not now
" very favourable to you. Farewel;
" I shall be at home very early: mean
" while go back to your daughter, and
" take care of her."

'My father, who continued on his 'knees, was still too much softened, 'and too full of joy, to make him any 'answer, but by bathing his hand, 'which he stooped down to give him, 'with his tears. The old gentleman 'desired him to arise, then rode away; 'when my father returned to me, whom 'he found in the nurse's arms whom 'he had brought with him: he con-'ducted us both to his father's castle; 'gave me to the gardener's wife; and 'then set out to inform his wife and 'mother-in-law with this agreeable, 'and, as he thought, happy event; and 'brought them both to his father's. 'Impatient to see the old gentleman, 'he rode out in the evening to meet 'him, when he met a servant who was 'sent to let him know that Mr. De 'Terviere was suddenly fallen into a 'fainting-fit, and continued speechless; 'and who, in short, expired before he 'could see him. What a dreadful blow 'was this to my father and mother! 'What a sad change did it make in my 'fortune! He had made a will which 'was found amongst his papers, in 'which he left his whole estate to his 'other son, and reduced my father to a 'small pension, which the law obliged 'him to allow him. He had nothing 'to hope for from his brother, who was 'one of those sordid spirits who are in-'capable of doing a generous action; 'one of those little souls, who will 'never do any good, but what the law 'obliges them to; who reckon it their 'duty not to leave you any thing when 'they may safely strip you of all; and 'who, if they see you do a beneficent 'action, regard you with an eye that 'expresses how much they applaud 'themselves for not being capable of 'such a weakness; and will plainly tell 'you—" I had rather you should do it
" than I."

'Such was the man my father had to 'deal with, so that he had no hopes of 'assistance from him; but was con-'strained to be satisfied with his pen-'sion, which was very inconsiderable; 'and with what little my mother 'brought him in marriage. But my fa-'ther did not live long. A young gen-'tleman of his own age, who was going 'to Paris to join his regiment, took 'him with him, and gave him a com-'mission. And here ends both his his-'tory and his life, which he lost in the 'first campaign.

'My mother was esteemed one of 'the greatest beauties of the province; 'and was so perfectly amiable, that 'notwithstanding her having but a 'small fortune, and being burdened 'with a child, she had several offers of 'marrying again much to her advan-'tage. But my father was then too 'dear to her; she preserved a too ten-'der regard to his memory to be able to 'resolve to live another's. However, 'a man of quality, who had a consider-'able estate in our neighbourhood, 'coming to spend some time there, saw 'my mother, and loved her. This 'nobleman insinuated himself into her 'esteem by amusing her vanity, and in-'sensibly made her forget her first hus-'band. In short, he offered her his 'hand; and they were married when I 'was but a year and a half old.

'Here my mother's situation in life 'was entirely changed: from very low 'circumstances, she was raised to be one 'of the greatest ladies in the kingdom. 'But three weeks after their marriage, 'I had no mother: the honours and 'luxury which surrounded her robbed 'her of her tenderness for me, and left 'me no place in her heart; and that 'little child that was before so dear to 'her, that she used to say put her in 'mind of my father, whom I resem-'bled; that infant which softened the 'idea of his death, and sometimes 'seemed to present him before her eyes, 'and made her almost fancy he was 'still alive; was almost as much for-'got as he himself, and was little bet-'ter than an orphan.

'As my mother became with child, 'her attention was entirely diverted 'from me: she left me to the care of 'the housekeeper; and was so indiffe-'rent, that she did not enquire how I 'did, nor see me sometimes for a fort-'night together. Mrs. De Trele,

'who

'who lived but three leagues off, 'could not ſuſpect that I, who had 'been the delight and comfort of her 'daughter, ſhould be ſo entirely a-'bandoned by her. She loved me 'with all the tenderneſs of a grand-'mother; and. therefore, as ſhe came 'one day to dine with the Marquis 'De ***, her ſon-in-law, ſhe was 'ſurprized to ſee me ſitting on the 'ground at play, at the gate of the 'court, in a moſt wretched diſorder: 'my cap was tore; my hair hung 'about my ears; and all my cloaths 'were in rags. She hardly knew me 'at firſt; though my complexion was 'not altered, and I appeared with a 'countenance gay and healthful: ſhe 'aſked the houſekeeper's ſervant, who 'ſtood juſt by with one of her miſ-'treſs's children, if I was Miſs De 'Terviere. She anſwered that I was. "What! this my child! this the con-"dition ſhe is in!" cried ſhe, with an 'air of tender indignation, at ſeeing 'me ſo ſhamefully neglected. "Pray, "take the child in your arms," add-'ed ſhe, "and follow me into the caſ-"tle." The ſervant was forced to 'obey her, and carried me to my mo-'ther's apartment; where her woman 'was dreſſing her head. "Daugh-"ter," ſaid Mrs. De Trele, as ſhe en-'tered the room, "they would per-"ſuade me to believe that this is Miſs "De Terviere: ſure, it cannot be! "Why, nobody would pick up her "cloaths! To be ſure, it is ſome mi-"ſerable orphan that your houſekeeper "has taken in out of charity! Is it "not?" My mother bluſhed: for 'this manner of reproaching her for 'her conduct towards me had ſome-'thing in it very ſevere; and ſhe could 'not hear herſelf ſo ſmartly reproved 'for her barbarity to me without be-'ing quite out of temper. "I have "been indiſpoſed theſe three days," 'returned ſhe; "and have not been "able to ſee what paſſed.—Get you "gone; and tell my impertinent houſe-"keeper, that I deſire ſhe would come "to me by-and-by," added ſhe to 'the girl, in a tone which ſhewed ſhe 'was more angry at me than with her 'whom ſhe called impertinent. Mrs. 'De Trele, who was touched with 'the condition in which ſhe found me, 'was no ſooner alone with her, than 'ſhe burſt into tears; and let her ſee, 'without the leaſt diſguiſe, how great 'was her compaſſion for me at ſeeing 'me treated thus.

'The old lady was one of thoſe mo-'thers who have no other pleaſure, no 'other employment, than what ſprings 'from diſcharging the duties of their 'families; and who know no other 'ſatisfaction than in carefully fulfill-'ing them: judge, then, if, with theſe 'diſpoſitions, ſhe could be at all ſatiſ-'fied with my mother.

'I do not know what ſhe ſaid to 'her, but it was poſſibly more than 'was agreeable to her daughter; for 'reproofs and harſh words never are 'of any ſervice to us: our faults va-'niſh from our minds the moment we 'are offended. And every one might 'ſee that ſhe had injured me, by con-'firming my mother in her diſlike to 'me.

'Three weeks after this, the mar-'quis, who deſigned to carry his wife 'to Paris to lie-in there, received news 'which haſtened his journey: and as 'my mother had not time, in her 'hurry, to ſettle her affairs, ſhe took 'only one of her women with her, and 'left orders for me to follow her in a 'coach three days after, with the reſt 'of her ſervants. As they had pro-'miſed to ſend me, the evening before 'our departure, to Mrs. De Trele's, 'ſhe was diſturbed to find I did not 'come; and therefore came to the caſ-'tle, to know what it was that hin-'dered them from keeping their word. 'The houſekeeper told her that my 'mother had left me to her care, with 'orders not to riſque my life, by let-'ting me go ſuch a journey, if I 'ſhould happen to be indiſpoſed; and 'that as I was actually ill in bed of a 'violent cold, they, in conformity to 'her lady's deſire, were gone without 'me. "What! has ſhe left her to "you?" cried Mrs. De Trele, turn-'ing her back upon her; and then or-'dered me to be brought down, and to 'go with her directly to her houſe; 'where I arrived perfectly cured of my 'cold, which my mother had con-'trived, to prevent her being troubled 'with my company. On this, Mrs. 'De Trele wrote to her in the ſevereſt 'and moſt moving terms. I have 'ſeen a copy of this letter; and, to let 'you ſee how ſincerely affected ſhe was 'at my mother's treatment of me, I

'will

'will repeat part of it to you: it was 'in substance as follows—

"YOU have loved Mr. De Ter-
"viere; you have lamented his "loss; and yet you injure his memory "by using ill the only pledge of his "love: he left you but one child; and "yet you refuse to be a mother to her; "and now you force me, through my "tenderness, to take care of her; and "when I am gone, I suppose you will "abandon her to the charity of "others."

'My mother, who was pleased that 'she had gained her point, patiently 'endured these reproaches, and satis-'fied herself with denying that she 'had any thoughts of keeping me 'from her: she sent me some linen and 'silk for my cloaths; and assured Mrs. 'De Trele that she would send for me 'to Paris as soon as she was brought 'to-bed. But this was only to gain 'time; she continually evaded putting 'her promise in execution; and made 'use of many pretexts, as excuses for 'her not sending for me: but it was 'happy for me that, as my mother's 'heart froze, and lost every sentiment 'of maternal tenderness, the old lady's 'grew more warm and affectionate. 'She now began to write but very sel-'dom; and when she did, hardly ever 'mentioned me: so that, in two years 'and a half's time, she seemed to have 'perfectly forgot that there was such 'a person in the world. Thus I was 'dear only to Mrs. De Trele; indiffe-'rent to the relations I had in that 'country; unknown to those in the 'other provinces; troublesome to my 'two aunts, my mother's sisters, who 'hated me on account of her regard 'to me: I had no other prospect before 'me than that of her friendship, which 'must necessarily be but of a very 'short duration. In this manner did 'I pass my infancy, till I was twelve 'years old; during which time my 'aunts, whom I have mentioned, mar-'ried persons of the same dispositions 'with themselves: but at last, Mrs. 'De Trele, who was pretty old, fell 'sick; her condition cured me of my 'levity; and gave me a habit of think-'ing, which made me sensible of my 'own wretched state. The servants, 'seeing her past recovery, shamefully 'neglected her; and my aunts, who 'came to see her, treated me with the 'utmost indifference and disrespect. 'The good old lady perceived it with 'a visible concern; she reproached 'them with their unkindness to me, 'in the most tender manner, with a 'mildness very different from her 'usual way of speaking to them on 'such occasions; as if she endeavoured 'to beg their mercy for me. This I 'could not help taking notice of, and 'drawing a presage of some frightful 'impending evil; and though I was 'too young to reason distinctly upon 'it, yet I was seized with a terror 'which rendered me mute, humble, 'and fearful. Besides, Mrs. De 'Trele's whole behaviour, when her 'daughters were absent, contributed 'to open my eyes. She called me to 'her, took hold of my hand, and 'spoke to me with such tenderness, as 'if she meant to comfort me, dissi-'pate my alarms, and raise me from 'that humiliation of soul into which 'she saw I was fallen.

'One day, a lady of the neighbour-'hood, who was her intimate friend, 'came to see her; and she desired to 'speak with her in private: when I 'stepped into a little closet in the room; 'and, out of a tender and uneasy cu-'riosity, resolved to listen to their con-'versation. "I am very much con-"cerned for this dear little child," 'said Mrs. De Trele: "it is only "upon her account I desire to live. "But God is the supreme disposer of "all things; he is in a peculiar man-"ner the father of the orphan. Have "you been so kind," added she, "to "speak to Mr. Villot?" (This was a 'rich inhabitant of a neighbouring 'borough, who for above thirty years 'had farmed Mr. De Terviere's, my 'grandfather's estate; and had gained 'the greatest part of his fortune in his 'family.) "Yes," said her friend, "I have been with him this morning: "he says he will conform himself to "your desire; and will come to assure "you of it himself. So, pray, make "yourself easy; Miss De Terviere is "not so much an orphan as you may "imagine: pray, Madam, think bet-"ter of her mother; it is true, she "neglects her now, but she must in-"fallibly love the little, charming "creature, as soon as she sees her."

'Though

'Though they ſpoke very low, I 'heard every thing they ſaid: the term 'orphan,' at firſt ſurprized me extremely, as I knew I had a mother; but Mrs. De Trele's friend made me ſenſible of her meaning, by letting me know that my mother did not love me. I had not yet been fully acquainted with her indifference; and I could not now think of it without burſting into tears, and being filled with the greateſt conſternation.

'A few days after this, Mrs. De Trele was ſo ill, that her daughters were ſent for; but ſhe died before they came. They ſtaid four or five days in the houſe, in order to pay their laſt duties to their mother, and ſet every thing in order in the abſence of their brothers; one of whom was at Paris, and the other in the army. There were a thouſand debates between the two ſiſters, who ſometimes quarrelled, and ſometimes united, againſt a man to whom their eldeſt brother, who had been informed of his mother's illneſs, had ſent a letter of attorney from Paris. Theſe clamours made the houſe continually in an indecent uproar; for an inſatiable avarice, and a greedy thirſt of plunder, deprived them of every degree of tenderneſs for each other; and even left no room in their hearts for any concern for their mother's death: but, when they found Mrs. De Trele had left me a diamond-ring worth two thouſand livres, they loſt all patience; could not bear to ſee me; and even reflected upon their mother in a very ſevere and injurious manner. I had ſhut myſelf up in a little room, where they had ordered me to go, becauſe my cries and lamentations were troubleſome to them: here I indulged my affliction, till the exceſs of my grief rendered me ſilent. Every thing about me had a ſolitary and melancholy gloom: I was looked upon as nobody; every face ſeemed unfriendly; or, at leaſt, looked with indifference upon me; and all of them appeared more ſtrange than if I had never known them. I ſtaid in this place as in a kind of ſanctuary from the rough uſage of my aunts; in which I was detained through the terror of being obliged to appear before them; and where I even trembled every time I heard the ſound of their voices. Can you believe me, Marianne, when I tell you, that I cannot even now think of this dreadful ſituation without feeling a ſenſible terror? I had ever before been entirely unacquainted with this ſtrange kind of miſery; my heart had been ſoftened by my grandmother's tenderneſs; ſo that I had never before felt what it was to have the leaſt trouble of mind: but I had now a ſadneſs lurking in the very bottom of my ſoul, which preyed upon my heart, and ſunk me into the moſt cruel deſpair. We are only frighted at the thought of belonging to nobody; but ſink into nothing in the preſence of relations like theſe.

'At laſt, my ſituation began to change; my aunts had nothing more to diſpute about; and therefore prepared to go home with their huſbands, who were come for them: when they appointed an old ſervant of Mrs. De Trele's, a vine-dreſſer, who lodged in a little houſe in her court, to be houſekeeper till the ſeals could be taken off. He came to fetch me from the little room where I had hid myſelf, and deſired me to follow him into the hall, where they were all at breakfaſt: I did ſo with the utmoſt reluctance; my eyes were caſt down; I trembled, turned pale, and durſt not look at the two dreadful ſiſters. They then debated what ſhould be done with me; and, as both refuſed to keep me, it was concluded, at laſt, that I ſhould ſtay with the poor vine dreſſer: but they had no ſooner agreed how to diſpoſe of me, than Mr. Villot, whom Mrs. De Trele had wrote to juſt before ſhe died, entered the hall. I was tranſported at ſeeing him; and entreated him to carry me to his houſe: he told me he came for that purpoſe; and, with the two ladies conſent, would take me away immediately. My aunts readily complied; my box was brought down, and committed to the care of a peaſant, who was to carry it for us: when one of my aunts told me ſhe would write to my mother; bid me be a good girl; and then both ſtepped into their chaiſe, and drove away

'without kiſſing me. We ſe out 'ſoon after, and preſently arrived at 'Mr. Villot's; whoſe wife received 'me with an air of gaiety, and a 'countenance ſo affable, that ſhe pre-'ſently became familiar to me. As 'my aunts had impoſed ſilence on my 'grief, I here found the ſatisfaction 'of crying as much as I pleaſed; a 'circumſtance that was accompanied 'with a peculiar kind of ſatisfaction.'

Some of the nuns entering at this part of the ſtory, obliged Miſs De Terviere to break off: I ſhall therefore, Madam, do ſo too; and defer the ſequel of her hiſtory, which contains ſcenes ſo extremely affecting, that they muſt melt the moſt obdurate heart, to the next Part; in which I ſhall fully atone for the ſhortneſs of this.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

PART XI.

YOU muſt allow, Madam, that I could not well be more expeditious than I am now: I began the hiſtory of my friend the nun in my laſt Part, which you received laſt week; and I now ſend you the remainder.

As ſoon as the nuns had left us, and we had dined, I went into my friend's room, and deſired her to proceed with her ſtory: when ſhe reſumed—

'I had not been at Mr. Villot's above two or three days, before I wrote to my mother, to let her know where I was. In her anſwer, ſhe made uſe of ſeveral pretended reaſons to excuſe her not ſending for me; but promiſed to do it in a few days; but, not hearing from her, I wrote again; and continued to importune her with my letters till I grew weary, ſhe only evading it from time to time. At laſt, I found that, notwithſtanding her promiſes, ſhe had really no intention of ever having me near her: however, ſhe ſometimes ſent me a little money to buy me ſome cloaths; and allowed Mr. De Villot a trifle for my board; but though it was very inconſiderable, it did not make this generous friend look coldly upon me, nor abate the tenderneſs and reſpect of any of his family. As for my aunts, I hardly need mention them, ſince I ſaw them not above once or twice in a year at moſt, and never received any benefit from them.

'Here I got acquainted with four or five young ladies in the neighbourhood, who were agreeable companions; and ſpent my time almoſt entirely with them, till I was almoſt ſeventeen. I went ſometimes, too, to ſee an agreeable widow-lady of about forty, who lived at a caſtle about half a league from our borough: ſhe had been one of my mother's moſt intimate acquaintance, and was a perſon of an agreeable appearance; a genteel mien, and freſh complexion, with a good plight of body, gave her an air of beauty, which, joined to the appearance of the greateſt ſanctity and auſterity, together with an intimacy with all the devout in that part of the country, engaged the veneration and eſteem of every one; for there is ſomething more edifying in the piety of a fine woman than of any other. I was ſoon engaged by this lady's mild and obliging behaviour; and ſhe wrote to my mother to let her know that I frequently viſited her. As ſhe knew not what to do with me, and was unwilling ever to ſee me at Paris, leſt my country education ſhould mortify her pride, ſhe deſired this lady to inſpire me with a deſire of taking the veil. This ſhe undertakes immediately; and accordingly engages all this ſociety of religious, that they might contribute to the ſucceſs of her enterprize: ſhe immediately redoubles her careſſes and profeſſions of friendſhip; keeps me almoſt every night to

'sup with her; obliges me frequently 'to lie in her house; and scarce can 'she permit me to be a moment out of 'her sight. Mr. and Mrs. Villot re-'joiced to see my affection for her; 'they commended me; and appeared 'to esteem me much more on her ac-'count; and every body else seemed to 'do so too. Flattered with this gene-'ral applause, my devotion seemed to 'increase every day; and my mien 'gradually received an air of auste-'rity: I soon became a partner in all 'this lady's exercises; she shut herself 'up with me to read pious lectures; 'and carried me to hear all the sermons 'she could get intelligence of. "Ah, "my dear predestinated!" would she 'say to me, (for she and her pious 'friends then called me by no other 'name) "what an affecting spectacle "is the piety of such an amiable girl "as thee! I cannot look upon thee "without praising God, and being en-"flamed with a more ardent love for "him."—"Oh, without doubt," 'cried her religious friends, "her "piety edifies us all! God has ap-"pointed her for a more holy state: the "world stands in need of such noble "and bright examples—And you, "child, will be a shining instance of "the triumphs of his grace." These 'discourses were accompanied with an 'air and tone which expressed the 'greatest surprize, and the most pro-'found esteem and veneration; while 'my presence seemed to strike them 'with a sacred awe. I was pleased 'with being thus honoured; and the 'widow had great hopes of bringing 'me easily to comply with her designs. 'Her house was situated near a con-'vent, where we used to go once or 'twice a week: she had a relation 'there, who was acquainted with her de-'signs, and promoted them with all the 'mistaken zeal and monastick cunning 'she was capable of; I say mistaken, 'because nothing, sure, can be less 'pardonable than the little artifices 'they make use of to seduce a young 'woman into a desire of being a nun; 'they ought rather to exaggerate the 'consequences of such an engagement, 'than prevent her seeing them. I ne-'ver went to the convent but their re-'ligious friend squeezed my hand, and 'spoke to me with a kind of holy ten-'derness; while the nuns flocked about 'me, gave me the most affectionate 'caresses, and enchanted me with the 'pretty names they gave me, and the 'devout and simple graces which ac-'companied all their actions. I never 'returned from this convent but the 'widow spoke to me in raptures of 'the happy life those girls lived there. 'While I was so delighted with their 'seeming agreeable and peaceful situa-'tion, that I was almost ready volun-'tarily to enter into the same state, 'a new adventure, for that time, hap-'pily changed my resolution.

'One day, as the widow was indis-'posed, I asked her to let her chamber-'maid go with me to the convent, to 'return a book I had borrowed of one 'of the nuns. The lady was ill in 'bed; and a young woman of about 'five or six and twenty, of a tall and 'genteel appearance, came to the grate. 'I had observed that she always ap-'peared less chearful than the rest, and 'had a countenance full of a melan-'choly softness; and, though she al-'ways spoke to me with the greatest 'affability, she was the only person 'that never gave me any friendly 'names. As she then appeared more 'uneasy than ever, I imagined that she 'was not well; and told her I was 'sorry to see her look so much out of 'order: she said she had had a very in-'different night, and offered to call 'some of her sisters to keep me com-'pany. "No, Miss," replied I; "I "cannot stay above an hour: besides, "I shall soon have an opportunity of "seeing our good friends, without "being obliged to leave them."—"How! without leaving them!" re-'turned she. "Have you, then, a de-"sire to be one of us?"—"Yes; I "am more than half resolved," replied 'I; "and intend to write to my mo-"ther, to let her know it. Your hap-"piness has made me desirous of shar-"ing it with you," added I, putting 'my hand through the grate to take 'hers, which she gave me without 'making me any answer. I then per-'ceived that the tears came into her 'eyes, and she held down her head, 'as if to hide her concern. I was filled 'with a surprize which for some time 'kept me silent; when, recovering my-'self, and looking upon her—"Tell "me, then," cried I, "why do you "weep? Was I deceived in thinking

"you

" you happy?" At the word Happy her ' tears redoubled; and I was touched, ' without knowing the cause of her af- ' fliction. At last, after many sighs, ' which escaped her in spite of her- ' self—" Alas, Miss!" returned she, " I am not happy; but, pray, keep that " a secret: and I beg you would never " tell any body that I could not re- " strain letting fall some tears before " you; and I will trust you with the " cause of them; it will not be unuse- " ful to you to know it." Here she ' stopped to wipe her eyes. " Go on, " my dear friend," cried I, weeping ' too; " and hide nothing from me. " I feel myself afflicted at your un- " easiness; and I shall regard the con- " fidence you repose in me as a favour " that I shall never forget."

" You are desirous of being a nun!" ' cried she; " the caresses of our sisters, " and, I believe, the insinuations of " Mrs. De St. Hermieres," (this was ' the name of the widow) " make you " inclined to enter into our state: you " fancy you have a call; though you " would, perhaps, have never thought " so, had you not been deceived by " their allurements. Beware, Miss, " lest these dispositions vanish with the " circumstances which inspire you with " them! How dreadful would it be, " should you be mistaken! We ought " to be born with a relish for the pe- " culiar duties of the convent, or else " we cannot taste any satisfaction in " them. We have our troubles, which " the world knows nothing of; and " we ought to be born with a disposi- " tion to support them too. I en- " tered this convent at your age; and " I was induced to it from the same " motives as yourself. I had an af- " fection for a nun whom I thought " my friend; and, tenderly caressed by " all the sisters, I loved them so much, " that I thought I could never be un- " happy in their company. I was a " youngest daughter; and all our fa- " mily contributed to the charm that " drew me hither. " How delight- " ful," said I to myself, " must it be " to spend my time with these amiable " ladies, whom it is a virtue to love! " How sweet will it be to employ my- " self in the service of Heaven, in a " peace and serenity so charming, so " divine!" Alas, Miss! what childish " folly! Deceived in the situation of " my heart, I fancied that it was piety " prompted me to chuse this retreat, " when it was only the pleasure of " being with these dear girls, and tast- " ing the sweets of their friendship. " This was the childish attraction that " brought me hither; this all my vo- " cation: nobody had the goodness to " undeceive me, and let me know the " uneasiness that would follow. How- " ever, this prison began to grow bur- " densome, and I became disgusted to- " wards the end of my noviciate: but " this, they affectionately told me, was " only a temptation; and I had not " the courage to resist them. The day " for my taking the vows arrived; I " suffered myself to be prevailed upon; " and did whatever they bid me, with " an emotion which suspended all my " reflections: others decided my lot; " and I was only a stupid spectator of " the eternal engagements I took upon " me!"

' Her tears began here to flow afresh; ' and she could not pronounce these ' last words without a voice interrupted ' with sighs. Her affliction at first ' touched me: but here I was in a ' fright; her motives for entering the ' convent so exactly resembled mine, ' and I saw my history so plainly in ' hers, that I trembled at the dangers ' I had escaped; and at once grew dis- ' gusted at the house, as well as those ' that were in it. After a short pause, ' I thanked her for the confidence she ' had reposed in me; when she again ' entreated me to conceal what she had ' told me. I sincerely promised I would ' do so; and my tears had such an ef- ' fect upon her, that she freely told me ' she had other cares that I was a ' stranger to; and pulling a letter out ' of her bosom without any direction, ' she gave it to me with a trembling ' hand—" Since my condition raises " your pity," resumed she, "pray deli- " ver me from the danger this note ex- " poses me to."—" But have you not " already read it?" returned I. " Has " it not been opened?"—" No," re- ' plied she: " but I fear I should have " opened it, and was even going to do " so, when my kind Genius brought " you hither. My resolutions are even " now wavering; and I even regret my " having given it you, and fain would " have it again: but do not indulge " me; and if you read it, I desire you

" never

" never to mention the contents of it " to me. It comes from my mortal " enemy; from a man who is ſtronger " than my reaſon and all my reflec- " tions; a man who has loſt his ſenſes, " and would make me loſe mine; and " has already but too well ſucceeded! " It is ****!" Judge of my ſurprize, ' when I found it was an abbé, of ' ſeven or eight and twenty, whom I ' ſaw almoſt every day at Mrs. De ' St. Hermiere's! a man who aſſumed ' an air of the greateſt piety, and whoſe ' conduct I had hitherto thought alto- ' gether blameleſs! My aſtoniſhment ' was too viſible for her not to take ' notice of it immediately. " I know," ' reſumed ſhe, " that you ſee him " often: he has deceived me, and " perhaps himſelf too. He loves me: " but, pray, ſhew him this letter; tell " him that I have not read it; and let " him know that I will ſee him no " more; that pity for me, and a regard " to his own honour, ought to induce " him to leave me in repoſe. Alas! I " am unable to reſiſt his attacks," ' continued ſhe; " and cannot tell " what would be the conſequence " ſhould I ſee him again. I am capa- " ble of running away with him; of " taking away my own life; or of " any thing elſe. I foreſee that no- " thing but horror would attend his " deſigns; and we ſhould be plunged " in an abyſs in which we ſhould both " periſh!"

' This diſcourſe was accompanied ' with abundance of tears; and when ' ſhe had done, her countenance was ſo ' much altered, that I could hardly ' know her again. I wept with her; ' and we continued for ſome time ' ſpeechleſs: at laſt I broke ſilence, ' and endeavoured to calm the diſorder ' of her ſoul. " As you have a tender " and virtuous mind," ſaid I, " you " need not fear that Heaven will for- " ſake you in your diſtreſs; you will " ſoon triumph over your paſſion; " your trouble will vaniſh, and you " will be delighted with the reflec- " tion that you have abandoned a " wretch who would infallibly have " ruined you."

' The bell here called the young ' lady to her devotions; when ſhe aroſe ' haſtily, and, after deſiring me to fa- ' vour her again with my company, ' left me. What I had juſt heard had ' created ſuch a revolution in my mind, ' that I ſat for ſome time quite motion- ' leſs; ſeemed as if waked out of a le- ' thargy; and was in ſuch a ſurprize, ' that I did not think of leaving the ' parlour: but, in the midſt of my re- ' verie, I perceived it grew dark; when ' I went again to the chambermaid ' who had brought me thither. I was ' then quite cured of my deſire of be- ' ing a nun; I was frighted to think ' I had been ſo near entering into that ' ſtate, and had almoſt given my word ' for it: but, happily, I had not yet ' gone ſo far.

' Mrs. De St. Hermieres, to whom ' I returned, was very deſirous of hav- ' ing me ſtay all night; but I not only ' wanted to be alone to indulge my ' new reflections, but was afraid that ' ſhe would gueſs by my looks what ' was the diſpoſition of my mind: ſo I ' wanted time to enable me to aſſume ' ſuch a countenance as might not be- ' tray me. As I was going home, I met ' the abbé who had cauſed the nun to ' ſhed ſo many tears: I was juſt en- ' tering into Mr. Villot's houſe; and ' had therefore diſmiſſed the chamber- ' maid. The young hypocrite, with a ' moſt devout mien, ſtopped to pay me ' his reſpect. " We ſhall not, Miſs, " be ſo happy as to enjoy your com- " pany to-night at Mrs. De St. Her- " miere's, where I am going to ſup- " per?"—" No, Sir," replied I; " but " I can give you ſome news of Miſs " De ****, whom I have juſt left, and " who has ſpoke much of you."— " I am obliged to her," returned he; " I ſee her ſometimes: pray, how does " ſhe do?"—" Though it is but three " hours ſince you left her," ſaid I, " ſhe is ſo caſt down, that you would " hardly know her again: I left her " bathed in tears on account of a " young man, whoſe viſits fill her " with horror, and from whom ſhe is " reſolved to receive no more as long " as ſhe lives. She deſired me to re- " turn him this letter," added I, tak- ' ing it out of my pocket, where it ' accidentally opened. It is probable ' the nun might have half broke open ' the ſeal: however, this muſt doubt- ' leſs have perſuaded him that I had ' read it; and, conſequently, that I ' was acquainted with his villainy. He ' took the note with a trembling hand— " Your ſervant, Sir," ſaid I, as I gave

' it

'it him; "fear nothing from me; "for I promise you an inviolable se- "crecy: but fear every thing from my "friend, who is resolved to expose "you, if you continue to trouble her "with your visits." She had not de- 'sired me to frighten him with this 'menace; but I thought I might add 'this of my own accord. In effect, 'it succeeded; he was too frightened 'ever to revive the intrigue: so that 'I saved the nun, or rather her vir- 'tue, from his persecution; though 'there were some moments in which 'she would have given her life to en- 'joy the satisfaction of seeing him 'again, as she told me afterwards; but 'her prayers and tears removed this 'disordered state of mind, and restored 'her tranquillity. I returned the next 'day, after dinner, to Mrs. De St. 'Hermiere's; who was shut up in her 'oratory, while two or three of her 'friends were waiting for her in the 'parlour. As soon as she came down— "Are you here, my dear!" cried she, 'in a whining tone; "I have just been "thinking of thee: the time is com- "ing when I must no longer have the "pleasure of seeing you with us; but "thou wilt be the better for it.—We "are going to be separated from her, "gentlemen," added she; "and it is "in the house of God we must here- "after look for our predestinated."— "Why so, Madam?" cried I, with a 'smile I put on to hide a rising blush. "Why, my dear," returned she, "I "have received joyful news for thee: "the marchioness thy mother has sent "me a letter, in which she consents to "thy taking the veil. She says she "herself would gladly exchange her "present condition for that thou art "disposed to embrace; and does not "value the world enough to detain thee "in it contrary to thy desires. These "are her very words: and I foresee "thou wilt soon make use of her per- "mission," added she, giving me the 'letter. Here she took notice that I let 'fall some tears. "What is the mat- "ter, Miss?" resumed she: "one "would imagine this letter gives you "pain. Did I make a wrong judg- "ment of you? Are we all deceived? "Sure you have not changed your "mind, have you, child?"—"I wish, "Madam, you had consulted me be- "fore you wrote to my mother," re- 'turned I with a sigh: "you have "increased her aversion to me; for I "will never be a nun; Providence "never appointed that state for me." 'At this, Mrs. De St. Hermieres stood 'motionless; and all the company 'looked upon one another, and lifted 'up their hands to Heaven, with a vi- 'sible surprize. "You will not be a "nun, then?" cried she, in a plain- 'tive tone that expressed her astonish- 'ment. It was a severe mortification 'to her to be robbed of the hopes of 'an adventure so very edifying to the 'world, and so much to the credit of 'her piety; for, after that stock of de- 'votion I had acquired from her ex- 'ample, I only wanted a nun's habit 'to become her master-piece. "Do "not be disturbed, Madam," said one 'of the company with an air of con- 'fidence; "this is no more than I ex- "pected: it is only the last effort of "our common enemy. You will see "her, perhaps, to-morrow, fly to that "happy and holy retreat, which is "well worth the trouble of going "through a few temptations to ob- "tain."—"No, Sir!" returned I, 'with the tears still in my eyes; "no! "this is not a temptation, but a reso- "lution; which is the result of deli- "berate thought."—"If so, Miss, I "sincerely pity you!" said Mrs. De 'St. Hermieres, with a coolness that 'was a presage of the indifference which 'followed.

'From this time I found such an 'entire change in their behaviour, that 'I could hardly know again any of the 'society: I was disgraced in their 'opinion; and all their tender re- 'gards, and endearing expressions, were 'changed into such a disrespectful in- 'difference and disregard, that I could 'hardly believe myself in the same 'company. My visits to the castle be- 'came now so very rare, that I did not 'see Mrs. De St. Hermieres above once 'in a month; who constantly gave me 'a cold, but civil, reception.

'About five months after this, one 'of this lady's footmen came from her 'to desire my company to dinner. I 'was surprized at the invitation, which 'appeared so new to me; but more so 'to see her resume that affectionate be- 'haviour which she had not indulged 'for a long time. I found her with a 'gentleman of about fifty, of a pale,

'grave,

'grave, and meagre aspect. "Come, my "dear, let me embrace you," said she, 'as soon as she saw me; "I have never "ceased to love you, though I have "ceased telling you so: let us think "no more of my silence on that head, "or on the motives which caused it. "God does every thing for the best: "the happiness that is offered you, "comforts me for that you have lost; "and you shall know what I mean "after dinner." While she was speaking, I happened to cast my eyes on 'the gentleman, who modestly cast 'down his with a grave and respectful 'countenance, and with the air of one 'who had some concern in what she 'was telling me.

'After dinner, he arose to take a 'turn in the garden. "Miss," said 'Mrs. De St. Hermieres, as soon as he 'was gone, "you have no fortune; "your mamma will give you none: "but this gentleman, who is the Ba"ron De Sercour, has a very large "one; he is a man of very great piety, "and thinks he cannot make a better "use of his riches than by sharing "them with a young lady of quality "of your virtue, whose merit deserves "a fortune. He offers you his hand; "and, if you consent, the marriage "will be concluded in a very few days, "which will secure you a very con"siderable estate. You have nothing "to do but to write to your mamma: "I think you have no room to hesi"tate upon the course you ought to "take, if you consider the circum"stances you are in, and those you "may possibly be hereafter reduced "to. The baron is not of an age that "will render him absolutely distaste"ful. I confess he has an ill state of "health: but," added she, lowering her voice, "it is probable he will "not live long; and, if you should "lose the baron, he will leave you "what will make his memory dear to "you; and I assure you, the state of "a young, rich, though afflicted wi"dow, is less painful than that of a "lady of quality without a fortune to "support it. Do you accept of the "proposal?"

'I was some moments without an'swering her: I was not unacquainted 'with the badness of my situation; and 'saw the advantages that would at'tend such an union. It is true, his 'penitent, melancholy look, rendered 'him disagreeable to me; and I could 'not, without reluctance, think of ac'cepting him for a husband. "But "I may accustom myself to him," 'thought I: "and there are few un"easinesses which plenty is not a re"medy for." Upon this, I took my 'resolution. "Well, Madam," said 'I at last, "if you will write to my "mother, I will conform to whatever "she pleases." The baron presently 'after this came again into the room; 'when I felt a palpitation at my heart, 'trembled at seeing him, and could 'not help imagining that he was al'ready my master. "Sir," said Mrs. 'De St. Hermieres, as he entered, "I "must inform you that there is your "lady; I found no difficulty to per"suade her to accept of that title."— "She does me a great deal of ho"nour," returned he, saluting me 'with a satisfaction that gave some 'vivacity to his eyes, which usually 'appeared very dull. He then began 'a conversation suitable to a devotee 'in love.'

Here I could not help interrupting the nun—'How is it possible, Madam,' said I, 'you could think of giving 'your person to a man to whom you 'could not give your heart? In my 'opinion, we have no right to dis'pose of ourselves but where we are 'called by the tender tie of souls. To 'consent to be another's without these 'dear engagements, is to consent to 'be miserable, by acting contrary to 'that law of nature which has given 'us passions and propensities, that, 'when conducted by reason, point out 'the object, and are the only founda'tion of true felicity. We have, 'surely, no right to enter into bonds 'which we have not the inclination, 'the ability, to fulfil; and which, 'therefore, not all the powers on earth 'can ever render sacred! And, really, 'I can only look on these matches as 'a legal kind of prostitution; since 'that tender friendship, that sympathy 'of souls, is wanting, which is ne'cessary to constitute that indissoluble 'union which is the essence of mar'riage.'

'I believe you are in the right,' returned Miss De Terviere; 'but I did 'not then know what love was; and 'therefore had not the delicacy which 'that

'that paſſion inſpires; and, conſe-
'quently, could have none of theſe
'ſcruples. It was agreed that the
'baron ſhould write to my mother that
'very day; that Mrs. De St. Her-
'mieres ſhould ſend another letter at
'the ſame time; and that I ſhould add
'a line or two at the bottom of hers,
'to ſhew that all was done with my
'conſent. It was concluded, too, that
'it would be proper to keep this affair
'as ſecret as poſſible till the day of
'our marriage; becauſe the baron had
'a nephew, who was his heir, from
'whom it was neceſſary that it ſhould
'be concealed

'Two days after this, as I was
'walking in our garden, I was met by
'the abbé; who, having loſt all hopes
'of preferment, had thrown off his
'gown; but had ſtill the character of
'a man of the moſt profound piety.
"Good-morrow to you, Miſs," ſaid
'he, coming up to me: "I am told
"that you are going to marry the Ba-
"ron De Sercour; and am come to
"pay my reſpects to my aunt before-
"hand!" I bluſhed at this diſcourſe,
'as if I had ſomething to reproach
'myſelf with on his account. "I
"do not know who told you ſo," re-
'turned I; "but you have not been
"miſinformed. I aſſure you, when I
"promiſed the baron, I did not know
"that you were his nephew; and I am
"only ſorry that it will deprive you
"of an eſtate which I never had the
"leaſt thoughts of taking from you."
—"Since I muſt loſe it," returned he,
'with a forced ſmile, "I had rather
"you ſhould have it than any body
"elſe." Mr. Villot, who was in ano-
'ther walk, ſeeing the abbé, came up
'to us to pay him his reſpects, which
'broke off our converſation; when he
'left me with an affected air of tran-
'quillity. He now came to ſee me
'very often; but deſired me not to tell
'any one that he knew of our intended
'marriage: ſo that I concealed it from
'his uncle, as well as Mrs. De St.
'Hermieres. The baron ſoon heard
'of his frequent viſits, and aſked me
'the reaſon of them; but, as I was
'entirely ignorant of his deſigns, I
'told him that I knew of no reaſon
'for his ſeeing me, unleſs it was be-
'cauſe Mr. Villot's was in the way to
'Mrs. De St. Hermieres's, whom he
'viſited oftener than uſual. When
'he went to this lady's, he behaved in
'a manner that quite ſurprized her;
'he told her that the greateſt difficulty
'he lay under in the eccleſiaſtical ſtate,
'was to conquer a violent paſſion which
'ſhe inſpired; and that, as he was now
'diſcharged from his ſacred office, ſhe
'might do him the favour to accept
'both of his heart and perſon. This
'he ſaid with an apparent confuſion,
'and with eyes fixed on the floor: as
'ſhe then thought him too young for
'her, ſhe made no ſcruple of telling his
'diſcourſe to me; but ſhe ſoon after
'changed her reſolution; for though
'ſhe thought him too young for a huſ-
'band, yet he was not too young to be
'agreeable to her.

'The baron received a letter from
'my mother with her conſent, with
'another to me and Mrs. De St. Her-
'mieres; when our marriage was ſtop-
'ped by a long and dangerous illneſs,
'from which it was above two months
'before I was perfectly recovered.
'The abbé all this while appeared ex-
'tremely uneaſy at my condition, and
'came every day to know how I did:
'ſo that the baron, who had heard him
'ſay he would be married as ſoon as
'he could fix his affections, imagined
'he had a deſign upon me; and aſked
'me if it was not true. "No, Sir,"
'returned I: "your nephew has never
"mentioned any thing to me on this
"ſubject; and ſeems to intereſt him-
"ſelf in my health, purely out of ſen-
"timents of eſteem and friendſhip."
'And theſe were, indeed, my thoughts.

'At laſt I recovered; but was very
'much ſurprized to find that Mrs. De
'St. Hermieres did not join with the
'baron, in ſoliciting me to fix the day
'of our marriage. The day before that
'which was pitched upon for uniting
'me to the baron, ſhe deſired me to come
'and paſs it at her houſe, and lie there.
'In the morning ſhe called me aſide—
"My dear," ſaid ſhe, "I cannot help
"pitying you; and am ſorry to ſee you
"look ſo dull: open your heart to me;
"there is a poſſibility of your yet going
"back. I will engage to excuſe you
"to your mamma; and the abbé ſhall
"ſpeak to his uncle; for I would not
"have you make a ſacrifice of your-
"ſelf."—"Alas, Madam! I have
"only conformed myſelf to your ad-
"vice, and it is too late now to re-
"cede: my mother, who does not love

" me, would not be so tractable as you " imagine."—" Let us say no more " of it then," said she with an air ' more peevish than compassionate. ' Here the abbé entered; and, addressing ' himself to Mrs. De St. Hermieres— " I am told, Madam," said he, " you " are to have company here to night: " is Mrs. De Clarville to be one of your " guests?"—" She promised me that " she would," returned she; " but I " am afraid she will forget: however, " to prevent it, I will send her a short " note.—Miss," added she, " I yes- " terday hurt my hand, and can hardly " hold the pen; will you write it for me?" —" Yes, Madam," replied I, " with all " my heart; you need but tell me what " you would have me say."—" A " word will do," returned she. " Say—

" MADAM,

" YOU know I expect you to-night; " pray do not disappoint me."

" Will you sign it, Madam?" said ' I, as soon as I had done. " No, " child," she replied; " there is no " need of that; she will know what it " means." She then took the paper, ' and desired the abbé to ring the bell; ' then, recollecting herself—" No, you " need not, Sir," said she: " as you " do not stay supper, I think you had " better go before the baron comes, " and then you may do me the favour " to give it her yourself; it will not be " a step out of your way."—" Pray " give it me then, Madam," returned ' he; " and I will execute your com- " mission directly:" at this he arose ' and left us. Scarce was he gone, ' when the baron entered. We supped ' very late; and Mrs. De Clarville, ' whom I had never seen, did not come; ' nor did that lady mention her any ' more. Supper was but just over when ' the clock struck eleven. Mrs. De St. ' Hermieres put me in mind, that, con- ' sidering I was but upon the recovery, ' it was time for me to go to bed, espe- ' cially as I was to arise at five o'clock ' in the morning; on which I immedi- ' ately took leave of the company. But ' I observed, as Mrs. De St. Hermieres ' embraced me, she seemed confused, ' and turned pale. One of her maids ' attended me to my room, in order to ' undress me; but I sent her away, be- ' cause I was not disposed to go to bed. ' As I did not find myself inclined to ' sleep, I sat down in an easy-chair, in ' a kind of reverie, where I forgot my- ' self for above an hour; after which, ' being more awake than at first, I cast ' my eyes upon some books in a glass- ' case, and arose to take one, that I ' might try if reading a little would ' not make me drowsy. I read for ' about half an hour; and just as I be- ' gan to grow weary, had thrown the ' book on the table, and was going to ' undress myself, in order to go to bed, ' I heard a noise in a small closet which ' opened into my chamber, the door of ' which was but little more than half ' shut. The noise continued; I began ' to be terrified, and cried out—" Who " is there?"—" Do not be afraid, " Miss," said a voice, which I thought ' I knew notwithstanding my surprize; ' and immediately appeared the abbé, ' who, with a smiling air, came out of ' the closet. I remained some time ' with my eyes fixed and staring upon ' him, without being able to speak. " Lord! what do you do here, Sir?" ' cried I at last, hardly able to recover ' myself; " who brought you here?" —" Fear nothing," said he, impudent- ' ly sitting down by me; " I assure you " I am here purely for the sake of be- " ing here."—" Ah! what do you do " here?" pursued I, raising my voice; " get you gone immediately," added ' I, rising to open the door; but I found ' it fast, for the maid had locked it, ' and taken away the key. I then be- ' gan to be full of rage and despair, ' and ran to the window to open it, and ' call out. " No, no! I shall retire in " a moment down the back-stairs," ' cried he, holding me by my arm: " believe me, every body is in bed " and asleep; and if you awake them, " they will believe I have made use of " this silent hour of night, and have " not let slip such an opportunity; e- " specially as I am here by your con- " sent."—" By my consent, villain! " Here by my consent."—" Yes," ' said he; " and here is a proof of it: " read your own note," added he, ' shewing me that which Mrs. De St. ' Hermieres had desired me to write for ' her, with the word " Madam," tore ' off. " Oh, thou wretch! thou abo- " minable villain! Oh, what a horrid " monster!" cried I, falling into my ' easy-chair; " O my God!" My sur-

' prize

'prize and tears here ſtopped my voice, 'and I was in an agony that nearly re-'ſembled madneſs. He ſaw my con-'dition without being moved, and with 'all the calmneſs of the moſt hardened 'villain. I was ſometimes tempted to 'caſt myſelf upon him, and endeavour 'to tear him in pieces; but my weak-'neſs reſtrained me: and then, ſudden-'ly ſeized by another emotion, I caſt 'myſelf at his feet—"Oh, Sir," cried 'I, "why will you ruin me? What "have I done to you? Remember your "own character; remember the ſervice "I have done you! I have not divulg-"ed your ſecret; and will never do it "as long as I live." He then raiſed 'me up with the ſame coolneſs. "Though you ſhould not hold your "tongue, nobody will believe you," 'returned he; "it would only be look-"ed upon as the effect of your jea-"louſy; it is not now in your power "to hurt me. Come, be calm; every "thing will be over by-and-by: I am "only doing you a piece of ſervice, by "delivering you from a marriage which "you yourſelf are not pleaſed with, "and which was going to ruin me; "that is all." While he was ſpeak-'ing, I heard the noiſe of ſeveral per-'ſons; my door ſuddenly burſt open, 'and the firſt object which ſtruck my 'eyes was the Baron De Sercour, with 'his drawn ſword in his hand, accom-'panied by Mrs. De St. Hermieres, a 'gentleman who ſupped with us, and 'two or three of the domeſticks, all 'armed.

'The baron and his friend had lain 'at the caſtle, where Mrs. De St. Her-'mieres had detained them under a 'pretence that they might be near the 'church, where they were to go very 'early in the morning. This lady had 'cauſed them both to be awoke, and 'ſent word that the ſervants had di-'ſturbed her, and told her that they 'heard the noiſe of different voices in 'my chamber; that, indeed, I did not 'cry out, but that ſhe preſumed I either 'durſt not, or that I was hindered from 'doing it, and that to all appearance 'there were thieves in my room, and 'therefore entreated them, for my ſake 'as well as her's, to fly to my aſſiſt-'ance, with her ſervants. This was 'the reaſon why they all came in arms.

'The abbé, who knew what would 'happen, had juſt ſet me in the chair; 'and when they appeared, had ſeated 'himſelf by me, with one of my hand 'in his: I turned my head towards 'them with an air of conſternation, 'and my face bathed in tears. As ſoon 'as I ſaw them, I gave a loud ſhriek, 'which they might reaſonably attri-'bute to the confuſion I was in at be-'ing ſurprized with the abbé: my tears 'were an additional preſumption againſt 'me; for from whence could they pro-'ceed, ſince I had not called out for 'help, but from the affliction of a fond 'woman, ready to be ſeparated from 'him ſhe loves. The abbé, I remem-'ber, roſe with a countenance which 'had an air of guilt and ſhame. "How! "you, Miſs!" cried the baron, lifting 'up his hands and eyes with a geſture 'expreſſive of the greateſt conſterna-'tion; "You! whom I have thought "ſo virtuous! Ah, who can we truſt "to?" It was impoſſible for me to make 'any reply, ſince I was almoſt ſuffo-'cated with my ſighs. "Pardon me, "Sir, the confuſion I give you," ſaid 'the abbé, in a ſuppliant tone: "it is "but two or three days ſince I was in-"formed of the intereſt you had in this "lady, and the neceſſity ſhe is under "of marrying you. In the trouble "into which this marriage caſt her, "ſhe deſired to ſee me once more; I "yielded to her tender entreaties; to "her grief; to this note!" added he, 'ſhewing him the contents of it. "In "ſhort, ſhe wept; ſhe weeps ſtill: ſhe "is lovely! and I am but a man!" —"How! that note!" cried I, and 'then ſtopped; I was unable to ſay any 'more, but immediately fainted. The 'abbé now ſlipped away; and the Ba-'ron De Sercour, I was afterwards 'told, was ſo diſordered, that he was 'obliged to be carried out of the room; 'and no ſooner recovered a little, but 'inſiſted upon going home. For my 'part, I came to myſelf through the 'aſſiſtance of the abbé's accomplice, 'the perfidious Mrs. De St. Hermieres, 'who retired as ſoon as I opened my 'eyes. In vain I deſired to ſpeak with 'her; ſhe would not return, but left 'me with her women. I was inſtant-'ly ſeized with a violent fever; and at 'ſix o'clock was ſent back to Mr. Vil-'lot's, with a mind much more diſor-'dered than my body.

'You will eaſily judge, Miſs, that 'this adventure muſt be ſoon blazed

'abroad, which, indeed, it was in the 'moſt cruel manner; and, to ſay all in 'one word, it entirely ruined my re- 'putation. The baron and Mrs. De 'St. Hermieres wrote to my mother 'about it, and ſent back her conſent. 'And a few days after, that lady pleaded ſo effectually for the abbé, that 'ſhe made a perfect reconciliation be- 'tween him and his uncle. The baron, 'who really loved me, aſperſed me 'with ſuch an air of chriſtianity, and 'lamented my ſeeming baſeneſs in 'terms ſo intereſting, ſo ſevere, and yet 'ſo pious, that nobody could hear him 'without being affected. I remained 'near three months, ſtruggling with 'death, diſgraced and ruined in the 'opinion of the world, and without 'any other reſource than the charity of 'my conſtant friends, the honeſt Mr. 'Villot and his wife, who aſſiſted me 'with all imaginable care, notwith- 'ſtanding the indignation of my mo- 'ther, who ſent them word that ſhe 'would entirely abandon and diſown 'me. Theſe good people were all that 'ever oppoſed the torrent of reproach 'into which I was fallen; not that 'they thought me entirely innocent, 'though they could not be perſuaded 'to believe I was ſo culpable as the 'world was ill-natured enough to ima- 'gine. At laſt my fever began to 'abate; and I no ſooner found myſelf 'in a condition to diſcourſe, than my 'firſt care was to relate to them all I 'knew of this unhappy event, and the 'reaſons I had to ſuſpect that Mrs. De 'St. Hermieres was an accomplice in 'the abbé's crime: they regarded him 'as a ſaint, and therefore I thought it 'my duty to unmaſk him, by truſting 'them, under an oath of ſecreſy, with 'his adventure with the nun. This 'ſufficiently undeceived them, and re- 'moved the leaſt ſuſpicion of my guilt; 'and from that inſtant never ceaſed to 'vindicate my innocence, and maintain 'with the utmoſt courage, that the 'publick did not do me juſtice: but 'they were only laughed at; and all 'they could ſay ſignified nothing. As 'ſoon as I could venture abroad, I 'endeavoured to vindicate myſelf: but 'every body ſhunned me; and all my 'companions were forbid to come near 'me. I then confined myſelf to my 'room; and, continually bathed in tears, 'implored the aſſiſtance of Heaven to 'clear up my innocence; and my pray- 'ers at laſt were heard. One of Mrs 'De St. Hermieres's women, who was 'married, and ready to lie-in, being in 'danger of her life, thought herſelf 'obliged to reveal the ſecret; and there- 'fore ſaid, in the preſence of ſeveral 'witneſſes, that the abbé had made her 'a preſent of a fine ring, to engage her 'to convey him into a cloſet in my 'chamber while they were at ſupper, 'and, between twelve and one, to tell 'Mrs. De St. Hermieres that ſhe heard 'a noiſe in my room. "I at firſt," 'ſaid ſhe, "refuſed to do it, except "Miſs De Terviere ſhould approve of "it: he then begged me to keep it ſe- "cret; and told me that his deſign was "only to break off her marriage with "his uncle, by which he ſhould loſe "his eſtate; and farther preſented me "with a note for three thouſand livres, "which I was to receive as ſoon as the "baron was dead. The note and the "ring," ſaid ſhe, "corrupted me; I "introduced him into the cloſet; and "the marriage was not only broken "off, but the young lady's reputation "loſt: this is all the reparation I can "make her; and I beg you will vindi- "cate her to the world, and beg her "pardon for me."

'This, my dear Marianne, might 'have been a ſufficient teſtimony of 'my innocence; for the perſons who 'heard her make this declaration did 'me the juſtice to repeat it wherever 'they went. But this was not all; 'Mrs. De St. Hermieres going to pay 'a viſit to one of her friends, her coach 'was overturned into a deep ditch, 'from which ſhe was taken much 'bruiſed, and ſpeechleſs. This acci- 'dent threw her into ſuch a violent fe- 'ver, that her life was deſpaired of. In 'this extremity ſhe ſent for Mr. Vil- 'lot; and, in the preſence of a number 'of witneſſes, delivered to him a paper 'ſealed up and written by her own 'hand, charging him to open it as ſoon 'as he got home, and publiſh it to the 'world. He made haſte to diſcharge 'his commiſſion; and we broke it open 'with as much curioſity as ſurprize: 'and this, in a few words, was the 'ſubſtance of it.

"BEING ready to appear before "Him to whom I muſt give an "account of all my actions, I hereby "declare

" declare to the Baron of Sercour, " that he ought not to impute to Miſs " De Terviere any part of the adven- " ture which broke off his marriage " with her. It was I and another per- " ſon who contrived the ſtory of her " having an inclination for his nephew; " and what happened in her room was " a plot concerted between that other " perſon and myſelf, in order to make " a breach between her and the baron. " I die with a heart full of the moſt " perfect eſteem for the virtue of Miſs " De Terviere, to whom I conſented " to do an injury from an apprehen- " ſion of the wrong which the ſaid " other perſon threatened to do me if " I refuſed to be his accomplice.

" A. De St. Hermieres."

' It is impoſſible to expreſs the joy, ' the ſatisfaction, and delight, this writ- ' ing gave me; you muſt judge of it by ' that exceſs of miſery under which I ' had ſo long languiſhed. Mr. Villot ' went immediately to ſhew this paper ' everywhere; and began with the Ba- ' ron De Sercour, who inſtantly came ' to pay me a viſit, and make his apo- ' logy. Every body began now to load ' me with the teſtimonies of their eſteem ' and friendſhip: all who knew my ' mother, wrote to her on this happy ' ſubject; while the abbé was not only ' contemned by his uncle, but became ' an object of publick abhorrence; and ' was obliged to leave that part of the ' country, and hide himſelf in a town ' at ſome diſtance; where we heard, a- ' bout two years after, that his ill con- ' duct and debts had brought him to a ' gaol, where he ended his days. Mrs. ' De St. Hermieres's chambermaid re- ' covered; and that lady herſelf ſurviv- ' ed her writing that note, which had ' cleared me ſo compleatly, and retired ' to a remote country ſeat of her's, ' where ſhe lived when I left the coun- ' try. The Baron De Sercour, whom ' I uſed with the utmoſt politeneſs, en- ' deavoured to renew his friendſhip ' with me, and even propoſed to con- ' clude our marriage; but he had uſed ' me too ungenerouſly for me ever to ' take ſuch a reſolution.

' I was now about eighteen years ' old, when Mrs. Durfan, an elderly ' widow lady, who was ſiſter to Mr. ' De Terviere my grandfather, return- ' ed to this part of the country, which ' ſhe had left for above fifty years, that ' ſhe might ſee again her family, and ' end her days amongſt her relations. ' She had a ſon, to whom ſhe had given ' a very liberal education; but having ' ſent him to St. Maloe's to tranſact ' ſome buſineſs for her, he fell in love ' with a young woman of great beauty, ' but of a poor, and even infamous, fa- ' mily; though her character was not ' ſtained with their vices. Mrs. Durfan ' no ſooner heard of his deſign to marry ' this girl, than ſhe flew into a rage, ' and let him know that he would have ' nothing to expect from her, but re- ' ſentment, if he perſiſted in his deſign, ' which ſhe thought to the laſt degree ' baſe and deteſtable. Her ſon, finding ' that ſhe was not to be prevailed upon, ' no longer thought of what he ſhould ' loſe by indulging his paſſion, but ' coolly reſolved upon his own ruin. ' He found means to rob the old lady ' of twenty thouſand livres; went to ' his miſtreſs, impoſed upon her by a ' forged conſent of his mother's, whoſe ' hand he counterfeited; and had juſt ' time to marry her before the old ' lady, who too late found out the rob- ' bery, could think of preventing it, and ' obliged her to run away with him to ' avoid being purſued after having con- ' feſſed that he had deceived her. Three ' or four years after this, he wrote two ' or three letters to Mrs. Durfan; who, ' in anſwer to the ſorrow he expreſſed ' for his crime, let him know, that he ' had behaved too ill ever to expect for- ' giveneſs, and that ſhe would never ' ſee him more; ſo that ſhe had not now ' heard from him for above ſeventeen ' years. Mr. De Terviere, my uncle, ' being acquainted with this affair, ' went to wait upon the old lady, to ' endeavour to cultivate a friendſhip ' with her, that he might be ſubſtitut- ' ed in the room of her ſon, as he had ' been in that of my father: but he had ' to deal with a woman who had pene- ' tration enough to ſee through his de- ' ſigns; and was ſhocked at his ridicu- ' lous behaviour. However, ſhe bought ' his caſtle, with the eſtate that belong- ' ed to it; which he was glad to diſpoſe ' of, as he uſually reſided at his wife's ' eſtate in Burgundy. Mr. Villot car- ' ried me thither to ſee this lady: ſhe ' was pleaſed with my company, and ' ſoon began to love me; and was de- ' lighted to find that I had a ſincere af- ' fection for her. He, intending to

' leave

'leave me with her only for a few days, 'came to fetch me away; but Mrs. 'Durfan was not difpofed to part with 'me. "My dear," faid fhe, taking 'me afide, "art thou weary of this "houfe?"—"No, aunt," faid I; "but "I am weary of being anywhere elfe." —"Well then, thou fhalt ftay with "me," returned fhe; "I think thou "wilt be more refpected here than "at Mr. Villot's."—"I think fo too, "Madam," replied I, fmiling. "Well "then, I will write to thy mother to-"morrow," added fhe, "to let her "know that I will take thee under my "care: between thee and I, Mr. Vil-"lot's is not a houfe fuitable to thy "birth. Mifs De Terviere a boarder "at a farmer's! A very pretty thing in-"deed!"—"It is much better than "being boarder at a vine-dreffer's, as "I once thought I fhould have been," 'replied I. "It is fo," faid fhe: "I "heard thy hiftory yefterday, and am "fenfible how much thou art obliged "to honeft Villot and his wife. But, "not to mention thy mother, what a "pretty couple of aunts thou haft got! "what relations!"

'While we were talking thus, Mr. 'Villot entered the room. "Come, "Sir," faid Mrs. Durfan, "we were "juft talking of you: you are come "for Mifs De Terviere; but fuppofe "I fhould not be willing to part with "her, you will refign her to me, will "not you? How much is due for her "board?"—"You need not be in "haffe about that," replied he: "as "to our young miftrefs, it is fit you "fhould have her, fince you defire it; "but yet I fhall return home very dull "at the thoughts of having loft her; "we fhall think the houfe looks very "ftrange without her; for we love her "as well as our own child, and fhall "never love her lefs," added he, with 'the tears almoft in his eyes. "Nor "does your child," faid I, "return "your affection with a lefs degree of "tendernefs."—"But, Sir," cried 'Mrs. Durfan, with a look that fhew-'ed fhe was charmed at his reluctance 'to part with me, "you need not dif-"turb yourfelf; you are not going to "lofe my coufin entirely, for you may "come and fee her as often as you "pleafe."—"My wife and I will "gladly make ufe of this permiffion," 'faid he with a low bow. I then em-'braced him without ceremony, defir-'ed him to give my fincere love to Mrs. 'Villot; and promifed to go to fee her 'the next day. After which he left me.

'I now lived in that caftle which 'would have been my father's, had 'Mr. De Terviere my grandfather liv-'ed long enough to have altered his 'will. Every thing here, for upwards 'of five years, confpired to make me 'pleafed with my fituation: the beauty 'with which they now flattered me, 'gained me abundance of admirers; 'and I foon became the reigning toaft 'of that part of the country, while 'my behaviour made me univerfally 'beloved, and gained me a great many 'friends. Mrs. Durfan, whom I 'loved with the moft fincere affection, 'liftened to the praifes which fhe fre-'quently heard beftowed upon me, 'with an eagernefs which expreffed 'the greatnefs of her affection: fhe 'fummed up thefe commendations; 'and from thence inferred that fhe 'had reafon to love and admire me, 'and give me the tendereft place in her 'heart. But this good lady, who had 'hitherto appeared in perfect health, 'began now to experience the decays 'of nature; her vivacity and activity 'began to forfake her; and all the in-'firmities of old age came on apace, 'and filled me with apprehenfions that 'I fhould foon lofe her. I could not 'think of her dying, without the great-'eft uneafinefs: yet I refolved not 'to frighten her, by difcovering my 'concern; and therefore endeavoured 'to counterfeit my ufual gaiety and 'chearfulnefs. But we laugh with a 'very ill grace in cafes like this; and 'wretchedly mimick the reverfe of 'what we feel! I could not deceive 'Mrs. Durfan; fhe faw the fituation 'of my heart, and fmiled moft ten-'derly when fhe looked at me, to 'thank me for the ftruggles fhe faw I 'was in with myfelf.

'One day, as I entered her room, I 'afked her, with an affected vivacity, 'how fhe did. "I am better, child, "to-day," faid fhe: "but we are not "immortal; I have been a great while "in the world," added fhe, fealing a 'packet. "Pray, who do you write "to, Madam?" cried I. "To no-"body, my dear," returned fhe; "I "have only been taking fome proper "meafures for thee. I have no child-

"it

" it is now above twenty years since I " heard from my son; so that I fancy " he is dead; but, though he should " be alive, it would be the same thing " to me; not that I have any resent- " ment against him now; may God " bless him, and make him an honest " man! but neither the honour of my " family, religion, nor good manners, " which he has equally violated, will " permit me to leave him my estate." ' Here I interrupted her; to endeavour ' to soften her in favour of her unhappy ' son; but she would not even hear ' what I had to say for him. " Hold " thy tongue," said she; " it is not a " fit of ill-humour that renders me so " inflexible: the question is not, whe- " ther I should be kind to him; but " whether being so would not be a " weak and criminal indulgence, that " would break in upon all order, and " be a breach of justice, both human " and divine. This silly wretch has " had no regard to any thing; and " yet thou wouldst have me set such " an example of impunity as might " prove fatal to thy son, if thou " shouldst ever have one. Had he " married as thy father did, (I will " not say a girl of a noble extraction, " but one of a good, or barely an ho- " nest family, though ever so poor) I " should have been reconciled long " ago: but for my son not only to " marry one of the meanest birth, " but of a family known to be infa- " mous; one from among the very " dregs of the people; I cannot think " of it without horror. But to re- " turn to what I was saying. I have " no other heir but thy uncle Ter- " viere, who is already very rich, and " possessed of thy own estate too. I " have been told he had the cruelty to " take the advantage of thy father's " misfortunes, without ever endea- " vouring, by his assistance, to alle- " viate them. He would rejoice at " my son's baseness and my grief for " him. Though he has thy father's " estate, he nevertheless shews no con- " cern for thee; therefore I will not " hear of him. Thou hast nothing " to expect from thy barbarous mo- " ther; and deservest a better situation " than thou wouldst be left in: and I " shall only make the fortune of a " niece, for whom I have a tender af- " fection; who I know loves me in " return; fears to lose me; and will, I " am sure, regret my loss, though she " is heir to my fortune. My son will " not find thee without pity for him in " the misfortunes in which he is, per- " haps, now involved: thy gratitude " is the resource I leave him." I ' could make no other answer to this ' discourse but by bursting into a ' flood of tears. Methought she was ' going to expire; and this will seemed ' a sort of giving me an eternal adieu: ' never did she appear so dear to me as ' she did now. I sat down, and gave ' a loose to my sorrow: she easily ' guessed at the subject of my grief; ' came to me; and, taking me by the ' hand—" Thou lovest me better than " my estate, my dear; do not you? " Dry up thy tears; this is only a pre- " caution which my years oblige me " to take." — " I hope, Madam," ' said I, endeavouring to recover my- ' self, " your son is not dead; and I " wish you may live to see him again."

' While we were in this discourse, ' we heard the voices of two ladies in ' the hall, who were come to pay us a ' visit; on which I ran into my room, ' to prevent their seeing my disorder: ' however, I was obliged to return in ' a little time to keep them company; ' when they told us, they had agreed to ' divert themselves the next day with ' fishing; and asked us to partake with ' them in their recreation: but as I ' could not have Mrs. Durfan's com- ' pany, I found means to excuse my- ' self; and, though I endeavoured to ' conceal the motive which made me un- ' willing to share in their amusements, ' by feigning an indisposition, my ' aunt easily saw that the only reason ' was that I could not bear to leave ' her. Whatever disguises I put on ' to prevent her taking notice of my ' concern for her, she saw through my ' designs; and the daily discoveries she ' made of my excessive tenderness and ' regard for her, at last made her love ' me with all that affection which is ' due from an indulgent mother to a ' fond and obedient daughter.

' One day, when the old lady was ' asleep, as I was walking, with a book ' in my hand, in which I was reading, ' in a grove adjoining to the castle, I ' heard a noise at the end of an avenue ' leading to the house, and immedi- ' ately went to see what was the mat-

' ter;

'ter: when I obſerved one of Mrs. 'Durſan's game-keepers, with one of 'his ſervants, quarrelling with a 'young gentleman, and endeavouring 'to make him deliver a gun he had on 'his ſhoulder. I felt myſelf a little 'moved at the brutality and threaten-'ing tone in which they ſpoke to him, 'as well as at the violence they were 'about to uſe; and therefore made as 'much haſte as I could to come up 'with them, calling to them at the 'ſame time to forbear. The nearer I 'approached them, the more their be-'haviour diſpleaſed me, becauſe I 'could better perceive the young man; 'whom, indeed, it was difficult to 'look upon with indifference: his air, 'his ſhape, and countenance, ſtruck 'me, though he appeared in a plain 'and thread-bare ſuit. "What are "you about there?" cried I, in an 'angry tone, when I got pretty near 'them. "We have ſtopped this boy, "here, who has killed ſome game up-"on my lady's lands; and are going "to take his gun from him," ſaid 'the keeper, with all the confidence 'of a man who is proud of his au-'thority, and glad of an opportunity to 'exert it. The young man pulled off 'his hat in a very reſpectful manner, 'as ſoon as I came near; and, from 'time to time, caſt upon me a modeſt 'and ſubmiſſive look, while the other 'was ſpeaking. "Let him alone; "let the gentleman go," ſaid I to the 'game-keeper, who had hitherto called 'him only boy, whoſe incivility I 'was willing to atone for. "Go "about your buſineſs," added I: "he "is without doubt a ſtranger, and "knew not upon what ground he "might or might not divert himſelf." —"I did but croſs theſe fields, Ma-"dam," ſaid he with a low bow, "in my way to another place; and "they are miſtaken if they think I "have ſhot any thing on their miſ-"treſs's ground: but they are more "in the wrong, to pretend to diſarm "a man they do not know; and who, "notwithſtanding the ill appearance I "make, am not born to be treated "thus by men of their ſtation." On 'this, the game-keeper and his com-'rade inſiſted that he deſerved no fa-'vour; and continued giving him very 'opprobrious language; but I im-'poſed ſilence upon them with indig-'nation. At my firſt coming, I had 'only found them brutiſh; but now 'they began to uſe him with intole-'rable inſolence. "Hold your tongue," 'cried I to them; "you talk nonſenſe: "retire a little; but do not go away." 'And then, addreſſing myſelf to the 'young gentleman, I aſked if they 'had taken any game from him. "No, Miſs," ſaid he: "I cannot ſuf-"ficiently thank you for the protec-"tion you have been pleaſed to grant "me on this occaſion. I have been "ſeeking ſome game, it is true; but "from a motive which will appear to "you very pardonable: it is for a gen-"tleman who has ſeveral relations "amongſt the nobility of this coun-"try; he has been many years abſent "from it, and returned to it the day "before yeſterday, with my mother. "In ſhort, Miſs, it is for my father: "I left him ſick, or, at leaſt, very "much indiſpoſed, at the houſe of a "peaſant, where we have retired; and "you will judge that he can be but ill "accommodated there, as he is not in "a condition that will ſuffer him to "be at much expence in purchaſing "what is fit for him. I came out "this morning to ſell a little jewel I "have in my pocket, and took my "fowling-piece in my hand, that I "might, as I returned back, catch "ſomething which my father might "eat with leſs diſguſt than what they "have given him hitherto."

'You are ſenſible, Marianne, what 'a mortifying diſcourſe this muſt be 'to the young gentleman; yet there 'was not a ſingle word in it which did 'not excite my regard as much as my 'ſenſibility, and which did not force 'me to diſtinguiſh the man from his 'misfortunes: nothing could be more 'oppoſite than his perſon and indi-'gence. "I am ſorry, Sir," ſaid I, "that I did not come ſoon enough to "prevent what has paſſed. You may "ſhoot here as often as you pleaſe, "and I will take care that nobody "ſhall hinder you: here is plenty of "game; and you will not go far be-"fore you find what you want for "your father. But may I ſee the "jewel which you intend to ſell?"— "Alas, Madam!" returned he, "it "is but a trifle; it is worth but about "two hundred livres: but that may be "ſufficient to ſupport my father, till

"his

ate VII. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Nov.r 13. 1784.

" his affairs take a better turn. Here " it is," added he, giving it me. " If you pleaſe to come again to- " morrow morning," ſaid I, after ' having taken the ring and looked at ' it, " perhaps I may have found one " willing to buy it. I will ſhew it to " the lady of this caſtle, who is my " aunt; ſhe is generous, and I will " tell her the reaſon that induces you to " ſell it: it will infallibly move her; " and I hope ſhe will ſpare you the " trouble of carrying it to the town, " where I foreſee you will find but " few people who will care to buy it." ' This I ſaid as I was giving him back ' the ring, but he deſired me to keep ' it. " There is no need of that, " Miſs," ſaid he, " ſince you will be " ſo good as to try what you can do " for us. I will return to-morrow: " beſides, it is fit the lady you ſpeak " of ſhould have time to examine it; " therefore permit me to leave it with " you." I was ſurprized at the ſud- ' den frankneſs of this propoſition, ' which pleaſed me, and made me bluſh ' without knowing why: however, I ' refuſed at firſt to keep the ring, and ' preſſed him to take it back. " No, " Miſs," ſaid he, bowing, " it is " much better that you ſhould have it, " that you may be able to ſhew it." ' And on this he left me. I ſtood ſtill ' to look after him till he got out of ' ſight: I beheld him with pity; I ' wiſhed him well; ſaw him with plea- ' ſure; and thought that in this I was ' only generous.

' The game-keeper and his comrade ' waited in a walk thirty or forty ſteps ' from us, as I had ordered them; and ' I then went back to them. " If " you ſhould meet again this young " gentleman," ſaid I, " I forbid your " troubling him any more; and I ſhall " take care that Mrs. Durſan herſelf " ſhall forbid it too." And then ' went into the caſtle, with my mind ' full of this lovely youth, and charm- ' ed with his modeſt, his reſpectful, ' and polite behaviour: even the ring ' took up ſome part of my attention; ' but I did not conſider it as an indif- ' ferent thing. As Mrs. Durſan was ' now awake, I told her my little ad- ' venture; and ſhe did not fail to ap- ' prove of all I had done: and this ' gave me ſuch hopes, that I immedi- ' ately ſhewed her the ring, and told ' her what I had promiſed, not doubt- ' ing but I ſhould meet with ſucceſs, ' and have the money for it directly. ' But I was quite miſtaken; my aunt ' and I were not affected in the ſame ' manner; ſhe was only good and cha- ' ritable; a diſpoſition that does not ' uſually prompt people to buy a thing of ' which they have no manner of need. " Why, ſure thou waſt dreaming!" ' ſaid ſhe. " What ſhould I do with " the ring? I could buy it for nobody " but thee: and I have given thee " much finer ones. No, child; take " it back again," returned ſhe, giving ' it me with a melancholy and thought- ' ful air; " take it out of my ſight: " it makes me call to mind a ſmall " diamond I had formerly, which I " gave to my ſon as ſoon as he had " finiſhed his ſtudies; it is ſo like it, " that one would think it the ſame." ' At this I took it again, wrapped it ' up in the paper I had taken it out of, ' and aſſured her ſhe ſhould never ſee it ' any more. " Stay," returned ſhe; " I think it would be proper thou " ſhouldſt offer to lend the young man " a little money, which he may pay " thee again when he has ſold his jew- " el. There is ten crowns for him: " I do not much care whether he re- " turns it or no; I will give it him; " but do not tell him ſo."—" Indeed " I will not, Madam," replied I, ' taking this ſmall ſum, which fell far ' ſhort of what my generoſity would ' have excited me to have done for him; ' which, however, joined to what I ' would add to it, would become a lit- ' tle more worthy of his acceptance; ' for Mrs. Durſan, who would have ' me play upon occaſion, never ſuffered ' me to want money in my pocket. All ' my concern was to know how to of- ' fer this ſum to the young gentleman ' without making him bluſh at the in- ' digence of his family, or ſuſpect that ' this loan was deſigned as a gift.

' The next day, as I was walking on ' the terrace of the garden with Mrs. ' Durſan, I was told that a ſtranger ' wanted to ſpeak with me: I gueſſed ' who it was; and went to him with a ' ſecret emotion, and received him with ' an air we generally aſſume when we ' come to tell perſons we have not ſuc- ' ceeded in our attempts for them. I ' told him I was very ſorry that I could ' not perſuade my aunt to buy his ring;

'she having so many already, that she 'could not tell what to do with it: 'but, however, she would be glad to 'serve him and his family; and, as a 'proof of it, would lend him a small 'sum till their affairs would make it 'convenient for them to return it. 'He seemed agreeably surprized; and, 'with a grateful smile, told me he was 'at a loss to know what he ought most 'to thank us for; the service we were 'willing to do his family, or the care 'I took to disguise the nature of the 'obligation. "My father and mo-"ther will feel as much gratitude for "your kindness as myself," said he: "but I am come to tell you, Miss, "that our uneasiness is over; and that "yesterday we found a lady who has "been so kind as to lend us all we "wanted." Mrs. Dursan, who then 'entered the hall, prevented me from 'making him any reply. "Is not "this the gentleman who trusted you "with the ring you shewed me, "niece?" said she. "Yes, Madam," 'replied I; "but the gentleman will "not sell it now."—"I am glad to "hear it," said she: "but, though I "have not bought it, can I be of no "service to you, Sir?" added she, ad-'dressing herself to him. "Your "parents, my niece informs me, are "just arrived in this country; and I "should be glad of an opportunity to "serve them." I could hardly for-'bear embracing my aunt, I was so 'pleased with this declaration. "I "shall let my father and mother "know the obliging manner in which "you interest yourself in our affairs," 'returned he; "and, meanwhile, I "entreat you, Madam, to continue in "this favourable disposition towards "us." He had no sooner pronounced 'these words, than Mrs. Dursan seem-'ed astonished; and stood for some 'time silent: when, recovering herself —"Is your father sick still?" said 'she. "He is better than he was "yesterday, Madam," replied he. "But pray, Sir," cried she again, "what is the nature of those affairs "which bring him hither?"—"He is "come to accommodate some family "concerns, Madam," returned he, in 'a timorous tone, "which he will ac-"quaint you with himself, when he "has the honour to see you; but there "are some reasons which will not per-"mit him to shew himself so soon."— "Well," said she, taking hold of my 'arm, to help her to go, "I have "friends in this country; and it will "not be my fault if I am not of ser-"vice to you." She then left him; 'and, contrary to my inclination, 'obliged me to wait on her; for me-'thought I had still many things to 'say to him; and he, on his part, seem-'ed not to have disclosed all his mind 'to me, and, I could easily see, was sorry 'to part from me so soon. "This "young man," said Mrs. Dursan, "has a most engaging mien; and I "am persuaded he must belong to per-"sons of fashion: his voice gave me a "strange emotion; I could not help "fancying I heard my son speak." 'Somebody here interrupted our con-'versation; when I went into my room 'in a deep study, while this amiable 'person took up all my thoughts: I 'longed to see him again; but waited 'two days in vain, though not with-'out a great deal of impatience. The 'second day one of Mrs. Dursan's 'most intimate friends came to pay her 'a visit at about four in the afternoon; 'and as I was, out of complaisance, 'waiting upon her back to her coach, 'which she had ordered to stop at the 'great walk which leads to the castle— "Let us take a turn this way for a "few minutes," said she, turning to-'wards a little wood which surround-'ed the house, and which had been cut 'through to make this avenue: "there "are some persons who wait for us "there, who durst not follow me to "your house, and whom I fain would "shew you." I smiled at this: "May I trust myself with you, Ma-"dam?" said I, in jest. "Has some-"body any intention to run away with "me?"—"No," returned she, in the 'same tone: "I will not take you "far." And, indeed, we had hardly 'got into the midst of the wood, before 'we saw, about ten paces from us, 'three persons, who approached us 'with great respect and civility, one of 'whom I at once knew to be the young 'man I have mentioned; the other was 'a genteel woman of about forty years 'old, who seemed to have been a per-'fect beauty, and had still a most en-'gaging appearance, though her pale 'and melancholy countenance shewed 'she had been long involved in distress,

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and been familiar with ſorrow: ſhe ‘ was dreſſed in an old gown, which ‘ had only the marks of having once ‘ been fine. The other was a man be- ‘ tween forty and fifty years old, of a ‘ very ſickly look, and was ſo ill dreſſed, ‘ that he had no marks of his dignity ‘ but his ſword. It was he that came ‘ up to us firſt, and with a reſpectful ‘ bow, which I returned, full of cu- ‘ rioſity to know what this ſcene would ‘ produce—“ Sir,” ſaid I to the youth ‘ who ſtood by him, “ pray tell me “ who I am now with?”—“ It is my “ father and mother, Miſs, that you “ ſee here,” returned he; “ and, not “ to keep you any longer in ſuſpenſe, “ you are with Mr. and Mrs. Dur- “ ſan.”—“ It is true, my dear,” ſaid ‘ the lady who brought me; “ this is “ your couſin, the ſon of that aunt “ who has given you all her eſtate, as “ ſhe has told me herſelf: and I muſt “ now beg your pardon; for, ſenſible “ of your great ſoul, I know that, in “ bringing you hither, I have done you “ the worſt office in the world.”

‘ Scarce had ſhe uttered theſe words, ‘ when Mrs. Durſan threw herſelf at ‘ my feet. “ It is I who have been the “ cauſe of my huſband's misfortunes; “ and therefore I ought to proſtrate “ myſelf before you, and to entreat you “ to pity him and his ſon,” cried ſhe, ‘ taking hold of my hand, which ſhe ‘ bathed with her tears. Whilſt ſhe ‘ was ſpeaking, both the father and ‘ ſon, with their eyes full, waited for ‘ my anſwer in the moſt ſupplicating ‘ poſture. “ Dear Madam, what do “ you do there?” cried I, embracing ‘ her, and penetrated even to the bot- ‘ tom of my ſoul at ſeeing this unfor- ‘ tunate family around me, making ‘ me the arbitrator of their fate, and ‘ ſoliciting me, with trembling hands, ‘ to pity their miſery. “ What are “ you doing, Madam?” cried I again. “ Ariſe! you have not a better friend “ than I am. Is it neceſſary thus to “ humble yourſelves before me in or- “ der to touch my heart? Can your “ eſtate be mine whilſt you live? I “ have not received that gift without “ pain; and ſhall give it up to you “ with a thouſand times more plea- “ ſure than it could ever have given “ me in the poſſeſſion.” At the ſame ‘ time I offered my hand to the father ‘ and ſon; who took hold of it with ‘ ſuch a tender timidity, as made me ‘ bluſh, notwithſtanding the confuſion ‘ I was in at this moving ſpectacle: in ‘ fine, the mother, whom I had held ‘ hitherto with my arm about her neck, ‘ aroſe at laſt, and left me at liberty; ‘ when I embraced Mr. Durſan, who ‘ could only thank me by a great many ‘ incoherent words, without conclud- ‘ ing one ſentence. After having left ‘ the father, I caſt my eyes on the ſon: ‘ he was my relation; and, in theſe ‘ circumſtances, nothing ought to have ‘ hindered me from giving him the ‘ ſame teſtimonies of my friendſhip as ‘ I had given Mr. Durſan; but his re- ‘ lation to me was ſomething different. ‘ I did not find my tenderneſs for him ‘ ſo noble: there had paſſed between ‘ us, I do not know what; ſomething ‘ ſo ſweet, ſo tender, as to hinder me ‘ from treating him with the ſame ‘ freedom, and which even ſeemed to ‘ awe him. “ But why,” thought I, ‘ after a moment's recollection, “ ſhould “ I treat him with more reſerve than “ the others? What will they think “ of it?” I then came to a reſolution; ‘ and embraced him with an emotion ‘ which was equal to his.

“ Let us firſt ſee what you would “ have me do?” ſaid I to Mr. and Mrs. ‘ Durſan. “ My aunt has a very great “ affection for me; and you may depend “ upon the aſcendant this will give me “ over her. I muſt repeat it again, “ that the will ſhe has made in my fa- “ vour ſhall ſtand for nothing; and “ I will tell her ſo, whenever you “ pleaſe. But we muſt take ſome “ meaſures ere you appear before her,” ‘ added I, addreſſing myſelf to the fa- ‘ ther. “ Do not you think it pro- “ per,” ſaid the lady who brought me ‘ here, “ that I ſhould prepare her to “ receive her ſon, and let her know “ that he is here?”—“ No,” returned ‘ I, in a penſive tone; “ I know ſhe is “ inflexible with regard to Mr. Dur- “ ſan; and therefore that cannot be “ the way to ſucceed.”—“ Alas, “ Miſs!” cried the old gentleman, “ it would be only granting a pardon “ to a dying man: I ſhall ſoon be no “ more. It is not for myſelf that I “ implore her mercy; it is for my “ wife; it is for my ſon; whom I “ ſhall leave in the moſt wretched in- “ digence!”—“ Why do you talk of “ indigence! Pray baniſh this thought

" from your mind," replied I; " you " do not do me juſtice. I have al- " ready told you, and now repeat it " again, that I will withold from them " nothing that is yours; and, from " this moment, your condition ceaſes " to depend on the ſucceſs of your re- " conciliation with my aunt; unleſs, " upon my refuſing to be her heir, ſhe " ſhould make a new will in favour of " another; which I cannot ſee the " leaſt probability of. But hold! I " have a thought juſt come into my " mind. Your mother wants a cham- " bermaid: ſhe has loſt one whom, " doubtleſs, you have known; it is " poor Le Fevre! Let us make uſe of " this conjuncture, and endeavour to " put Mrs. Durſan in her place.—It " is you, Madam," ſaid I to the other ' lady, " that muſt preſent her to my " aunt, and give her a character; you " muſt anſwer for her affection to her, " and boldly affirm of her all the ad- " vantageous things that can be ſaid " on an occaſion of this nature. This " lady is amiable; the engaging ſweet- " neſs of her countenance will give a " ſanction to all you ſhall ſay of her; " and her conduct will compleatly " juſtify your encomiums. My aunt " will ſoon love her, and thank you " for having given her ſuch a treaſure; " and ſhe will no longer be able to " reſiſt, when, in ſome happy moment, " ſhe will give us an opportunity to " diſcover the cheat. Beſides, no wo- " man ought to bluſh at ſerving an " offended mother-in-law, when it is " only a ſtratagem to diſarm her re- " ſentment."

' I had no ſooner made this propoſal, ' than they all let me know they ap- ' proved of it, by thanking me anew, ' and ſaying they were ſurprized at my ' generoſity, zeal, and good-will, to ' them. " To-morrow morning," ſaid ' the lady, who was both their friend ' and mine, " I will introduce Mrs. " Durſan to her mother-in-law: ſhe " aſked me to-day if I knew of a diſ- " creet, ſenſible perſon, that might ſup- " ply Le Fevre's place. I promiſed I " would look out for one—and I now " hire you for her," added ſhe, ſmil- ' ing, to Mrs. Durſan, who was de- ' lighted with my contrivance. We ' then heard ſome ſervants at a ſmall ' diſtance; when, for fear of a diſco- ' very, we agreed to part; and Mrs. ' Du Frainville (that was the lady's ' name who brought me hither) and I ' retired accordingly, and went to the ' end of the avenue to her coach; in ' which ſhe waited to take my couſins ' to her houſe, while I returned home. ' The next morning, about ten o'clock, ' Mrs. Du Frainville came to ſee us ' again, and entered my aunt's room ' almoſt as ſoon as I; when, after a ' little converſation—" At laſt, Ma- " dam," ſaid that lady, " you have " got another chambermaid; and, I " aſſure you, ſhe is a very extraordinary " one. Was it not for you, I would " turn away mine, and keep her for " myſelf: and I muſt needs love you " very much to give you the prefe- " rence. She is a careful, ingenious, " affectionate, and virtuous woman; " and, in ſhort, I hardly think it poſ- " ſible for you to find her equal."— " Indeed!" cried my aunt, with ſome ' ſurprize. " Pray, what ſervice is ſhe " leaving? How could any body part " with ſuch an excellent ſervant? Is " her miſtreſs dead?"—" That is the " caſe," returned Mrs. Du Frainville, ' who had foreſeen the queſtion; " her " lady died a few days ago, with whom " ſhe lived many years; beſides, ſhe " belongs to a very worthy family, " for whom I have a great eſteem."— " Well, Madam, when will you ſend " her to me?" ſaid my aunt. " This " minute," replied Mrs. Du Frain- ' ville; " I left her but on the terrace " of your garden. How great ſoever " her merit and good ſenſe is, I was " not willing that ſhe ſhould be pre- " ſent to hear the encomiums I have " given her. She does not know her " worth ſo well as I do; nor is it ne- " ceſſary that ſhe ſhould: you need " only ſend one of your ſervants for " her."—" No, no!" ſaid I; " I will " go myſelf:" and went immediately. ' I fancied ſhe muſt be uneaſy, and ' that ſhe ſtood in need of encourage- ' ment. " Come, Madam," cried I, ' as I came up to her, " you are ac- " cepted; my aunt admits you into " your own houſe; though ſhe thinks " ſhe only receives you into hers."— " Alas, Miſs! I tremble all over; and " am afraid of ſhewing myſelf in the " confuſion I am in," replied ſhe, in ' a tone which was but too great a ' proof of what ſhe ſaid. " Pray, why " do you tremble?" ſaid I to her.

" Is

" Is it becauſe you are going to ap-
" pear before one of the beſt women
" in the world, to whom you will ſoon
" be very dear, and who, perhaps, in a
" fortnight's time, may tenderly em-
" brace you, and thank you for this
" deceit you put upon her? Come,
" Madam, you have no reaſon to be
" troubled; what have you to fear?
" You are ſure of Mrs. Du Frain-
" ville; and, I hope, of me too."—
" Of you, Miſs!" returned ſhe; " you
" make me bluſh. Who ſhould I de-
" pend upon, if not on you? Come,
" I am ready to follow you; my con-
" fuſion is almoſt diſſipated." On
' this we went into the room ſhe had
' been ſo much afraid of: however, in
' ſpite of all her courage, ſhe appeared
' with an exceſſive timorouſneſs; but
' which, joined to her amiable and
' modeſt countenance, was only to her
' an additional charm. For my part,
' I ſmiled with an air of ſatisfaction,
' in order to excite the ſame diſpoſition
' in my aunt, who looked at me to ſee
' if I liked her. " You are to ſtay
" here, Mrs. Brunon," ſaid Mrs. Du
' Frainville; " this lady accepts of
" you: and I cannot give you a greater
" proof of my friendſhip than in plac-
" ing you with her. I have aſſured her
" that ſhe will be well ſatisfied with
" you; and am not afraid of having
" impoſed upon her."—" I dare not
" anſwer for any thing but my zeal
" and utmoſt endeavours to pleaſe the
" lady," replied the fictitious Brunon,
' with a moſt engaging air. My aunt
' ſeemed at once prejudiced in her fa-
' vour. " I believe," ſaid ſhe to Mrs.
' Du Frainville, " I may thank you
" before-hand for my chambermaid;
" and I am much miſtaken if I ſhall
" not end my life with her. I ſhall
" make no agreement with you, Bru-
" non," added ſhe: " you may truſt
" to my generoſity; and, I am per-
" ſuaded, we ſhall be well ſatisfied
" with each other. You are to lie in
" a room adjoining to mine; and I
" will order one of my women to ſhew
" it you."—" No, no, aunt!" ſaid I,
' as ſhe was going to ring the bell;
" you need not call any body; I am
" going to my room, and will ſhew
" her hers." As I left my aunt, we
' heard her ſay to Mrs. Du Frain-
' ville—" This woman has been as
" beautiful as an angel!" At this I
' looked at Brunon—" Do not you
" think," ſaid I, ſmiling, " this ſhort
" diſcourſe is a pretty good omen?
" Her ſon is half juſtified already."—
" Yes, Miſs!" replied ſhe, ſqueezing
' my hand: " it is a good beginning;
" and Heaven ſeems to bleſs the part
" you have made me take." We ſtaid
' ſome time together; for I went out
' of the room to acquaint her with a
' great many minute things; which I
' deſired her not to neglect, and which
' I knew would exceedingly pleaſe my
' aunt. She liſtened to me, quite tran-
' ſported with gratitude; and it was
' impoſſible to expreſs a more lively
' ſenſe of an obligation than ſhe then
' did: her heart ſeemed every minute
' to ſwell with new tranſports of joy;
' which ſhe always concluded with
' the moſt affectionate careſſes. In a
' week's time, my aunt ſeemed perfect-
' ly charmed with her behaviour; and
' let me know that, if ſhe continued
' the ſame, ſhe would be very bounti-
' ful to her; which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe knew
' I would not be ſorry for. " I en-
" treat you to be ſo," ſaid I: " you
" have a mind too good, too generous,
" not to recompenſe her zeal and at-
" tachment to you; for I can ſee ſhe
" loves you; and her ſervice is ac-
" companied with a ſincere tenderneſs
" for your perſon." —" Thou art in
" the right," returned ſhe; " I think
" ſo too: but I wonder that her virtue
" and beauty did not, when ſhe was
" young, turn the brains of ſome
" young gentleman, and force him to
" marry her; for ſhe has actually one
" of thoſe miſchievous faces which are
" apt to cauſe the utmoſt diſturbance
" in a family!"—" It is true, Ma-
" dam," replied I; " ſhe muſt cer-
" tainly have ſpent her life in a very
" obſcure retirement; and, I fancy,
" my couſin Durſan muſt have had the
" misfortune to meet with juſt ſuch a
" perſon," added I, with a ſimple, un-
' deſigning air: " but in the country
" where Brunon lived, a girl, though
" ever ſo charming, is buried alive."
' My aunt ſhrugged up her ſhoulders
' at this diſcourſe, and made me no
' anſwer. I had ſeen Mr. Durſan and
' his ſon ſeveral times in the wood, as
' before; but the laſt time I found the
' father ſo ſick, with ſuch a livid and
' bloated countenance, and with eyes
' ſo dead, that I immediately thought

' he

'he would not be able to return; and 'I was not deceived. "Dear couſin," 'ſaid he to me, "I find myſelf dying. "Mrs. Du Frainville, ſince I have "been at her houſe, has procured me "a phyſician, and all the aſſiſtance "that lay in her power: but it was "too late; my illneſs has increaſed "ever ſince; therefore I came to-day, "for the laſt time, to recommend to "you the intereſt of my unfortunate "family." I endeavoured to comfort 'him, by giving him freſh aſſurances 'of my zeal and affection, and by re-'lating the happy ſituation his affairs 'were in by his wife's having ſuch a 'ſhare of the old lady's eſteem and 'friendſhip; and therefore entreated 'him to be eaſy, becauſe his misfor-'tunes might poſſibly be over that 'very night. As I could not ſtay, he 'roſe up to teſtify his thankfulneſs, 'and bid me adieu: but whether the 'ſubject of our converſation had ex-'hauſted his ſpirits, or whether he was 'too much fatigued by walking from 'Mrs. Du Frainville's coach to that 'part of the wood, he was ſeized with 'a ſtoppage of his breath, and fell 'down again upon the place where he 'had ſat, and where we thought he 'would have expired.

'His wife, who was coming to us, 'heard the cries of her ſon, and ran 'to aſſiſt him; whilſt I trembled to 'ſuch a degree, that I could hardly 'ſupport myſelf. As I had a ſmelling-'bottle in my pocket, I pulled it out, 'and held it to his noſe. At laſt, he 'came a little to himſelf; but it was 'impoſſible for him to walk to the 'coach, or endure the jolting of it 'from thence to Mrs. Du Frainville's. 'His wife and ſon, both as pale as 'death, looked at me with counte-'nances which expreſſed the diſtrac-'tion of their minds, and aſked me 'what they ſhould do. "There is "no time to heſitate," cried I: "he "can be carried no where but to the "caſtle; and, while my aunt is with "Mrs. Du Frainville, I will fetch "ſomebody to convey him thither."— "To the caſtle!" cried his wife. "Oh, "Miſs! then we are ruined!"—"No," 'ſaid I; "do not diſturb yourſelf; "we have nothing to fear; I will take "every thing upon myſelf." I then 'ran to the houſe, and brought two 'men, who carried him into a little 'apartment on the ground-floor; where 'I ordered him to be put to bed, fully 'perſuaded that he had not long to 'live: and, therefore, as it was al-'moſt impoſſible to procure him either 'a phyſician or confeſſor unknown to 'Mrs. Durſan; and as I was afraid, 'on the other hand, he would die with-'out ſeeing her; I concluded that I 'muſt begin by acquainting her that 'there was a ſick perſon in the houſe. "Brunon," ſaid I, abruptly, to Mrs. 'Durſan, "do not leave the gentle-"man.—But as for you," ſaid I to 'the ſervants, "you may retire.—And, "pray, Sir," added I, addreſſing my-'ſelf to young Mr. Durſan, "be ſo "good as to come with me to my "aunt." He followed me with the 'tears in his eyes; and in the way I 'acquainted him with what I was go-'ing to ſay. We found Mrs. Du 'Frainville taking leave of my aunt; 'and they were both in the utmoſt 'ſurprize to ſee us enter the room to-'gether. "This gentleman's father," 'ſaid I to my aunt, "is in the apart-"ment below, where I have ordered "him to be put to-bed. He came "with his ſon to thank you for the "offers of ſervice you have made him; "but the fatigue of the way, together "with a violent illneſs he has been in "for ſeveral months, had ſo exhauſted "his ſpirits, that we feared he would "die in the court: I ran to his aſſiſ-"tance, and have put him in that "room, where I left him with Bru-"non; and really, Madam, he is ſo "ill that I fear he will not live till "night."—"Dear Sir," cried Mrs. 'Du Frainville, "is your father ſo ill "as that? I am extremely ſorry to "hear it." She thought fit to imitate 'my diſcretion in concealing his name. "Oh, Madam!" added ſhe, addreſſing 'herſelf to Mrs. Durſan, "I am af-"flicted at this melancholy news!"— "You know him, then, Madam?" 'cried my aunt. "Yes, I know him "and all his family; he is related, on "his mother's ſide, to the beſt families "in this country: he came to ſee me, "ſome days ago, with his wife and "ſon, when I offered them my houſe; "and am even putting an end to the "unhappy affair which brought him "hither. He has a dropſy, Madam; "and is, beſides, overwhelmed with "grief: and I implore all your good-

"neſs

" neſs in his behalf. You can never " beſtow your favours better, nor on " an object who has a greater claim to " them. Permit me to leave you; for " I muſt ſee him."—" Do, Madam," ' returned my aunt; " let us all go to- " gether: my niece ſhall lend me her " arm."

' I did not think it proper that ſhe ' ſhould ſee him yet; and conſidered ' that, by deferring it a little longer, ' chance might preſent us with ſome ' more intereſting circumſtances, in ' which there might be leſs danger of ' ſucceſs; for I feared ſo much preci- ' pitation might ſpoil our ſcheme with ' a perſon of my aunt's penetration and ' inflexible temper, and give our pro- ' ceedings too much the air of a plot: ' for ſhe might have conſidered her ſon's ' illneſs, if he recovered, as a mere ' farce contrived to ſoften and work ' upon her; whereas a little delay might ' remove every ſuſpicion of that kind. ' I had ordered a phyſician and prieſt to ' be ſent for; and, as I did not doubt but ' Mr. Durſan would receive the eucha- ' riſt, I deſigned to introduce her in the ' midſt of that awful ceremony; a mo- ' ment that appeared much more likely ' to enſure ſucceſs than the preſent. I ' therefore perſuaded her to ſtay a little ' longer, and told her I would take ' care that nothing ſhould be wanting ' which might be of ſervice to Mrs. ' Du Frainville's friend; and, in the ' mean time, would let her know how ' he did, and when he would be in a ' condition to ſpeak to her. Mrs. Du ' Frainville, who regulated her conduct ' by mine, was of the ſame opinion. ' Young Mr. Durſan joined with us, ' and begged of her not to leave the ' room; ſo that ſhe let us go, after ' having ſaid ſome obliging things to ' this young gentleman, who, as he left ' her, kiſſed her hand in a moſt tender ' and reſpectful manner; an action ' that ſeemed to make ſome impreſſion ' upon her. We found poor Brunon ' bathed in tears; and the phyſician, ' who had juſt come with the prieſt, aſ- ' ſured us he had but a few hours to ' live. After confeſſion, the prieſt told ' us that he deſired him to entreat Mrs. ' Durſan to come to him before he re- ' ceived the euchariſt. "Are you deſir- ' ed, Sir," ſaid I, "to tell my aunt who " he is?"—" No, Miſs," ſaid he, " my " commiſſion extends no farther than " to deſire her to come to him." The ' patient then called me with a weak ' voice, and I went to him. " Dear " couſin," ſaid he, " I beg that you " and Mrs. Du Frainville will ſecond " this gentleman's entreaties."—"We " will, Sir," ſaid I; " and I think it " would be proper that your wife, for " whom ſhe has a peculiar friendſhip, " ſhould accompany us, while your " ſon ſtays here with you." We then ' went to the old lady: " Madam," ' ſaid the prieſt with a moſt ſerious air, " I am come to tell you, that the poor " gentleman below deſires to ſee you " before he dies, that he may thank " you for your kindneſs to him, and " acquaint you with ſomething that is " of importance to you."—" Of im- " portance to me!" replied ſhe with ' ſome ſurprize: " what can he have " to ſay to me, that I am concerned " in?"—" You have, he ſays, a ſon," ' returned the prieſt, " whom he knew " before he arrived in this country; " and it is of that ſon he is deſirous of " ſpeaking to you."—" Of my ſon! " Ah, Sir!" cried ſhe, after a deep ' ſigh, " deſire him not to trouble me " with any thing on that ſubject. Tell " him that I am extremely ſorry for the " condition he is in; that in caſe God " ſhould take him to himſelf, there is " no ſervice which his wife and ſon " may not expect from me. I have " never, indeed, ſeen her; but if ſhe " has not been informed of the condi- " tion he is in, he need only ſay where " ſhe is, and I will immediately ſend " my coach for her: and if the ſick " gentleman thinks he owes me any " acknowledgment, the only teſtimony " I deſire of it is, to be diſpenſed from " knowing what that unhappy wretch " who calls me his mother, has deſired " him to communicate to me. How- " ever, if it is abſolutely neceſſary I " ſhould know it, he may be ſatisfied " with telling it you, Sir."—" It may " be a ſecret proper to be revealed to " none but you, Madam," replied the ' eccleſiaſtick; " and which you would " be ſorry to have entruſted to another. " Conſider, Madam, that the perſon " who ſends me is a dying man; he may " have eſſential reaſons for ſpeaking " to none but you; and it would be " very cruel, Madam, to refuſe to " hearken to his entreaties in the " condition he is in."—" No, Sir,"

' returned

'returned she, "the promise he may "have made my son, to reveal his se- "cret to none but me, does not oblige "me to hear it: however, I consent he "should acquaint you with it; and if "I am imprudent in this, I will ac- "cuse nobody but myself."—"Pray, "aunt," said I then, "let me beg of "you to surmount this reluctance: "the unknown gentleman, who fore- "saw it, begged Mrs. Du Frainville "and me to second this gentleman's en- "treaties."—"Yes, Madam," rejoin- 'ed Mrs. Du Frainville, "I promised "him to bring you down to him; be- "cause he assured me that you would "infallibly reproach yourself, if you "refused to hear him."—"How can "you teaze me so?" cried the old lady 'with much emotion: "what can "he have to say to me?—What is the "matter, Brunon?" added she, cast- 'ing her eyes upon her: "what "makes you weep?"—"It is because "she knows the sick gentleman," re- 'turned I; "and is concerned to see "him dying."—"What! do you "know him too!" replied my aunt. "Yes, Madam," returned she; "he "has relations for whom I shall ever "have sentiments of tenderness and "respect: and I would name them to "you, if he did not desire to be un- "known."—"I do not desire to know "what he would conceal," replied my 'aunt; "but since you know who he "is, and that he says he has been ac- "quainted with my son, have you "never seen them together?"—"Yes, "Madam, I own I have;" said she, "I have even known his son from his "most tender years."—"His son!" 'returned she; "has he then children?" —"I think he has but one, Madam," 'Brunon replied. "Oh, that he had "never been born!" cried my aunt; "what will become of him?—You "pierce my heart, Brunon: but speak; "hide nothing from me; you are bet- "ter informed than you would seem to "be. Where is his father now? What "situation was he in when you left "him?"—"He was miserable, Ma- "dam," replied Brunon, casting down 'her eyes with a melancholy air. "He "was miserable, you say; say rather "he would be so," returned she. But "tell me all; is he a widower?"— "No, Madam," said she, with a con- 'fusion which was observed by none 'but us who knew her. "I have seen "them all three; but in such a condi- "tion as, had you seen them, would "certainly have disarmed your indig- "nation."—"I have heard enough," 'said my aunt with a deep sigh: "what "a marriage! She is then with him; "that woman whom the wretch chose "for his wife, and who is a dishonour "to him!" Here the fictitious Brunon 'blushed, which gave us a very sensi- 'ble pain; but she presently recovered 'herself, and replied with a sweet and 'composed air—"I could engage your "esteem for her, if you could only "pardon her want of birth and for- "tune. She is virtuous, Madam; all "who know her will tell you so. Her "virtue alone, it is true, could not en- "title her to the honour of being Mrs. "Dursan; but I myself must be great- "ly miserable, if virtue is not suffi- "cient to prevent our being despica- "ble."—"How can you talk so, Bru- "non," returned she: "if she was like "you indeed—!"

'At this I perceived Brunon trem- 'bled, and looked at me to know what 'she should do; but while I was deli- 'berating with myself, my aunt arose 'suddenly to go down with us, and 'prevented this favourable opportunity 'of bringing on the intended reconci- 'liation; and was so quick, that the 'opportunity was even lost when Bru- 'non cast her eyes upon me; and there- 'fore I thought it better to delay it a 'little longer. Such critical moments 'as these ought to be laid hold of; and 'this I saw we had let slip. However, 'we went down, not one of us having 'the courage to utter a word. As for 'me, I felt a palpitation at my heart; 'and I began to be uneasy on my aunt's 'account; for I feared we were going 'to expose her to more than she could 'bear: but the blow she was going to 'receive was my own work, and there- 'fore I could not go back. At last we 'got to the sick gentleman's apartment: 'my aunt sighed as she entered the 'room; Brunon had a mortal paleness; 'my knees smote each other; and Mrs. 'Du Frainville followed us in an un- 'easy and mournful silence. The con- 'fessor entered the room first, and went 'to the patient, whom they had raised 'up a little in his bed. His son, who 'was weeping by him, retired a little: 'it began to grow duskish; the bed

'was

'was placed in the darkeſt part of the 'room, and the curtains were drawn on 'that ſide next the light. "Sir," ſaid 'the eccleſiaſtick to the poor dying 'man, "I bring you Mrs. Durſan, "whom you deſired to ſee before you "received the euchariſt: here ſhe is." 'The ſon then lifted up his weak and 'trembling hand, and endeavoured to 'pull off his cap; but my aunt, who 'had juſt come up to him, reached out 'her hand to prevent him. "No, Sir! "no!" ſaid ſhe; "pray remain as you "are: you are but too well entitled "to diſpenſe with ceremonies." We 'then placed her in an elbow-chair at 'his bed's head, and ſtood by her. "You deſired, Sir, to ſpeak with me; "would you have the company retire?" 'ſaid ſhe, rather liſtening than looking 'at him. Here he fetched a deep ſigh; 'and, as her arm was reſting upon the 'bed, he reached his hand to her's, 'took hold of it, and, in her ſurprize, 'had time to preſs it to his lips, and 'imprint upon it kiſſes intermingled 'with ſome ſighs, which were half 'ſtifled by his weakneſs and difficulty 'of breathing. At this action the 'mother appeared troubled; ſeemed 'to have a confuſed idea of the truth; 'and looked at him with attention and 'ſurprize. "What are you doing," 'ſaid ſhe, in a voice which her aſtoniſh-'ment rendered louder than uſual; "who are you, Sir?"—"Your victim, "mother!" returned he, in the tone of 'one juſt ready to expire. "My ſon! "Oh, unhappy Durſan! I know thee "again; but this knowledge is enough "to make me die with grief," cried 'ſhe, falling back in her chair, where 'ſhe turned pale, and continued mo-'tionleſs, as if ſhe had fainted away; 'but, however, ſhe did not, though ſhe 'was not well. Our cries, together 'with the aſſiſtance we gave her, in-'ſenſibly raiſing her ſpirits—"What "a ſurprize, Terviere," cried ſhe, after 'ſome ſighs, "haſt thou expoſed me "to!"—"Alas, aunt!" replied I, "ſhould I have deprived you of the "pleaſure of pardoning your dying "ſon? Has not this young man, too, a "claim to a place in your heart? Is "not he worthy of being loved; and "could we deprive him of your ten-"derneſs," added I, ſhewing her her 'grandſon, who immediately threw 'himſelf at her feet. The tender, and 'already conquered, grandmother, held 'out one of her hands, which he kiſſed 'with tears of joy; and we all wept 'with him. Mrs. Durſan, who was 'ſtill only Brunon, the prieſt himſelf, 'Mrs. Du Frainville, and I, all con-'tributed to the ſoftening my dear 'aunt, who was in tears herſelf, and 'ſaw nothing about her but tears, 'which thanked her for ſuffering her-'ſelf to be touched. But, however, 'all was not done yet; we were ſtill 'to ſoften her in favour of Brunon, 'who was on her knees behind young 'Durſan; and who, notwithſtanding 'the ſigns I made to her, durſt not ad-'vance, leſt ſhe ſhould injure her huſ-'band and ſon, by being an obſtacle 'to their reconciliation; and, indeed, 'we had hitherto only recalled the ten-'derneſs of an offended mother: but 'now ſhe was to triumph over her 'hatred and contempt for a ſtranger, 'whom ſhe loved indeed, but without 'knowing her, and under another 'name. Meanwhile, my aunt conti-'nually looked upon young Durſan 'with complacency, without taking 'from him her hand, which he ſtill 'held in his, "Ariſe, my child!" 'ſaid ſhe at laſt, "I have nothing to "reproach thee with. Alas! how can "I reſiſt thee, when I could not hold "out againſt thy father!" Here the 'careſſes of this young man, and our 'tears, redoubled. "Son," ſaid ſhe, 'then addreſſing herſelf to the ſick gen-'tleman, "is there no remedy to be "had for you? Let us ſend every "where for help; we have phyſicians "in the next town, let them be ſent "for immediately."—"But, aunt," 'ſaid I, "you ſtill forget one perſon 'who is dear to your children; for 'whom we all intereſt ourſelves, and 'who begs to be permitted to appear 'before you. "I underſtand thee," 'ſaid ſhe: "well, I forgive her. But "I am old, I cannot live long; and "may therefore be diſpenſed with from "ſeeing her."—"That is impoſſible, "Madam," returned I: "you have "already ſeen her; you know her; "Brunon is a witneſs you do."—"I "know her!" cried ſhe; "and Bru-"non ſays that I do! Oh, where is "ſhe?"—"At your feet," replied 'young Mr. Durſan. My aunt, im-'moveable at this new ſpectacle, ſat 'ſome time without pronouncing a

'word; and then, holding out her 'hand to her amiable daughter— "Come, then, Brunon," said she, em- 'bracing her; "come, I will pay you 'for your service: you said I knew her; "why did you not say I loved her too." 'Brunon, who from henceforward I 'shall call Mrs. Dursan, appeared so 'sensible of my aunt's goodness, that 'she seemed almost out of her senses; 'she embraced her son; she loaded Mrs. 'Du Frainville and I with caresses: she 'then ran to her husband, and fell on 'his neck; entreated him to take cou- 'rage; when he, though almost expir- 'ing, asked for his mother, who em- 'braced him in her turn, extremely 'sorry to see him so ill. However, he 'every moment grew weaker; and 'therefore pressed the ecclesiastick to 'conclude the rest of his office: but 'as, after what had passed, he wanted 'some time for recollection, we thought 'it proper to retire: and my aunt, un- 'able to support such violent emotions, 'desired to be put to bed, when her 'ordinary indispositions increased to 'such a degree, that she could not rise 'to see her son again, who expired 'about ten at night. From this time, 'she fell into a deep melancholy; and 'was so extremely dejected, that I sin- 'cerely pitied her: and this was fol- 'lowed by a fever, which never left her. 'I need not mention Mrs. Dursan's 'concern for the loss of her husband, 'nor that of the son for being deprived 'of a father. The will whereby Mr. 'Dursan was disinherited was not yet 'revoked; and, perhaps, they might be 'apprehensive that my aunt would die 'before she had made another: though 'it would not have been my fault; for 'I had already pressed her several times 'to do it; but she always put me off 'till the next day. At last she desired 'Mrs. Du Frainville and I to leave her 'alone, and presently after sent for us 'in again; and ordered Mrs. Dursan 'and her son to be called; when she 'gave a paper sealed up to Mrs. Dur- 'san. "This," said she, "is the "will I made in favour of my niece. "My intention, since the death of my "son, was to cancel it; and she has "herself been continually soliciting me "to it: and I now leave it in your hands, "that you may be convinced I had left "her all my estate." Then taking 'another paper, she delivered it, sealed 'up, to Mrs. Du Frainville. "This," 'said she, "is my last will; and I desire "this lady to take it under her care: and "though I do not doubt but you will be "well satisfied with it, and readily ful- "fil the small dispositions you will find "in it, I think it proper to recommend "them to you, and let you know that "they are what are of the highest con- "cern to me; the sincere desire of my "heart; and that you cannot give me a "greater proof of your gratitude, nor "better honour my memory, than by "faithfully executing what I here re- "quire of you. And to excite you the "more readily to comply with it, I "must desire you to reflect, that all the "advantages you now receive are so "many obligations for which you are "indebted to my niece."

'She stopped here, and desired us to 'leave her to her rest; and six days af- 'ter this expired. You will easily con- 'ceive that my grief must be excessive: 'Mrs. Dursan used her utmost endea- 'vours to comfort me, though I was 'very little affected by what she could 'say, because she did not seem to be 'sufficiently concerned herself; but her 'son succeeded better: he had, in my 'opinion, a more real sadness, and, at 'least, regretted the loss of his father 'with all his heart; and, indeed, never 'mentioned my aunt, but with expres- 'sions of the most tender gratitude; 'without thinking, as his mother did, 'of that splendor to which they were 'raised: however, he entered sincerely 'into my affliction, and this might 'make me judge more favourably of 'the rest. Mrs. Du Frainville came 'again to the castle two days after my 'aunt's decease, with the sealed papers, 'which were opened in the presence of 'several witnesses, with all the forms 'that were judged necessary. My aunt, 'by this writing, restored her grandson 'to all the rights his father had for- 'feited by his marriage; but it was 'on condition that he should marry me; 'for, in case he should marry another, 'or that he was not agreeable to me, 'he should be obliged to give me the 'third part of all his estates and ef- 'fects. That the affair of our mar- 'riage, however, should be concluded 'in a year, from the day that the will 'was opened; and that I should re- 'ceive three thousand livres, till our 'nuptials were consummated, or I had

'taken

'taken poſſeſſion of a third part of his 'eſtate. "All theſe conditions," ſaid 'he, while this article was reading, "are ſuperfluous; I will have nothing "without my couſin." At this I caſt 'down my eyes, and bluſhed with con-'fuſion and pleaſure, without making 'him any reply. "Stay, ſon, till the "whole is read," cried Mrs. Durſan, 'in a tone rough and haſty enough; 'which neither Mrs. Du Frainville 'nor I could help taking notice of. "I ſhould have been aſhamed to have "been ſilent," replied he in a mild tone; 'and then they read on. The rudeneſs 'with which Mrs. Durſan treated her 'ſon, probably proceeded from her be-'ing acquainted with the meanneſs of 'my circumſtances; for he was now 'qualified to aſpire to one of the moſt 'ſplendid rank and fortune. However, 'ſome days after, ſhe could not forbear 'telling Mrs. Du Frainville, that I 'had great reaſon to regret the loſs of 'an aunt, who had been ſo prodigi-'ouſly bountiful to me. "What do "you mean by bountiful?" replied 'that lady, who was ſhocked at her 'ungrateful manner of ſpeaking of me: "you ought not to forget that you "would have had nothing, had it not "been for her diſintereſted and gene-"rous induſtry. Pray, do not look up-"on her as a girl who has nothing; "for your ſon, in marrying her, will "poſſeſs the heir of all his eſtate. "Thus he thinks of it himſelf; and "you, Madam, cannot think other-"wiſe, without being guilty of an in-"gratitude, of which I do not believe "you capable."—"As to their mar-"riage," replied Mrs. Durſan with a ſmile, "my ſon is yet ſo young, that "it will be time enough to think of "that ſome years hence."—"As you "pleaſe, Madam," returned Mrs. Du 'Frainville, who would not condeſcend 'to make her a formal anſwer, and who 'immediately left her with ſo much 'coolneſs, that Mrs. Durſan made 'it a pretence for ſeeing her no more.

'What a falſe idea had we formed 'of this woman! Not ſatisfied with de-'ferring our marriage, ſhe conſulted 'the moſt able lawyers, to know if it 'was not poſſible to ſet aſide my aunt's 'will, and deprive me of all that ſhe 'was ſo good as to leave me. This 'Mrs. Du Frainville acquainted me 'with: but young Durſan durſt not 'take notice of it to me, though it 'threw him into the utmoſt deſpair. 'He then loved me beyond expreſſion; 'nor did I diſſemble my tenderneſs for 'him; and the worſe his mother uſed 'me, the dearer he appeared to me, 'whom I thought ſo different from 'her: thus my heart recompenſed him 'for not reſembling his mother. But 'how ungrateful ſoever ſhe was, ſhe 'had a prodigious aſcendant over him, 'ſo that he had not the courage to 'ſpeak to her as he ought to have done: 'but his mother's ingratitude extend-'ed farther than endeavouring to de-'prive me of the third part of the 'eſtate; ſhe even reſolved to drive me 'from her houſe, in hopes that her ſon, 'ceaſing to ſee me, would overcome his 'tenderneſs, and conſequently be more 'eaſily brought to comply with her de-'ſires. "Miſs," ſaid ſhe one day, "how comes it that Mrs. Du Frain-"ville is ſtill your friend, though ſhe "is no longer mine?"—"I muſt aſk "you that, Madam," returned I; "you know, better than I, what has "paſſed between you."—"Better "than you!" cried ſhe, ſmiling, with 'an ironical air. "You have a mind "to be a little pleaſant: ſhe would "have been more tractable, if you "would have been ſo; the marriage is "not in ſo great a hurry."—"It is "not I that would have it ſo," ſaid I; "but ſhe does not think you ought to "defer it, if I conſent to it."—"How, "Miſs! You have a mind to quar-"rel with me, too," cried ſhe, leaving 'me. "Do you reproach us already "for the ſervice you have done us? "Truly, ſo promiſing a temper a-"larms me for my ſon."—"I have "known Brunon do me more juſtice," 'cried I as ſhe went off. But from 'this moment we ſeldom ſpoke to each 'other; and her repeated affronts made 'her ſo intolerable to me, that three 'months after my aunt's deceaſe I was 'obliged to leave the caſtle, notwith-'ſtanding the ſorrow of her ſon, whom 'I left ſick with grief, and at variance 'with her. I could neither ſee nor 'acquaint him with the day of my go-'ing, his mother alledging ſo many 'unaccountable reaſons for not con-'ſenting to it. When the time was 'come which I had fixed upon for my 'departure, ſhe told me ſhe could not 'comprehend why I ſhould deſire to

'leave her; and that her son, who was 'in a fever, would be unable to sup- 'port such a painful separation. So 'much deceit gave me such a disgust 'to her, that I gave her no answer, but 'stepped directly into the chaise Mrs. 'Du Frainville had sent for me. I 'will not mention the rage that lady 'was in at the recital I made her of 'the ill-treatment I had been exposed 'to at the castle. I had wrote twice 'to my mother, after my aunt's de- 'cease, but had received no answer; 'and had not heard the least news of 'her for several years past; and this 'gave me very great uneasiness. I saw 'myself sure of nothing. "What "will become of me," thought I, "if Mrs. Dursan should gain her de- "sign, and have my aunt's will de- "clared void?" Nor could I abuse 'Mrs. Du Frainville's goodness, who 'kindly offered me a retreat: so that I 'could only have recourse to my mo- 'ther; and, as one of Mrs. Du Frain- 'ville's friends was going to Paris, I 'was willing to take the advantage of 'her company; which I did a fortnight 'or three weeks after my leaving the 'castle. The day before that of our 'departure, Mrs. Dursan came to see 'me; paid me what was due of my 'pension; and desired, if I should want 'any more money, I would let her 'know it, and she would remit to me 'whatever sum I had occasion for. 'This discourse was attended with the 'strongest protestations of affection; 'which, indeed, had but one fault; 'their being too polite: I had thought 'them less insincere, had she spoke with 'more simplicity and freedom; for a 'genuine good heart, and a sincere 'friendship, are strangers to compli- 'ments. Her son still continued sick; 'and as I had no hopes of seeing him 'before I set out, I left a letter for 'him, which Mrs. Du Frainville pro- 'mised to deliver into his own hands.

'My companion and I travelled, with 'several passengers, in a stage-coach. 'When we were at an inn, about 'twenty leagues from Paris, we took 'up a lady of a genteel appearance; 'she was tall, and seemed near fifty 'years old; she appeared as if she had 'just recovered from a fit of illness: 'but, notwithstanding her paleness, 'her features seemed formed with an 'admirable delicacy, and had some- 'thing in them that shewed she was a 'lady of quality; for her person had 'that natural air of superiority which 'does not proceed from pride, but 'from being accustomed to the regards 'and respect of those of the most ex- 'alted stations. Scarce had we got 'half a league from the inn, when the 'motion of the coach disordered our 'new companion, on which we pro- 'posed to stop; but she would not con- 'sent to it, and said that she was only 'a little sick, and it would soon be 'over. As I filled one of the best 'places, I pressed her to change seats 'with me, in a manner as sincere as 'obliging: she appeared extremely 'touched at my entreaties; and refused 'me in such an engaging manner, that 'I could not forbear insisting upon her 'compliance with the greater eager- 'ness; but I could not prevail upon 'her. However, her indisposition soon 'went off. As she was placed near 'me, we frequently conversed toge- 'ther. Mrs. Darciere, my compa- 'nion, being pretty old, frequently 'called me her daughter when she 'spoke to me; and, upon this, the un- 'known lady thought she had been my 'mother; but I undeceived her, and 'told her I was going to Paris to my 'mother, whom I had not seen for a 'great while. "I wish I had been "that mother," said she, with a sweet 'and tender air, without enquiring any 'farther, or mentioning her own af- 'fairs. When we arrived at the place 'at which we were to dine, it being a 'fine day, I was desirous of taking a 'walk in the garden to refresh myself, 'by tasting the fresh air, as well as to 'recreate myself a little, being weary 'with sitting so long in the coach. 'When dinner was ready, I went to 'rejoin my fellow-travellers, but found 'the unknown lady was wanting to 'compleat our company; and, upon 'enquiry, was told by our landlord, 'that she desired to dine by herself in 'another room; on which I immedi- 'ately went to her, and found her go- 'ing to dinner, with a small slice of 'boiled meat, and a little soup, before 'her. I confess such a frugal meal 'surprized me; but I dissembled my 'astonishment. "How comes it, "Madam," said I, "that you leave "us, and that we are not honoured "with your company at dinner? We

"cannot

" cannot consent that you should de-
" sert us; but I am happily come in
" good time, for you have not touched
" any thing yet: you are sent for by
" the whole company; and not a soul
" of us will sit down to table till you
" come." As soon as she saw me, she
' rose up in a hurry, as if she would
' keep me from the sight of her dinner;
' on which I conformed myself to her
' behaviour, and advanced no farther.
" Pray, Miss," said she, " do not take
" any notice of me: I have been a
" great while sick, and must observe a
" particular regimen which is neces-
" sary for the recovery of my health,
" which I should never be able to do
" in company; and I am sure, Miss,
" you would be so far from persuad-
" ing me to expose myself to any dan-
" ger, that you would be the first to
" hinder me from it." I readily be-
' lieved what she said, but did not the
' less insist on her going with me. " I
" cannot consent to leave you thus
" alone, Madam," said I: " you may
" trust yourself to me, and we need
" only tell the people to join your din-
" ner to ours." On this I took hold
' of her arm, and obliged her to follow
' me, without knowing what to reply,
' notwithstanding her reluctance to ac-
' company me: when, stopping short,
' with an air of sadness—" Dear Miss,"
' cried she, in a melancholy tone, " how
" pleasing, but yet painful, is this
" obliging tenderness! Shall I be plain
" with you? I have been in the coun-
" try, where I intended to stay only a
" month for the recovery of my health;
" but, being taken ill of a fever, I
" have been obliged to stay much longer
" than I intended, and have but just
" money sufficient to carry me to Pa-
" ris, where I shall be to-morrow: this
" I tell you as a secret; and therefore I
" beg you will excuse me to the com-
" pany, on account of my ill state of
" health." However carelessly she af-
' fected to mention her want of mo-
' ney, I could not help being moved at
' what she said, and discovering, at the
' same time, that she wanted that tran-
' quillity in her countenance which she
' expressed in her words. " How, Ma-
" dam," said I, with a gay and lively
' frankness, and at the same time put-
' ting my purse into her hand, " shall
" I have the honour to be good for
" something to you? Make use of this
" money till you are at Paris, where
" you will get a supply; and pray do
" not punish us for your want of pre-
" caution." At this she sighed, and,
' in spite of herself, let fall some tears.
" You are too amiable," cried she,
' struggling with her embarrassment;
" your behaviour charms me, and
" heightens my friendship for you: but
" I must beg to be excused from tak-
" ing what you offer with such a good
" grace."—" If it is indifferent to you
" to stay here alone," returned I, with
' a mortified air, " it will not be so to
" me, to be deprived of your company:
" it is a favour I presumed to ask of
" you; but, indeed, do not deserve to
" obtain it."—" You not deserve to
" obtain it!" cried she. " Ah! how
" can one help admiring you? Well,
" Miss, what shall I take? Since you
" threaten me with believing that I do
" not love you, I will do what you
" desire, and follow you immediately."
' She then took one louis d'or: I in-
' sisted upon her taking two; and then
' we went up, rejoined our company,
' and ordered dinner to be brought in;
' which over, we stepped into the coach,
' and supped together in the same agree-
' able manner. The next day, when
' we were about a league from Paris,
' a coach met us; and an elderly gen-
' tleman in it asked if we had not Mrs.
' Darciere with us: this was a person
' she had wrote to, to desire him to meet
' us, and provide us with a convenient
' lodging. But, as we could not con-
' veniently get at our portmanteau and
' boxes, we chose not to alight till we
' came to the next village, about half a
' mile off, where the coachman told us
' he was to stop. While they were
' busy in taking our baggage out of the
' boot, the unknown lady took me aside
' to return the two louis d'ors I had
' forced her to borrow of me; but, as
' she was not yet at Paris, she could
' not prevail upon me to take them
' again; and I insisted that she should
' keep them to oblige her to tell me
' where she lived. " I should have
" been as ready to tell you that," re-
' turned she, " if you had taken your
" money again. My name is Dar-
" neuil;" (this was only the name of
' a small country-seat of hers) " and
" you may hear of me at the Marquis
" De Viry's, in St. Lewis's Street,
" who is one of my friends. Tell

" me,

"me, now, in your turn," added she, "where I shall find you?"—"Indeed, "Madam," said I, "I cannot tell "that; but I will let you know it to-"morrow." Here I heard Mrs. Darciere call me, and immediately went to her; when we both took our leave of Mrs. Darneuil; and I embraced her at parting with the greatest tenderness; and, in an hour's time, arrived at the house Mrs. Darciere's friend had provided for us.

'The next day, my companion and I went to find my mother, and set out in a coach to go to St. Honore's Street, opposite the Capuchin Friars, where I had been informed the marquis my father-in-law lived. Our coachman stopped at the abovementioned place, and asked if the Marchioness De *** was at home. "She "has been gone from hence these two "years," said a Swiss who came to the door: "after the marquis's death, "his son sold the house to my master, "who lives in it now."—"The mar-"quis dead!" cried I, with a mixture of trouble and surprize. I began to be in pain for my mother, which encreased upon a recollection that he said her son was married: and, in fine, this news struck me, as if it had been attended with a thousand dismal circumstances, which I dreaded without knowing why. "Pray, "how long has he been dead?" replied I, in a voice quite changed. "Why, I think it is about seventeen "or eighteen months since," said he: "he died about a month or six weeks "after he had married the marquis his "son, who lives at present in the Place "Royal."—"Does the marchioness "his mother live with him still?" returned I. "No; I think I have "heard that she does not," said he: "but you need only go to his house, to "know where she lives; it is likely "you may get some information there." —"Well," said Mrs. Darciere, "let "us return home, then; we had better "defer going to the Place Royal till "after dinner."—"As you please, "Madam," replied I with a troubled and disordered countenance: on which we returned home. In the afternoon we went to the Place Royal; but my misfortunes were not so soon to be at an end; neither my brother nor sister-in-law were at home: their porter told us that they were gone to a country-seat that was fifteen or twenty leagues from Paris; that my mother did not live with them, and that he knew not where she lodged; that she had been there that very day, at about eleven in the morning, to see her son, whose absence she had not been acquainted with; that she was much surprized and sorry to find him gone; that she said she was just come out of the country; and retired without leaving any directions. At this, my troubles increased, and I began to be extremely disturbed. "You say she "was sorry to find him gone!" replied I. "Yes, Miss," said he: "I "thought so by her looks."—"But "how did she come here to-day?" said I, from a mistrust of her circumstances, and in order to get some information from his answer. "Was "she in her own coach, or in one of "her friends?"—"As to coaches," replied he, "she has none: she was "alone, and very much fatigued; for "she rested herself here above a quarter of an hour."—"Alone! and "without a coach! The marquis's mo-"ther on foot! Oh, monstrous!" cried I, in a strange kind of amazement. "But do not you know any body "hereabouts," added I, "that can "tell me her lodgings?"—"No, "Miss," said he; "she comes here "very seldom; and always at a time "when we have no company; and "makes her visits so short, that I do "not remember I have ever seen her "speak to any body but the marquis "her son: she always comes in a morn-"ing, and sometimes even before he is "up." Could anything appear worse, or give me a more frightful picture of my mother's wretched situation? "What shall we do, then? What re-"source have I left to find her?" cried I to Mrs. Darciere, who began now to have no good opinion of her circumstances. "If we make a care-"ful enquiry, it will be impossible not "to find her," said she: "you have "not the least reason to fear it." I made her no answer but a sigh. It would have been now very convenient for us to have enquired after Mrs. Darneuil, being near the Marquis De Viry's: but my mother took up all

'all my thoughts, which were employed about the dreadfulness of her condition, and the impossibility of ever tenderly embracing her. Mrs. Darciere endeavoured in vain to raise my hopes and dissipate my alarms: that mother who came on foot to see her son, so weary that she was obliged to rest herself; that mother who made so poor a figure, and was so buried in oblivion, that even the servants of her son did not know where she lived; perpetually returned upon my thoughts.

'From the Place Royal, we went to Mrs. Darciere's attorney, who was endeavouring to recover an estate for her, and whom we took into the coach to carry him to our lodgings, that he might take into his possession some writings which he wanted. As he was mentioning in the way a person he was to see the next day, who lived in the Marshes, which is near the place where I hoped to find my mother, I asked him if he did not know her, without telling him that I was her daughter. "Yes," said he, "I have seen her two or three times "before the marquis's death; but since "that time I do not know what is become of her; and have only heard "that she is not very happy."—"Well, "Sir, but what situation is she in?" cried I, with an emotion which I had the greatest difficulty to conceal. "Her son is rich, and in a very exalted station."—"That is true," returned he; "he has married the "daughter of the Duke De N———; "but I believe the marchioness is at "variance with him and her daughter-"in-law. The marchioness, they say, "was the widow of a poor insignificant "country-gentleman, of whom the de-"ceased marquis became so enamoured, that, notwithstanding his im-"mense riches, and high titles, he rash-"ly married her: but now he is dead, "and his son has given his hand to the "Duke De N———'s daughter, it is "easy to imagine that the young mar-"chioness does not cast a very favour-"able eye upon such a mother-in-law, "and is not over-fond of being allied "to all the petty squires and mean re-"lations of her first husband's family: "among whom they say there is a "daughter, that they have never seen; "and probably will have no great cu-"riosity ever to see. This is all that I "have heard on this subject."

'The tears flowed from my eyes all 'the time he was speaking; and when 'he had done, I was unable to answer 'him: whilst Mrs. Darciere observed 'my grief, and blushed to hear him talk 'thus. "Who do you call petty "squires, Sir?" said she, as soon as he 'had done. "The young marchio-"ness must be very ill informed, if, "though a duke's daughter, she can "blush at the alliance you speak of. "I, who am of the same part of the "country as her mother-in-law whom "she so much despises, can tell her "that the marchioness, whose maiden "name was De Trefle, is of one of "the most noble and ancient families "in our province. I can tell her that "Mr. De Terviere, her first husband, "could yield in these respects to none; "and that there is not a more ancient, "nor has been a family more conside-"rable by the extent of it's lands; and "that, decayed as it is now in these "respects, Mr. De Terviere might "have left above twenty thousand li-"vres a year to his widow, had not "his father disinherited him, and made "his younger brother his heir: and, "in short, that there is not any mar-"quis or duke in France, who might "not, with honour, marry Miss De "Terviere, that girl whom they have "so little curiosity to see at Paris, and "whom no lady here will ever excel, "either in the charms of her person, "her wit, or amiable character." The 'attorney then, observing my eyes 'moist, and probably recollecting that 'I was the person who enquired after 'the old marchioness, suspected that I 'might probably be her daughter. "Madam," said he, with some confu-'sion, to Mrs. Darciere, "though I "have only repeated what I have heard "from others, I am afraid I have been "guilty of an imprudence. Is not "this Miss De Terviere herself?"—"Yes, Sir," returned she, without 'the least hesitation: "you are not "mistaken; this is that little country "girl whom they probably imagine a "kind of peasant; and whom, per-"haps, they would be very happy if "they could resemble."—"I do not "think any lady, though ever so "charming, would be a loser by it," 'returned he, begging my pardon.

'Here

'Here our coach ſtopped, being at 'home; and I only anſwered him by a 'reſpectful bow.

'You will eaſily judge, Marianne, 'that, as ſoon as he was gone, I did 'not forget to thank Mrs. Darciere 'for that obliging indignation with 'which ſhe had defended the honour 'of our family. The attorney had 'confirmed me in the opinion I had 'entertained of my mother's ſituation: 'and the more I thought ſhe had rea-'ſon to complain, the more I was af-'flicted at not knowing where to find 'her. It is true, I did not know her; 'but this made me more ardently de-'ſire to ſee her. How great, how in-'tereſting an adventure, is it to find 'again an unknown mother! That 'very name carries in it ſomething in-'expreſſibly delightful! But what 'moſt contributed to awaken my ten-'derneſs for her, was to think that ſhe 'was deſpiſed, and in trouble: her 'afflictions made me ſympathize with 'her in her diſtreſs; while my affec-'tion for her transferred to myſelf 'thoſe affronts which I imagined ſhe 'endured; and, methought, I ſhould 'find an extreme pleaſure in letting 'her know how much I was affected 'by them. Poſſibly my deſire of ſee-'ing her would not have been ſo lively, 'if I had thought her happy; for then 'I could not have flattered myſelf with 'being ſo well received: but I was 'coming to her in circumſtances that 'inſured her affection; and was per-'ſuaded that her misfortunes would 'increaſe her tenderneſs for me, and 'make me find her a better mother.

'We ſought for her with the utmoſt 'care for ten or twelve days together, 'without being able to find where ſhe 'lived; when, tired at laſt with our 'fruitleſs enquiries, we went again to 'the Place Royal, in hopes that in this 'time ſhe had called there again; and, 'having heard that ſhe had been en-'quired for by two ladies, might have 'left directions where we might find 'her, in caſe we ſhould call again: 'but our ſearch was ſtill in vain; as 'ſhe had heard that the marquis would 'not return under three weeks or a 'month's time, ſhe probably did not 'intend to come again till that time 'was expired. But, in the midſt of 'my vexation upon this diſappoint-'ment, I happened to think that we 'were in the neighbourhood of our 'fellow-traveller, Mrs. Darneuil, 'whom I was to enquire of at the 'Marquis De Viry's. We went thi-'ther directly; and Mrs. Darciere's 'footman knocked at the door, but 'nobody came; he knocked harder a 'ſecond time; when, at laſt, an old 'man, with long white hair, came to 'the door; and, without aſking any 'queſtions, told us the marquis and 'his lady were both gone to Verſailles. "They are not the perſons we want," 'ſaid I; "we come to ſee Mrs. Dar-"neuil."—"Oh, Mrs. Darneuil!" 'ſaid the old man; "ſhe does not live "here. But are you not juſt come "out of the country?" I anſwered, 'that we were. "Well, then," ſaid 'he, "be ſo good as to ſtay a little, "and you ſhall ſpeak with one of her "ſervants, who deſired me to let her "know when you came." On this 'he walked back with ſlow ſteps; and 'ſoon after the woman came up to the 'coach-door. "Can you tell us where "we may find Mrs. Darneuil?" ſaid 'I. "We thought we ſhould find her "here."—"No, ladies," ſaid ſhe; "ſhe does not live here.—But did not "you, Miſs, arrive with her at Paris, "and lend her ſome money a few "days ago?"—"Yes; I forced her "to take ſome," returned I; "and "ſhould be extremely glad to ſee her "again. Pray, where does ſhe live?" —"In the Fauxbourg St. Germain," 'replied ſhe; (this was the part of the 'town in which we lived:) "but I "have forgot the name of the ſtreet "ſhe lives in. However, ſhe ordered "me to enquire where you lodged," 'continued ſhe, "if you came to aſk "for her; and, at the ſame time, to "return you theſe two louis d'ors." 'I took them; and told her, if ſhe 'would learn the name of the ſtreet 'where ſhe lived, I would ſend to 'know it in a day or two's time. She 'promiſed that ſhe would; and then 'we left her.

'As we returned home, we obſerved 'a concourſe of people aſſembled at a 'houſe but two doors from our lodg-'ings: all the neighbours were at 'their windows, or their doors, as if 'ſome conſiderable accident had hap-'pened. This raiſed our curioſity; 'but, as were going to aſk the cauſe, 'we ſaw the gentlewoman who be-

'longed

'longed to our houſe making her way 'through the crowd with an air that 'ſhewed ſhe had ſome concern in the 'incident: ſhe was full of action, 'ſhrugged up her ſhoulders, and was 'followed by a little man, very meanly 'dreſſed, who was talking to her with 'his hat in his hand. As ſhe came 'in, we aſked her what was the mat-'ter. "I will tell you in a moment, "ladies," ſaid ſhe; "but muſt firſt "finiſh a little buſineſs with this "man:" and then went with him in-'to another room. A few minutes 'after this, ſhe returned to us again. "I have been witneſs to a ſcene," ſaid 'ſhe, "that has prodigiouſly affected "me. As I was returning from vi-"ſiting a lady who lives hard by, I "obſerved a crowd about this man's "door; he keeps an inn, and is my "tenant. I went into the houſe im-"mediately, to ſee what was the mat-"ter; when I obſerved a woman of a "genteel appearance, who ſeemed un-"der the greateſt preſſure; ſhe looked "as pale as if ſhe was going to ex-"pire; the tears were ſtreaming from "her eyes; and, though her counte-"nance had all the marks of the ut-"moſt grief and amazement, ſhe had "ſtill a very noble and graceful air. "This man and his daughter were "railing at her, and endeavouring to "force her to leave the houſe; while "her tears were almoſt the only argu-"ments ſhe could make uſe of to "ſoften their hearts. The man di-"rected his diſcourſe with great heat "to every one that came in, as if he "would appeal to them for the juſtice "of his proceeding; and therefore re-"peated his ſtory ſeveral times, but "always with ſome additional cir-"cumſtances. As I was concerned "to ſee the gentlewoman treated with "ſo little ceremony, I liſtened with "the greateſt attention; and found "that, about ten or twelve days ago, "ſhe came to take a room in his houſe, "with promiſes to let him have ſome "money the next day; but failed in "the performance. Two days after "this, ſhe was taken very ill of a fe-"ver; and the man, who did not know "her, provided her with a ſurgeon "and an apothecary; which, you "know, muſt put her to a neceſſary "expence; he even ſupplied her with "every thing proper for a ſick perſon: "but the man, who is far from being "rich, finding ſhe was a little better "to-day, and being applied to by the "ſurgeon who had let her blood, and "the apothecary who furniſhed her "with medicines, who were deſirous "of being paid immediately by him, "ſince he was the perſon who had ſent "for them, as they had both applied "to her for that purpoſe without re-"ceiving any ſatisfaction, the poor "man was frighted to find that ſhe "had no money; and, not only afraid "of loſing what ſhe owed him, but "what he might farther advance, re-"ſolved to make her leave his houſe. "He had no ſooner taken this reſolu-"tion, than there arrived a pedlar, who "travelled the country, and commonly "lodged at his houſe when in town. "All his rooms were full; and there "was only this woman's, which he "now looked upon as empty, ſince ſhe "had given him no money. Upon "this he went up to her, and deſired "her to provide for herſelf, and not "to hinder him from letting the cham-"ber to one who was able to pay him; "told her ſhe already owed him a great "deal; that he did not deſire her to "pay him now, but only to leave him "ſomething for his ſecurity. At this "the poor gentlewoman, (for I can "hardly help calling her ſo, notwith-"ſtanding her dreadful circumſtances) "who was ſtill too weak to be removed "ſo ſuddenly, entreated him to let her "ſtay a few days; told him that ſhe "had no reaſon to make himſelf un-"eaſy; and that ſhe would not only "pay him very ſoon, but reward him "for his care of her; and that, in a "week's time at fartheſt, ſhe would "ſend him with a letter to a perſon, "from whom he would not return "without a ſum of money. She "begged him to have patience; and "ſaid that ſhe had no pledge to leave "but ſome linen and cloaths, which "would be of no value to him, though "they were abſolutely neceſſary to "her; and that, if he knew her, he "would be convinced that ſhe would "not deceive him. But he would not "be prevailed upon; he had already "forced her out of her room; locked "up her box, which he was reſolved "to keep: and thus the diſpute was "continued in the hall, where the man "and his daughter were railing at the

" poor gentlewoman, who could not " think of going. I saw her consternation and shame; which were greater " than can be imagined. At last, she " cast her eyes upon me, and immediately took me aside—" Dear Madam," cried she, drying her eyes, ' and endeavouring to suppress and ' keep down some rising sighs, " for " Heaven's sake, if you have any ascendancy over this man, prevail upon him to grant me this short delay! " I give you my word he shall be paid." " This was spoke with an air which " penetrated my heart, raised my pity, " and even filled me with respect. The " whole debt was only ten crowns: " If I lose it," said I to myself, " it " will not ruin me." On this, I told " the landlord that I would pay him. " I desired her to return to her room; " her box was restored to her; and " I brought the man with me to pay " him at my house. This, ladies, " is the story; which I have related as " minutely as possible. It has made " such an impression upon my mind, " that I never could have been one " moment pleased with myself if I had " not advanced the money."

' Mrs. Darciere and I were sensibly ' affected at this recital: we gave the ' relater those praises which her great ' humanity required; and resolved to ' follow her example, by endeavouring ' to relieve this distressed person from ' her troubles. " Though the master " of the inn is appeased," said we, " the gentlewoman has no money; and " may therefore be neglected. Be so " good, Madam, as to give her, from " us, this small sum."—" With all my " heart!" replied she; " she shall have " it this minute:" and immediately ' left us. When she returned, she told ' us she left the gentlewoman in bed, ' much disordered by this unhappy adventure; that she could not receive ' the ten crowns we had sent, without ' blushing; and that she begged us to ' consider it only as lent to her, which ' would increase the obligation, and ' render her gratitude more worthy of ' herself and us. This compliment ' was so far from displeasing us, that ' it confirmed the high opinion we had ' entertained of her; and we were so ' much prejudiced in her favour, that ' I wonder we did not make her a visit. ' It is certain that I thought of proposing it to Mrs. Darciere; who has ' told me since, that she also was inclined to propose it to me. The dismal circumstances of this unknown ' person made me reflect on those of ' my mother, though I could not think ' there was the least resemblance between them; for I imagined that, ' though hers were not splendid, yet ' they were, at least, such as would be ' comfortable to any woman of a much ' inferior rank; though they might not ' possibly be so to her.

' Two or three days after this, as ' Mrs. Darciere and I were returning ' from church, I thought I saw, at a ' small distance from us, the servant I ' spoke to at the Marquis De Viry's: ' I had promised to send to her, to know ' where Mrs. Darneuil lived; which ' I did the day after, but she was gone ' out; so that I was glad to see her; ' and pointed her out to Mrs. Darciere, who knew her as well as I. ' This woman, who saw us at a distance, seemed to know us too, and ' stood at our neighbour the innkeeper's ' door. When we came up to her, we ' bid the coachman stop. " I am very " glad to see you again," said I: " I " fancy you have been to see Mrs. " Darneuil, or else are come from her? " Will not you tell us where she lives?" —" If you will be so good as to stay " till I speak to a lady who lodges " here," said she, " I will come back " and give you an answer in a mo- " ment."—" A lady!" replied Mrs. ' Darciere, with great astonishment; ' (for we had been informed that the ' unfortunate unknown woman was the ' only one of our sex that lodged in ' this house.) " Who can she be, " pray?" added she. Then turning ' to me—" Possibly the lady she speaks " of is the person who had that sad ad- " venture the other day!"—" It is the " same," replied the chambermaid, ' without giving me time to answer: " she was not born to receive such " gross affronts."—" If you are will- " ing," said Mrs. Darciere to me, " we will pay her a visit."—" You " may, ladies," replied the servant, " provided you will let me go first, " that she may be apprized of your " coming; perhaps she may desire you " to spare her confusion."—" No, no," ' said Mrs. Darciere; " we are not " afraid of displeasing her: she has

" heard

" heard of us already. You may go;
" and we will follow you." We
' alighted directly, and waited in the
' paſſage to her chamber while ſhe went
' in. As ſhe left the door upon the
' jar, we could ſee her ſitting up in her
' bed with a ſupine, languid air. On
' a ſudden the tears guſhed from her
' eyes, and ſhe wrung her hands; when
' Mrs. Darciere cried out—" Hea-
" vens, child! it is Mrs. Darneuil!"
' I then heard her ſigh, and ſaw her
' eyes fixed upon me with a languiſh-
' ing, mortified, and tender look.
' Moved at this dreadful and unex-
' pected ſight, I ran to embrace her
' with ſuch a ſudden vivacity, that I
' held her for ſome time in my arms
' without her being able to ſpeak a
' word, whilſt the tears inceſſantly
' ſtreamed from her eyes. At laſt,
' when her firſt emotions, mixed, with-
' out doubt, with humility and confi-
' dence, were over—" I had doomed
" myſelf to ſee you no more," ſaid ſhe
' with a ſigh; " but never did any re-
" ſolution coſt me ſo dear!" I re-
' doubled my careſſes at this diſcourſe.
" How unaccountable was that reſo-
" lution!" ſaid I, taking hold of one
' of her hands, whilſt ſhe gave the
' other to Mrs. Darciere: " how lit-
" tle did you know us! What mon-
" ſters did you take us for? Alas!
" who is the perſon that is not ſub-
" ject to the various unavoidable miſ-
" fortunes of life? How could you
" think that we could ever forget the
" reſpect we owe you? or that any
" circumſtances of life could ever ren-
" der you leſs dear to us, or leſs wor-
" thy of our friendſhip?" Mrs. Dar-
' ciere entertained her with pretty near
' the ſame diſcourſe; while every look
' ſhe gave us was a ſufficient proof that
' ſhe was out of her ſphere. The
' chambermaid, all this while, ſtood at
' ſome diſtance from us, with the tears
' in her eyes; and I could not help
' blaming her for not acquainting us,
' the firſt time ſhe ſaw us, with this
' lady's unhappy ſituation. " I would
" have done it with all my heart,"
' ſaid ſhe; " but I could not diſpenſe
" with this lady's order to the con-
" trary. I have been ſeventeen years
" in her ſervice: it was ſhe that placed
" me with the Marchioneſs De Viry;
" and I ſhall always look upon her as
" my miſtreſs, and think myſelf oblig-
" ed to obey her in whatever ſhe com-
" mands me."—" Do not chide her,"
' ſaid my ſick friend; " I ſhall never
" forget her kindneſs. Could you
" believe that ſhe ſhould generouſly
" offer me, of her own accord, all the
" money ſhe had in the world? while
" five or ſix perſons of the greateſt diſ-
" tinction, with whom I have lived in
" the ſtricteſt friendſhip, have refuſed
" to lend me a trifling ſum, that would
" have ſaved me from the dreadful
" ſtreights to which I have been re-
" duced, and have ſhamefully put me
" off with empty words and an inſipid
" affectation of politeneſs! It is true,
" I did not take her money; yours ſea-
" ſonably prevented me. The gentle-
" woman with whom you lodge has
" reſcued me from the moſt cutting
" part of my troubles; and I ſhall ac-
" quit myſelf, in a few days, of all
" theſe debts: but my gratitude will
" be eternal."

' Scarce had ſhe uttered theſe words,
' when Mrs. Darciere's footman came
' to tell her that her attorney waited for
' her at the door, to give her an anſwer
' about an affair that would not admit
' of the leaſt delay. " I know what it
" is," ſaid ſhe; " he has but one word
" to ſay to me: I will go and ſpeak to
" him; and ſhall be back again imme-
" diately.—Pray, Madam," ſaid ſhe,
' addreſſing herſelf to Mrs. Darneuil,
" think no more of what is paſſed; be
" eaſy as to your preſent condition,
" and only think how to render us of
" ſervice to you: your ſituation ought
" to give a concern to every virtuous
" mind; and, indeed, we are too hap-
" py when we have an opportunity of
" ſerving thoſe who are like you."
' The ſick lady only thanked her by
' ſqueezing her hand, and a look inex-
' preſſibly tender. " I think myſelf
" happy," ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe was
' gone, " in the midſt of my misfor-
" tunes, when I conſider who it is that
" gives me relief; that it is neither my
" friends, my relations, thoſe with
" whom I have paſſed a great part of
" my life; nor even my children, who
" fly from me, and abandon me.
" Doubtleſs I ſhould have periſhed in
" the moſt wretched manner, in the
" midſt of all theſe reſources, if it had
" not been for you, Miſs; to whom I
" am unknown, who owe me nothing,
" and who, with the moſt engaging

" ſenſibility, and in the moſt amiable " manner, at once are inſtead of friends, " relations, and children. Had it not " been for you and your companion, " whom I found with you in the " coach; had it not been for this girl, " (ſuffer me to mention her with you; " for her zeal and affection render her " worthy of the honour I do her;) in " ſhort, had it not been for the lady " with whom you lodge, to whom I " am an entire ſtranger, and who could " not ſee my diſtreſs without being " moved with compaſſion; I ſhould " have died in the greateſt want, and " in an aſtoniſhing obſcurity! Aſto- " niſhing, indeed, for one of my rank! " Lord, what is life! what the miſe- " ries with which it is attended!"— " Dear Madam!" cried I, extremely ' touched, " begin to forget theſe ter- " rible ſcenes; let me ſecond Mrs. " Darciere's entreaties to prevail upon " you to loſe the proſpect of theſe " frightful, painful events. Give us " the pleaſure of ſeeing you full of " tranquillity, that you may diſſipate " the uneaſineſs you have occaſioned " in our minds."—" Well, then, I " have done," ſaid ſhe; " you are in " the right; for there is no adverſity, " no calamity, which ſuch engaging " goodneſs ought not entirely to re- " move. Let us talk, then, Miſs, of " your concerns. Where is that mo- " ther you came to meet again, after " an abſence of ſo many years? How " did ſhe receive you? How tenderly " ſhe ought to love you! How happy " muſt ſhe think herſelf in having ſuch " a daughter! Heaven, indeed, has " given me one; but I have not the " leaſt reaſon to complain of her; far " from it!" She could not pronounce ' theſe laſt words without the utmoſt ' concern and emotion. " Alas, Ma- " dam!" returned I, ſighing too, " you " talk of the tenderneſs of my mother; " but I durſt not flatter myſelf with " the thoughts of having any ſhare in " her affection; and ſhall think my- " ſelf very happy if ſhe is not ſorry to " ſee me, though it is twenty years " ſince I was with her. But, pray, " let us return to yourſelf again: you " have here but very ill attendance; " you want a nurſe; and I will order " the maſter of the houſe, when I leave " you, to provide you with one before " night."

' I thought ſhe was going to anſwer ' me, but was aſtoniſhed to ſee her ſud- ' denly burſt into tears; then recol- ' lecting the number of years which I ' had paſſed remote from my mother— " Twenty years!" cried ſhe, with a ' penſive and dejected countenance, " I " cannot hear of this without the ut- " moſt grief. Juſt Heaven! What " reaſon has your mother to reproach " herſelf, as well as I! Oh, Miſs! tell " me," added ſhe, without giving me ' time for reflection, " why ſhe neglect- " ed you to ſuch a degree?"—" I was," ' replied I, " but two years old when " ſhe married a ſecond huſband; and a " few weeks after went to Paris, where " ſhe had a ſon, who, without doubt, " effaced every idea of me from her " heart. Since ſhe has been gone, I " have had no friend near her to awake " her tenderneſs for me, by putting her " in mind that ſhe had a daughter. I " have never received above three or " four letters from her in my life; and " am juſt come from an aunt who " is lately dead, with whom I have " lived ſix or ſeven years, without ever " receiving any news of my mother, " to whom I have wrote ſeveral times " to no purpoſe. I have ſought for her " here according to the laſt direction I " had received; but in vain: my fa- " ther-in-law is dead; his ſon is mar- " ried, and is now in the country with " the marchioneſs his wife; but nobody " can tell me where to find my mother, " who does not live with him. So that, " notwithſtanding a thouſand enqui- " ries, I am ſtill as much in the dark " with reſpect to her as ever. But " what alarms me moſt, and fills me " with a mortal inquietude, is the ap- " prehenſion that ſhe is in indigent cir- " cumſtances; for I have heard that her " ſon, whom ſhe has been ſo extrava- " gantly fond of, has made himſelf un- " worthy of her tenderneſs, by uſing " her unkindly."

' I could not conclude this diſcourſe ' without ſhedding tears; but the un- ' known lady, the fictitious Mrs. Dar- ' neuil, who had been weeping before, ' had her eyes eagerly fixed upon mine ' whilſt I was ſpeaking, and ſeemed to ' reſtrain her tears to hear me with the ' greater attention: her looks were wild, ' and expreſſive of the utmoſt inquie- ' tude, and ſhe ſeemed to be full of the ' moſt violent agitation. When I had

' done,

'done, she made me no answer; she 'was stunned and speechless; the air 'of her countenance expressed the 'greatest emotion: I participated in 'the trouble which I saw painted there; 'and seemed to anticipate the discovery 'of a surprizing event. We beheld 'each other without either of us being 'able to break this profound silence; 'till at last she spoke, and, with a trem-'bling voice, said—"I believe, Miss, "your mother is not unknown to me: "pray where does that son live of whom "you enquired for her?"—"At the "Place Royal," replied I, with a voice 'as much altered as her's. "And his "name?" added she with precipitation, 'as if her breath had been exhausted. "The Marquis De ***," returned I, 'trembling. "Oh, my dear Ter-"viere!" cried she aloud, sinking into 'my arms. At this exclamation, 'which immediately informed me of 'her being my mother, I gave a loud 'shriek, which frightened Mrs. Dar-'ciere, who had just left her attorney, 'and was coming up stairs. Uncertain 'what might be the cause of my crying 'out in an inn like this, which could 'be supposed to harbour none but per-'sons of a mean rank, she cried out too, 'to make the people come up and give 'me some assistance in case of need. 'The landlord and his daughter came 'running to her, followed by her foot-'man, frighted at the noise she made, 'and asked the cause of it. "Follow "me! follow me!" cried she hastily; "I have just heard a shriek from the "room of your sick lodger, with whom "I left the young lady I brought with "me; let us at all hazards go in to-"gether." When they entered the 'chamber, they found me speechless, 'weak, pale, and in a kind of stupidity, 'in which I was weeping through the 'different emotions of joy, surprize, 'and grief. My mother was fainted 'away, and had given no signs of 'knowledge since I held her in my 'arms; while the chambermaid, whom 'I was unable to assist, was using her 'utmost endeavours to bring her to 'herself. "What is the matter?" 'cried Mrs. Darciere as she came in; "What ails you, Miss?" I could give 'her no other answer, but my sighs and 'tears; and then lifting up my hand, 'I shewed her my mother, as if this 'gesture had been sufficient to inform 'her who that dear person was. "What "is all this?" added she: "is she dy-"ing?"—"No, Madam," replied the 'chambermaid; "but she has just "known her daughter again, and faint-"ed away immediately."—"Yes," 'said I then, endeavouring to recover 'myself, "it is my mother!"—"Your "mother!" cried she, hastening to her 'to afford her some assistance; "what, "the Marchioness De *** ? What a "strange adventure!"—"A marchio-"ness!" said the innkeeper, joining 'his hands together with amazement; "Oh, the dear lady! Had she told me "her quality, I durst not have given "her the least pain." However, their 'endeavours insensibly recovered her 'spirits; and she at last opened her eyes. 'But I shall pass over in silence our 'mutual caresses, and tender endear-'ments. The affecting circumstances 'in which I found her again; the no-'velty and surprizing manner of our 'acquaintance and friendship; the plea-'sure I found in seeing her, and calling 'her mother; the long time that she 'had forgot her duty to me; all the 'hardships she had made me suffer; 'and that kind of revenge I took on 'her heart, by the tenderness of mine; 'all contributed to render her more 'dear to me, than, perhaps, she would 'have been had I always lived with 'her. "Ah, my Terviere! Ah, my "daughter!" cried she, "how guilty "my transports render me!" But this 'sudden flood of joy at our unexpect-'ed meeting soon cost us very dear; 'for whether the violence of the emo-'tions she had experienced, had caused 'a too great revolution in her mind, or 'that her fever, joined to her sorrow, 'had weakened her too much, a few 'days after this she was seized with a 'palsy on her right-side, which soon 'removed to the other. I was ex-'tremely afflicted at her melancholy 'condition, and should have been quite 'inconsolable, if they had not flattered 'me with the hopes that she would soon 'recover; but, however, they were 'mistaken. When our transports be-'gan a little to abate, I proposed to re-'move her to our house; but her fever, 'which was grown more violent, toge-'ther with her extreme weakness, 'would not permit it; and a physician 'I sent for was absolutely against it. So 'that I then only thought of lodging

'with

'with her, that I might never be obliged
'to leave her; but the landlord assur-
'ed me that his house was already full.
"I will then, mother," said I, "have
"a bed made by your's."—"No," re-
'turned she, "that is impossible: the
"room is already much too small; and
"I would not have you think of it.
"Preserve your health, my dear, for
"my sake; you would find but little
"repose here; and your ill accommo-
"dation would be an additional un-
"easiness to me. You live very near; I
"shall have the consolation of seeing
"you as often as you please; and a
"nurse will be sufficient to attend me."
'But I did not know how to leave her
'in this wretched lodging, and there-
'fore begged, in the most affectionate
'manner, that she would permit me to
'stay with her; but she would not li-
'sten to my entreaties. Mrs. Darciere
'was of her opinion; and it was re-
'solved, in spite of my inclination to
'the contrary, that I should be satis-
'fied with coming to see her, till she
'was well enough to be removed some-
'where else. I therefore went to her
'room every day as soon as I was up,
'and stayed with her till night.

'As I was very desirous of knowing
'the cause of her being reduced to such
'dreadful circumstances, I desired her,
'the day after we came to the know-
'ledge of each other, to give me an in-
'sight into this surprizing part of her
'history; which she very readily con-
'sented to.

"I lived happily," said she, "with
"the marquis my husband for near
"twenty years, which passed on in an
"almost uninterrupted tranquillity.
"My son was the object of our fond-
"est love; a love which was attended
"with such an excessive weakness, as
"to prompt us to indulge him in his
"most unbounded desires: we gave him
"no restraint; entirely neglected the
"improvement of his mind, and suf-
"fered him to imbibe all the silly pre-
"judices of vanity and folly. When
"he was about nineteen, the marquis
"his father, who wished to see him
"married before he died, desired me to
"speak to the Duke De N——— for
"his daughter: I did so with joy; the
"duke was pleased with the match;
"readily accepted my proposal; and a
"fortnight after our young couple
"were married. But while our joy
"was at the height, the marquis was
"seized with a complication of distem-
"pers, which in about six weeks time
"carried him off. I was left in very
"easy and comfortable circumstances;
"and, had I not been blinded by my
"tenderness for my son, I had never
"known the miseries I have since suf-
"fered; which, indeed, have been a just
"punishment for my guilty neglect of
"thee. Infatuated with my affection
"for this idol of my thoughts, I had
"the imprudence to renounce all my
"rights, and to reserve to myself only
"a very moderate pension; which I
"voluntarily consented to, as he oblig-
"ed himself to have me with him in
"his house, and defray all my expen-
"ces. I was received very politely;
"and the first month passed without
"having any reason to complain of
"their behaviour, though it could not
"be much extolled. I was treated in
"such a cold, though civil manner, as
"the heart is never satisfied with, and
"which we know not how to explain,
"would we make people sensible of
"the defects of it. But now my son
"began to treat me with neglect. My
"daughter in-law, who was of a proud
"and haughty temper, chanced one
"day to see some gentlemen of our
"province, who came very indiffer-
"ently dressed to pay me a visit: on this
"she imagined I must be greatly infe-
"rior to the marquis, who had done
"me the honour to marry me; and up-
"on this redoubled her coldness for
"me; gradually suppressed those little
"regards which she had hitherto never
"neglected; and at last shewed me so
"little respect, that her behaviour be-
"came quite intolerable; and I resolv-
"to let her know it. "I can dispense
"with that duty you owe me as the
"marquis's mother," said I one day to
"her: "be as undutiful to me as you
"please; your honour is more con-
"cerned in it than mine; and I shall
"leave it to the publick to do me jus-
"tice; but I will never suffer you to
"treat me with less politeness than you
"dare to do your equals."—"I forget
"politeness to you, Madam!" replied
"she, turning her back upon me to go
"to her closet: "truly, this is a terrible
"reproach; and I should certainly be
"in despair if I deserved it. As to
"the respect which is due to you, I
"hope the publick you threaten me with

"will

" will not be altogether so very diffi-
" cult in that point as yourself!" Ex-
" asperated at this insolent reply, I
" complained of it to my son; but had
" not any reason to be better satisfied
" with him than I was with his wife.
" He laughed at our quarrel; said it
" was a mere womanish debate, which
" we should both forget the next day,
" and was what he ought not to med-
" dle with. He had frequently heard
" her make merry with the petty no-
" bility of our province, without be-
" ing offended; and ridiculously pleased
" with the justice she did his father's
" extraction, he readily gave up mine
" to her pleasantry: perhaps, he de-
" spised it himself, and did not think
" it any honour to him. What extra-
" vagant conceit! What wild ideas
" may not enter the head of a young
" man, whose mind is barren and un-
" cultivated! What weakness and folly
" is not such a person capable of!
" Thus, forsaken by my son, and
" scorned by my daughter-in-law, who
" always treated me with contempt and
" insolence, I became the laughing-
" stock of the family; and was soon
" treated with a disrespectful neglect
" by the very servants. On this I re-
" solved to leave the house; which I
" accordingly did one morning when
" my son was gone a hunting, leaving
" a letter behind me, in which I in-
" formed him of my reasons for retir-
" ing, and at the same time desiring
" him to pay me two quarters of my
" pension, which was become due, and
" of which I had not yet received any
" thing; and also to send me those
" goods I had reserved for myself.
" The next day he came to see me; in
" which he endeavoured to persuade
" me to return, by saying, that my
" leaving him was only the effect of an
" ill-humour which had no founda-
" tion; all the grievances mentioned
" in my letter, he treated as mere tri-
" fles that did not deserve my notice;
" and told me that I ought not to make
" myself appear the most proud and
" opinionated woman, whom it was im-
" possible to live with; with many other
" arguments as little adapted to per-
" suade. The result of this visit was,
" that he promised to send me the mo-
" ney I wanted, with all the goods
" which belonged to me; which, how-
" ever, were changed for such as were
" of small value, and were almost of
" no service to me; when a little after
" I was obliged to sell them for my
" subsistence. I received but the third
" part of the sum which was become
" due; and my pension continued to be
" so ill paid, that I was obliged to part
" with this faithful servant, leave my
" apartment, and pass from one ready-
" furnished lodging to another, accord-
" ing to my want of ability to satisfy
" the demands of the persons of whom
" I hired them. I was in this situa-
" tion, when the widow of an officer,
" for whom I had done an important
" piece of service, offered to take me,
" for some months, to her country-
" seat: there I fell sick; and, notwith-
" standing the kind assistance of this
" lady, who was more generous than
" rich, I spent almost all the money I
" had brought with me. When I was
" a little recovered, I resolved to re-
" turn to Paris, to see my son, with a
" resolution to have recourse to the
" law, if his inhumanity should oblige
" me to it. The widow's country-
" seat was but about half a mile from
" the place where the stage-coach used
" to stop. I walked thither; and
" there I found Mrs. Darciere and
" thee. Happy meeting! There I be-
" gan to feel a friendship for thee,
" which owed it's rise to thy merit; a
" friendship so soft, as made me wish
" we had been allied by the ties of
" blood, and which was, perhaps, in-
" spired by some secret sympathy.
" What reason have I to reproach my-
" self for my barbarity to thee! How
" unkind a mother, and how tender a
" child! As I was loth to give you the
" pain of seeing a woman of quality
" in distress, I changed my name, and
" took another that hindered thee from
" knowing me. This, my dear, is all
" that is necessary for me to tell you."

' I could not help being shocked, my
' dear Marianne, at my brother's in-
' gratitude. About eight days after
' this, Mrs. Darciere and I resolved to
' pay him a visit; and, that we might
' not miss him, we took care to be at
' his house between one and two: but
' we were not destined to find him so
' soon; the marchioness was come to
' town without him, and did not ex-
' pect him till the next day. How-
' ever, we resolved to see her, and im-
' mediately went up, after having sent

' a servant

'a ſervant to tell her that Miſs De
'Terviere and another lady were com-
'ing up ſtairs; when we heard her ſay
'that ſhe did not know us. We found
'a pretty numerous company with her,
'who probably were to ſtay dinner.
'She advanced towards me, as I en-
'tered the room, with an air that ſeem-
'ed to ſay—"What would ſhe have
"with me?" whilſt I was not at all
'dazzled with the rank ſhe bore at Pa-
'ris and at court; nor by her titles, or
'the grandeur of her houſe, as I only
'looked upon her as my ſiſter-in-law.
'As I had ſent up my name, which I
'fancied ſhe had at leaſt heard of, ſince
'it had been that of her mother-in-
'law, I went to her in a free but po-
'lite manner to embrace her; when I
'obſerved that ſhe heſitated, as if in
'doubt whether ſhe ought to ſuffer me
'to take that liberty: however, ſhe
'could not refuſe returning my polite-
'neſs, though ſhe did it with a viſible
'conſtraint and a remarkable air of in-
'difference. We are nicely ſenſible,
'my dear Marianne, of this ſort of be-
'haviour; for our own pride ſuffici-
'ently acquaints us with that of others.
"Madam," ſaid I, "I judge, from
"the ſurprize you ſeem to be in, that
"my name was not faithfully brought
"in to you; you cannot be a ſtranger
"to it: I am called Terviere." She
'continued to look at me without mak-
'ing me any reply; and this I took to
'be another of her haughty airs; when
'I added, at laſt—"I am the mar-
"quis's ſiſter!"—"I am very ſorry,
"Miſs, he is not here," replied ſhe,
'deſiring us to ſit down; "he will not
"be in town theſe two days."—"I
"was told ſo, Madam," returned I:
"but my viſit is not to him alone; I
"came alſo to have the honour of ſee-
"ing you." It was not without the
'greateſt reluctance that I made her
'this compliment; but we muſt ſome-
'times be civil for our own ſakes;
'though very often thoſe we ſpeak to
'do not deſerve we ſhould be ſo for
'theirs. "Beſides," continued I,
"I am come about an affair that will
"not admit of delay, and which highly
"concerns my brother and myſelf, and
"even you too, ſince it relates to my
"mother."—"She does not uſually
"addreſs herſelf to me about her af-
"fairs," replied ſhe, ſmiling; "and
"I believe, Miſs, you had better ſtay
"till the marquis's return." Her in-
'difference on this ſubject made me
'angry; and as I obſerved the com-
'pany ſeemed curious of hearing the
'ſequel of our converſation, I imme-
'diately reſolved to puniſh the mar-
'chioneſs for her little concern for my
'mother, by entering into particulars
'which could not be very agreeable to
'her. "Madam," ſaid I, "my
"mother's affairs are very plain, and
"eaſily underſtood: ſhe only aſks for
"money, and you are ſenſible that ſhe
"cannot do without."—"I have juſt
"told you," cried ſhe, turning away
'her head, "that you muſt talk about
"it to the marquis, for I never meddle
"with their agreement upon that ſub-
"ject."—"But, Madam," reſumed
'I, turning away my head as well as
'ſhe, "this agreement conſiſts only in
"acquitting a penſion, the payment of
"which has been neglected for almoſt
"a year paſt; and you may, without
"the leaſt inconvenience, intereſt your-
"ſelf in the troubles of a mother-in-
"law who has loved you to ſuch a de-
"gree as to conſent to give you all ſhe
"was poſſeſſed of."—"I have been told
"that ſhe received from the late mar-
"quis all ſhe ever gave you," replied
'ſhe, with a ſneer; "and I cannot
"think myſelf obliged to thank your
"mother for her ſon's being his fa-
"ther's heir."—"Let me put you in
"mind, Madam, that that mother is
"now alſo called yours as well as
"mine," returned I: "you ſpeak of
"her as a ſtranger, or a perſon to whom
"you are ſorry for being related."—
"Who told you I was ſorry for it,
"Miſs?" ſaid ſhe. "What good
"would that do me? Would my ſor-
"row make her the leſs my mother-
"in-law? I know ſhe is ſo, ſince the
"marquis has been pleaſed to make
"her the mother of his ſon."—
"Sure, Madam, you have not well
"conſidered what you are ſaying!"
'replied I, looking upon her with a
'kind of pity. "What do you mean
"by reproaching the old marquis with
"marrying my mother? If he had
"not, I preſume, his ſon would never
"have exiſted, and therefore could not
"have been now your huſband. Is
"he dear to you, and can you wiſh he
"had never been born? But I believe
"you only wiſh his mother had been
"of a more noble family than ſhe is.

"If

" If this is the caſe, you have no rea-
" ſon to diſturb yourſelf; your pride
" need not be alarmed; for though
" the marquis was ſuperior to her in
" fortune, he was not in birth; and
" therefore did not diſhonour himſelf
" in marrying her: and this the whole
" province will tell you; I am ſur-
" prized that my brother has not let
" you know it. Therefore, Ma-
" dam," added I, without giving her
' time to reply, " you may ſafely, and
" without bluſhing, own her for your
" mother-in-law: nor need you be a-
" ſhamed of paying her all that duty
" which is due from a daughter, which,
" I am ſorry to ſay, you have hitherto
" refuſed her. Repair the injuſtice of
" your former diſdain, which muſt have
" diſpleaſed every witneſs of it; and
" which, indeed, would have been very
" unjuſt, had ſhe been of much meaner
" extraction than you have imagined:
" entertain, with regard to her, ſenti-
" ments worthy of yourſelf, of your
" education, and good diſpoſition; and
" make a proper return for the extra-
" ordinary teſtimonies ſhe has given
" you of her tenderneſs, by that con-
" fidence with which ſhe has relied
" upon you and her ſon for all the
" ſupport and happineſs of her re-
" maining life."—" Truly, you would
" make excellent ſermons!" cried ſhe,
' riſing, with an air which ſhe ſtrove to
' render careleſs and unconcerned:
" I would freely liſten till the conclu-
" ſion of it; but we have been juſt
" told that dinner is ready. Do you
" dine with us, ladies?"—" No, Ma-
" dam, I give you thanks," replied I,
' riſing too with an air of indignation:
" I have but one word to add to what
" you call my ſermon. My mother,
" who has reſerved nothing to herſelf,
" and whom you both have abandon-
" ed to the moſt frightful extremities;
" who has been forced to ſell the piti-
" ful goods you ſent her in the room
" of thoſe ſhe had reſerved to herſelf;
" in ſhort, that mother who could not
" believe that either you or her ſon
" would ever want gratitude; who
" has conſented to give up a very hand-
" ſome ſettlement in conſideration of a
" very ſmall penſion you were to pay
" her, through the too-favourable
" opinion ſhe had entertained of his
" heart and yours; ſhe whom you in-
" vited to live with you at your houſe,
" to be loved, ſerved, and reſpected
" there, as ſhe deſerved; whom, on
" the contrary, you have treated with
" ſcorn and inſult, and abuſed to ſuch
" a degree as to force her to leave
" you, and to live on a ſmall penſion,
" which you have neglected to pay
" her, and which was too trifling for
" her ever to look upon as a reſource,
" though it is now the only one that
" is left her; that unfortunate mother-
" in-law, whoſe intereſt gives you ſo
" little concern—I now come to tell
" you was a few days ago in the ut-
" moſt diſtreſs, and was ſo dreadfully
" reduced as not to know where to ap-
" ply for ſhelter and bare ſubſiſtence.
" She is ſick; and lodges at a mean
" inn, where ſhe has only a ſmall,
" dark room; which ſhe could not pay
" for, and out of which ſhe would
" have been turned, though almoſt
" expiring, into the ſtreet, had ſhe not
" been relieved by the charity of a wo-
" man who was paſſing by, and to
" whom ſhe was entirely unknown: I
" ſay charity; for, however harſh the
" term may ſound, it is impoſſible to
" uſe a ſofter expreſſion conſiſtent with
" truth."

' You cannot imagine, Marianne,
' what an effect this word had upon
' thoſe who were preſent; though it
' would probably have wounded their
' nice ears, and have appeared too in-
' delicate, had I not thought that, in
' order to diveſt it of it's baſeneſs, and
' to render it touching, I ought to lay
' a ſtreſs upon it, and appear to ſur-
' mount with pain the confuſion it
' gave me: I ſaw them all lift up their
' hands, and, by ſeveral geſtures, ex-
' preſs their ſurprize and concern.
" Yes, Madam," continued I, " in
" this frightful ſituation was your mo-
" ther-in-law! this her dreadful con-
" dition! Her linen and cloaths were
" ready to be ſold, or at leaſt kept
" for a ſecurity, when the lady I am
" ſpeaking of, touched with compaſ-
" ſion, redeemed them, even without
" knowing her, or hoping to be paid
" again. She is ſtill in the ſame inn;
" from whence her illneſs will not yet
" permit her to be carried: that inn is
" in ſuch a ſtreet, and at ſuch a ſign.
" Conſult, now, with yourſelf—con-
" ſult with theſe gentlemen, your
" friends; for there needs no other
" judges between you and your mo-

" ther-in-law; and see if you can have " still the courage to say that you will " not concern yourself with her affairs. " Here is a letter which she writes to " my brother; and I leave it with " you."

'Here I took my leave, perfectly 'dissatisfied with my sister's behaviour. 'During this latter part of my dis-'course, I observed that she coloured, 'and seemed agitated with shame and 'indignation, at having her inhuma-'nity made so publick: but her friends 'could not conceal their astonishment 'and concern; and Mrs. Darciere, as 'soon as we were in her coach, let me 'know that she was very much pleased 'with my talking with so much spirit. " Your sister-in-law is a monster," 'said she. " To what an extravagant " excess does her pitiful pride carry " her! I find you have little to hope " for from persons so insensible; for " they who can be guilty of such vile " ingratitude, may well be suspected " to want every sentiment of huma-" nity." When we returned to the 'inn, we found my mother expecting 'us with the greatest impatience; but 'she did not seem at all surprized at 'our reception, or at the young mar-'chioness's haughty behaviour. " If " my son," said she, " whom I have " loved with such an unbounded af-" fection, can abandon me, why should " I wonder that his wife should do so " too? It is I that am to blame, more " than they: perhaps, had I taken care " to have had his mind opened and en-" larged by useful knowledge, had he " been early inspired with a love of " wisdom, and a generous concern for " the happiness of mankind; he would " have been incapable of treating me " as he has done! Oh! what reason " have I to reproach myself!" Two 'or three days after this, the marquis 'sent my mother a note for a little mo-'ney; and in his letter complained that 'I had treated his wife with disrespect; 'exposed him before company; and at 'the same time desired her to let him 'hear no more of her clamorous com-'plaints, unless she would speak to 'him in private; and that, as for me, 'he did not desire to see me. My 'mother began now to be something 'better; and we no sooner found her 'well enough to be removed, than we 'had her carried to our lodging, where 'we had room enough, and were sur-'rounded with a great many conveni-'ences, which we wanted in the inn: 'but her palsy still continued; and, 'notwithstanding she had all the ad-'vice that could be procured, we be-'gan to despair of her ever being per-'fectly recovered. But, to keep up 'my spirits under this melancholy 'circumstance, I received a letter from 'Mrs. Du Frainville, in which was 'inclosed another from Mr. Dursan, 'full of the most tender and pleasing 'sentiments: I found an inexpressible 'satisfaction in hearing from my ab-'sent lover; his recovery from his ill-'ness gave me the utmost joy; and I 'flattered myself that we should carry 'on a most agreeable correspondence. 'After this he wrote to me almost 'every post: I received his letters with 'transports; read them over a thou-'sand times; and as often kissed the 'dear characters, which conveyed to 'me the most delightful ideas. Our 'absence seemed to increase our mu-'tual passion; it gave me an opportu-'nity of describing the situation of my 'heart with greater freedom than I 'should ever have ventured to have 'done in conversation: but this was a 'felicity too exquisite to last long; his 'letters insensibly grew more gay and 'sprightly than became a passionate, 'absent lover. This I at first thought 'only proceeded from the frankness 'with which I had laid open my soul 'to him. " He loves me," said I; " and he knows how tenderly I make " him a return; then why should he " complain? This discovery makes " him think himself happy; and, as " he has nothing to fear from my ab-" sence, he endeavours, by being " chearful, to render it less insup-" portable to us both." But, alas! I 'was soon undeceived; his gaiety in-'creased to such a degree, that his let-'ters at last contained nothing but a 'trifling, ceremonious respect. My 'mother, meanwhile, grew so fond of 'me, that she could hardly bear me 'out of her sight: she seemed to have 'transferred all her affection from her 'son to me; and, upon every occasion, 'reproached herself for her unkind-'ness, in a manner as severe as tender. 'My brother still used her with the 'same neglect; and witheld from her 'what she had a right to demand from 'him,

'him. As I had reaſon to be prejudiced againſt him, on account of his inhumanity to the moſt indulgent parent, I never deſired to ſee him; but, in order to ſupport my mother, and pay all her debts, I retrenched my expences, and lived as happily with her as her ill ſtate of health would permit. I was pleaſed with having it in my power to maintain her elegantly; and therefore did not care to apply to the law to recover her juſt claims from an ungrateful ſon; though Mrs. Darciere uſed many arguments to perſuade me to it. That lady, at laſt, returned into the country: and I had not lived in this manner above four months, when my mother had a return of her fever; which in a few days carried her off. How ſevere was my grief! I had juſt found a mother; and had juſt taſted the ſatisfaction of loving her, when I was at once deprived of her and all my comfort. What an irreparable loſs! How painful! how cruel! Forgive me, my dear Marianne,' cried ſhe, interrupting herſelf, at ſeeing the tears guſh from my eyes, 'for reminding you of the loſs of your dear mamma, Mrs. De Valville. I will paſs over this painful event: but firſt dry up your tears; they are both happy; and, perhaps, delighted to hear of our ſincere friendſhip.' I then embraced her; and ſhe proceeded.

'My mother being dead, I ſent to invite the marquis her ſon, with his lady, to the funeral; but they were in the country; which I was not ſorry for, as I imagined the levity of theſe perſons, ſo nearly related to her, would increaſe my affliction, and make it exceed all bounds: and, as I was no friend to that ridiculous pageantry with which we celebrate the funerals of the great, I contented myſelf with having her interred in a private, though decent manner.

'I had hitherto lived at Paris, in as retired a manner as if I had been in the country; for my only ſatisfaction had been in attending my mother; ſo that I had made but few friends; and, therefore, to divert my melancholy, I went abroad, and viſited ſome ladies whom I had but a very ſlender acquaintance with before; one of whom I took a particular fancy for: it was the officer's widow who took my mother into the country; ſhe happened now to be at Paris, and was one of thoſe I had invited to her funeral. Her gratitude to my mother, in her diſtreſs, for the ſervice ſhe had done her in her proſperity, was the firſt motive which induced me to chuſe her for my friend; and a little knowledge of her perſonal merit made me ſoon look upon her as a very valuable woman. She was a plain, good woman, of a moderate capacity; but then ſhe had a great deal of ſincerity: ſhe always ſpoke as ſhe thought; and ſcorned to do a baſe or a mean action; and was ſo pious, that I wonder ſhe did not end her days in a cloiſter. This perſon I made my confidante; for I always preferred a great ſtock of virtue to every other accompliſhment. As my couſin Durſan found that the law would not give her an opportunity of ſhewing her ingratitude to the world by depriving me of my ſubſiſtence, ſhe took a more effectual method to render me unhappy: ſhe conſtantly ſent me what money I had a claim to; her ſon had not wrote to me for ſome time; and I began to fear ſhe had prevailed upon him to baniſh me from his heart. I knew the aſcendant ſhe had over him; and looked upon this piece of treachery as the greateſt evil that could ever befal me; it was like a dagger to my heart: and this apprehenſion, together with his ſilence, continually gave me the moſt painful inquietudes. But, my dear Marianne, how can I deſcribe my aſtoniſhment, grief, and confuſion, when I received two letters at the ſame time; one from Mrs. Du Frainville, and the other from Mrs. Darciere; which told me that Durſan's mother had prevailed upon him to marry a young lady of great fortune, who had been one of my acquaintance! You, my dear, have experienced the ſame deplorable ſituation of mind; and, by referring to your own breaſt, can recollect the ſame diſtreſs, the ſame torment. My friend the officer's widow uſed thoſe arguments to me which I did to comfort you under Mr. De Valville's infidelity; and I at laſt was calmed by the force of her arguments: but began to be ſo diſguſted with mankind, that I reſolved to exclude myſelf

'self from their society for ever by 'shutting myself up in a convent. The 'reasons which had deterred me be- 'fore now seemed weak and incon- 'clusive. I considered the world as 'full of monsters of deceit and ingrati- 'tude: I thought it impossible for me 'ever to indulge a new passion; and 'was confident that I should enjoy a 'solid peace and tranquillity in a so- 'ciety where I could be no longer a 'witness of that falsehood which I had 'sufficiently experienced in the world. 'My friend approved of my resolu- 'tion, and persuaded me to put it 'speedily in execution. This was the 'convent we fixed upon. I sold the 'third part of Mr. Dursan's estate, 'which was my due; gave some lega- 'cies to the poor, and settled the rest 'upon this house, before I took the 'veil. I entered upon my probation 'with the hopes that I should be com- 'pleatly happy in this peaceful asylum, 'and that I should here bury all my 'cares. The first year every thing 'seemed to conspire to make me pleased 'with my situation: the abbess and 'the nuns perpetually caressed me, and 'flattered my vanity by the grossest 'adulation. My beauty was a fa- 'vourite subject of discourse: when I 'spoke, they extolled my wit with the 'most lavish praises; when I smiled, 'they looked chearful; and when I 'was dull, they were melancholy. I 'was, they said, the life of the con- 'versation, and made a considerable 'addition to their happiness. This 'behaviour was at first very disagree- 'able; and I wished for more plain- 'ness and sincerity: but flattery easily 'insinuates itself into the minds of 'young people; and, before the year 'was expired, I began to think they 'were at least sincere in their profes- 'sions; which was all that was ne- 'cessary to make me love them, and 'regard them as my friends. But I had 'no sooner taken my vows than the 'scene was changed; I found that this 'was all artifice and deceit; I was de- 'graded from all my little honours. 'This soon disgusted me; and I no 'sooner found my error, than I re- 'proached my false friends: they 'laughed at me, ridiculed my sorrow, 'and applauded themselves for the 'cheat. Now the austerities of the 'place became burdensome to me; I 'grew frighted at the slavery I was to 'undergo; found myself a prisoner for 'life; and therefore abandoned my- 'self to the utmost despair. Instead 'of religion, I found nothing here but 'little intrigues, and all the ill-hu- 'mours which spring from strong pas- 'sions restrained by violence: and I 'assure you, that there is hardly a per- 'son amongst us who would not sacri- 'fice every thing to regain the dear 'liberty they once enjoyed.

'Thus, my dear friend, I have given 'you the history of my adventures. 'You see that I have been very un- 'happy; and I must now languish 'away the remainder of my miserable 'life in an irksome imprisonment, 'which the twenty years I have been 'accustomed to it can hardly render 'tolerable.'

'My dear friend,' cried I, tenderly embracing the nun, 'what a series 'of strange events! How lovely do 'your sufferings make you appear! 'How closely do your shining vir- 'tues bind you to my heart! My dear, 'my amiable friend! I am shocked at 'the ingratitude of the world; and 'could not have imagined that it had 'been inhabited by such monsters! 'persons who are such a disgrace to 'human nature! But what have you 'heard of Mr. Dursan since his mar- 'riage?'—'Nothing at all,' returned she, 'but that he is to the last degree 'unhappy: he lives with his wife in a 'continual strife. I have been told 'that they are strangers to that union 'of soul which is the bond of all hu- 'man felicity, and that they spend 'their lives in perpetual discord; but 'I have not heard any thing of them 'for many years.'

I am now, Madam, very weary; and shall therefore conclude this Part. I intend, in the next, to send you the conclusion of my own adventures.

END OF THE ELEVENTH PART.

THE

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART XII.

NOTHING, Madam, could be better adapted to ſoothe the melancholy turn of my mind, than my friend the nun's ſtory; which received inexpreſſible charms from her graceful manner of relating it: but you muſt not imagine that ſhe had an opportunity of telling it me all at once; no, ſhe was ſometimes called off to attend the pious exerciſes of the houſe: but as nothing material happened in theſe intervening ſpaces, I rather choſe to give it you altogether, than to interrupt her narration by little circumſtances that have no relation to it.

I had been now in the convent five or ſix days, and was extremely afflicted to hear no news from my dear Valville and Mrs. Dorſin; when, as I was one morning in the garden, I heard, at ſome diſtance, one of the nuns mention a young lady's being in the parlour with one of the boarders; and, by the deſcription ſhe gave of her, I thought it could be none but Miſs Du Bois: I was ſeized with an extraordinary joy at this diſcovery, even before I was certain that it was really her, and ran immediately to the parlour, where, indeed, I found her juſt taking leave of one of the boarders. As ſhe did not know that I was in that convent, ſhe was extremely glad to ſee me; and, as ſoon as the lady retired, broke into the warmeſt profeſſions of friendſhip, whilſt I ſhould infallibly have flown into her arms, had I not been reſtrained by the grate. When our firſt tranſports were over, 'My dear friend,' ſaid ſhe, 'what is 'the reaſon that you reſolve to ſhut 'yourſelf up here? How can you think 'of withdrawing from your friends and 'leaving Mr. De Valville in abſolute 'deſpair? He, Mrs. Dorſin tells me, 'cannot ſupport your abſence; he is 'ſurprized at ſuch a ſudden reſolution: 'and even Mrs. Dorſin herſelf is af'flicted on your account; and would 'have ſeen you before this time, had 'ſhe not been much indiſpoſed by a 'cold, which obliges her to keep her 'room. Indeed, Miſs,' added ſhe, 'you 'cannot think how tenderly you are 'beloved!'—'Ah! how much are you 'all deceived!' cried I: 'I have not 'the leaſt deſire to be a nun; and have 'been very uneaſy at being conſtrained 'to be here contrary to my inclina'tions.'—'Why, that is very ſurpriz'ing!' returned ſhe: 'what reaſon, then, 'has the abbeſs to write ſuch tender 'letters to perſuade them not to fetch 'you; in which ſhe extols your piety, 'and ſays you are inclined to retire from 'the world? Mrs. Dorſin ſuſpected 'that all was not right; for ſhe could 'hardly believe, ſhe ſaid, that it was 'poſſible for you to be guilty of ſuch 'levity, as to deſire her to come for 'you the next day, and then to permit 'the abbeſs to forbid it. But as ſhe 'could not ſuſpect the good lady's ve'racity and probity, ſhe was at a loſs 'how to account for ſuch an extraor'dinary procedure.'—'Well, my dear,' ſaid I, 'it is now in your power to do 'me the greateſt ſervice by undeceiv'ing them. Pleaſe to ſtay a moment,' added I, 'while I write a line or two 'to Mr. De Valville: you do not know 'how my heart beats with joy at the

'thoughts

thoughts of being delivered from this 'dreadful captivity.' On this I sat down, and wrote as follows.

'SIR,

'I Do not know what you have thought 'of my confinement: if I am dear 'to you, I am sure it must give you the 'greatest pain. This I know from 'what I feel in my own breast. In-'deed, I cannot tell what the abbess 'has wrote to you and Mrs. Dorsin, 'that could prevent your coming for 'me at the time I appointed. She 'has heard that my dear mother has 'left me something considerable, and 'therefore would prevail upon me to 'settle it upon her convent: she would 'be glad to make a breach between 'us; take care that you are not im-'posed upon. I have inclosed a letter 'which she desired me to give you; she 'expected I should break it open: 'but she did not know me. I have too 'much respect for you, to desire to 'know what you, perhaps, would con-'ceal from me. In short, I see through 'her artifice; and without your assist-'ance shall be constrained to be mise-'rable. Fly then, Sir, to save the di-'stressed

MARIANNE!

'P. S. Pray, if possible, bring Mrs. 'Dorsin with you.'

As soon as I had sealed this letter, I gave it to Miss Du Bois, and desired her to carry it immediately to Mr. De Valville; and then went to acquaint my friend the nun with what I had done; who was so good as to sympathize with me in my joy, though she told me she should be a sufferer by my happiness, as I should deprive her of tasting the satisfactions of friendship. Here we tenderly embraced each other, and said all that the sincerest affection can dictate to two persons who are going to suffer the pain of separation. Meanwhile Miss Du Bois went to Mr. De Valville's; but was there told that he was gone to see Mrs. Dorsin: she then went thither, and soon filled them both with a pleasing surprize. Notwithstanding Mrs. Dorsin's indisposition, she resolved to accompany him; and in two hours time I had the satisfaction of being called for. As I entered the parlour I saw Valville, who immediately cast upon me a look of transport; which I returned with those lively glances which spring from a mind raised from the depth of despair to the height of it's wishes. 'O my 'dear!' cried he in a tender tone, as soon as he saw me, 'have you never 'ceased to love me? Is it true that you 'have not desired to snatch yourself 'from my embraces, by immuring 'yourself in this convent? Thou dear-'est, thou best of women!' continued he, 'may I still hope one day to call 'thee mine? What a sweet vicissitude 'of passions have you occasioned in my 'mind! Two hours ago I was lament-'ing my wretchedness, and reproach-'ing myself as being unworthy of tast-'ing any real happiness, and was even 'lost in affliction and despair; but now 'I am only sensible to the most exqui-'site joy!'—'Come, Sir! enough, 'enough!' cried I; 'pray defer this 'rapture till I am safe from my prison: 'where is Mrs. Dorsin, that I do not 'see her here?'—'She is gone to speak 'to the abbess, and reprove her for im-'posing upon us,' returned he: 'she 'will soon be back; and we will take 'you to her house.' Here we were interrupted by a lay-sister, who came to tell me that the abbess desired to speak to me. On which I went to her immediately, and found her with Mrs. Dorsin, who seemed to be in a heat, as if she had been talking severely to the old lady. 'My dear child,' said the abbess, as soon as I entered the room, 'this lady and I have had a little dis-'pute about thee. I confess my tender 'affection for thee, and thy engaging 'behaviour, have made me strain a 'point of conscience, in order to keep 'thee with me: what would not one 'do to have the happiness of preserving 'such a lovely creature here, whose 'piety would be an ornament to my 'house? Ah, Miss! thou art sensible 'of my affection for thee; and I dare 'say wilt do me the justice to believe I 'should not have presumed to have 'wrote those letters to this lady, hadst 'thou not seemed inclined to enter into 'this most holy state. I knew thy pious 'resolution; and was willing to give 'thee time to cherish it, by keeping thee 'a little longer with us.'—'Doubtless, 'Madam,' returned I, 'I must be in-'finitely obliged to you for your care 'of me, as well as of my small for-

'tune;

'tune; since, as you say, I should be 'infallibly miserable if I did not for-'sake the world; and that, by bestow-'ing my fortune upon your house, I 'should certainly purchase everlasting 'felicity. If we may buy a place in 'Heaven for such a trifle as two or 'three thousand livres a year, who 'would not bestow their money to such 'an advantage!' This was spoke with an air that made Mrs. Dorsin smile; she seemed pleased at my gentle, though se-vere reproof, while the abbess cast down her eyes: when I added—'Especially, 'Madam, as my dear mamma was so 'extremely solicitous about my taking 'the veil!'—'That I never heard of 'before,' cried Mrs. Dorsin; 'it is the 'last thing I should have thought of!—'How, Madam,' cried she, addressing herself to the abbess, 'could you assert 'such a notorious falsehood?' Here she sat for some time silent, with a visible confusion in her looks; and then lifting up her eyes—'I am sorry, child,' said she at last, 'that you put such an un-'kind construction upon the little ar-'tifice I have made use of to keep you 'amongst us, as to insinuate that it 'sprang from any other motive than a 'sincere affection for thee. Thou wilt 'ever be dear to me; and I shall pray 'for thy happiness as long as I live. 'Farewel, child! I will go and order 'your box to be brought down.—Your 'servant, Madam,' added she to Mrs. Dorsin. Here she left us in a manner that shewed she was glad to break off this conversation. Mrs. Dorsin and I went back to the parlour, where I took my leave of the nuns: Miss Terviere, my friend, I found waiting for me in the passage; she embraced me with tears; and I confess I felt a great deal of pain at separating myself from this lady. I then embraced the rest of the nuns and boarders, who flocked about me: and my box being placed in the coach, Mrs. Dorsin, my dear Valville, and I, drove away.

As soon as we were in the coach, Valville pulled a letter out of his pock-et; and, giving me a look which spoke a thousand tender things—'Dear Miss,' said he, 'I cannot help applauding 'your discretion in not breaking open 'this letter; I confess I wrote it some 'time ago to Miss Varthon, and she 'without doubt dropped it in her hurry 'of going away: but they have altered 'the date, that you might imagine it 'was sent to her after she left the con-'vent; in order, I suppose, to make you 'think I still carry on a correspondence 'with her.' We then diverted our-selves a little with the abbess's pious zeal for my happiness, which had such extraordinary effects; whilst Valville seemed extremely pleased at the just confusion we had given her, in letting her know that we could see through her hypocritical pretences. When we arriv-ed at Mrs. Dorsin's, we found Miss Du Bois waiting for our return, in compa-ny with our good friend the officer, who very politely complimented me on my being set at liberty; for that young lady had given him an account of the abbess's plot. I then went to Miss Du Bois, and returned her civilities on this occasion, by giving her the most sincere thanks for the share she had in procuring my enlargement. I, in some sense, looked upon her as my deliverer; and methought I felt a peculiar plea-sure in regarding her in this light, as it seemed as if Heaven rewarded me for relieving her from her distress, by mak-ing her relieve me from mine. This thought not only filled me with inward satisfaction and complacency, but dif-fused through my mind a kind of pious delight; which, though calm and secret, yet was nevertheless exquisitely sweet and delightful.

I now lived with Mrs. Dorsin in a manner that shewed the great esteem that lady had for me: she took a pecu-liar pleasure in my company; and I en-joyed with her all the advantages which spring from the sincerest friendship. She treated me with the same respect and freedom as my mamma had done; and the servants, in all their actions, shew-ed they modelled themselves according to their mistress's behaviour. Mr. De Valville came almost every day to see me; and seldom unaccompanied by my friend the officer, a nobleman for whom I had an esteem, mixed with a surpriz-ing veneration and regard. Their con-versation was always lively and enter-taining; though we sometimes discours-ed on the most serious subjects, which were handled in a manner that gave us a satisfaction and delight infinitely superior to that of laughter.

One day Mrs. Dorsin led us into her library, which was composed of a very curious collection of all those pieces in

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our language which are able to improve the judgment, or inform and entertain the mind. Here I had already ſpent many agreeable hours. Valville and the officer complimented Mrs. Dorſin on the juſtneſs of her taſte, in her choice of the moſt ſolid and polite authors; and expreſſed the moſt lively ſatisfaction at ſeeing her poſſeſſed of ſuch an ineſtimable treaſure. I made ſome reflections on the ſentiments of ſome of the pieces I had read; and was going on with my remarks, when Mrs. Dorſin aroſe to bring us the book I was commending, in order to turn to a paſſage which I had been ſaying I was charmed with; but ſhe happened to let it fall. I ſtarted up in a hurry of complaiſance, to take it up for her; but, in ſtooping, broke my necklace, and the beads were immediately ſcattered about the room. As they were of pearl, and a preſent from my mamma, I ſet a value upon them proportionable to my tenderneſs for that dear lady; and we were immediately all employed in picking them up. When we had found them all, I deſired Valville to give me ſomething to put them in; when the officer haſtily putting his hand into his pocket, preſented me with a paper, which, upon my going to receive, he drew back, put again in his pocket, and gave me another: 'I beg 'your pardon, Miſs,' ſaid he: 'this is 'the laſt letter I received from a dear 'brother, whom I have not ſeen theſe 'twenty years.'—'A brother!' cried Mrs. Dorſin; 'I thought you had ne'ver had any but the Count De V——: 'but, Sir, can you perſuade us to be'lieve you ſet ſuch a great value upon 'that paper, while you carry it ſo care'leſsly in your pocket.'—'Yes, Ma'dam,' returned he. 'I was reading 'it this morning, when a particular 'friend came into my parlour unper'ceived, and tapped me on the ſhoul'der: I ſtarted; and, being unwilling to 'diſturb his gaiety by my ſerious re'flections, I ſlipped it into my pocket, 'and ſtrove to divert my growing me'lancholy, which the thoughts of my 'brother had occaſioned, by entering 'into converſation with him.'—'But, 'Sir,' returned Mrs. Dorſin, 'you ſay 'you have not ſeen your brother theſe 'twenty years: what ſort of a perſon 'was he? Has he been abroad all this 'while, or is he ſince dead?'—'The 'brother, Madam, I am ſpeaking of,' ſaid he, 'was in all reſpects a worthy 'man: his perſon was amiable; he had 'fine ſenſe, improved by extenſive 'learning; he had a heart perfectly ge'nerous, and truly noble; and was an 'ornament to his country, as well as 'the delight of his friends. He mar'ried a moſt accompliſhed lady; and, to 'give you her picture, you muſt look 'upon the amiable Marianne; for I aſ'ſure you that there is ſomething in her 'countenance which greatly reſembled 'my ſiſter's, who was about her age 'when ſhe was married; at which time 'I went into the army, and had been 'there two or three years, when he ſent 'me this letter, to inform me that 'ſomebody had rendered him ſuſpect'ed to the government, of carrying on 'a correſpondence with the enemy, and 'that he deſigned to retire with his wife 'and daughter, a lovely little creature, 'till his innocence could be cleared 'up. Since this time, I have never 'been able to learn in what country he 'choſe to reſide, or even whether he be 'yet living: ſo that my other brother 'has taken the poſſeſſion of his eſtate 'and title; which he now enjoys.' I heard this ſtory with a great deal of emotion; but had not the confidence to enquire more minutely into the circumſtances of this fact; ſo that the converſation turned again upon books. Many fine ſentiments were taken notice of; and though nothing could be more charming than the remarks which were made upon them, I could not help ſometimes glancing a thought at the officer's hiſtory of his brother, though I could give no account of the reaſon of my intereſting myſelf in what apparently ſo little concerned me. When they were gone, I retired to my room, and conſidered again every circumſtance of this ſtory: my heart fluttered whenever I thought of his brother, and my bearing ſo near a reſemblance to his ſiſter. But as I thought it impoſſible to prove that I was the daughter he mentioned, though I ſhould be really ſo, I reſolved to conceal my conjectures, ſince I had ſo little foundation for them, and not to acquaint Mrs. Dorſin with my thoughts, leſt ſhe ſhould be diſpleaſed at my vanity. How unaccountable are the ſtrange impreſſions which even trifling circumſtances raiſe in the mind! Sure ſome happy, ſome kind ſpirits, ſome angelick beings, have a communication with

with our thoughts, and point out the way to our felicity!

I had now been about six months at Mrs. Dorsin's; in which time I sometimes went with her to pass a day or two together at the country seat which Mrs. De Valville had given me. Every thing now conspired to make me happy: Valville pressed me daily to consent to have our marriage celebrated; but I still found some excuses to defer it. But the time now hastened when I was to find my family, my relations, my friends; when I was to taste the unutterable satisfaction of knowing those whom nature has given us strong propensities to love and revere. I think I told you, Madam, that I brought with me to Paris the little cloaths I was dressed in when discovered in the stage-coach in the arms of the murdered lady: these I had taken out of my box, and put them into my chest of drawers at Mrs. Dorsin's. One day, that lady going up stairs for something she wanted, I gave her my keys, and desired her to look in my drawers for my work; when she cast her eyes upon those pieces of my early finery, and brought them down stairs with her. 'What have you got here?' said she, as she returned. 'Here is some-'thing extremely pretty! This silk, 'though it is old-fashioned, is some 'of the richest I ever saw!' She then observed my head-dress, and admired the fineness of the lace, and the beauty of the needle-work. 'Is this the dress 'you was found in, my dear?' said she. 'I think I heard you had brought 'it with you: and I wonder we had 'none of us the curiosity to see it be-'fore.'—'Yes, Madam,' said I; 'Mrs. De Rosand made me bring it 'with me to town; but for what rea-'son I cannot tell, unless it was to be 'proof that I am not of mean extrac-'tion.'—'That lady was very pru-'dent,' returned she: 'this is a dress 'fit for a princess!' She then observed a cypher curiously worked in one of the seams; and then, smiling upon me—'I do not know,' added she, 'but this may one day bring you to 'the knowledge of your family; when 'Valville's friends, who now look up-'on you with contempt, will, per-'haps, find themselves greatly ho-'noured by your alliance.'—'This is 'a very pleasing thought!' said I; 'but, was I of the blood-royal, I had 'rather continue thus ignorant of the 'grandeur of my birth, than be oblig-'ed to forsake my dear Valville; for 'the highest honours would not make 'life tolerable to me without him. 'Whatever are my family or circum-'stances, my highest felicity will be 'that of being his: he who could stoop 'to marry me, a foundling and an or-'phan, unknown to the world, and in 'the lowest indigence, would deserve 'me, though I were born to wear a 'crown. But why do you talk so, 'Madam?' continued I. 'Is it pos-'sible that you can, from these trifles, 'give me any light into my family?' —'I do not know,' said she: 'but I 'must see your good friend the officer; 'and, perhaps, by his means, we may 'learn something that will not be dis-'agreeable to you to know.'—'The 'officer, Madam!' replied I, blushing; 'do you think he can give us any in-'formation? How I should rejoice to 'find myself allied to that worthy 'man! a person for whom I have ne-'ver ceased to have the highest esteem! 'But when shall we see him, Madam?' —'I will send to him directly,' said she, 'and desire his company at sup-'per: I am as impatient to see him as 'thou canst be. Come, do not look 'thoughtful: if I am mistaken in my 'conjectures, we are only where we 'were.'

You can form no idea, Madam, of the excess of my joy on this occasion. I compared the impression the officer's story of his brother made in my mind, and the probability that I was his daughter, since I so nearly resembled his lady; I compared these circumstances, I say, with Mrs. Dorsin's persuasion that our military friend could unravel this event; and I did not doubt but she had some reasons for her opinion, which she was willing to conceal. Full of these thoughts, I made an excuse to retire to my room, that I might be at leisure to indulge my reflections. 'Are my misfortunes, then, 'at an end?' cried I. 'Shall I taste 'the delights that result from indulg-'ing those social affections which make 'up such a large part of human feli-'city? Shall I have a family and a 'name? Shall I have relations who 'will be dear to me, though now un-'known? What a fund of new and

'unexpected delight!—O my dear 'Valville! shall I have it in my power 'to convince the world that it is no mer-'cenary views, but the purest, the sin-'cerest, the most tender affection, which 'has possessed my soul, and makes me 'consent to be thine?' Here a gush of tears forced their way, and I melted into the most charming softness. 'O my 'dear mother!' then cried I, 'you 'have been censured for loving me; and 'the permitting your son to do so has 'been regarded as the greatest weak-'ness: now your conduct will be ap-'proved, and your unkind relations 'will blush at their insolence. I shall 'hear your name mentioned with ho-'nour by those who have been most in-'vidious, most ready to defame it by 'their unkind censures.—But, per-'haps,' cried I, recollecting myself, and drying my eyes, 'all this joyful 'prospect may at last prove a vain chi-'mera, and every flattering hope va-'nish as soon as the officer appears! 'There may be certain reasons to prove 'that I am not his brother's daughter; 'and should we have arguments for-'cible enough to satisfy ourselves, yet 'we may want sufficient proof to con-'vince those whose interest it is to dis-'believe us. My birth may, at best, 'be only doubtful; and I may never 'have it in my power to convince the 'world of the sincerity of my tender-'ness; or give Valville any proof of 'the dignity of my passion, by offering 'him a fortune perhaps as large as his 'own.'

Thus I went on, wavering betwixt my hopes and fears; sometimes de-lighting myself with the most pleasing prospects, and then afflicting myself at the apprehensions of a disappointment: at last Mrs. Dorsin, a little surprized at my being so long alone, sent a ser-vant to tell me she begged the favour of my company. When I went down, she desired to know what it was that had disturbed me; for she saw some traces of the trouble of my thoughts in my countenance; on which I ingenuously opened my heart to her, without con-cealing the least article of my uneasi-ness. 'I cannot bear to see you so 'concerned,' said she, 'about the event 'of our enquiry: is it any great mat-'ter whether you oblige Mr. De Val-'ville, or he you? Our military friend 'has sent word that he will be with us 'presently: and I have one piece of ad-'vice to give you; that is, to take no 'notice of what we are about to your 'lover; it will be time enough to men-'tion it to him when you can do it with 'a grace.'—'I am entirely of your 'opinion, Madam,' returned I: 'Val-'ville shall be ignorant of our thoughts 'till a discovery of them may contri-'bute to his happiness.' Here some-body knocked at the door; at which my heart began to flutter afresh. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'this important mo-'ment approaches! Oh, that this pain-'ful suspense was over!' The officer presently entered the room, and saluted us with an air of unusual gaiety. 'I 'am very much obliged to you, ladies,' said he, 'for the honour you confer 'upon me.'—'It is we who are 'obliged, Sir,' said Mrs. Dorsin: 'we wanted to consult with you about 'an affair of consequence; and, to 'prevent our being interrupted by com-'pany, we will lose no time, but enter 'upon it immediately. I have by me 'some cloaths which belonged to an 'infant; and I want your opinion of 'them. Pray, take notice of this 'head-dress! Nay, Sir, do not smile,' added she, 'before you have heard me.' —'Indeed, Madam,' returned he, 'I 'have no judgment in such things!'— 'That may be, Sir,' replied she: 'but 'I want you carefully to examine some 'cyphers curiously worked in this 'seam; perhaps they may give us some 'light into a certain young lady's fa-'mily.' He then took it in his hand, and Mrs. Dorsin explained the letters to him; whilst I trembled, and was in the utmost pain for the event. After he had observed it for some time, he gave a sigh; and, looking at Mrs. Dor-sin and me with an air that shewed some emotion—'May I see the lady?' said he. 'You do see her!' said Mrs. Dor-sin; 'it is Marianne! These are the 'things she was found in when taken 'out of the stage-coach.'—'O my 'dear Marianne!' cried he, rising, with his eyes full of tenderness, 'I must in-'stantly endeavour to unravel this af-'fair: you are, perhaps, my niece! I 'see here the initial letters of her name: 'and here,' said he, pointing to ano-ther place, 'are those of my brother 'and sister, whom I have so long lost!—

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'Permit me to embrace you: I will 'ride poſt inſtantly to the count my 'brother; he is now at Verſailles; and, 'as he lived at Paris when my brother 'retired from hence, perhaps he, or my 'mother, who lives with him, may re-'member all the particulars of this 'dreſs; and, if you will give me leave, 'I will take it with me.'—'Pray do, 'Sir!' ſaid I. He then tenderly em-braced me; and parted, with his eyes full of a manly ſoftneſs.

As ſoon as he was gone I burſt into tears: 'My dear Mrs. Dorſin!' cried I, throwing my arms about her neck, 'I ſhall be happy beyond my utmoſt 'wiſhes!—My God! what felicity doſt 'thou prepare for me! What gratitude 'is due to thee! May I never forget 'thy goodneſs!—O Madam! my dear 'friend! what a happy turn this will 'give to my affairs! Valville will be 'no more reproached with loving an 'object unworthy of his affection!'—'My dear,' ſaid ſhe, weeping too, and holding me in her arms, 'I heartily 'ſympathize with thee in thy ſatisfac-'tion! But let us ſtill conceal it from 'the world: take care you do not let 'Mr. De Valville know it! We will 'ſurprize him with the news all at 'once, when we have heard the ſucceſs 'of your uncle's journey.'—'I agree 'to it, Madam,' returned I: 'but how 'agreeable the diſcovery will be to 'him! I cannot help anticipating the 'ſatisfaction he will feel on this occa-'ſion!'

As Valville, by ſome means or other, was prevented from paying me a viſit this evening, I had time, againſt the next day, to confirm myſelf in my re-ſolution of concealing for ſome time the diſcovery which was breaking out, and arm myſelf with ſuch an equani-mity of temper as to make it impoſſible to diſcover any thing from my beha-viour. As he had not been with me the day before, he came two or three hours ſooner than uſual; and was at Mrs. Dorſin's even before dinner. As ſoon as we were alone, he appeared im-patient at my delays in deferring the completion of our mutual happineſs; and preſſed me to fix upon the day which was to make me his, in ſuch an engaging manner, that he prevailed up-on me to be more haſty than I intended; and I conſented that I would be his wife in ſix weeks time. Though he was pleaſed with this promiſe, as I could eaſily ſee by his countenance, which diſcovered an unuſual ſatisfac-tion; yet he endeavoured to make me ſhorten that time by every argument which he thought could prevail upon me. 'And why ſix weeks, my dear 'Marianne?' ſaid he, taking my hand, and preſſing it between his. 'Can 'you love me, and yet deſire to tor-'ment me with needleſs delays? Sure 'your tenderneſs muſt be greatly in-'ferior to mine! Did you know how 'painful it is to me to be abſent from 'you; did you know with what re-'luctance I am forced to leave you 'when I have been bleſſed with your 'company; and with what impatience 'I wait till I can ſee you again; I am 'ſure you would pity me, and haſten 'my felicity. But, alas! my follies 'have juſtly rendered me leſs dear to 'you than I have been; and it would 'be unreaſonable in me, after ſo much 'ingratitude, to expect an equal re-'turn of affection.' Here he ſtopped, and gave me ſuch a look as touched my very ſoul. 'Indeed, Sir,' returned I, 'you do not do me juſtice; you 'have no reaſon to accuſe me of cruel-'ty: and perhaps I might, with the 'ſtricteſt truth, aſſure you that my 'tenderneſs is not at all inferior to 'yours. How, then, is it poſſible that 'I ſhould take a pleaſure in giving you 'pain? You ought rather to conclude 'that I have ſome reaſons for defer-'ring the completion of our happi-'neſs: and, I aſſure you, they are ſuch 'as even you will approve of.' While we were talking thus, Mrs. Dorſin en-tered the room; on which we changed the ſubject of our converſation, and talked of indifferent matters till it was time for Valville to retire.

The next day, in the afternoon, as I was reading in the library, Mrs. Dor-ſin came to me with an air that ex-preſſed the moſt lively ſatisfaction. 'My dear,' ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, 'what 'will you give me for a letter from 'our friend the officer, whom I muſt 'now call your uncle? I have juſt re-'ceived one from him, with another 'incloſed for you. Here, Miſs,' added ſhe, 'are both.' I took them, and opened Mrs. Dorſin's letter; which, as near as I can remember, was to this effect—

'IMPATIENT, Madam, to be 'certain of my happineſs in being related to the amiable Marianne, 'I have endeavoured, ever ſince I left 'you, to gain all poſſible information; 'and not without ſucceſs. As ſoon 'as I arrived at my brother's, I went 'to wait upon my mother the counteſs 'dowager, who was a little indiſpoſed 'in her chamber: there I found my 'ſiſter, and ſeveral other ladies of diſtinction. I took the firſt opportunity to ſhew them the cap I received 'from you; which I pretended I had 'found on the road. I gave it to my 'mother; ſhe looked at it for ſome 'time; and then taking off her ſpectacles, and lifting up her eyes, I ſaw 'them ſwimming in tears. "My "poor child!" ſaid ſhe; "alas! what "is become of thee!—What you have "found," ſaid ſhe to me, "puts me "in mind of your brother and ſiſter." 'And then turning to a lady who ſat 'by her—"This, Madam," continued 'ſhe, "is extremely like the cap you "made a preſent of to my grand-"daughter." The lady then took it; 'and had no ſooner caſt her eyes upon 'it, than ſhe cried out, with aſtoniſh'ment—"It is the ſame! I perfectly "remember it; for I made it myſelf. "What is become of my dear friend "the counteſs? May I never flatter "myſelf with the hopes of ſeeing her "again?" She then aſked me where 'I found it; on which I related, in 'few words, Marianne's hiſtory. My 'mother wept at the loſs of her ſon and 'daughter; at the ſame time that ſhe 'rejoiced at the thought of ſeeing again 'her grand-daughter; and was raviſhed at the idea of finding her a 'lady of ſuch merit as I juſtly repreſented her. Meanwhile all the ladies 'appeared in the greateſt amazement; 'but my ſiſter held down her head, 'ſeemed diſpleaſed at the diſcovery, 'and made ſome objections to Miſs 'Marianne's being her niece; which, 'however, were ſoon anſwered. My 'brother ſays he will joyfully reſign 'the eſtate, which is her due, as ſoon 'as her right to it can be proved. I 'am now on the road to Bourdeaux, 'and but a few miles from the village 'at which my dear niece received her 'education. I am, Madam, yours, '&c.

J. DE N——.'

The other letter, of which I have ſtill the copy, was exactly as follows—

'DEAR MISS,

'IT would be in vain for me to pre'tend to deſcribe the joy I feel at 'the reflection of being ſo nearly related to a perſon whoſe ſhining virtues would give a luſtre to the higheſt 'ſtations of life, and make nobility 'truly noble. I have offered you my 'heart, and have loved you with all 'the tenderneſs of a paſſionate lover; 'but you no ſooner cruſhed my hopes 'of being yours than I gave laws to 'my deſires, and aſpired to deſerve the 'character of a ſincere, honeſt, and diſintereſted friend. To that dear 'name I have now another claim—'that of blood; but this can add no'thing to my zeal for your happineſs, 'which, ever ſince I knew you, was 'dearer to me than my own. Believe 'me, dear Miſs, I intereſt myſelf in 'all that concerns you; I ſhare in your 'felicity; and wiſh you and Mr. De 'Valville all the ſatisfactions that virtue, innocence, and love, can beſtow. 'In a few days I ſhall ſee you again; 'when I ſhall have an opportunity of 'telling you how much I am, my 'dear niece, your affectionate friend,

'J. DE N——.'

You imagine, perhaps, Madam, that I was now tranſported with the utmoſt joy; that I gave a looſe to my tranſports, ſince the diſtant proſpect of this happineſs had given me ſuch delight: ſo far from it, I read theſe letters with great calmneſs, undiſturbed by any violent emotions. They contained nothing very ſurprizing; nothing that I was not already prepared for: reflection had made the thoughts of theſe new honours familiar to my mind; and they inſenſibly grew leſs charming as I was more accuſtomed to them.

'Well, my dear,' ſaid Mrs. Dorſin, laughing, as ſoon as I had finiſhed reading theſe two letters, 'do not you 'think the officer (your uncle I ſhould 'ſay) is grown very gallant? He 'writes as paſſionately as a young 'lover, at the ſame time that he preſerves the tenderneſs of a father. Such 'a friend ought to be eſteemed as an 'invaluable bleſſing.'—'It is true, 'Madam,' replied I; 'my being re-

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'lated to a perſon of ſuch merit is not 'the leaſt advantage I ſhall derive from 'this diſcovery; and I ſhall ſet a greater 'value upon his friendſhip than upon 'my father's eſtate, which I ſhall ob-'tain through his means: he is not 'only my friend, but my dear Val-'ville's too. Such a noble, ſuch a 'diſintereſted friend, is one of the 'greateſt bleſſings of life: he will be, 'at the ſame time, an uncle, a father, 'and a brother, to me.'—'You are 'in the right,' returned Mrs. Dorſin. 'How aſſiduous he is in promoting 'your happineſs! What pains does he 'take to clear up the obſcurity of your 'birth, and recover you from the ob-'livion into which your firſt misfor-'tunes have involved you! With what 'diligence does he endeavour to raiſe 'you to thoſe honours you were born 'to enjoy, and to procure you the poſ-'ſeſſion of an eſtate which might fall 'to him after his brother's deceaſe! 'Happy the perſons who have ſuch a 'friend; but doubly happy they who 'know how to prize him as they 'ought!'

Two or three days after this, Mrs. Dorſin aſked Valville and I to go with her to pay a viſit to a lady of her acquaintance, that lived at a village a few leagues from Paris: we readily accepted the offer, and ſet out as ſoon as we had dined. We were received with a great deal of politeneſs by an elderly gentleman and lady; and, upon Mrs. Dorſin's preſenting us both to them as two of her deareſt friends who were ſhortly to be married, we were careſſed in a very engaging manner. 'We 'think ourſelves extremely obliged to 'you, Madam,' ſaid the old gentle-man, 'for the honour you do us, in 'giving us an opportunity of know-'ing thoſe who are worthy of your 'eſteem. I think I have ſomewhere 'ſeen theſe two amiable perſons.'—'Yes, Sir,' replied Mrs. Dorſin; 'Miſs Marianne was once at my houſe 'with this gentleman and his mother, 'when you entered juſt as they were 'taking their leave of me: I ſuppoſe 'you might ſee them then. They 'are both of very noble families; and, 'I aſſure you, I think myſelf greatly 'honoured in the ſhare I flatter myſelf 'I have in their affections. But where 'are your ſon and the young ladies?' —'O Madam,' ſaid the old lady, 'they will be here preſently.' She had hardly ſpoke, when we ſaw a young gentleman paſs by the window ſnacking his whip, calling his hounds, and, in ſhort, making a moſt hideous noiſe. He preſently after entered the room with a remarkable air of clowniſh ruſticity: he was booted and ſpurred; had a great-coat on with a jockey's cap; and, as ſoon as he appeared, gave ſuch a ſcrape with his foot, that I verily believe he left a mark a yard long. As ſoon as he took his ſeat, Mrs. Dorſin unhappily aſked him if he had had any ſport; at which he began with his ſtarting his game; and travelled again over all the ground where had been the ſcene of his morning's diverſion; related all the windings and doublings of the hare; told us who every field belonged to through which he rode; and expatiated on the merit of his hounds: and all this interwoven with a thouſand oaths and curſes, till we were ſo weary with his tedious impertinence, that we were about to take our leave, as the only means of extricating ourſelves from the trouble he gave us. But what moſt ſurprized us, was to ſee his father and mother, who appeared to be perſons of good ſenſe, liſtening to him with an air that expreſſed the utmoſt ſatisfaction. 'Is it poſſible,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'that the tenderneſs of a pa-'rent ſhould degenerate into ſuch a 'criminal fondneſs, as to make them 'delight in the folly of their off-'ſpring? What an extravagant weak-'neſs for a reaſonable mind to ſuffer 'itſelf to be ſo groſsly blinded, as to 'miſtake blemiſhes for beauties! What 'ſervice can ſuch a man be of to his 'friend or his country, who knows no 'gratification ſuperior to following a 'hare, or running down a fox; and 'who is, in all reſpects, as worthleſs 'an animal as thoſe who engroſs all 'his attention?' We had ſat an hour without any of us having an opportunity of putting in a word; and were riſing, when he ſtopped to take a little breath. 'I am glad, Sir,' ſaid Valville, 'that you have had ſuch good di-'verſion to-day: hunting is a noble 'exerciſe, and much conducive to the 'promotion of health; but, ſure, it 'ought not to be our ſupreme felicity.' —'Sir,' ſaid the old gentleman, 'my 'boy is fond of the chace; and is one 'of the beſt huntſmen in the country: 'and

'and when he begins upon these subjects, he is apt to be a little tedious; 'but I love to hear him talk of them; 'though I wish he did not swear so 'much.'—'I wish so too, Sir,' said I: 'these are only useless blanks in discourse; and if they had been left out, 'all that has been said would have 'been reduced into about half the compass.—And I assure you, Sir,' added I, addressing myself to the young gentleman, 'I am almost angry that you 'should believe you have so little credit 'with us, as to think it necessary to 'swear to every trifling particular. 'But, however, a torrent of common-'place execrations may certainly be of 'great service to persons who have so 'mean a genius as to want such useless 'explicatives to disguise their want of 'ideas, and hide their inability to furnish out a discourse without them: 'but pray, Sir, do not imagine I 'think you one of this number.'—'Madam, I beg your pardon; I beg 'your pardon!' cried he: 'though, 'faith, I hardly know what you mean 'by your ablitives and ideots!—But I 'heard a rare story to-day, father, of 'a gentleman at Paris, who is main 'rich; and yet is such a fool as to think 'of marrying a pretty, vagabond girl. 'Lord! what sapsculls there are in the 'world! Zoons! had he but half my 'sense, I know what I know!—But, 'mayhap, you may know them, Ma-'dam,' added he, addressing himself to Mrs. Dorsin: 'the young fellow's 'name is Valville; and the wench I 'speak of, I think they call Mari-'anne.' Here I saw Valville knit his brows, and look upon him with an air of contempt; whilst I could not help blushing: but my relation to the officer no sooner entered my thoughts, than I recovered myself from my confusion. 'What do you mean, Sir?' cried Mrs. Dorsin, interrupting him. 'Mr. De 'Valville is a gentleman, who would 'have sense enough to despise your 'censure, were the young lady desti-'tute of a fortune: but she is not so; I 'know her family; she is a person of 'quality; and is related to some of my 'most intimate friends; and Valville, 'though of noble extraction, I assure 'you, will be greatly honoured by the 'alliance.' This was spoke with such an air of assurance, that Valville, who still knew nothing of the discovery of my birth, could not help smiling, and giving me a look which told me he approved of the deceit he thought Mrs. Dorsin put upon them. 'If my son 'has been misinformed, Madam,' said the old lady, 'you must excuse him: I 'have heard something myself of the 'same story before; but as I did not 'know the persons concerned, I could 'not contradict it. There is little credit 'to be given to report.'—'It is true, 'Madam,' returned Mrs. Dorsin: 'I 'assure you they are both persons of 'merit; and are every way worthy of 'each other.'

But I forgot to mention the two young ladies, who were persons of very different characters: they entered the room while their brother was in the midst of his tedious discourse, leaping ditches and five-barred gates. The youngest, who was about seventeen, seemed the favourite of her father and mother; was naturally genteel, and would have appeared quite charming, had not her whole behaviour been discoloured by the most ridiculous affectation and folly, which was so visible as to destroy all the impressions which her beauty was apt to make upon those who saw her. She no sooner saluted us but she sat down by her father, who gave her a look full of tenderness: she immediately began to endeavour to attract our eyes, and especially Valville's, by fluttering and gallanting her fan, and every moment changing her posture to discover some new charm. While her brother was talking, she had frequently an opportunity of shewing a fine set of teeth by bursting into a ridiculous and immoderate laughter; then threw herself back in her chair; recovered herself, and adjusted her tucker and head-dress, to discover a delicate, round, white arm; afterwards pulled out a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and then looked at her watch: her whole behaviour was forced and full of affectation; and it was this that made all her actions disagreeable; endeavouring, too visibly, to give a grace to every charm, her very endeavour rendered her less charming, and her too eager desire of pleasing made her even disagreeable.

The other lady was much older than her sister; had a complexion very ordinary, and was a little crooked; but had an air so easy, so sweet, and engaging,

gaging, that it more than made up for the want of those charms her sister was possessed of: she appeared to have a great degree of wit and good sense; but received none of those kind glances which were continually bestowed upon her brother and sister, who seemed to engross the whole souls of their parents; while her looks seemed to discover the modest diffidence of a pure and virtuous mind, depressed and labouring under insuperable difficulties; and it was easy to perceive that, as a criminal indulgence had spoiled the others, a contrary behaviour to her had made her ambitious of excelling them in real excellence, as much as they did her in the advantages of their persons. She entered the room dressed rather like a servant than the sister of the other lady; and, after saluting us with a very good grace, retired to the farther end of the room, where I could perceive her frequently blush, and seem in confusion at her brother's impertinence. I was soon prepossessed in her favour; and would have been very glad to have enjoyed her company, could I have hoped to obtain it without being troubled with that of her brother and sister.

As we rose up to go, the old gentleman and lady pressed us to stay supper; but, as we were so far from home, we begged to be excused: when, after exchanging some compliments, and entreating them to return our visit at Paris, we took our leave. We were no sooner seated in the coach, than Mrs. Dorsin cried—'How dreadful are the 'effects of a wrong education! A gen-'tleman, with no other ideas than 'those of a peasant, is unworthy of 'the honours to which he is born. 'This young man will have a great 'estate; but his happiness must be 'confined in a narrow compass: while 'his mind is shut to every great and 'noble idea, he has no taste for rational pleasures; neither wisdom, the 'sweet delights of friendship, nor the 'godlike pleasures of virtue, can have 'any charms for him.'—'It is true, 'Madam,' rejoined Valville. 'What 'a vast difference must there be in the 'happiness of the virtuoso, who spends 'his life in the study of those sciences 'which enlarge the mind by a conti-'nual accession of new and great ideas; 'what a vast disproportion, I say, be-'tween such a one and the man whose 'views and satisfactions are all con-'fined to the dull round of sensual en-'joyments! Can he be happy who has 'no other felicity than what his dogs, 'his horses, and his bottle, give him? 'His hounds rival him in the chace; 'and, perhaps, are sensible of more 'pleasure in the pursuit of their game 'than their master; while every brook 'affords them a liquor as agreeable to 'their taste, and with which they can 'sate their thirst with as high a satis-'faction, as he with his richest wines. 'What a noble taste must that man 'have who consents to forsake the di-'vine pleasures, of which his nature 'is capable of, to share only in the de-'lights of his beagles and his horses!' —'But, Sir,' said I, smiling, 'what-'ever pains men take to deprave their 'natures, I am persuaded that, was the 'outward form to degenerate in pro-'portion as the mind did so, we should 'have few, or none, that would con-'sent to change their form to be any 'other animal under the sun: they are 'content with being brutes while they 'preserve the outside of the man, 'though they are as really so as if the 'form was changed too; for, banish 'reason, and give the man canine in-'clinations, and what is he but a dog 'in masquerade?'—'No, no,' said Mr. De Valville, laughing; 'I think 'you carry it a little too far now: 'while he is conscious that he has rea-'son, though he suffer it to lie dor-'mant, he is a man still; though he 'makes no use of his intellectual pow-'ers, but lets them lie by till they are 'so rusty that they can be of little ser-'vice to him, they are enough to con-'stitute him, in some measure, a rea-'sonable being.—But how do you like 'the young ladies, Madam?' added he, addressing himself to Mrs. Dorsin. 'I sincerely pity them both,' said she: 'the eldest, though shamefully disre-'garded by her father and mother, is 'a very deserving woman; and wants 'nothing but a more favourable out-'side to render her every way charm-'ing. I am sorry to see persons of 'good sense have such a partiality for 'their children; for nothing can be of 'worse consequence: the cultivation 'of young minds,' added she, 'is a 'most important task. Just ideas

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'ought to be inſtilled as ſoon as the 'mind is capable of receiving them: 'when the tender faculties begin to 'open and expand themſelves, they 'ſhould begin to feel the force of that 'truth which ought to be the rule of 'their after-conduct. And how de-'lightful muſt it be for the young ſoul, 'in proportion as it ripens, to find it-'ſelf continually entertained with the 'proſpect of new and pleaſing ideas! 'On the contrary, the time for im-'provement is commonly trifled away; 'the fond parent is afraid to give his 'favourite child the trouble of think-'ing, leſt it ſhould damp it's vivacity: 'it's little follies take up all his atten-'tion; while flattery, and an unjuſt 'applauſe, lay the ſeeds of innumera-'ble vices, which ſpring up as ſoon as 'he arrives to manhood. On the 'other hand, the ſtern and inexorable 'parent damps the aſpiring thoughts, 'depreſſes the mind, and makes it too 'often averſe to improvement; ſince 'it is taught to regard the acquiſition 'of knowledge as a moſt painful taſk. 'It is for your ſake, Mr. De Valville,' continued ſhe, ſmiling, 'that I make 'theſe reflections; you may ſoon know 'what it is to be a father, and then 'ſuch obſervations may be uſeful to 'you: and I know you will excuſe me 'if I add one word more; and that 'is, that we ſhould never give chil-'dren any ideas but ſuch as they are ca-'pable of underſtanding with the great-'eſt eaſe; we ſhould encourage their 'enquiries, regard the pretty little 'creatures as our friends; and never 'uſe them with ſeverity, while it is 'poſſible to work upon them by the 'gentler methods of tenderneſs and 'affection. But let us break off this 'ſubject.—I think, Marianne, I ought 'to thank you for your reproving the 'young gentleman ſo ſmartly: I was 'extremely pleaſed with your manner 'of doing it; though I was afraid he 'would have been affronted. It is 'very unbecoming a gentleman, who 'ought to be acquainted with the pro-'priety of characters, to uſe, with a 'wanton freedom, the name of that 'tremendous Being who ſupports the 'fabrick of the univerſe. How im-'pious for man to jeſt with Omnipo-'tence, and call him to be a witneſs 'of their actions, even in the midſt of 'a debauch!'

Theſe, with other diſcourſes, paſſed away the time till we got home; when we were told that the officer, attended by an elderly gentleman, had waited for us ſome time, but, being fatigued with their journey, were gone home, and had left word that they would return the next day before dinner. I was ſo diſturbed at our being out of the way, that it was with difficulty I concealed my uneaſineſs. I longed to know the ſucceſs of his journey, and what news he brought from the village where I had ſpent ſo many years. I longed to thank this dear friend for all the trouble he had given himſelf on my account; to embrace him, and call him my uncle. While we were at ſupper, Valville obſerved that I was more thoughtful than uſual, but aſcribed it to my being fatigued with my journey; and upon that account ſoon left me, that I might be at liberty to repoſe myſelf.

The next morning I arſooner than ordinary, dreſſed myſelf before breakfaſt, and ſent a footman to acquaint the officer that we ſhould be glad to ſee him; but the ſervant had not been gone many minutes, when I heard my uncle ſpeak to Mrs. Dorſin, whom he met coming down ſtairs; and immediately after he opened the door. I was then reading his letter; but threw it down, and aroſe to meet him: when advancing haſtily to me—'O my niece!' cried he, taking me in his arms, and embracing me, 'thou dear remains of my loſt 'brother!' This tender exclamation at firſt ſoftened me to ſuch a degree, that I was unable to ſpeak to him. At laſt, recovering myſelf—'Dear Sir,' cried I, looking upon him with a tender kind of pleaſure, 'you are the firſt, the only 'perſon I know of my kindred. How 'happy do I think myſelf in being re-'lated to you!' While I was ſpeaking, I heard Mrs. Dorſin and another perſon coming in: but how great, how inexpreſſible was my ſurprize, when, lifting up my eyes, and looking over my uncle's ſhoulder, I ſaw a perſon whom I had long before thought dead; my dear friend, my indulgent parent, Mr. De Roſand! I ſtarted, gave a ſhriek, ſtood motionleſs, while a flood of tender ideas flowed into my mind. My uncle, meanwhile, retired a few ſteps, and Mr. De Roſand held me in his arms, while joy tied both our tongues. At laſt he cried out—'Oh, my child!'

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Here the tears trickled down his aged cheeks, and he was too full to say any more: 'Oh, my father!' then cried I, and stopped too; clasped my arms about him; the tears gushed from my eyes, which, while he kissed me, mingled with his. Sure there never was a more tender interview! What a pleasing, painful transport! Our minds, Madam, are capable of receiving only a certain degree of pleasure; and all beyond that is pain. Our passions are confused sensations, which, when violent, swell the heart; it's emotions become turbulent, and the excess of our delight we find nearly allied to pain. At last, after recollecting himself, and giving me a most tender look—'Never! never since 'my sister's death,' cried he, 'have I 'hoped to see thee again! How afflicted have I been on thy account! I have 'had a thousand fears lest thou shouldst 'be reduced to straits dangerous to thy 'virtue; I feared thou wouldst be prevailed upon to blot thy innocence by 'some unworthy action: but I thank 'God my fears were vain. Thou hast 'not disgraced the education I have 'given thee. This worthy gentleman 'has given me the history of thy behaviour in town: I heard the pleasing 'story with a father's tenderness. I 'rejoice in thy innocence; and congratulate thee upon thy present happiness, 'the pleasing fruit of it. But oh, my 'dear! how couldst thou forget me, so 'as not to let me hear from thee all this 'while? Indeed, that was unkind: but 'thou didst not know, perhaps, how 'very dear thou wert to me. Not 'know that, did I say? Sure thou didst. 'I have given thee such proofs of my 'tenderness, as must make thee fully 'sensible of it.'—'Pray, dear Sir,' cried I, 'do not wound my soul with the 'suspicion that I could be so ungrateful 'as to forget you, who, indeed, have 'been a second father to me. I thought 'you had long ago left this world; 'for the last letter you sent to Mrs. De 'Rosand, which acquainted me with 'the dreadful news of your fall, and 'the loss of your benefice, told us, 'that a few days were the utmost you 'could expect to live. I lamented 'your loss, at the same time that I did 'that of her. Lord! in what a dread'ful grief was I involved! no words 'can express my distress. You had, be'sides, been obliged to quit your house; 'and, as I knew not where to direct to 'you, the messenger I sent came back 'without being able to learn where to 'find you, or so much as knowing whe'ther you were alive or not: this, join'ed to my thinking that so worthy a 'man could not be so much concealed, 'made me conclude that you were no 'more. But, O Sir! with what joy do 'I see that I was mistaken! my tran'sports are quite insupportable!'

Here I dried my eyes; and, looking round, observed my uncle and Mrs. Dorsin bathed in tears. I found myself very weak; the sudden flow of spirits occasioned by this unexpected interview made me almost ready to faint: I therefore sat down, and endeavoured to compose myself; Mr. De Rosand took a chair, and sat by me; when Mrs. Dorsin interrupted our conversation, by expressing the satisfaction she found in having an opportunity of thanking Mr. De Rosand for his affection to me: and even discovered such a lively and warm gratitude, that you would have thought she alone had been the person obliged. 'Your generosity and affection for my 'dear friend,' said she, 'is so very ex'traordinary, that I cannot help re'garding you as a person who has a 'peculiar right to my esteem and friend'ship. You have been doubly a fa'ther to her; since, without being 'obliged to protect her, or concern 'yourself in her affairs, you have dis'charged all the duties of a parent. It 'is now our turn to let you see that we 'acknowledge these benefits, though 'we can never repay them. I hope, 'Sir,' added she, 'you will do me the 'favour to accept of my house till Ma'rianne is married: I shall esteem this 'as a farther obligation.'—'I am 'greatly obliged to you, Madam,' returned he, 'for the honour you do me; 'but I have already given my word to 'this gentleman.'—'Yes, Madam,' returned my uncle, 'I have ordered a 'room to be fitted up for him: and as 'he is the preserver of a noble branch 'of our family, I think I ought to 'take him under my care. My dear 'niece, as you say, is infinitely more 'obliged to this gentleman than even 'to my brother: he only brought her 'into being; but this worthy man has 'made that being a blessing to her, by 'embellishing her mind with all that 'is great, noble, and generous. Without

'his care, my niece would either have 'perished, or wanted those improve-'ments which now make us rejoice in 'her alliance.—I therefore think my-'self obliged to give him that support 'which he has given you, my dear,' added he, looking at me. 'Sir,' said I, returning him a look full of grati-tude, 'I thank you: you have not only, 'by your industrious and ardent zeal 'for my happiness, placed me in a rank 'to which my highest ambition could 'never aspire, but have, as it were, 'raised from the dead a gentleman on 'whom my most early affections were 'placed, and for whose supposed death 'I have shed many tears. He, Sir, 'shall be my care: I will still pay him 'all that respect which is due from a 'daughter to the most worthy and best 'of parents. He shall live with Val-'ville and I, as with a son and daugh-'ter; whilst I shall ever pray that his 'life may be preserved as a blessing to 'us all.'—'Ah, my dear!' cried Mr. De Rosand, with a mixture of joy and tenderness in his looks; 'to see thee thus 'is a sufficient reward for all my pains, 'my care, and concern for thee. I have 'no ambition for the glittering ho-'nours of this life, and must soon think 'of leaving it; but while I do live, 'methinks I should desire it should be 'with thee. But, perhaps, Mr. De Val-'ville will be unwilling to admit me 'into his family; young men have little 'respect for grey hairs: and I may, 'perhaps, be looked upon as an intrud-'er.'—'No, Sir,' cried I, interrupt-ing him hastily, 'Valville is already 'too well acquainted with your merit 'not to esteem your company as a very 'great blessing; besides, his tenderness 'to me must inspire him with the most 'grateful sentiments for you: but I 'thought, Sir,' added I, smiling, 'that 'you had too good an opinion of my 'discernment, to think I would marry 'a man who could look coolly upon a 'friend to whom I am under such obli-'gations.'—'Indeed, Sir,' returned Mrs. Dorsin with a frank air, 'you 'will have no reason to complain of Mr. 'De Valville. But must my friend here 'engross all your attention? I assure you 'I have a very great desire to have a 'share in your esteem; and must expect 'that you would think yourself as wel-'come a guest here as even Marianne; 'since it is to you that I am indebted for 'having her; and to you she is indebt-'ed for herself; you have transferred 'to her your own goodness, your own 'great and generous ideas: and in giv-'ing her yourself, you have conferred 'not only upon her, but upon us, the 'greatest benefit; a benefit which will, 'I hope, be extended to persons yet un-'born.'—'I am at a loss, Madam,' returned Mr. De Rosand, 'to make a 'reply to so many compliments: all 'that I can say is, that I am as much 'charmed with your tenderness to my 'dear child (for I cannot help calling 'her so) as I am with your goodness to 'me.'—'Pray, Sir,' returned Mrs. Dorsin, with a smile, 'let us have no 'more ceremony; friendship is a stran-'ger to it.—Sir,' added she, turning to my uncle, 'I long to know what suc-'cess you have had in your journey: 'will you favour us with a particular 'recital of what passed since you ho-'noured us with your letter? I hope 'you have made some new discovery 'that will effectually clear up this af-'fair.'—'Yes, Madam,' returned he, 'I have so. When I arrived at the 'village where Marianne had spent the 'first part of her life, I made it my bu-'siness to wait upon those gentlemen 'who had been Mr. De Rosand's 'friends, and from them I hoped to 'get some circumstances that might be 'sufficient to clear up every doubt; but 'they could tell me no more than I had 'already been acquainted with: at last 'I was informed that this gentleman, 'who was generally thought to have 'been dead, was retired to a noble-'man's house at a small distance from 'thence, where he lived a private and 'retired life. I immediately went to 'him, told him the situation Marianne 'was in, and the business which brought 'me thither; a piece of news which he 'could not receive without rapture. 'He shewed me a writing drawn up by 'a scrivener, which related all the par-'ticulars of her being found in the 'coach, with some circumstances that 'I had not then been acquainted with; 'and this was dated but six days after 'the date of my brother's letter, which 'told me of his design to retire. I 'made strict enquiry after the canon of 'Sens, who had escaped being mur-'dered with the rest, and had saved 'himself by flight. In short, I found 'him. He told me that the gentleman

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'and lady were the parents of the 'child; that he had learnt from them 'that they were obliged to leave the 'country, and had therefore conceal-'ed their names, and assumed those of 'foreigners. This he learnt through 'the indiscretion of one of the foot-'men, whom he heard inadvertently 'call him by his title; the count seem-'ed a little angry; and to prevent his 'suspecting his being guilty of any 'unworthy action, gave him an ac-'count of his reasons for concealing 'his name and quality; but, however, 'without letting him know who he 'was. But what puts it beyond all 'doubt is, that this account of his 'reasons for retiring exactly corre-'sponds with what I received from my 'brother. The present count can make 'no exception to proofs like these, and 'therefore proposes to give up the 'estate, which would have been his 'had his brother died without issue— 'but he hopes that, as he is obliged to 'support the dignity of his title, and 'I will add, as he has constantly ex-'erted himself in liberally supporting 'the indigent, and been a friend to the 'distressed by an unbounded munifi-'cence, you will not, my dear niece, 'insist upon his returning more than 'half of what he has received as his 'brother's heir; since he is not able to 'do it without involving himself in 'insuperable difficulties. You will see 'him to-day; he comes to congratu-'late you, and join in the general joy. 'I have provided an entertainment for 'you and Mr. De Valville—and I hope, 'Madam,' added he, looking at Mrs. Dorsin, 'that we shall not be without 'your company; for I imagine there 'will be a scene that will be more than 'a little diverting, as I have engaged 'most of Mr. De Valville's friends to 'be with us, that my niece may tri-'umph over their insolence and ill-na-'ture.'—'Sir,' returned I, 'you must 'excuse me if I am at a loss for words 'to thank you: the gratitude that 'swells my heart is too big for utter-'ance. As to the count,' continued I, 'I rejoice that he has laid out the pro-'duce of my father's estate to such great 'advantage; and am sorry that he will 'be the poorer for knowing his niece: 'I will therefore do more than he re-'quires. But why, Sir, will you give 'me the pain of introducing me into 'company that hates and despises me? 'I can dispense with giving them any 'confusion, and have not the least incli-'nation to triumph over their ill-nature: 'but, however, Sir, I will submit my-'self to your will, and chearfully con-'sent to whatever you require.'—'Nay, 'my dear,' said he, 'it is fit they 'should all know their error as soon as 'possible, and this will give you an 'opportunity of letting them see that 'you can forgive the injuries they have 'offered you. Besides, I long to hear 'how your lover will vindicate his 'choice, from your own intrinsick ex-'cellences, without the vain blandish-'ments of wealth and honour. This 'will shew that he is worthy of you, 'and that his heart is fixed on those 'charms which will ever be your 'brightest ornament.'—'Well, Sir,' said Mrs. Dorsin, 'I cannot help ap-'proving of your reasons; Mr. De 'Valville has not the least suspicion of 'this happy discovery: but, if we must 'go with you, it is time to prepare for 'it; we shall soon be ready to wait up-'on you.—Gentlemen your servant. '—Come, my dear,' added she, as we left the room together, 'a very little 'alteration in your dress will be suffi-'cient: I would have you appear to-'day as plain as possible, and without 'any other jewels than those which 'nature and education have given you.' —'With all my heart, Madam,' re-turned I, and retired to my room, when in a few minutes I was ready to go; but as I returned to the dining-room, I saw Valville enter just before me. 'My dear,' said he, turning to me, 'I heard you was one of the party in-'vited to this gentleman's house, and 'therefore have brought my coach 'for you.'—'Sir, I thank you,' re-turned I. 'But you must know this 'gentleman; it is Mr. De Rosand: 'you have heard me mention him.'— 'What! the person who has been such 'a sincere friend to you,' cried he, 'and to whom I am obliged for many 'of your charms!'—'Yes, Sir,' re-turned my uncle, 'this is the gentle-'man who has been a father to Miss 'Marianne.'—'Then, Sir,' said Val-ville, 'you must be a father to her still: 'we thought you had been dead; but 'I rejoice to find that we were mistak-'en. This is a very happy meeting; 'for I assure you you are very dear to

'Marianne; and I am ſure will not be 'leſs ſo to me. I have reaſon to look upon you as my beſt friend, ſince I 'receive a treaſure from you which I 'eſteem more than my life!' Here they embraced each other; and after ſome reciprocal proteſtations of friendſhip, Mrs. Dorſin being now ready, we all ſet out in my uncle's coach, and Valville ſent his own home.

We ſoon arrived at my uncle's; but, being told that but few of the company were come, and that they were in the garden, we propoſed to walk there too, and converſe till dinner-time. We were here entertained with ſeveral agreeable proſpects; and walked ſome time before we ſaw any of the perſons who came before us. At laſt, as we were rambling through a pleaſing kind of labyrinth, we ſaw, at a ſmall diſtance from us, the long meagre lady who had carried me from the convent: ſhe was talking very warmly to another of our ſex, whom I had never ſeen before; ſhe was much younger than the other lady, and had a countenance of a moſt ſatirical caſt. When ſhe laughed, there ſeemed to be a great deal of ill-nature hid under it; and a ſmile had the appearance of a moſt ſevere invective. Valville obſerved them firſt; and, turning to me, pointed to them; on which we ſtood ſtill to obſerve their geſtures, which appeared very extraordinary: they were ſo earneſtly engaged in converſation, that they had not the leiſure to look about them, and therefore did not ſee us; but walked ſlowly on, wholly taken up with their ſubject. When we had viewed them for ſome time, I propoſed to walk on; but we had no ſooner turned our backs, than we obſerved the old lady raiſe her voice, and cry out, in a haughty tone—'If 'ſhe is to be here, I am reſolved to affront her.'—'Nay, Madam,' replied the other, 'what end will that anſwer? 'I ſuppoſe ſhe is to dine with us?'—'Dine with us!' cried ſhe: 'ſhe dine 'with us! I hope Mr. De N——— 'does not intend to affront us! Dine 'with us! I ſay, dine with us too! 'What! oblige ladies of quality to 'dine with a girl that has been a ſer-'vant at a little paltry linen-draper's! 'No, no! I will never ſubmit to that! 'She ſhall not dine with me!'—'Hold, 'Madam!' ſaid the other; 'ſhe is a 'lady of quality, you know: why, you 'cannot tell what an honour her alli-'ance may be to your family! She is 'certainly ſome princeſs!' This was ſpoke with a laugh more bitter and piercing than the keeneſt reproaches. However, I could not help thinking that I ſhould ſoon be revenged for the inſults they were offering me: and this thought, in ſpite of myſelf, gave me ſome pleaſure; and, indeed, I could not help indulging it. It was too agreeable to glance through my mind, on an occaſion like this, without giving me ſome emotion; eſpecially as this was the only comfort I then had to ſupport me. Valville, I obſerved, coloured a little, and ſeemed under ſome confuſion at this diſcourſe; but he had an air that expreſſed the utmoſt indignation, mixed with that noble pride, which ſwells the mind at the reflection of it's having done nothing unworthy of itſelf. My uncle, I obſerved, whiſpered to Mrs. Dorſin, and both ſmiled with an air of ſatisfaction; while Mr. De Roſand ſeemed the only unconcerned ſpectator, as he could not gueſs, from what was ſaid, who was the ſubject of their ſatire. We now thought it time to retire, ſince we found we were likely to be entertained with nothing but invectives. And as we began to turn into another walk, Mrs. Dorſin came up to me; and, whiſpering, deſired me not to be concerned. 'Your uncle,' ſaid ſhe, 'has ordered his ſervants to acquaint 'the gueſts, who are chiefly thoſe of 'Mr. De Valville's friends, and your 'moſt inveterate enemies, that you are 'to be here at dinner: and he is pleaſ-'ed to think how warmly he is likely 'to be attacked; but I do not doubt 'but he will bring himſelf off with ho-'nour.'—'I am ſorry,' returned I, 'that you have reſolved to give my 'dear Valville any uneaſineſs. I know 'he cannot bear to hear me uſed ill 'without pain: and ſure it is cruel to 'ſport with his affection to me; and to 'make that tenderneſs, upon which I 'found my happineſs, the cauſe of his 'inquietude. Indeed, I cannot help 'feeling for him all the uneaſineſs 'which I believe he will feel on my 'account: I wiſh he once knew who I 'am.'—'Have a little patience, my 'dear,' replied ſhe; 'Mr. De Valville 'will ſoon be acquainted with this 'agreeable

'agreeable news; and the proofs he 'will now give you of his inviolable 'affection will afford you very agree- 'able reflections.' We now took a turn down another walk, which led us to a painted alcove; where we sat down, and explained to Mr. De Rosand the conversation we had just heard, by giving him a particular account of my life at Paris: and, after sitting some time, walked in.

We found Mrs. De Fare, the old disagreeable lady, and her companion whom we had just seen in the garden, with several gentlemen, in the dining-room, who immediately rose as we went in; but as soon as they saw me, I observed several of them look upon me with an air of contempt, turn away their heads, and whisper to each other. We were no sooner seated, than the lady we had seen in the garden asked Mr. De Valville, with a sneer, when he was to be married to Miss Varthon. 'She is certainly,' said she, 'a most 'accomplished lady; and I hope they 'injure you very much who have the 'assurance to say that you are capable 'of being false to a lady of such ex- 'traordinary merit, as well as fortune.' —'I do not dispute Miss Varthon's 'merit,' returned Valville with a smile; 'she may perhaps deserve a more 'worthy person than I am: but she 'was never formed to make me happy; 'and was I ever so much her humble 'servant, I should, perhaps, never be 'able to obtain her, as I shall pro- 'bably never see her more. I shall 'therefore marry a lady whom I think, 'at least, of much greater merit; and 'who, in my opinion, has not only 'more charms than Miss Varthon, but 'than all her sex.'—'A lady!' cried the old spectre; 'a lady! No more of 'your ladies, I beseech you! You mean 'that forward slut there, whom I or- 'dered to be carried to the prime- 'minister's!—Pr'ythee, my girl,' added she, looking at me, 'hast thou the 'vanity to think thyself a match for a 'gentleman? Do not you think your- 'self very happy in having such a 'cully? I know you think him a fool 'for having any thoughts of marrying 'you; do you not, now? Come, be 'plain; tell me what is your opinion 'of him?'—'I will, Madam, be plain, 'since you desire it,' returned I; 'and 'must therefore tell you, that I think 'him superior to your malice; and that 'he looks with as much contempt up- 'on your spleen and ridiculous pride 'as I do. If I want an estate equal to 'his, I do not want those dispositions 'which will make me always strive to 'render him happy: this shall ever be 'the business of my life, and this the 'end of every action!' Here Valville gave me a glance which seemed to thank me for this tender declaration. 'How 'pert the little creature is!' cried she with a haughty, supercilious air. 'I 'would have you to know, that I ex- 'pect to be treated with more respect! '—Valville, you ought to teach her to 'use her superiors in a manner more 'becoming her! But you are a foolish, 'giddy, young fellow; and are resolved 'to ruin yourself: this will be the con- 'sequence of marrying this little ad- 'venturer; remember I tell you so.'— 'Dear Madam,' returned Valville, 'do not be so hot; indeed, it does not 'become you; you will never be able 'to make me consult you in what con- 'cerns my happiness: you may despise 'my dear Marianne as much as you 'please; we shall only laugh at your ill 'humours.'

Here a little old gentleman at the other end of the room, who had been looking at me very attentively through his glass, desired he might be permitted to speak. He had a countenance dry and formal; had hollow jaws, and no teeth; was dressed in a thread-bare velvet coat, which had been many years out of fashion, and seemed to have been made in the days of our ancestors, with the inside of the flap plentifully stuck with pins. After clearing his voice, blowing his nose, and taking some pains to prepare himself, he addressed himself to Mr. De Valville—'Young 'man,' said he, with a slow voice, 'you ought to consider that this good 'lady would not have been so desirous 'of hindering your marriage, did not 'she fear that you are about to ruin 'yourself, and throw a disgrace upon 'her family; and, for this reason, you 'ought to pardon her warmth. Pray, 'now, let me reason coolly with you. 'You are about to be guilty of an ac- 'tion that, I am afraid, you will re- 'pent of: consider, the girl, though she 'is pretty, has no money; or, how- 'ever, but little in comparison of your 'estate. Now, was you prudent, you

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'might get a lady with a fortune of 'many thousand livres a year—aye, 'many thousand livres! Consider 'that! And is not such a treasure more 'valuable than all the beauty in the 'world? Is beauty or virtue, or any 'of your imaginary fine romantick 'qualifications, an equivalent for her 'want of money? Consider, Sir, you 'may have a large family; and then 'will these trifles give fortunes to your 'children? No, no! when you are as 'old as I am, you will regard money 'as the only blessing of life! Your ex-'pences, as soon as you are married, 'will increase; and that girl, though 'she brings you little or nothing to 'support them, will expect to live in 'as splendid a manner as if she had 'brought you an estate of fifty thou-'sand livres a year.'

All this while he had one of his hands in his waistcoat-pocket; and at every word I heard chink, chink: for there seemed to be such a connection between his thoughts and the subject of them, that he could not talk of one without fingering the other.

Valville could not help smiling at the old miser's discourse. 'Sir,' returned he, 'your sentiments and mine are very 'different: I have no ambition to hoard 'up heaps of useless treasure. I marry 'to be happy; and to be blessed in the 'possession of a woman whose consum-'mate goodness will sweeten all the 'unavoidable cares of life, and who 'will be to me a more valuable pur-'chase than all the treasures of the 'earth. I am rich enough, and have 'an estate much greater than all our 'wants; an estate that will render my 'children as happy as wealth can make 'them; since, should I have a nume-'rous offspring, it will place them all 'above the cares of life: and I could 'only wish to have more, that I might 'be able to render my fellow-creatures 'more happy. Of what advantage is 'wealth, if I have not a heart to make 'use of it? if the poor do not bless me 'for tasting the fruit of it; and the 'dejected honest man has not his anxi-'eties removed? While I have enough 'to render myself and my posterity 'easy, and to make the drooping heart 'exult in transports of joy, I shall 'think myself rich enough.'—'Well, 'Sir,' cried the long meagre relation, 'pray how long will this generous fit 'last? It will not be long before you 'will think all this stuff, mere rant, 'and extravagant nonsense: you will 'call yourself fool for not taking our 'advice, and upbraid this pretty an-'gelick creature for her want of a for-'tune; aye, and give her the most bit-'ter curses, too, for her hindering your 'preferment! Who, do you think, will 'keep you company? Who, do you 'think, will own this girl, this dis-'grace to our family, for a relation? 'Have you stupidity enough to be in-'sensible to all the slights that will be 'put upon you by your relations, your 'friends, through the means of that 'little impertinent hussey; that——' 'Hold, Madam!' cried Valville, in-terrupting her; 'do not think you 'have a right thus publickly to vent 'your spleen against this charming 'creature; and to assume liberties 'equally repugnant to good manners 'and common sense. I have told you 'already that I shall never ask your 'advice, or desire you to direct me 'where to fix my heart. As to my 'dear Marianne's being a disgrace to 'our family, I shall only say that the 'best wish I can make you, is, that 'you may be like her; and I do not 'question but, if I was so happy as to 'know her birth, I should find myself 'greatly honoured by her alliance. 'Had she, indeed, no other charms 'than those of a most lovely person, I 'know I should soon cease to admire 'her; but her mind has beauties even 'more attractive than her form. On 'these I build all my hopes of feli-'city; these will ever be the same, and 'render her charming even in old age. 'As to your being ashamed to own 'her for a relation, I am not at all 'concerned about it: and, believe me, 'if there are any who call themselves 'my friends that behave in the same 'manner, I shall look upon them with 'contempt, and think they only envy 'our happiness; which, however, nei-'ther they nor you will ever be able to 'disturb.'

Could any thing be more pleasing at this time, Madam, than for me to re-ceive such marks of my dear Valville's sincerity and affection? My heart re-bounded with joy at the strong assur-ances I received of his fidelity; and then melted into a pleasing softness; which, I dare say, he might easily read

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in my eyes. I did not, indeed, before question the truth of his passion; nor could I admit a thought of his wanting those tender sentiments which I knew informed his soul: but yet this publick acknowledgment of his inviolable love, this visible proof of his unshaken constancy in the midst of opposition, had something extremely engaging in it; it gave me a new kind of delight, and made him then seem dearer to my heart than ever. The old miser all this while seemed very attentive to the debate, and at every tender sentiment shrugged up his shoulders and shook his head. Mrs. De Fare had not yet spoke one word, and by her looks seemed much at a loss how to behave; whilst most of the other company, methought, were inclined to declare themselves in my favour. My uncle and Mrs. Dorsin appeared resolved to stand neuter; and had only by their smiles, and some looks which expressed a kind of applause, encouraged Valville: but Mr. De Rosand, who more nearly felt the reproaches which were cast upon me, could hardly tell how to stifle his resentment; he frequently coloured, bit his lips, and seemed to struggle with himself to keep his temper, and preserve silence. But to proceed.

Valville had no sooner made this tender reply to the disagreeable old lady his relation, than her companion, with an ironical laugh, cast her eyes upon him. 'La, Sir!' cried she, 'how mighty 'prettily you talk! Why, all this is 'very heroick! Bless me! I thought I 'had heard Oroondates and Statira! 'How charmingly romantick you are! 'Come, pray, let us have some more 'of your flights; for, really, they are 'very diverting. You ought now to 'turn to your fair goddess; tell her 'that her divine beauties alone could 'captivate your heart; and, like a true 'inamorato, assure her, that one smile 'from her will gloriously reward you 'for all the scorn, insult, and reproach, 'you can suffer for her sake; and that 'you will esteem yourself too happy if 'she will permit you to die at her feet!' This was uttered with such a comical air, that even Valville could not help smiling. 'Madam,' returned he, 'you 'may railly me as much as you please; 'nothing that you can say will be able 'to make me think virtue, beauty, and 'fine sense, ridiculous; my tenderness 'is founded on reason, since it is only 'a love of what is, in it's own nature, 'most lovely. I do not raise my ex'pectations to any extravagant heights; 'nor form any ideas of my dear Ma'rianne which all who know her will 'not allow she deserves.—This lady—'these gentlemen,' added he, turning to Mrs. Dorsin, my uncle, and Mr. De Rosand, 'will do me the justice to say 'that she deserves all I have said of 'her; and that she has even a mind 'more amiable than I have represented 'it.'—'Well, enough, enough!' cried the old lady; 'I am sick of this ful'some stuff! If you will ruin yourself, 'I cannot help it; I have done my en'deavour to prevent it: all that vexes 'me is, that your family must be dis'graced; you ought to have regard to 'that; and to consider that you have 'no right to make us suffer for your 'follies. Had you taken her into 'keeping, and spent your whole estate 'upon her, I should not have troubled 'myself about it: but to pretend to 'marry a vagabond, an orphan, I have 'not patience to think of it! and no'body but such a silly coxcomb as you 'would ever behave thus!' While she was railing in this manner, we were desired to walk into the next room, and were told that dinner was upon table. We all went immediately; but, as we were taking our seats, this lady called to my uncle—'Sir,' said she, leaning upon the back of her chair, 'do you 'propose to suffer that little impertinent girl to dine with persons of 'quality?'—'Who do you mean, Madam?' returned he: 'there is no'body here that deserves that character.'—'Who do I mean! who should 'I mean but Marianne?' replied she. 'I hope you have not invited us here 'to affront us; I will not sit down to 'the same table with her, I tell you: 'no! I will never stoop so low as to 'put myself upon a level with such a 'creature!'—'Well, Madam,' returned he, smiling, 'if you will not sit 'down at this table, you shall sit where 'you please; my house is at your ser'vice.'—'What! I must dine by my'self, then, must I?' cried she, in a greater rage than ever. 'Pray, let 'somebody order my servants to get 'the coach ready! I thought, Sir, that

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'you had known the world better than 'to treat perſons of my rank with ſo 'much rudeneſs!'

While ſhe was ſpeaking theſe laſt words, the Count De V——— entered the room; and, after having whiſpered ſomething to his brother, who ſtood near the door, came forward, ſaluted the company, and embraced me with an air equally tender and polite. 'I 'do not think, Miſs,' ſaid he, as he approached me, 'that I can be miſ-'taken; you muſt be the lady my 'brother has ſo well deſcribed to me; 'and I am glad to find I have ſuch an 'amiable niece! Let me congratulate 'you upon your knowledge of the fa-'mily to which you belong; and beg, 'at the ſame time, that you would re-'gard me as a man who will always 'have your intereſt at heart: for, upon 'the fine encomiums my brother has 'given me of you, I am ambitious of 'joining the character of your friend 'to that of your uncle.'—'Sir, I need 'not tell you,' returned I, 'how much 'my vanity is flattered at the diſcovery 'that I ſpring from your noble fa-'mily: but, I aſſure you, I am more 'delighted at the thoughts of your's 'and your brother's worth, than at all 'the honours I can receive through 'your alliance. You will both find 'that I ſhall conſtantly behave to you 'with all that duty which might have 'been expected from me had I been al-'ways brought up in the knowledge 'of my near relation to you.'

You cannot imagine, Madam, what an odd groupe of figures were formed here in a moment! The tall meagre lady, who was got to the door, but ſtepped back to make way for the count to enter, turned her head, and ſtood all this while ſtiffened into a ſtatue; her mouth was open, and her hands liſted up in a poſture of amazement; her eyes ſtared wide open; and her brows, raiſed into a high arch, crouded her ſhrivelled forehead into a confuſed heap of wrinkles; in ſhort, nothing could appear more groteſque. The old miſer leaning upon the back of his chair, biting the nails of one hand, and with the other ſcratching his bald head; and thus, with his wig almoſt off, ſtood with his eyes fixed on the count and me: the ſatirical lady was immoveable too; and, with a mortified look, preſſed the extremity of her fan againſt her lips. Mrs. De Fare ſeemed as much aſtoniſhed as the reſt, but appeared leſs confuſed, and had an air that ſhewed ſhe was glad ſhe had not ventured to ſay any thing againſt me; though her ſilence proceeded rather from Mr. De Valville's being preſent, than from any regard to me: in ſhort, all who did not know of this diſcovery had a geſture which expreſſed their aſtoniſhment. Valville, who ſtood cloſe to me, (for, Madam, I muſt not forget him) fixed his eyes upon me, and then caſt them on the ground, with a kind of tender confuſion, mixed with diffidence and ſurprize: while Mrs. Dorſin, Mr. De Roſand, and the officer, ſmiled in a manner that expreſſed their inward ſatisfaction.

While we were talking thus, my uncle, the officer, put us in mind that it would be more proper to defer all farther ceremony till after we had dined, ſince the dinner would ſoon be cold. 'Here are more perſons, brother,' ſaid he, 'that you muſt be acquainted 'with: but firſt ſit down to table.—This 'gentleman,' added he, looking at Mr. De Roſand, 'muſt be our chaplain.' On which he immediately ſaid grace, and we took our ſeats.

Here the old lady, compoſing her countenance, came to us with a diſordered air; when Mrs. Dorſin, giving her a look full of affability, deſired her to ſit down: ſhe did ſo; and the reſt of her friends followed her example. We were no ſooner ſeated, than I aſked how my grandmother, the counteſs-dowager, did. 'She is well, Miſs,' ſaid the count, 'but too old to undertake 'ſuch a journey: ſhe longs to ſee you; 'and I have promiſed to take you with 'me to her to-morrow.'—'Sir,' returned I, 'I ſhall gladly attend you; 'and I aſſure you I have at leaſt as 'great a deſire to ſee her as ſhe can 'have to ſee me: I ſhall now be in-'formed with thoſe dear, thoſe ſocial 'affections, of which I have hitherto 'been deprived.' All this while Valville ſeemed wrapped in thought, and very uneaſy, which Mrs. Dorſin perceiving, aſked him, with a ſmile, how he did; and added—'We muſt beg 'pardon, Sir, for concealing circum-'ſtances from you in which you are ſo 'nearly concerned: Marianne is, in-'deed, the late Count De V———'s 'daughter, who was leaving France 'incognito, when he and the counteſs 'were

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'were robbed and murdered; but you 'must not blame her for her reserve, 'for she is not at all in fault; our 'friend here has unravelled this af-'fair; and it was not till this morn-'ing that we were perfectly certain of 'the truth.' Here Valville sighed; and was going to make answer, when Mrs. De Fare cried out—'Is it possi-'ble! Is this lady, indeed, a person 'of quality? Bless me! how have 'we been mistaken!—May I hope that 'you will forgive me, Miss?' added she. 'Had I known who you were, I 'should have treated you with more 'respect than I did when you was at 'my house. How glad am I that I 'have said nothing here to your preju-'dice! My daughter will be overjoyed 'at this news: and how happy shall I 'think myself, if you will honour us 'with your friendship!—Well, but 'how did you make this wonderful 'discovery?' continued she, addressing herself to Mrs. Dorsin. 'I really long 'to hear every particular: methinks 'the young lady has charms which I 'never observed before.—Why, Mr. 'De Valville, you will be vastly hap-'py; every body will envy your feli-'city.'—'Very true,' cried the lady who had been so satirical upon Valville and me: 'Miss Varthon ought not to 'be brought in competition with this 'lovely creature; she is pretty, indeed, 'but, then, she is a most intolerable 'coquette. La! how could she be so 'vain as to rival Miss Marianne?—'Why, Mr. De Valville, I now think 'your commendations of this young 'lady fell very short of what she de-'serves: she is infinitely more lovely 'than you have represented her. The 'Count DeV———'s daughter! Well, 'you must certainly be very happy. I 'have, upon my word, a mighty re-'spect for you both; and heartily wish 'you all imaginable joy.'

While they were running on in this manner, I could not help seriously reflecting on the instability of the human mind, and the strong prejudices which most people indulge in favour of the glittering advantages of birth and fortune. 'Half an hour ago I was look-'ed upon with contempt," said I to myself, 'by those very persons who 'now endeavour to court me to a good 'opinion of them, by the most ridicu-'lous flattery, the grossest adulation. 'Am I better than I was then? Have I 'more virtue, beauty, or wit? Have 'I one qualification to authorize this 'change? No. They find I am the 'daughter of a count; there lies the 'charm. Ye right honourable sounds; 'ye vain blandishments, that dazzle 'weak eyes; what wondrous charm 'do you contain! Will you make me 'more wise, more virtuous, or more 'happy? Will you render me a more 'worthy friend, a better wife, or a 'more tender parent? Will you dis-'perse the care from my heart, when 'it is oppressed with grief? or have 'you the power to remove the slightest 'head-ache? No. What art thou, 'then, but a mere name, a breath of 'wind! And can a breath in a moment 'work such a mighty change? But 'Valville's down-cast looks tell me 'that all these honours give him no 'joy, and that he longs for an oppor-'tunity to open his heart to me.' These reflections were interrupted by the old meagre lady's drinking to me; when, setting down her glass—'I have 'behaved too much like an enemy to 'you, Miss,' cried she, 'ever to hope 'that you will forgive me: however, 'when you consider that all the injuries 'I have offered you have proceeded 'from a mistaken opinion that you 'were of low birth, and from a regard 'to the honour of our family, as well 'as a concern for the happiness of my 'cousin Valville, you may think that I 'might have some reason to oppose an 'alliance which to me appeared disho-'nourable to us. However, I sincerely 'beg your pardon; and hope you will 'forget what is past, since I am sorry for 'and ashamed of my behaviour.'—'Nay, Madam,' returned I, 'I do 'not think you have any reason to al-'ter your opinion of me; and can 'therefore dispense with your shame 'and concern: I am the same person 'as I was when you treated me with 'such contempt; and can lay no greater 'claim to your esteem than I could 'then. The honour of a virtuous 'mind is derived from itself, and can 'receive no addition from the accident-'al advantages of birth or fortune; 'nor can the want of them render a 'person, truly valuable, worthy of re-'proach: however, Madam, I readily 'consent to forgive your treatment of 'me, and all the uneasiness you have

'made me suffer, on condition that you 'mention it no more, and behave with 'the same freedom as if you had ever 'been my friend.'

As soon as dinner was over, Mr. De Rosand, the count, and the officer, joined in conversation; when I retired for a few minutes into another room: Mrs. Dorsin whispered Valville to follow me; he did so with a dejected look; took a chair, and sat down by me; when, after a few moment's silence—'Ah, my dear 'Marianne!' cried he with a troubled voice, at the same time giving me a glance that at once expressed the diffidence, the anxiety, and tenderness, of a lover suspended between hope and fear, 'what am I to expect? Have I not rea-'son to be apprehensive that this dis-'covery will ruin my hopes, and prove 'fatal to the repose of my life? While 'your birth was unknown to me, I 'loved you. Ah! with what tender-'ness I loved you! My passion can 'admit of no increase from the ho-'nours to which you have now a claim. 'I am still, still the same; and must 'wish you had yet been ignorant of 'your birth, if that discovery can for 'a moment make me seem less worthy 'of sharing your heart. May I hope 'I am yet as dear to you as ever?'—'Come, Sir, let me beg of you not to 'make me uneasy by these unkind su-'spicions,' returned I with a smile, at the same time giving him my hand: 'I rejoice that it is now in my power 'to offer you a fortune that will be 'worth your acceptance; and, was it 'ever so great, it should be entirely at 'your disposal, since you could be so 'generous as to think of marrying me 'without any. You will now be saved 'from the reproaches of your friends. 'Come, resume your gaiety; and do 'not be so unjust as to injure my ten-'derness.'—'O thou dear, lovely 'creature!' cried he, tenderly grasping my hand, 'how can I enough admire 'your goodness? Will nothing be able 'to take off your thoughts from me? 'Forgive my suspicions; forgive the 'pain I have given myself by enter-'taining such cruel fears. O my dear 'charmer! I will now forget them all. 'This proof of your affection is infi-'nitely more transporting than the con-'sideration of every other advantage I 'can possibly enjoy from the discovery 'of your birth and fortune. Love 'has left no room for ambition in my 'soul; no room for sordid avarice: I am 'all tenderness; all delight and admi-'ration!' While he spoke this, his cheeks glowed with pleasure; and he cast upon me a look the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld. 'Dear Sir,' returned I with answering looks of affection, 'I do not know how to blame 'you for your injustice to me, while 'the discovery of it gives you such sa-'tisfaction. What a charming thing 'is love,' continued I, smiling, 'since 'it's very pains are succeeded by such 'pleasing transports! But I must 'thank you, Sir, for the engaging 'manner in which you have vindicated 'your affection to me while my birth 'was unknown to you, and while you 'thought me without relations or 'friends. It was, indeed, with some 'reluctance that I was brought over to 'consent to your suffering such a se-'vere trial; but I cannot now repent of 'it, since it has given you an opportu-'nity of discovering to the world upon 'what noble and generous principles 'you proceed: and I assure you I shall 'never think of this adventure but 'with pleasure.'—'I am happy, in-'deed, my dear,' returned he, 'if I 'have said any thing that gives you 'pleasure on reflection; this I could 'not have hoped for. What happiness 'may I not expect from the possession 'of a person who kindly considers all 'my actions in the best light!'—'Nay, 'Sir,' returned I, 'I should have 'been highly pleased to have heard any 'other person vindicate himself in the 'same agreeable manner, though, per-'haps, not equally so. If a confor-'mity of sentiment can render us hap-'py, I may flatter myself that we shall 'enjoy as great a degree of felicity as 'is consistent with human nature; if 'we do not, it must be our own faults. 'It is necessary, however, that we 'should always preserve that settled 'complacency which is needful to sup-'port a friendship which ought never 'to be interrupted: and, as it is im-'possible that we should always behave 'well, it is absolutely necessary that 'we should be sometimes a little blind 'too to each other's imperfections. 'This is a rule which, I am sure, you 'will have frequent occasion to put in 'practice; though, I hope, upon the 'whole, I shall behave in such a man-

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'ner as to gain your approbation.'—'Ah, my charmer!' replied he, 'I 'shall find but little need of this caution: you are incapable of an ill-intention; and I must surely have too 'much complacency in you, my dear, 'or rather too much justice, to be offended without it. I shall daily find 'in you fresh subject of admiration; 'your native sweetness of temper will 'soothe my mind into an habitual 'calm, and preserve me from being 'ruffled by the ordinary cares of life: 'one joy, one care, one pleasure, will 'employ both our minds; while our 'only contention shall be who will, 'with the greatest assiduity, promote 'each other's happiness. Thus, when 'tired with the impertinence and folly 'of mankind, (for it is impossible that 'we should be always in the most agreeable company) I shall return 'home to a friend, who will receive me 'with an open heart; into which, with 'an unrestrained confidence, I can 'pour all my concerns; a friend, whose 'gaiety will divert my chagrin, and 'whose good sense will inspire me with 'a delightful tranquillity, and charm 'away every uneasy thought.'—'I 'wish, Sir,' returned I, 'you would 'not carry your expectations to such a 'visionary height, for I am terribly afraid 'you will be disappointed: methinks 'such exquisite happiness is too much, 'my dear Valville, too much to be even 'hoped for.'—'Why so, my dear?' cried he, hastily interrupting me. 'What can 'hinder us from being compleatly blessed, since we shall want nothing that can 'render us happy in ourselves, and agreeable to each other? A love of virtue, 'and the charms of that union which 'is founded on the same desires, views, 'and interests, must render our conversations too agreeable for us to suffer 'any of those dull intervals of life 'which are the punishments of most 'of those who, from less laudable motives, enter into the marriage-state.'—'But do you imagine, Sir,' returned I, 'that we shall meet with no rubs in 'life; that nothing will make us forget ourselves? We are not always 'wise; and I am persuaded we shall not 'always think ourselves happy, unless 'we take a resolution to be so in spite 'of all opposition: a thousand little 'incidents may start up and interrupt 'our mutual felicity; we should therefore take a peculiar care not to be too 'much affected by trifles; for I have 'observed that the most insignificant things commonly render people unhappy, and create those disgusts which must be attended by the 'most fatal consequences. Here we 'are apt to be off our guard, and therefore lose ourselves before we are aware; are lost in a labyrinth of ungovernable passions, and involved in 'inquietudes which we should never 'have experienced from the most reasonable causes of discontent: we 'need only, I believe, attend to this 'caution, to render us compleatly 'blessed, and as happy as the sincerest 'friendship, the tenderest love, can 'make us. Your solidity and good 'sense will put a restraint upon my 'levity; and my vivacity prevent the 'wiser disposition of your mind from 'degenerating into a musty and unpleasing gravity. But come, Sir,' added I, rising, 'let us rejoin the company; they will not thank us for being 'so rude as to leave them so long together.' Valville endeavoured to persuade me to stay a little longer, but I desired him to excuse me; and we immediately returned to them.

As we entered the room, I observed the old miser listening very attentively to the count and his brother; and found that he was asking them some questions relating to my fortune. They all arose as soon as they saw us; when Mrs. Dorsin, taking me by the hand—'You have been away a great while,' said she, smiling; 'and if I had known 'how long you would have deprived 'us of your company, I should not, 'perhaps, have sent Mr. De Valville 'after you; but, however, you are 'very excusable; and we are not over-fond of ceremony.—Well, Mr. De 'Valville,' added she, 'how do you 'do now? I find Miss Marianne has 'brought you to yourself; and we 'may hope to find you good company 'again: indeed, I was concerned to see 'you look so uneasy.' Here the count took Valville by the hand—'I am glad, 'Sir,' said he, 'that I am to have such 'a worthy gentleman for my kinsman: since you left us, Mrs. Dorsin 'and my brother have given me an account of your passion for my niece; 'and such a character of you as makes 'me think her very happy in having

'placed her affections upon a perſon of 'ſo much merit.' Valville returned this compliment in a very handſome manner; when we ſat down, and entered into a general converſation.

But, perhaps, Madam, you may think theſe long diſcourſes quite impertinent; I ſhall therefore wave repeating any more of them for the preſent, and paſs on to ſome incidents which you may poſſibly find more diverting.

We ſpent the reſt of the day very agreeably; and the evening was concluded with a ball, which laſted till morning. Inſtead of jarring diſcord, ill-humour, and petulant remarks, we were now ſurrounded with nothing but mirth and gaiety; every thing paſt was forgotten; and we were, in a little time, as good friends as if we had never been enemies. But I muſt not forget to tell you that the old miſer, who had, I fancy, drank my health with a higher reliſh and larger draughts than the reſt, as, perhaps, wiſely conſidering that it was unneceſſary to uſe reſtraint when at another's expence, was reſolved to honour us with a dance; and though he could hardly hobble along without his cane, cut ſuch capers as gave us the greateſt diverſion, which we teſtified by applauſes that he ought rather to have looked upon as cenſures than commendations. The lady of the ſatirical caſt of mind was moſt maliciouſly profuſe of her praiſes; and extolled his agility and ſprightly vivacity in ſuch a ludicrous and extravagant manner, that, thinking her in earneſt, he imagined he was as young and agreeable as ever; and therefore, in the pride of his heart, reſolved once more to cut another caper. But, alas! how ſhort-lived is human glory! In the midſt of his performance, he unhappily took a falſe ſtep, overſet a ſide-board of glaſſes and ſweetmeats, and fell, with them, to the floor. The gentlemen ran to his aſſiſtance; whilſt, terrified at the dreadful craſh, he lay without ſenſe or motion: they helped him up, placed him in an elbow-chair, and took up his wig, which lay at ſome diſtance from him, whilſt we all condoled his misfortune. Mrs. Dorſin and I were at firſt really concerned for fear he had hurt himſelf; but that concern was ſoon diſſipated; for, after rubbing his ſhins, and making a thouſand wry faces, he recovered his breath; when we waited to hear him complain of his bruiſes: but how greatly were we ſurprized to hear him cry out, in a diſmal tone—'Oh, my poor ſilk ſtockings! 'they are ſtained; they are entirely 'ſpoiled: I have wore them, upon oc-'caſion, theſe ſeven years. Ah! what 'a misfortune! Had I but ſtaid at 'home——' 'But, Sir,' cried Mrs. Dorſin, interrupting him, 'your legs, 'your legs! How do they do?'—'My 'legs!' cried he. 'I ſhould not have 'cared for my legs, had not I ſtained 'my ſtockings: I do not mind bruiſ-'ing my legs; they will be well again; 'but my ſtockings—Ah, that con-'founded claret!' Here we ſtood looking at each other with amazement; when the ſatirical lady, lifting up her hands, cried out, with a very ſerious look—'What a dreadful cataſtrophe! 'The gentleman has ſtained his poor 'dear ſtockings with curſed claret; a 'loſs that can never be repaired! Had 'it been blood, inſtead of that perni-'cious liquor, I ſhould not have cared; 'then they might have been waſhed! 'Oh, the dear, dear ſtockings!' We could contain ourſelves no longer, but burſt into a general laugh; at which the poor miſer was ſo offended, that he took the firſt opportunity to retire, after having firſt deſired my uncle, the officer, to lend him his coach.

I might, poſſibly, Madam, make ſome very ſmart reflections upon this adventure, were I diſpoſed to it, ſince nothing in nature makes a more ridiculous figure than a perſon, bending under the weight of years, mimicking the gay and ſprightly airs of youth; but this was not, I believe, his natural character, ſince all his pretty, jaunty airs, were owing rather to the influence of an enlivening cup, than any ſettled diſpoſition: he ſeemed, indeed, to have no vice, but an inſatiable avarice; or rather, his avarice ſwallowed up and contained all his other vices. What a vile and infamous diſpoſition muſt that be which lays waſte the foundation of every virtue, ſtifles that moral ſenſe which is implanted in the heart of every good being, and renders the mind that is actuated by it the moſt compleatly wretched! What a ſordid pleaſure to look upon treaſures which it dares not uſe, and to glut the eyes with the ſight of what it can only enjoy by ſeeing!

seeing! Such a person may hug himself with the poor delight of enjoying what he dare not enjoy; for since riches are of no other use than to supply us with the necessaries and conveniences of life, we can only be said to enjoy them when we make use of them.

Mr. De Rosand behaved, on this occasion, in a manner agreeable to his character: he was chearful, and yet wise; his mirth was sober and polite; and his good-humour and vivacity, far from making old age appear less venerable, gave it charms which commanded respect, at the same time that it inspired with pleasure. His joy was like the transports of a father exulting in the happiness of his child: every paternal affection gladdened his heart, sparkled in his eyes, and diffused over his whole person a satisfaction, a delight, a gaiety, truly parental.

The disagreeable old lady, who now desired to appear my friend, caressed me in a manner peculiar to herself: she was very liberal of her praises, and endeavoured, at the same time, to insinuate herself into my esteem by flattering my vanity, in letting me know the greatness of the family to which I was going to be united; which, indeed, was not much inferior to my own. She began with giving me a history of her family, with all the marriages and intermarriages into those of the first quality: and, before we broke up, had informed me how many marshals, constables, and other great officers, it had produced; circumstances which Mrs. De Valville's modesty had not permitted her to mention, and which her good sense did not suffer her to lay any great stress upon; though this lady could not speak of them without rapture, and betraying a ridiculous vanity which discovered itself in every word. Her friend, who had been so maliciously severe upon Valville and me, took another way to ingratiate herself into my favour, which she, doubtless, thought would have proved an infallible one: she assumed all the outside appearance of friendship; she conformed herself to all my words and actions; she was always of my mind; smiled when I smiled; and when I was grave she appeared serious; she hung upon my looks; watched every motion; and even governed her wit by my glances, till I was heartily sick of being thus ridiculously aped. In fine, they were now both changed to persons of the most servile complaisance. Thus the proud, when humbled, are the most obsequious, fawning creatures, in the universe.

You cannot imagine, Madam, how very disagreeable these persons made themselves; or how much I was disgusted at their nauseous flattery and ridiculous attempts to please. I was always a friend to truth and sincerity; and I believe I should not, in my vainest moments, have thought such a behaviour even tolerable. They who have a high relish for the pure delights of friendship, cannot bear to have the sacred name of Friend usurped by those who have neither sense nor delicacy enough to know what it means. The very pretence made by such a person is like using the name on purpose to betray: besides, this polite kind of complaisance, as it does not spring from the heart, loses all it's winning graces; for nothing can touch the heart that does not originally spring from it. But I must proceed.

The next day about noon, Valville, my two uncles, Mr. De Rosand, and I, set out for Versailles; after taking leave of Mrs. Dorsin, who embraced me, and gave us the usual compliments of wishing us a good journey. Our conversation upon the road was gay and sprightly, and made the time pass away very agreeably. In the evening we arrived at the count's house, a magnificent edifice near the city. When we stepped out of the coach, he gave me his hand, led me in, and presented me to the countess his lady; who, I could easily perceive, regarded me with a cold and restrained countenance, which she discovered in spite of herself; and which, perhaps, was more visible by her endeavouring to conceal it, for her very smiles were clouded with an air of discontent. She was pretty fat; and, though above forty, had beauty enough to render her person agreeable; though she had something in her look which did not please me; something that, methought, shewed a disposition selfish, and a little mercenary.

While this lady was bidding us welcome, my grandmother entered the room; and no sooner saw me, than she cast her arms about my neck—'My 'dear child,' cried she, 'I rejoice that 'I have lived to see thee again before 'I die:

'I die: thy looks are enough to convince me that thou art, indeed, my grand-daughter. What a resemblance there is between you and my son's wife! Methinks I see again that dear lady before me! They are both revived in thee.' Here I threw my arms about her neck; the tears gushed from my eyes; while I felt some new, some unknown affections, rising in my breast; sensations which I had not hitherto either experienced or formed an idea of; a tenderness very different from that of love or friendship. 'Now,' cried I with a sigh, 'I am happy indeed! Oh, my mother! my dear grandmother!' She wept too; whilst joy shone through her tears, and all the emotions of her heart were visible in her countenance. After our first transports were over, we sat down; when the old lady asked Mr. De Rosand a thousand questions concerning me, with an eagerness which expressed all the affection of a parent; then called him her best friend, the patron of her family, and the father of her dear child. At last, she desired to know if Mr. De Valville was not the gentleman that was shortly to be her grandson? the count told her he was; and that we were to be married in a few days. 'Well,' cried she, 'may Heaven pour down upon you both it's choicest blessings! May your happiness exceed even your wishes.' We thanked the old lady for her blessing, and then insensibly entered into a general conversation.

The next morning the count took Valville and me aside; and, telling us he wanted to have some private conversation with us, conducted us into his closet; where, being seated, he shewed us the writings belonging to my father's estate: in which I found, that though a considerable part of it went with the title, yet I should receive a fortune, in money and lands, greatly superior to Valville's. 'Here, niece,' said the count to me, 'you see the estate you were born to enjoy, and which you have hitherto been deprived of: I have possessed it for many years; and therefore you may make a demand upon me for the produce of your rents ever since my brother's decease; but I am persuaded, from the amiable character I have heard of your humanity, and greatness of soul, that you will not insist upon all the arrears which you may claim as your due. I have lived in a manner suitable to the estate which I thought had been my own; and therefore am unable to answer such large demands, without bringing inevitable ruin upon myself and family.' Here he paused, and I turned my eyes towards Valville, who, in the same instant, met them with a glance, which seemed to desire me to follow the generous sentiments he observed in my looks. 'Sir,' returned I immediately, (for these glances which conveyed our thoughts to each other were over in a moment) my uncle has before mentioned this to me; and I thought he would have told you my resolution: which is, that I will never, if I can help it, give you any reason to repent your knowing me. I would not for the world occasion you or your family the least uneasiness: I readily throw up all such claims as you mention; and am sincerely sorry that you cannot know me without losing part of your estate; and will therefore give you an acquittance for all the sums you have received upon it, as soon as you are pleased to deliver it to me.'—'What! my dear!' cried he with amazement, sure I do not understand you! you cannot mean it! Have you considered what you say?'—'Yes, Sir,' returned I, smiling; 'I do not desire any of the arrears which are due to me: I shall have enough without them; and therefore am resolved not to accept of any thing from you which would be a prejudice to your family. You have hitherto laid out the profits of my estate in a manner that reflects a glory upon yourself and name; and it would be barbarous in me to accept of what would give you reason to regret the tenderness you have shewn for the unhappy and the miserable.' —'My dear,' returned he, 'it is impossible for me to express my surprize at your generosity: I neither expected, nor desired, you to carry it so far. I can spare you fifty thousand crowns without any inconvenience; and this I must desire you to accept of, since it falls very short of the sum which I am indebted to you.'—'No, Sir,' returned Valville, 'you must not expect that Marianne will recede from her resolution, since it is to oblige a per-

'son

'ſon for whom ſhe has ſuch a great 'eſteem: I approve of her ſentiments; 'and muſt join with her in deſiring 'you to lay aſide theſe thoughts.' But all our arguments could not prevail upon him, they rather ſtrengthened his reſolution; ſo that I was at laſt obliged to accept of notes for the money. This done, he went to fetch me a box of jewels which belonged to my mother.

As ſoon as he was gone, I took the pen and a ſheet of paper, and wrote as follows.

'THESE notes I preſent to my dear 'couſins, daughters of my ho-'noured uncle the Count De V———, 'as a teſtimony of my early affection 'to them; which I deſire may be equal-'ly divided amongſt them, as they 'come to age, or upon the day of their 'marriage.

'MARIANNE.'

Valville ſeemed much pleaſed at this thought; but as I was ſealing up the notes in this paper, we heard the counteſs's voice; when, liſtening, I heard her go with the count into the next room, which was only divided from that we were in by a ſlight partition; ſo that, as they talked pretty loud, we could underſtand almoſt every word they ſaid. 'What, Sir!' cried ſhe, 'refuſe to accept of fifty thouſand 'crowns! It is hardly to be believed! 'I was afraid your niece would have 'inſiſted upon having all that the law 'would allow her. But how did her 'lover look? Did not his countenance 'ſhew his diſcontent?'—'No, not at 'all,' returned he: 'there was nothing 'but joy and ſatisfaction ſpread over 'his face; and his eyes told me that 'my niece's behaviour gave him an in-'finite ſatisfaction.'—'Well,' ſaid ſhe, 'they will force me, I find, to love 'them in ſpite of myſelf; though I 'have not been able hitherto to look 'upon them without uneaſineſs, as 'imagining that this diſcovery would 'entirely ruin the fortunes of my chil-'dren. I am glad, for the poor dears 'ſakes, they would not accept of the 'money.'—'What do you mean?' replied he: 'as I can very well ſpare 'that ſum, I could not help preſſing my 'niece to accept of it; gratitude, ho-'nour, and every conſideration, made 'me reſolve to take no denial: at laſt 'I was ſo happy as to prevail; and 'have therefore given her notes for it.' —'How! ſure you have not been ſo 'weak!' cried ſhe. 'I am amazed at 'your folly! How many of our nobi-'lity would have ſold their country for 'ſuch a ſum! But you have a greater 'regard for your niece than for me 'and my family. They knew, I ſup-'poſe, who they had to deal with, and 'behaved accordingly. Their genero-'ſity was only a pretence to ingratiate 'themſelves into your favour, that they 'might accept of it with a better grace.' —'Madam,' returned he, 'you uſe 'me very ill: but I cannot wonder at 'it, ſince you can injure, by your un-'juſt ſuſpicions, perſons to whom you 'are under ſuch ſurprizing obliga-'tions. I love you; you know I do: 'and I have the greateſt tenderneſs for 'my children: but theſe affections ſhall 'never corrupt my integrity, or make 'me guilty of an action unworthy a 'man of my quality!' Theſe laſt words, methought, were delivered in a tone that expreſſed a noble kind of pride, and a dignity of ſoul truly great; but he had no ſooner ſaid this, than he entered the room to us with ſome diſorder in his looks; when, after paying me ſome compliments, he preſented to me a caſket of jewels, which he told me had been my mother's: I received them without heſitation, and returned him a great many thanks. He then took a chair, and ſat down by me; when, obſerving the ſmall packet I had juſt been making up, which I held in my hand, he aſked me what it was. 'It is, Sir,' ſaid I, 'a preſent I would make to my 'couſins, your daughters, to buy them 'ſome baubles when they come of age, 'or againſt their marriage: you will be 'ſo good as keep it for them. But you 'muſt not take it ill, that I have reſerv-'ed nothing for your ſon; ſince I have 'not omitted the young gentleman out 'of diſreſpect; but only from a conſi-'deration that, as his fortune will be 'much ſuperiors to theirs, he might, 'perhaps, be above accepting of pre-'ſents from me.'—'Well, Miſs,' returned he, 'I ſee you are reſolved to 'lay us all under obligations, and to do 'it, too, in a manner peculiar to your-'ſelf; for you have already much oblig-'ed my children, by your generous be-'haviour to me: but may not I know 'what it is that you have here incloſed

'for

'for them? Let it be what it will, it 'must be a very acceptable preſent, as 'it comes from you; and I will have 'them called in, to return you their 'thanks.'—'You are at liberty, Sir,' returned I, 'to ſatisfy your curioſity, 'ſince I find it would be painful to 'you to forbear.' Here he broke open the packet, and immediately caſt his eyes upon his notes; when, turning to me with an air of ſurprize and pleaſure —'My dear niece,' ſaid he, 'I ſhould 'be much more aſtoniſhed at your be-'haviour did I not know you to be my 'brother's daughter; for, notwith-'ſtanding the great reſemblance be-'tween you and my amiable ſiſter, you 'are more like him than her, ſince you 'have his ſoul, as well as her lovely 'form; his ſolidity, as well as her de-'licacy of ſentiment. But as it muſt 'be agreeable to you to hear the cha-'racter of this great, this generous 'man, I will, in a few words, give you 'ſuch inſtances of it as muſt fill you 'with admiration, and render his me-'mory ſtill more dear to you.

'My father, who ſincerely loved his 'children, took care to give us all a 'very liberal education, every way ſuit-'ed to the greatneſs of our family: my 'two brothers and I began early to be 'united by the moſt generous friend-'ſhip; a friendſhip of greater force than 'all the ties of blood. As our inclina-'tions were the ſame, all our diver-'ſions and amuſements were ſo too; 'ſo that we became inſeparable; and 'might have continued ſo, had not I, 'by the heat and extravagant madneſs 'of youth, been drawn to commit ſuch 'follies, as not only inſenſibly weaned 'from me the affections of my brothers, 'but at laſt exaſperated my father to 'ſuch a degree, that he reſolved to diſ-'inherit me. Your father uſed all his 'endeavours to reclaim me; and, with 'the tears in his eyes, frequently laid 'before me the ſtupidity of my con-'duct: but I was too far gone to hear 'reaſon. One day my brother was ſent 'for into my father's cloſet, when the 'good old man deſired him to ſit down, 'took hold of his hand, and gave him 'a look, which, he afterwards told me, 'pierced his very ſoul—"My dear "boy," ſaid he, "I am very ſure thou "art ſenſible of my affection to thee "and thy brothers, which has been ſo "equally divided, that I have not "known who has had the greateſt ſhare "in my heart. I have flattered myſelf "that you would all have been the de-"light and ſupport of my age: the per-"fect unanimity and concord which "have been preſerved amongſt you have "given me a ſatisfaction which you "can form no idea of till you yourſelf "are a father. But, alas! how are all "my hopes vaniſhed! Your brother, "child! your brother will bring down "my grey hairs with ſorrow to the "grave. I have done my endeavours "to reclaim him; but in vain: his "conſcience makes him fly from me, "his father, as if he thought me his "enemy; he fears my reproaches, but "does not fear to deſerve them. Oh! "how little does he know the yearnings "of heart that I feel for him! When "I conſider what he was, and what "he is now, all the father riſes in my "ſoul, and I feel my reſentment mix-"ed with tenderneſs and pity. What "a degenerate age is this, in which "rapes and adultery are called by the "ſpecious name of gallantry; in which "every debauch is faſhionable, and "virtue repreſented as only fit for thoſe "queer fellows who are unqualified "for ſociety! I have now no hopes left "of reclaiming this undutiful ſon; and "have therefore reſolved to puniſh him, "by caſting him off. I will make a "new will, and give that part of my "eſtate which I intended for him, to "thee; but I beg, when he is in want, "thou wouldſt remember he is thy "brother."

'Here your father caſt himſelf at 'the old gentleman's feet; and, lifting 'up his head, with the tears ſtreaming 'from his eyes—"Dear Sir," cried 'he, "let me on my knees beg you "would remember that he is ſtill your "ſon, your once dear ſon: what can "you hope for by driving him to extre-"mities?"—"Ariſe, ariſe!" cried he, 'interrupting him, and giving him his 'hand, "I have conſidered him in that "light till he has almoſt broke my "heart. Had he my whole eſtate, he "would ſquander it away; and there-"fore what I now do will only make "him unhappy a few months ſooner "than he would have rendered himſelf "ſo. I have now ſent for an attorney, "and will this day reward your affec-"tion to me, as well as let him know "what it is to injure the tenderneſs of "a father.

" a father. Perhaps this ſtep may re-
" claim him; and then I ſhall gladly
" receive him again to my favour."
' My brother again interpoſed; but to
' no purpoſe: my father was inflexible;
' and my brother went away full of
' grief at the misfortune that was fall-
' en upon me. Impatient to find me,
' that he might impart to me the trou-
' bles of his heart, he ſent his ſervants
' to ſeek me; and went himſelf to take
' a walk under thoſe tall elms you ſee
' there behind the garden, whoſe me-
' lancholy ſhades were proper to ſoothe
' his affliction. Meanwhile I, return-
' ing home from a debauch which had
' detained me all night, was told my
' brother had enquired for me; and,
' after ſearching for him ſome time,
' found him walking there in a pen-
' ſive manner, with his arms acroſs,
' and his eyes fixed on the ground. I
' flew to him, impatient to learn the
' cauſe of his uneaſineſs. The noiſe I
' made awaked him from his reverie;
' he turned, came back to meet me, re-
' lated all that had paſſed, and repre-
' ſented his grief in ſuch lively colours,
' that I began to pity him, and abhor
' myſelf; but could not be prevailed
' upon to forſake a beautiful creature
' whom I had provided for. The will
' was made that day, which excluded
' me from poſſeſſing any part of my
' father's eſtate: and a few weeks af-
' ter the good old man ſunk under the
' weight of his uneaſineſs, which was
' too great for his age to ſupport.

' I now began to ſink into deſpair:
' my miſtreſs was denied to me, and
' would not give me an opportunity to
' ſee her; when, ſtung with ſhame and
' grief at the reflection of my paſt con-
' duct, I privately retired to a ſmall
' town where I was unknown, and en-
' deavoured to get a commiſſion in the
' army: but, as I wanted money, all
' my endeavours were ineffectual; ſo
' that I was ſoon reduced to want and
' miſery. I now looked upon myſelf
' with horror; reflected on my father's
' tenderneſs, and the pains he had
' taken to reclaim me, with confuſion;
' and continually reproached myſelf
' with being the cauſe of his death.
' The friendſhip that had ſubſiſted be-
' tween me and my brothers, and all
' their tender admonitions, had now ſuch
' an effect upon me, that I looked back
' upon that virtuous union with re-
' gret; wondered how I could forſake
' that happineſs for the mad tumultu-
' ous joys of vice and folly; and was
' almoſt ready, in this laſt extremity,
' to fly to them for ſuccour; but was
' reſtrained by conſcious guilt and
' ſhame.

' The young count (my elder bro-
' ther, and your father) had no ſooner
' taken poſſeſſion of his eſtate, than he
' made it his buſineſs to ſearch for me;
' and at laſt got information not only
' of the place of my retreat, but of al-
' moſt every circumſtance of my re-
' pentance; and immediately ſent his
' ſervant with orders to ride poſt to me
' with the following letter.

" DEAR BROTHER,

" AS you had reaſon to believe me
" ſincerely ſorry for my dear
" father's ſeverity, you ought not to
" have given me the pain of hiding
" yourſelf from me at a time when it
" was in my power to ſoften the rigour
" of his reſentment. I have this mo-
" ment been informed of your ſitua-
" tion; and cannot help letting you
" immediately know the joy I feel at
" the delightful news of your reforma-
" tion. Oh, that my father had but
" lived to ſee this change! he would
" then have died with comfort. I have
" found amongſt his papers a will that
" was made when our friendſhip, and
" his affection for you, was at the
" height. Had he lived to ſee this
" happy day, he doubtleſs would have
" gladly reſtored you to his favour,
" and have given you the ſame part of
" his fortune as he deſigned to do
" when you had never offended him:
" I therefore think myſelf bound to
" do it for him; and have accordingly
" ſent you the writings, which your
" return to wiſdom and virtue give
" you a juſt claim to. Let me ſee you
" as ſoon as poſſible; which will be the
" greateſt ſatisfaction to your affec-
" tionate brother,

" De V———.

" P. S. I have incloſed a note for a
" ſum which, I hope, will be ſuf-
" ficient to pay what debts you
" may have contracted, and de-
" fray the expence of your jour-
" ney; which you need not re-
" turn me till it ſuits with your
" conveniency."

'It is impossible, my dear niece, to 'give you an idea of the greatness of 'my surprize and admiration at read- 'ing this letter; I could hardly per- 'suade myself but it was all a dream: 'I read it over and over, while my 'heart swelled with the most warm 'and grateful affections. How lovely 'did this noble act make him appear! 'What a superiority did it give him 'not only over me, but the rest of 'mankind! I could hardly help per- 'suading myself that he was some su- 'perior being, some guardian deity. 'Virtue now had a thousand graces 'hitherto unobserved; she appeared all 'lovely, all divine! I hastened to Ver- 'sailles, and was received with open 'arms by my brothers: but when I 'would have thanked your father, my 'gratitude arose too big to find ut- 'terance in words; I could only 'press his hand, and tell him that my 'full heart thanked him, though my 'lips refused to do it. "Come, come, "man," replied he, laughing, and 'giving me a tap on the shoulder, "do "not talk of thanks with such a so- "lemn face; let us have no more on "this subject: my brother and I re- "joice equally to see you thus; and "are resolved to shew the world that, "for once, brothers can be friends, "and sincere ones too. You must "now see that I have done you justice: "here are the two wills; this gives "you an estate; and that takes it from "you."—"Well, then," cried your 'uncle, "suppose we should shew our "resentment against this last testa- "ment, which has been so prejudicial "to our friendship as to make you fly "from us, by committing it to the "flames?"—"It is generously spok- "en!" returned the count: "you "are willing, then, to give up the "right you now enjoy of possessing my "estate, if I should happen to die with- "out an heir?"—"Yes," cried he, "that I will most heartily; and would "do much more for such a brother." 'Here I embraced them both; and the 'last will was accordingly, after I had 'read it, thrown into the fire.

'We now became better friends than 'ever: my brothers virtues were ever 'before my eyes; I aspired to be like 'them, and cherished the noble seeds 'they had sown in my breast. Your 'father, soon after this happy meeting, 'married a most accomplished lady; 'and, in less than a twelvemonth, you 'were born as a pledge of their mutual 'tenderness. About the same time, 'my younger brother, thirsting after 'glory, bought a commission; and has 'served almost ever since with great 'reputation in the army. But, alas! 'the count's joys were of short dura- 'tion; since, in less than three years 'after your birth, a period was put to 'his felicity in this life, and that of 'his lady.

'I have now given you, my dear 'niece,' continued he, 'a short sketch 'of your father's virtues, and the obli- 'gations he has laid upon me to revere 'his memory. From this you may form 'an idea of the greatness of his soul, 'and the resemblance you bear to him 'in the divine part of his noble cha- 'racter. I am under the greatest obli- 'gations to you both; nor can I help 'being surprized to find in you, who 'have never been so happy as to copy 'any part of your conduct from him, 'the same dispositions which distin- 'guished him from the rest of man- 'kind. Happy is the father who has 'such a child! But there is one thing 'that I ought to add, to compleat the 'character I have attempted to give 'you of this great, good man; and 'that is, that his benevolence was un- 'confined and diffusive: and he was 'looked upon as the father of all the 'miserable and distressed.'

I listened, Madam, to this short history of my father's life with a great degree of pleasure: the repetition of these heroick virtues in a person whom nature had rendered so near to me, fired my heart, and filled me with a laudable kind of vanity; and yet, at the same time, I could not help lamenting his loss, and shedding some tears at the reflection that this dear and valuable man was deprived of life before I had the happiness to know him. Methought I should have embraced him with a transport of joy, as soon as I had been able to thank him for this generous behaviour to my uncle, and was sorry that I had never had an opportunity of doing this.

As soon as the count had done, and I had thanked him for this pleasing story, Valville made some very just reflections on the nature of true greatness; and proved that such god-like dispositions

tions render a character more shining than that of the greatest heroes who have only sought for glory, however great may have been their success. 'It 'is the rectitude of the heart, and the 'truly benevolent disposition of the 'mind,' said he, 'that constitutes a 'great character; for the man who is so 'disinterested as thus to sacrifice private 'advantages to the good of others, 'would doubtless, from the same mo-'tives, give up his life, and all that is 'dear to him, to save his country.'

The count now proposed our joining the rest of our friends, imagining that Mr. De Rosand and his brother would not be pleased at being so long deprived of our company; on which we arose, and went to look for them; but were told that those gentlemen were gone to take a walk in the garden. Valville and I resolved to follow them; while the count went to have some discourse with his lady. We rambled about till we got out of sight of the house; when my dear Valville looking round, and seeing nobody near enough to observe our actions, took hold of my hand, kissed it, and with a tender air pressed it to his bosom; then fixing his eyes upon mine, cried, in a moving tone—'May I not prevail upon you, 'my dear, to hasten my happiness? 'Since it is in your power to render me 'compleatly blessed, why do you delay 'it any longer? I long to call thee 'mine; and hardly know how to wait 'till the six weeks are expired.' Here I happening to look up, observed the gentlemen we came out in search of: but, as I was not now so impatient to speak with them as I was a minute before, I whispered Valville to be silent; and we both hastily turned down another walk, and ran so fast that we soon got out of sight again, without their observing us. When I had recovered my breath a little—'I do not question, 'Sir,' returned I, 'but you have 'guessed at my reason for deferring 'our marriage: you now know who 'I am, and are satisfied as to my birth 'and family, which makes any far-'ther delay needless; but yet I cannot 'think of it's being near without feel-'ing some kind of uneasiness; my heart 'flutters with some little painful appre-'hensions: but, however, I will not let 'these groundless scruples have any 'greater effect upon me; and will therefore 'refer it to you to fix on the day of our 'nuptials.'—'O my dear!' then cried he, clasping me in his arms, 'let it be 'to-morrow!'—'No, Sir!' returned I, disengaging myself; 'that will be too 'soon; I cannot resolve upon being so 'very hasty: besides, we must make 'some preparations; nor am I yet fixed 'whether it ought to be celebrated here 'or at Mrs. Dorsin's.'—'It shall be 'where you please, my dear,' returned he; 'though, I fancy, the count will 'not part with us till we are married; 'we will send for Mrs. Dorsin, and 'whatever friends you please to invite: 'and as for our cloaths, I will give 'orders for them to be made with all 'possible expedition. You agree to 'this, my dear, do not you?'—'Yes, 'Sir,' returned I; 'but, I think, I 'should rather chuse that our nuptials 'should be celebrated at Mrs. Dor-'sin's; I shall be more at my ease there 'than with the countess: however, I 'must be ruled by my uncles.'

After some farther conversation on this subject, we agreed to look for our friends, whom we had purposely avoided a little before; and therefore turned back to the walk where we had discovered them: but not seeing them there, we went in, and found them waiting for us in a parlour facing the garden, with the countess-dowager, the count, and several persons of quality, some of my father's and mother's friends, who were now come to pay their compliments to me. Amongst these was a lady who, at first sight, caressed me with an air of much friendship; and whose behaviour was too engaging not to prejudice me immediately in her favour. This was a person who had been my mother's bosom friend, and the same lady who had made me a present of the head-dress which had been the means of the discovery of my family. But I shall forbear giving you a portrait of her person, or the qualifications of her mind, since that would be needless, after I have told you it was the Marchioness De R———, with whom you are perfectly acquainted.

Dinner was hardly over, when I was agreeably surprized with the arrival of Mrs. Dorsin and Miss De Fare; who were too eager to share in my happiness to stay till they were sent for. Their company, you may imagine, Madam, was a very high satisfaction to me, as

I wanted such friends of my own sex as I could be perfectly free with, whose advice I might ask on a hundred occasions; for I could not help feeling a little reserve, and being under a kind of restraint, with people whom I had but just come to the knowledge of: but methought I now began to breathe a little more freely; and, really, the sight of them gave a surprizing addition to my happiness. Valville put me in mind to consult with them about my cloaths; I did so: several tradesmen were sent for; and, after a long dissertation upon dress, in which all the ladies bore a part, we at last fixed upon some very fine silks, laces, and cambricks; which were ordered to be made up with all expedition.

The next morning Valville and I went out of mourning for my dear mother; when the count proposed our going to court, which was immediately agreed upon; and, as soon as dinner was over, we dressed as gay as possible to make our appearance there. The countess, who now began to look upon me with a favourable eye, resolved to accompany us; but it was with much difficulty that we prevailed upon Mr. De Rosand to do so. As I entered the palace-gate, I felt an unusual tremor upon my spirits, which I found increase upon me every moment: however, we went on; and the chearfulness I observed in the countenances of those about me, alleviated a little this disorder. I found the eyes of every one fixed upon Miss De Fare and me as we passed along, in a manner that discovered their admiration; and even heard several whispers from gentlemen who passed by us, which were too agreeable to escape unobserved. But we had no sooner entered the anti-chamber, than I observed a plain elderly gentleman stop the count, and shake him by the hand with a very friendly air: they whispered something together, and then came up to me; when I was surprized to find that this person was the prime-minister, who would have forced me to marry Villot; and who, at last, was so affected with my behaviour, as to declare that he could not help approving of my mother's affection, and my lover's passion. He saluted Valville and me in a frank and obliging manner, congratulated us upon our happiness, and the discovery we had made; and even offered to introduce us to the royal presence. We thanked him, returned his compliment, and accepted of his obliging propofal; on which we immediately followed him; though I trembled so that I was hardly able to walk. We found his majesty talking to some persons of quality, and so engaged that he did not see us; when the minister and the count went up to him: but they had not left us many minutes, before we observed that, on a sudden, all eyes were fixed upon us; and, methought, their looks seemed to single out me; on which the count came to us, and let us know his majesty desired to speak with us. At this we all moved forward; and Miss De Fare and I threw ourselves at his feet; when, with a gallant air, he offered us his hand to help us up; gave us a salute; and, after some compliments upon our beauty, welcomed us to court; and gave Valville and Mr. De Rosand the honour to kiss his hand.

I had now recovered myself so far as to be able to take notice of the magnificence that every where surrounded us in this palace. Several of the nobility, who seemed to take a pleasure in hearing themselves say what they thought fine things, were continually buzzing in our ears discourses upon the pretended conquest we had made of their hearts; and a thousand little soft, tender, silly things, which were uttered in a manner as gallant and fluent as if they had incessantly repeated the same smart things; as, indeed, it was their custom to do so to every lady of tolerable beauty. We should have been very glad to have dropped this troublesome company; but we found it impossible: for they were resolved, as Miss De Fare and I had never been at court before, to shew us every thing worthy of admiration; though we had no need of their assistance, since my two uncles were as well acquainted with every thing of that nature as they could be.

After we had viewed the curious paintings in the gallery, as well as the most magnificent of the apartments, we agreed, by common consent, to take a turn in the garden; where every thing appeared new to Miss De Fare and me; and I could not, indeed, restrain the admiration that seized me, where every thing

thing I saw was a new subject of wonder and surprize. The grotto; the triumphal arch, so richly adorned with marble statues, that it seemed endued with all the powers of intellect and passion; the cascades, supported by satyrs and cupids; the ships, barges, and yatchts, in the canal, and, among the rest, the man of war which, I think they told me, carried fifty guns; were a very agreeable sight to me, who had never seen any thing of this nature before: nor, indeed, was I less delighted with the fountains; particularly that of Neptune and the Sea-nymphs, and those of the Fables of Æsop. Struck with a profusion of delight at the sight of such triumphs of art, I was at a loss at first how to make known my astonishment, and could only express my wonder by my silence: but Valville told me, that even that had a voice which plainly discovered all my sentiments. He had his eyes continually fixed upon me; and seemed more delighted at the dumb satisfaction I discovered than if I had given it words. But, at last, my ideas of all these harmonious dispositions, this scene of wonders, were disconcerted by a sudden gust of wind, which brought such a whirl of dust in our faces as was very troublesome to us. This gave me a disgust against the walks; which were so far from being ornamental, that a little wind rendered them quite incommodious.

But admiration, Madam, is, perhaps, one of those sensations that is of the shortest duration; the most wonderful and astonishing pieces of human art soon grow familiar to us, and even, upon a second view, lose a great part of their striking beauties: thus I have since enjoyed the same objects a hundred times, without the least part of that agreeable astonishment which they at first occasioned.

As we now thought it time to return home to the count's, we took coach; and the gentlemen who had hitherto attended us, left us at liberty more freely to enjoy our own reflections. As soon as we were seated, Mr. De Roland, Valville, Mrs. Dorsin, and I, who filled that lady's coach, entered into a general conversation on the beauties of the place we had left; when, after we had freely given our opinions of all we had seen, Mr. De Rosand made some excellent reflections on the infinite disproportion there is between the finest and most curious pieces of human art, and the common, unregarded mechanism of nature. This introduced some pleasing observations upon natural philosophy, which the old gentleman managed in such an agreeable manner as to render his discourse equally entertaining and instructive to us all. But I must proceed.

The next morning, soon after I was dressed, I heard somebody rap softly at my chamber-door; and, upon opening it, was surprized to see my dear Valville richly dressed in the cloaths that he had ordered to be made for our wedding. 'I am come, my dear,' said he, as soon as he saw me, 'impatient to let 'you see that my taylor has been as 'expeditious as if he too had been 'spurred on by love; and to let you 'know that there are several persons 'below who wait to try on your cloaths.' —'How!' returned I, secretly pleased; 'have you been able to prevail upon 'them to do impossibilities? I did not 'expect that my cloaths would be 'tried on these two or three days at 'soonest; it was but the day before 'yesterday that we employed them.'— 'O my dear,' returned he, 'love and 'gold can do wonders!' I then went down; and was soon dressed in a manner more gay than I had ever yet been: and, to deal ingenuously, I never in my life appeared more agreeable in my own opinion than I did now. I had often thought that I had conquered every degree of my natural vanity; but I soon found myself entirely mistaken: my heart beat with a quicker motion under these rich brocades than under a plain silk or a sable mourning; and this, I dare say, at once made my eyes sparkle with an additional lustre. But who is she that can pretend perfectly to know herself? We judge of our hearts by our present dispositions; and since these dispositions are almost infinitely various, no wonder that we have not always a command over ourselves. My afflictions, and the many mortifying circumstances I had gone through, joined to the examples of my excellent and dear mother and Mrs. Dorsin, you have, perhaps, imagined, had perfectly killed this folly; and I should have thought so too: but, alas! I found I was a mere woman still, and far from being above the little foibles of

my

my sex. A large glass, in which I viewed myself at leisure, from head to foot, conspired against me, and even said as many flattering things as the persons about me; or at least persuaded me that all they uttered was strictly true. The countess now said many obliging things to me; and I was so pleased with the justice that I thought she did my charms, that I began to feel a real friendship for her: for the pleasure, Madam, that attends self-applause, is so very sweet, that, whoever inspires it by teaching us to be pleased with ourselves, gains the readiest access to our hearts, the surest way to our affections. This we find, from daily experience, to be strictly true; for, whether this self-complacency be laudable or not, whatever contributes to it inspires the most flattering and insinuating, though not always the most reasonable, pleasures.

But a mere accident soon checked my folly, and brought me to myself; for, going afterwards into my apartment, in order to look into a portmanteau, which I brought from Paris, for something I wanted, I happened to cast my eyes upon a paper which I had by mistake put into it, which, as soon as I opened, I found to be one of the letters my dear mother had sent to me while I was in the convent. This sight in a moment gave a turn to my passions, and at once melted me into a most tender softness; and, indeed, I now felt a more solid delight in indulging my tears than I had before done in all that folly which had just swelled my little proud heart. The reflection of her humility and condescension made me now blush with shame. 'How ill,' cried I, 'do I imitate her lovely example! and how far fall short of attaining to her virtues!' I amused myself for a long time with these thoughts; and had hardly recovered myself when a servant came to tell me that dinner was on the table: when I went down, and, by degrees, resumed my usual gaiety.

But now the time, from whence I am to date my happiness compleat, approached; for not only Valville and Mrs. Dorsin, but my two uncles, Miss De Fare, and the countess, joined, while we were at dinner, to persuade me to give my hand to that dear man the next day: and, as I had no material objection, I could no longer refuse it; though I felt, in granting this request, a painful kind of timidity, which struggled with my love, and made me, at the same time, wish and fear the same thing. I longed to call Valville mine, and to reward his tenderness with an unreserved affection: I longed to let him see that my whole study was to render him happy; but yet the step I was going to take never appeared of such importance as it did now. The change in my life that I was suddenly to undergo, appeared the more surprizing the nearer it approached: however, I endeavoured to overcome this thoughtfulness, and to seem as chearful as ever all the rest of the day; and, while we were at table, the glass went gaily round to our mutual felicity. But at night, I could not close my eyes; I no sooner laid my head on my pillow, than I began to revolve in my mind the various incidents of my life, from the first moment in which reflection began to dawn, and of which memory had retained but faint and obscure traces: at first I considered myself as sporting amidst sylvan scenes, endued with native innocence, and happy amidst my childish amusements and rural pleasures; then, as growing up to riper understanding, and equally improving in wisdom and folly; listening to the instructions of my kind benefactor, and attending to those who flattered my growing vanity. Then again, in that humble state, receiving the caresses of that dear lady Mrs. De Rosand, or walking with her and her brother in their garden, or through the adjacent fields, and hearing their tender admonitions and pious lectures; while my imagination painted the well-known landscapes before my eyes, the happy scenes of innocence and peace: then I surveyed the many calamities, joys, and pains, the strange vicissitudes of misery and felicity that had since been my portion. Here the most sensible grief; there smiling joy; here unutterable anguish and despair; there hope and comfort; here every mortifying circumstance, and there exulting in transports of delight, or calmly blessed in a happy tranquillity. These reflections took me up some hours; when at last, casting a glance forward to the rapturous hopes that lay before me, I cried out, in a low voice—

'O my

'O my God! from what miſeries, 'from what ſcenes of complicated 'diſtreſs, haſt thou relieved me! How 'often have I been ſinking into deſpair! 'Oh! what gratitude is due to thee! 'Now am I to ſpend my life with the 'dear object of my tendereſt affec-'tions! May no unforeſeen accident 'blaſt our felicity! O thou moſt bene-'volent Being! render this union pro-'pitious! Bleſs this dear man! And 'may we ever be the objects of thy 'care, thy eſteem, and approbation!'

Thus did I employ my thoughts till the morning began to dawn, when a ſoft ſlumber ſtole upon my ſenſes, and huſhed them into calm and peaceful dreams, from which I was at laſt awaked by Mrs. Dorſin; who, wondering that I did not come down to breakfaſt, came to tell me it was ready, and that they only waited for me. As ſoon as I heard her rap at my door, and call me by my name, I rubbed my eyes, ſtarted out of bed, and let her in; when, after merrily chiding me for my ſlothfulneſs, ſhe wiſhed me joy of the happy morning; congratulated me on my approaching felicity; and told me ſhe hoped that, to the laſt day of my life, I ſhould look back upon this with the moſt lively pleaſure and ſatisfaction. I thanked her for this compliment; and immediately began to dreſs me with all expedition, when ſhe told me that the counteſs's woman had been ſeveral times to liſten at my door, in order to dreſs me; but, hearing no noiſe, they all began to fear that I was indiſpoſed: and added, that ſhe would ring the bell for her to come now; but I entreated her to forbear, and deſired her to ſtay with me till I was ready to go down, which ſhe readily conſented to.

As ſoon as I was ready, I went down with Mrs. Dorſin into the parlour, when all the company ſaluted me, and gave me many obliging compliments; and in particular the counteſs-dowager, my grandmother, who claſped her feeble arms about my neck, called me her dear child, and ſaid ſuch tender things, that the tears ſtarted into her eyes: Valville's countenance at the ſame time ſparkled with joy; every feature in his face expreſſed his contentment; and when he told me that he thought himſelf the happieſt perſon upon earth, his full heart ſeemed to ſay ſo too. But nothing affected me more than Mr. De Roſand's behaviour; who, having ſaluted me, and taken hold of my hand, began a compliment too tender for him to utter; the ſoft ſwelling of his heart ſtopped his voice; ſome affectionate drops rolled down his cheeks; when he turned away his head, and ſat down, abaſhed and unable to proceed.

As I deſired that the marriage ſhould be performed as privately as poſſible, we invited nobody but thoſe friends of our family whom I was already acquainted with: the day, however, was ſpent with all imaginable mirth and gaiety; but it was a mirth untainted by that obſcenity which, upon ſuch occaſions, is too often looked upon as the very quinteſſence of wit; for nothing was ſaid in this polite company which the pureſt and moſt perfect modeſty might not bear without a bluſh. Our dinner was very grand, and, indeed, perfectly elegant; and, while we were at table, we were entertained with a fine concert of vocal and inſtrumental muſick, performed by the moſt ſkilful maſters that could be procured. When this was over, play and dancing were propoſed; and we fixed upon the latter: but my thoughts were ſo taken up with the importance of the engagement into which I was entering, that I hardly knew what I did; they ſaw my diſorder without ſeeming to do it, and endeavoured only to bring me to myſelf, by diverting me and fixing my attention upon other objects. Valville frequently took me aſide, and endeavoured to raiſe my ſpirits, by ſaying all the tender things that love could dictate. About ten at night, we all went into the count's chapel, which was finely illuminated with wax-candles: my heart here fluttered afreſh; I trembled; and my concern increaſed to ſuch a degree, that I hardly knew how to behave. The ceremony was at firſt propoſed to be performed by Mr. De Roſand; but, upon his declining it, we unanimouſly agreed, that, as he had hitherto diſcharged the duty of a parent, he ſhould ſtand in that character now, and the count's chaplain diſcharge the office of the church. The ſolemnity of this ſacrament filled me with a ſurprizing kind of awe, (for I was never in my life more pious) and increaſed my confuſion to that degree,

that

that I hardly knew how to proceed; but it was no sooner over than I began to recover myself; my heart, in a moment, became less heavy, and I received the caresses of my friends with a pretty good grace: a sudden kind of joy seemed at once to diffuse itself through my soul. 'Valville,' said I to myself, 'is now mine, for ever mine; and I 'can have no reason to fear being 'happy, since that depends entirely 'upon myself, entirely upon a heart 'so well disposed to render him so. 'What felicity may I not expect from 'an unreserved conversation, from 'the tender endearments, of this dear, 'amiable man!'

We now received abundance of congratulations and warm wishes for the long continuance of our mutual joys, which lasted till we sat down to supper; where Valville and I were agreeably surprized to hear a very fine epithalamium sung to soft musick, which we afterwards found was wrote upon this occasion by Mrs. Dorsin and Miss De Fare.

After supper, the ball continued till about twelve, when the gentlemen and ladies accompanied us to our apartment; and, after the usual ceremonies, retired.

The next morning we arose to breakfast, and again received the caresses of our friends, who, by a charming vivacity and lively conversation, endeavoured to disperse the natural confusion which I knew not how to disguise: but I was not in a disposition to enter much into the conversation, till Mrs. Dorsin mentioned Miss De Terviere, and desired me to favour the company with her agreeable story, since none but Valville and she were acquainted with it. This I looked upon as a very kind effort to bring me to myself, and therefore readily complied with her request; but first proposed, as it was a very fine day, that we should remove to the summer-house in the midst of the garden, which was surrounded on all sides by a thick grove of trees. 'There,' said I, 'we shall breathe all 'the fragrance of nature; and if I 'should be a little flat in the repetition 'of the history of this charming wo-'man, the pleasure we shall receive 'from the situation of the place will 'render my impertinence the more to-'lerable.'—'We shall all chuse to be 'where it is the most agreeable to you, 'Madam,' returned the count; 'but 'the pleasure we shall receive from 'hearing you will admit of no addi-'tion.' Here we all arose, went into the garden, and took our seats in that agreeable little building; when I began this affecting history, to which they all listened with the greatest attention. When I had done, all the company expressed their concern for the poor unfortunate lady; and Mr. De Rosand made the most severe reflections on the conduct of the abbess, who, he said, had behaved with greater inhumanity than any of her relations, since she had rendered her miserable without a possibility of redress. We now agreed to walk on the parterre till dinner; but we had no sooner opened the door than we heard the bells from several neighbouring steeples, which made us all imagine that the marriage was made publick; and, indeed, this was not a groundless supposition, for dinner was no sooner over than the porter's whistle informed us that company was at the gate, which proved to be several persons of quality, who came to congratulate us on this happy occasion: but their conversation was far from being agreeable to me in the present disposition of my mind; however, I was obliged to bear with it.

About a week after this, we resolved to return home to our country-house near Paris; but, as we were preparing for our short journey, a messenger from court came for me, and told us that the queen desired to see me. I was much alarmed at this order; but immediately prepared to wait on her majesty, and went attended by my dear husband and the countess. We were received with much affability and good humour; and, after a little discourse on indifferent subjects, her majesty desired me to wait on her to her closet; where having made me take a seat—'I have heard, Ma-'dam,' said she, 'much discourse con-'cerning some remarkable passages in 'your life, the whole of which, they 'say, has been very singular; and there-'fore have the curiosity to desire to hear 'a particular account of it from your 'own mouth.'—'I am afraid,' returned I, 'your majesty will find very

'little

'little entertainment from the low 'scenes in which I have been engaged; 'but I think myself greatly honoured 'by your condescending to hear me 'talk to you of myself; and will there- 'fore immediately obey you.' Here I related the most remarkable scenes of my life, only disguising a little some part of Mr. De Climal's behaviour, and forbearing to mention Valville's infidelity. Her majesty seemed extremely delighted with my narration; and, as soon as I had done, made some very warm encomiums on my virtue: told me that there were few like me at court, and that she would find out some way to let me see that she had a real esteem for me; and then permitting me to kiss her hand, gave me leave to retire. Valville and the countess I found waiting full of expectation for my return; and, after they had enquired what had passed, conducted me back to my uncles.

Were I writing a novel or romance, I should, perhaps, Madam, according to custom, have left off at our marriage, since all the pleasing scenes which arise from tender distress are supposed there to have an end. The professed enemies of that state, indeed, will tell you, that however desirable it may appear at a distance, a husband and wife are the most flat and insipid creatures, when together, of any in the universe; and, in short, that they have nothing to expect but a dull round, a continual repetition, of all that is disagreeable. But, believe me, Madam, this is mere commonplace declamation, and has not one word of truth in it: the happiness of the marriage-state is more uniform, but it is not, on that account, less exquisite. It is not often so full of changes as the single state; but that may be because our felicity rises nearer to perfection: and this may be a good reason why I now pass swiftly over the incidents that have happened between that time and this. But so much for digression; now to return to the thread of my story.

Our departure was now put off for a day or two longer; but as nothing material happened in this interval, I shall pass it over till we came to our villa near Paris, whither we were attended by several of our friends: there we kept open house for several days. The morning after I arrived there, I made some excuse, as soon as we had breakfasted, to retire from the company, that I might be at leisure to indulge a crowd of reflections which forced themselves upon my mind. 'I am now,' said I, (as soon as I was alone) 'happy in the 'possession of my utmost wishes; but 'the continuance of these blessings in 'a great measure depends upon myself: 'for that sweet harmony of sentiment, 'that union of soul, and all those dear 'tender sensations, which unite me to 'my husband, must ever render us 'worthy of each other: but will no 'gloom ever overspread our minds; no 'clouds obscure our joys? Ah! what 'must I do to preserve his affection, and 'keep alive that tender friendship which 'is the foundation of all my future 'hopes? Beauty is but a slender tie, and 'can charm only for a moment; what 'then must be done? He must ever think 'me his friend; and that I am most sin- 'cerely. Friendship is the most lasting 'bond; and surely it is the only one 'that can render our union indissolu- 'ble.' While I was thus employed in endeavouring to fix upon some principles that might enable me to behave in such a manner as to render myself ever agreeable, Mrs. Dorsin came to me, and desired that I would freely tell her what employed my thoughts. I did so without scruple; when, taking a chair, and seating herself by me—'My dear,' cried she, smiling, 'this concern is both the 'highest instance of your affection and 'prudence; for nothing can now be 'more worthy of your thoughts, or of 'greater consequence to yourself and 'family. As all your happiness de- 'pends on the tenderness of your hus- 'band, to preserve that is a care worthy 'of your highest ambition; for this you 'should still dress, and make yourself 'appear as lovely as possible, that he 'may still admire you, and others ap- 'prove his choice. Some of our la- 'dies are no sooner married, than they 'lay aside all attempts to please at 'home: if they dress, it is not for their 'husbands; as if they would appear to 'all besides gay and lovely, to him 'alone disagreeable. They behave as 'if they thought their point was gain- 'ed, and all attempts to appear in a 'graceful light to him were now unne- 'cessary. This shocks his natural de- 'licacy: and it is no wonder that she, 'who once appeared almost divinely 'charming to the admiring lover, sinks 'in his esteem when she thus degrades

'herself; for the transition is too great 'to fall at once from angel to a flat- 'tern. In the marriage-state there are 'a thousand nameless decencies to be 'observed; these will even render your 'wit more pleasing, give a grace to 'your ordinary behaviour, and make 'the most trivial actions appear lovely. '—You will, my dear,' added she, 'forgive my saying so much on this sub- 'ject, since it is a fault that we are apt 'to overlook in ourselves, though it be 'of the greatest importance; and since 'so very few take care to observe this 'undescribable elegance of behaviour.

'But this, my dear,' continued she, 'is not all: as he has justly a very high 'opinion of your wit and fine sense, 'you should take great care to preserve 'that too; you must read, in order to 'retain a fund of pleasing and judici- 'ous ideas. This will make him ever 'consider you as a dear and valuable 'companion; he will then hear your 'voice with transport; and always find 'a new delight in your company. You 'will then have none of those heavy 'stupid hours, in which life flags and 'seems at a stand; for while you do 'not want subjects to enliven every 'moment, you can never experience 'that lethargy of being, which arises 'from the dull conversation of two 'persons whose minds are exhausted, 'and who are obliged to be either silent 'or impertinent, for want of new ideas 'to entertain each other. O how happy 'will Valville find himself, when he 'sees you always capable of filling up 'the serious, as well as the gay and 'sprightly hours of life! What an in- 'exhaustible pleasure must he find in 'the conversation of a wife whose 'charms are ever new; whose wit is 'ever sparkling; whose delicacy and 'tenderness appear in her whole beha- 'viour; and whose mind and person 'are both employed to preserve his love 'and esteem! He will feel a happiness 'unknown to friendship itself; a hap- 'piness that will exist even beyond the 'charms of youth and beauty. The 'joys you thus inspire will reflect back 'upon yourself with a double bright- 'ness. Thus, my dear, the good sense 'of each, with complaisance and ten- 'derness, will render you mutually 'charming, mutually blessed.'

Here Mrs. Dorsin ended; when I thanked her for her advice, and told her that I resolved to follow it in every particular. And then we agreed to rejoin the company.

As we now became settled in our family, we chose Mr. De Rosand our chaplain, which was an office that he accepted of with the utmost pleasure. But as Mr. De Valville thought it would be ungenerous to lay a gentleman under any restraint, to whom I was under such infinite obligations, he chose, instead of a salary, which might be taken away at pleasure, and implied a kind of dependence, to settle upon him a pretty estate, which would have maintained him in a very genteel manner had he been entirely at his own expence.

We now went frequently to court, it being removed to Paris; and, about three months after our marriage, Valville was made Count De G———; which was an honour conferred upon him through the interest of the queen and the prime-minister; for her majesty had conceived a singular affection for me from the time that I was first introduced into her presence; and the minister had a very great esteem for us both. But this honour could make no addition to our happiness; which, before this, arose to as great a height as possible, and was now settled into that calm and peaceful tranquillity which is the summit of all human felicity. Innocence, truth, a mutual forbearance, and a reciprocal desire to please, made our time pass on with an unruffled serenity. We have had no separate desires, no contending interests. Our friends were such as reason approved; persons of a fine taste, an excellent understanding, and perfect enemies to slander and defamation; the blackest, but yet the most fashionable of all vices. My dear husband's humanity, affability, and tender sense of the sufferings of his fellow creatures, fills us with that joy and inward delight, which naturally accompanies the exercise of those humane and generous dispositions, when exerted upon proper objects. What greater happiness is human nature capable of? What more exalted pleasures can fill the mind of man?

When we had been married about a year, I was brought-to-bed of a fine boy; a happy pledge of our mutual love. Now new sensations arose in my mind, new pleasures and new pains; for the wider

wider the mind is expanded, the greater is our capacity for affliction and diſtreſs. I have, ſince this, had three girls and a boy: but though I have been ſo happy as to bury none of them, yet there are a thouſand little tender cares and fears as well as pleaſures, which a parent feels, that are unknown to all the world beſides.

All our little offspring have the ſame place in our hearts: our earneſt endeavours are to inſpire them with an early love of virtue; to repreſent it to them in it's own amiable and attractive light; to give them, betimes, every wiſe and noble ſentiment; and to direct their unexperienced minds to a generous love of their country.

Thus, Madam, I have finiſhed the taſk you enjoined me, with all the freedom of a ſincere friend. I have laid open my heart before you; and diſcovered all it's foibles and imperfections, without the leaſt fear of injuring myſelf in your eſteem. I am now heartily weary; and ſhall therefore without ceremony conclude, and lay aſide my pen.

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The Novelist's magazine

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